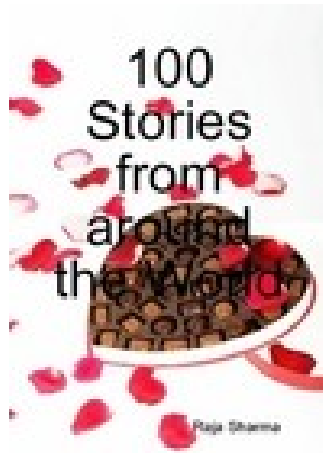


100 Stories from around the World



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(1)The Recovered Bride

Ireland

There was a marriage in the town land of Curragraigue. After the usual festivities, and when the guests were left to themselves, and were drinking to the prosperity of the bride and bridegroom, they were startled by the appearance of the man himself rushing into the room with anguish in his looks.

"Oh!" cried he, "Margaret is carried away by the fairies, I'm sure. The girls were not left the room for half a minute when I went in, and there is no more sign of her there than if she never was born."

Great consternation prevailed, great search was made, but no Margaret was to be found. After a night and day spent in misery, the poor bridegroom laid down to take some rest. In a while he seemed to himself to awake from a troubled dream, and look out into the room. The moon was shining in through the window, and in the middle of the slanting rays stood Margaret in her white bridal clothes. He thought to speak and leap out of the bed, but his tongue was without utterance and his limbs unable to move.

"Do not be disturbed, dear husband," said the appearance; "I am now in the power of the fairies, but if you only have courage and prudence we may be soon happy with each other again. Next Friday will be May-eve, and the whole court will ride out of the old fort after midnight. I must be there along with the rest. Sprinkle a circle with holy water, and have a black-hafted knife with you. If you have courage to pull me off the horse, and draw me into the ring, all they can do will be useless. You must have some food for me every night on the dresser, for if I taste one mouthful with them, I will be lost to you forever. The fairies got power over me because I was only thinking of you, and did not prepare myself as I ought for the sacrament. I made a bad confession, and now I am suffering for it. Don't forget what I have said."

"Oh, no, my darling," cried he, recovering his speech, but by the time he had slipped out of bed, there was no living soul in the room but himself.

Till Friday night the poor young husband spent a desolate time. The food was left on the dresser over night, and it rejoiced all hearts to find it vanished by morning. A little before midnight he was at the entrance of the old rath. He formed the circle, took his station within it, and kept the black-hafted knife ready for service. At times he was nervously afraid of losing his dear wife, and at others burning with impatience for the struggle.

At last the old fort with its dark high bushy fences cutting against the sky, was in a moment replaced by a palace and its court. A thousand lights flashed from the windows and lofty hall entrance; numerous torches were brandished by attendants stationed round the courtyard; and a numerous cavalcade of richly attired ladies and gentlemen was moving in the direction of the gate where he found himself standing.

As they rode by him laughing and jesting, he could not tell whether they were aware of his presence or not. He looked intent at each countenance as it approached, but it was some time before he caught sight of the dear face and figure borne along on a milk-white steed. She recognized him well enough, and her features now broke into a smile -- now expressed deep anxiety.

She was unable for the throng to guide the animal close to the ring of power; so he suddenly rushed out of his bounds, seized her in his arms, and lifted her off. Cries of rage and fury arose on every side; they were hemmed in, and weapons were directed at his head and breast to terrify him. He seemed to be inspired with superhuman courage and force, and wielding the powerful knife he soon cleared a space round him, all seeming dismayed by the sight of the weapon. He lost no time, but drew his wife within the ring, within which none of the myriads round dared to enter. Shouts of derision and defiance continued to fill the air for some time, but the expedition could not be delayed.

As the end of the procession filed past the gate and the circle within which the mortal pair held each other determinedly clasped, darkness and silence fell on the old rath and the fields round it, and the rescued bride and her lover breathed freely. We will not detain the sensitive reader on the happy walk home, on the joy that hailed their arrival, and on all the eager gossip that occupied the town land and the five that surround it for a month after the happy rescue.

(2) Taken by the Good People

Ireland

I was serving my time to the cattle trade, with a man the name of Lynch -- God be good to him! I suppose I was no more than twelve years of age at the time. It was a very out of the way place and mountains.

Well, not far from my master's house there was a family of the Brogans. It was the will of God that Mrs. Brogan took sick, and there was a baby born, but the poor woman died. Well, the sister, a younger girl than the woman that died, came to nurse the child. After some time she began to look very delicate and uneasy. The neighbors were beginning to talk amongst themselves about her, and it came to Brogan's ears, and, beggar, it made him vexed. So he asked the sister what was up with her.

"Well, John," says she, "I did not like to tell you, but Ellie" -- that was the name of the dead woman -- "comes every night, and takes the baby and nurses it, and goes away without a word."

"By my word," says John, "she is not dead at all, but taken, and I will watch her to-night."

Good enough, he remained up, and about 12 o'clock in she came, and he put his arms around her, but as he said, felt no substance.

"You can't keep me now," says she, "for I'm married again; but if you come to the Bottle Hill field to-morrow night, there will be about 40 of us going' towards Blarney, and we will all be on horses, with our husbands. All the horses will be white, and I and my man will be last. Bring a hazel stick with you and strike the horse on the right side, and I will fall off. Just as I fall, ketch me with all your might. You will know my man, for he is the only one of them that has a red head."

Well, he went, and he must have a great heart, for on they come, galloping' like mad. Just as the man with the red head's horse came he stood one-side and struck. She fell and he gripped her like iron. Well, such a hullabaloo as there was, was never heard, and all the other men making' game of the red-headed man.

Well, he brought her home, and they lived for years after, and had a good family, and were the happiest people around the place. I often see some of her children; of course they are all married now, and gone here and there, but that's as true as my name is Tim Brosnan.

(3) Twenty Years with the Good People

Ireland

(Irish Dialect)

I had a gran'uncle, he was a shoemaker; he was only about 3 or 4 months married. I'm up to fourscore now. Well, God rest all their souls, for they are all gone, I hope to a better world!

Well, sir, he says to his wife, and a purty girl she was, as I hear um say, -- the fortune wasn't very big but 'twould buy him a good bit of leather, and I might tell you, 'twas all brogues that was worn at the time, and faith, you should be big before you would get them same.

Howsoever, he started one day for Limerick would [with] an ass and car, to bring home leather and other little things he wanted. He did not return that night or the next, nor the next. Begor, the wife and some frinds went to Limerick next day, but no trace of the husband could be found. I forgot to tell you that the third morning after he was gone the wife rose very early, and there at the dure [door] was the ass and car. The whole country was searched, up high and low down, but no trace. Weeks, monts and years came and went, but he never turned up.

Now the wife kept on a little business, sellin' nick-nacks to support herself, and a son, that grew to be a fine strapping man, as I hear um say, the picture of his father.

Now, sir, the boy was in or about twenty, when one day, himself and his mother were atin' their dinner, whin in comes a man and says, "God save ye!"

"And you too," says the mother. "Will you ate a spud, sir?" says she.

He rached for the spud, and in doin' so the sleeve of his coat shortned as he reached out his hand. He had a mole on his wrist and she see it, and her husband had one in the same spot.

"Good God!" says she, "are you John M'Namara?" -- for that was his name.

"I am," says he, "and your husband, and that's my son, but I can't tell you for some time where I was since I left you. But some time I might have the power, but not now."

Well, lo and behold you, in a week's time he started to work, and the boots he made were a surprise to the whole country round, and I believe he lived for nine or ten years ater that, but he never tould her or any one where he was, but of course everbody knew that 'twas wood [with] the good people.

(4) The Fairies' Hill

Scotland

There is a green hill above Kintraw, known as the Fairies' Hill, of which the following story is told.

Many years ago, the wife of the farmer at Kintraw fell ill and died, leaving two or three young children. The Sunday after the funeral the farmer and his servants went to church, leaving the children at home in charge of the eldest, a girl of about ten years of age. On the farmer's return the children told him their mother had been to see them, and had combed their hair and dressed them. As they still persisted in their statement after being remonstrated with, they were punished for telling what was not true.

The following Sunday the same thing occurred again. The father now told the children, if their mother came again, they were to inquire of her why she came. Next Sunday, when she reappeared, the eldest child put her father's question to her, when the mother told them she had been carried off by the "Good People", and could only get away for an hour or two on Sundays, and should her coffin be opened it would be found to contain only a withered leaf.

The farmer, much perplexed, went to the minister for advice, who scoffed at the idea of any supernatural connection with the children's story, ridiculed the existence of "Good People," and would not allow the coffin to be opened. The matter was therefore allowed to rest. But, some little time after, the minister, who had gone to Lochgilphead for the day, was found lying dead near the Fairies' Hill, a victim, many people thought, to the indignation of the Fairy world he had laughed at.

(5) The Stolen Lady

Scotland

John Roy, who lived in Glenbroun, in the parish of Abernethy, being out one night on the hills in search of his cattle, met a troop of fairies, who seemed to have got a prize of some sort or other. Recollecting that the fairies are obliged to exchange whatever they may have with any one who offers them anything, however low in value, for it, he flung his bonnet to them, crying *Shuis slo slumus sheen* (*i.e.*, mine is yours and yours is mine). The fairies dropped their booty, which proved to be a Sassenach (English) lady whom the dwellers of Shian of Coir-laggac had carried away from her own country, leaving a stock in her place which, of course, died and was buried.

John brought her home, and she lived for many years in his house.

"It happened, however, in the course of time," said the Gaelic narrator, "that the *new king* found it necessary to make the great roads through these countries by means of soldiers, for the purpose of letting coaches and carriages pass to the northern cities; and those soldiers had officers and commanders in the same way as our fighting army have now. Those soldiers were never great favorites in these countries, particularly during the time that our kings were alive; and consequently it was no easy matter for them, either officers or men, to procure for themselves comfortable quarters."

But John Roy would not keep up the national animosity to the *cottan dearg* (red-coats), and he offered a residence in his house to a *Saxon* captain and his son. When there they could not take

their eyes off the English lady, and the son remarked to his father what a strong likeness she bore to his deceased mother.

The father replied that he too had been struck with the resemblance, and said he could almost fancy she *was* his wife. He then mentioned her name and those of some persons connected with them. The lady by these words at once recognized her husband and son, and honest John Roy had the satisfaction of reuniting the long-separated husband and wife, and receiving their most grateful acknowledgments.

(6) A Smith Rescues a Captured Woman from a Troll

Denmark

As a smith was at work in his forge late one evening, he heard great wailing out on the road, and by the light of the red-hot iron that he was hammering, he saw a woman whom a troll was driving along, bawling at her "A little more! A little more!" He ran out, put the red-hot iron between them, and thus delivered her from the power of the troll.

He led her into his house and that night she was delivered of twins.

In the morning he waited on [went to] her husband, who he supposed must be in great affliction at the loss of his wife. But to his surprise he saw there, in bed, a woman the very image of her he had saved from the troll. Knowing at once what she must be, he raised an axe he had in his hand, and cleft her skull.

The matter was soon explained to the satisfaction of the husband, who gladly received his real wife and her twins.

(7) The Sea Nymph

Sweden (Gotland)

One night a number of fishermen quartered themselves in a hut by a fishing village on the northwest shores of an island. After they had gone to bed, and while they were yet awake, they saw a white, dew-besprinkled woman's hand reaching in through the door. They well understood that their visitor was a sea nymph, who sought their destruction, and feigned unconsciousness of her presence.

The following day their number was added to by the coming of a young, courageous and newly married man from Kinnar, in Lummelund. When they related to him their adventure of the night

before, he made fun of their being afraid to take a beautiful woman by the hand, and boasted that if he had been present he would not have neglected to grasp the proffered hand.

That evening when they laid themselves down in the same room, the late arrival with them, the door opened again, and a plump, white woman's arm, with a most beautiful hand, reached in over the sleepers.

The young man arose from his bed, approached the door and seized the outstretched hand, impelled, perhaps, more by the fear of his comrades scoffing at his boasted bravery, than by any desire for a closer acquaintance with the strange visitor.

Immediately his comrades witnessed him drawn noiselessly out through the door, which closed softly after him. They thought he would return soon, but when morning approached and he did not appear, they set out in search of him. Far and near the search was pursued, but without success. His disappearance was complete.

Three years passed and nothing had been heard of the missing man. His young wife, who had mourned him all this time as dead, was finally persuaded to marry another. On the evening of the wedding day, while the mirth was at its highest, a stranger entered the cottage. Upon closer observation some of the guests thought they recognized the bride's former husband.

The utmost surprise and commotion followed.

In answer to the inquiries of those present as to where he came from and where he had been, he related that it was a sea nymph whose hand he had taken that night when he left the fisherman's hut; and that he was dragged by her down into the sea. In her pearly halls he forgot his wife, parents, and all that was loved by him until the morning of that day, when the sea nymph exclaimed, "There will be a dusting out in Kinnar this evening."

Then his senses immediately returned, and, with anxiety, he asked, "Then it is my wife who is to be the bride?"

The sea nymph replied in the affirmative.

At his urgent request, she allowed him to come up to see his wife as a bride, stipulating that when he arrived at the house he should not enter. When he came and saw her adorned with garland and crown he could, nevertheless, not resist the desire to enter. Then came a tempest and took away half the roof of the house, whereupon the man fell sick and three days later died.

(8) The Broken Pot

The Panchatantra

(India)

In a certain place there lived a Brahman by the name of Svabhvakripana, which means "luckless by his very nature." By begging he acquired a quantity of rice gruel, and after he had eaten what he wanted, there was still a potful left. He hung this pot on a nail in the wall above his bed. As night progressed, he could not take his eyes from the pot. All the while he was thinking:

This pot is filled to overflowing with rice gruel. If a famine should come to the land, then I could sell it for a hundred pieces of silver. Then I could buy a pair of goats. They have kids every six months, so I would soon have an entire herd of goats. Then I would trade the goats for cattle. As soon as the cows had calved, I would sell the calves. Then I would trade the cattle for buffalo. And the buffalo for horses. And when the horses foaled, I would own many horses. From their sale I would gain a large amount of gold. With this gold I would buy a house with four buildings in a rectangle.

Then a Brahman would enter my house and give me a very beautiful girl with a large dowry for my wife. She will give birth to a son, and I will give him the name Somasarman. When he is old enough to be bounced on my knee, I will take a book, sit in the horse stall, and read. In the meantime, Somasarman will see me and want to be bounced on my knee. He will climb down from his mother's lap and walk toward me, coming close to the horses hooves. Then, filled with anger, I will shout at my wife, "Take the child! Take the child!"

But she, busy with her housework, will not hear me. So I will jump up and give her a kick!

And, buried in his thoughts, he struck out with his foot, breaking the pot, and painting himself white with the rice gruel that had been in it. Therefore I say:

He who dreams about unrealistic projects for the future will have the same fate as Somasarman's father: He will find himself lying there painted white with rice gruel.

(9) The Poor Man and the Flask of Oil

Bidpai

There was once a poor man, who lived in a house next to a wealthy merchant who sold oil and honey. As the merchant was a kind neighbor, he one day sent a flask of oil to the poor man. The poor man was delighted, and put it carefully away on the top shelf.

One evening, as he was gazing at it, he said half aloud, "I wonder how much oil there is in that bottle. There is a large quantity. If I should sell it, I could buy five sheep. Every year I should have lambs, and before long I should own a flock. Then I should sell some of the sheep, and be rich enough to marry a wife. Perhaps we might have a son. And what a fine boy he would be! So tall, strong, and obedient! But if he should disobey me," and he raised the staff which he held in his hand, "I should punish him thus!"

And he swung the staff over his head and brought it heavily to the ground, knocking, as he did so, the flask off the shelf so that the oil ran over him from head to foot.

(10) The Daydreamer

India

Once an oil man was going to market with his pots of oil arranged on a flat basket, and he engaged a Santal for two annas to carry the basket. And as he went along, the Santal thought:

With one anna I will buy food and with the other I will buy chickens, and the chickens will grow up and multiply, and then I will sell some of the fowls and eggs, and with the money I will buy goats. And when the goats increase, I will sell some and buy cows, and then I will exchange some of the calves for she-buffaloes, and when the buffaloes breed, I will sell some and buy land and start cultivation, and then I will marry and have children, and I will hurry back from my work in the fields, and my wife will bring me water, and I will have a rest, and my children will say to me, "Father, be quick and wash your hands for dinner," but I will shake my head and say, "No, no, not yet!"

And as he thought about it he really shook his head, and the basket fell to the ground, and all the pots of oil were smashed.

Then the oil man abused him and said that he must pay two rupees for the oil and one anna for the pots. But the Santal said that he had lost much more than that, and the oil man asked him how that could be, and the Santal explained how with his wages he was going to get fowls and then goats and then oxen and buffaloes and land, and how he came to spill the basket, and at that the oil man roared with laughter and said, "Well, I have made up the account, and I find that our losses are equal, so we will cry quits." And so saying they went their ways laughing.

(11) The Barber's Tale of His Fifth Brother

1001 Nights

When our father died, he left each of us one hundred dirhams. My fifth brother invested his inheritance in glassware, hoping to resell it at a handsome profit. He exhibited the glassware on a large tray, then fell to musing:

These pieces will bring me two hundred dirhams, which I can use to buy more glass, which I will then sell for four hundred dirhams. With this money I can buy more glass and other merchandise to sell, and so on and so on until I have amassed a hundred thousand dirhams. Then I will purchase a fine house with slaves and eunuchs, and when my capital has grown to a hundred thousand dinars, I will demand to marry the Prime Minister's eldest daughter, and if he refuses consent, I will take her by force.

On my wedding night I will don my finest attire and seat myself on a cushion of gold brocade to receive my bride. She will present herself in her most beautiful clothing, lovely as the full moon, but I will not even glance at her until her attendants kiss the ground before me and beg me to look at her, and then I will cast at her one single glance.

When they leave us alone I will neither look at her nor speak to her, but will show my contempt by lying beside her with my face to the wall. Presently her mother will come into the chamber and beg of me, "Please, my lord, your handmaid longs for your favor." I will give no answer. Then she will kiss my feet and say, "My lord, my daughter is truly a beautiful maid who has never before been with a man. Do speak to her and soothe her mind and spirit." Then she will bring a cup of wine, hand it to her daughter, saying, "Take this to your lord."

I will say nothing, leaning back so that she may see in me a sultan and a mighty man. She will say to me, "My lord, do not refuse to take this cup from the hand of your servant." I will say nothing, and she will insist, "You must drink it," and press the cup to my lips. Then I will shake my fist in her face and kick her with my foot.

With that he struck out, catching the tray of glassware with his foot. It crashed to the ground and everything broke to pieces, and thus my brother lost both his capital and his profit.

(12) A Wise Lesson; or, the Dervish and the Honey Jar

Jewish

In a town on a remote island lived a God-fearing man whose wife was barren. One day, however, she became pregnant, and her husband, rejoicing in his heart at the glad tidings, said, "You will give birth to a son who will be the solace of our souls and the delight of our hearts. I will educate him and bring him up well, and he shall inherit my good name and increase my renown."

Thus spoke the happy potential father, but his wife replied, "You speak foolish words, for the future is unknown to you. How do you know that my childbirth will pass off well, that I shall give birth to a son and not to a daughter, that the child will remain alive, and that it will be robust and healthy? You should not have spoken such idle words and boasted, but left everything to God, who controls our destinies. It may befall you as it once befell a certain dervish."

Thus spoke the pregnant woman, and when her husband asked her what had happened to that dervish, she related to him the following tale:

There was once a dervish in the service of a king who used to give him daily a cake and a bowl of honey. The dervish ate the cake and put the honey into a jar which he always carried upon his head. Honey, however, in those days was very dear, and one day the dervish, noticing that his jar was nearly full, thought of the high price his honey would fetch in the market.

"I will sell my honey for a piece of gold and buy ten sheep, all of which will bring forth young, so that in the course of one year I shall have twenty sheep. Their number will steadily increase,

and in four years I shall be the owner of four hundred sheep. I shall then buy a cow and an ox and acquire a piece of land. My cow will bring forth calves, the ox will be useful to me in plowing my land, while the cows will provide me with milk. In five years time the number of my cattle will have increased considerably, and I shall be the possessor of great wealth. I shall then build a magnificent house, acquire slaves and maidservants and marry a beautiful woman of noble descent. She will become pregnant and bear me a son, a robust and beautiful child. A lucky star will shine at the moment of his birth, and he will be happy and blessed, and bring honor to my name after my death. Should he, however, refuse to obey me, I will beat him with this stick, thus."

And so soliloquizing, the dervish raised his stick, which hit the jar and broke it, so that the honey was lost.

"I have told you the story," continued the wife of the pious man, "just to give you a lesson that it is not wise to speak of things that are uncertain. Remember the words of King Solomon, who said 'Boast not thyself, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.'"

(13) The Milkmaid and Her Pail

Aesop

A farmer's daughter had been out to milk the cows, and was returning to the dairy carrying her pail of milk upon her head. As she walked along, she fell a-musing after this fashion:

The milk in this pail will provide me with cream, which I will make into butter and take to market to sell. With the money I will buy a number of eggs, and these, when hatched, will produce chickens, and by and by I shall have quite a large poultry yard. Then I shall sell some of my fowls, and with the money which they will bring in I will buy myself a new gown, which I shall wear when I go to the fair; and all the young fellows will admire it, and come and make love to me, but I shall toss my head and have nothing to say to them.

Forgetting all about the pail, and suiting the action to the word, she tossed her head. Down went the pail, all the milk was spilled, and all her fine castles in the air vanished in a moment!

(14) Lazy Heinz

Heinz was lazy, and although he had nothing else to do but to drive his goat out to the pasture every day, he nevertheless groaned every evening when he returned home after finishing his day's work.

"It is in truth a heavy burden," he said, "and a tiresome job, to drive such a goat out to the field year in and year out until late in the fall. If I could only lie down and sleep at it! But no, I must keep my eyes open so it won't damage the young trees, or force its way through the hedge into a garden, or even run away altogether. How can I get some rest and enjoy life?"

He sat down, collected his thoughts, and considered how he could lift this burden from his shoulders. For a long time his thoughts led to nothing, but suddenly it was as if scales were removed from his eyes.

"I know what I will do," he shouted. "I will marry Fat Trina. She too has a goat, and she can drive mine out with hers, and then I shall no longer have to torment myself."

So Heinz got up, set his weary limbs into motion, and walked across the street, for it was no further than that, to where Fat Trina's parents lived, and asked for the hand in marriage of their industrious and virtuous daughter.

Her parents did not think about it for long. "Birds of a feather, flock together," they thought, and gave their consent.

So Fat Trina became Heinz's wife, and drove out both of the goats. Heinz now enjoyed life, having no work to rest from, but his own laziness.

He went out with her only now and then, saying, "I'm doing this so that afterwards I will enjoy resting more. Otherwise I shall lose all feeling for it."

However, Fat Trina was no less lazy.

"Dear Heinz," she said one day, "why should we make our lives so miserable, ruining the best days of our youth, when there is no need for it? The two goats disturb our best sleep every morning with their bleating. Wouldn't it be better for us to give them to our neighbor, who will give us a beehive for them? We will put the beehive in a sunny place behind the house, and then not give it any more thought. Bees do not have to be taken care of, nor driven into the field. They fly out and find their way home again by themselves, and they collect honey without any effort at all on our part."

"You have spoken like a sensible woman," replied Heinz. "We will carry out your proposal without delay. And furthermore, honey tastes better and is more nourishing than goat's milk, and it keeps longer too."

The neighbor willingly gave them a beehive for the two goats. The bees flew tirelessly in and out from early morning until late evening, filling the hive with the best honey. Thus that fall-time, Heinz was able to take out a whole jugful.

They placed the jug on a shelf on their bedroom wall. Fearing that it might be stolen, or that the mice might get into it, Trina brought in a stout hazel stick and put it beside her bed, so that she would be able to reach it without having to get up, and then from her place in bed drive away the uninvited guests.

Lazy Heinz did not like to get out of bed before noon. "He who rises early," he would say, "wastes his wealth."

One morning when he was still lying in the feathers in broad daylight, resting from his long sleep, he said to his wife, "Women are fond of sweets, and you have been snacking on the honey. It would be better for us to exchange it for a goose with a young gosling, before you eat it all up."

"But not before we have a child to take care of them." replied Trina. Am I to torment myself with the young geese, wasting all my energy on them for no reason?"

"Do you think," said Heinz, "that the boy will tend geese? Nowadays children no longer obey. They do just as they please, because they think that they are smarter than their parents, just like that servant who was supposed to look for the cow and chased after three blackbirds."

"Oh," replied Trina, "he will get it if he does not do what I say. I will take a stick and tan his hide with more blows than can be counted."

"See here, Heinz," she shouted in her fervor, seizing the stick that she intended to use to drive away the mice. "See here! This is how I will beat him."

She struck forth, unfortunately hitting the jug of honey above the bed. The jug struck against the wall and fell down in pieces. The fine honey flowed out onto the floor.

"There lies the goose with the young gosling," said Heinz. "And they do not need to be tended. But it is lucky that the jug did not fall on my head. We have every reason to be satisfied with our fate."

Then noticing that there was still some honey in one of the pieces of the jug, he reached out for it, saying quite happily, "Wife, let us enjoy the leftovers, and then we will rest a little from the fright we have had. What does it matter if we get up a little later than usual? The day will be long enough."

"Yes," answered Trina, "there is always time enough. You know, the snail was once invited to a wedding and started on his way, but arrived at the child's baptism. In front of the house it fell over the fence, and said, 'Haste makes waste.'"

(15) Lean Lisa

Lean Lisa was not at all like Lazy Heinz and Fat Trina, who would not allow anything to disturb their rest. She burned herself out from morning until evening and loaded so much work on her husband, Lanky Lenz that it was harder for him than for a donkey loaded with three sacks. But it was all for naught. They had nothing, and they got nothing.

One evening she was lying in bed, too tired to move a muscle but still unable to fall asleep, when she poked her husband in the side with her elbow and said, "Lenz, listen to what I just thought of. If I were to find a florin, and you were to give me another one, then I'd borrow yet another one, and you'd give me still another one, and then I would take the four florins and buy a young cow."

The man agreed. "I don't know," he said, "where I'm to get that florin I'm supposed to give you, but after you have the money to buy a cow, it will be a good thing." Then he added, "I'm looking forward to the time after the cow calves, so I can have some good refreshing milk to drink."

"The milk is not for you," said the woman. "We will let the calf suck, so it will grow large and fat, and we can sell it for a good price."

"Of course," said the man, "but it won't hurt anything if we take a little milk."

"Who taught you about cows?" said the woman. "I won't allow it, whether it will hurt anything or not. You can stand on your head, but you won't get a single drop of milk. Lanky Lenz, just because you are always hungry, you think that you can devour everything that my hard work brings in."

"Woman," said the man, "be quiet, or I'll plant one on the side of your face."

"What!" she cried. "Are you threatening me? You glutton! You good-for-nothing! You lazybones!"

She was reaching for his hair, but Lanky Lenz raised himself up, took hold of both her skinny arms with one hand, then pushed her head into the pillow with the other one. He held her there and let her scold until she fell asleep from exhaustion.

The next morning when she woke up, I do not know whether she continued to quarrel, or whether she went out to look for the florin that she wanted to find.

(16) The Lad and the Fox

Sweden

There was once upon a time a little lad, who was on his way to church, and when he came to a clearing in the forest he caught sight of a fox, who was lying on the top of a big stone fast asleep, so that the fox did not know the lad had seen him.

"If I kill that fox," said the lad, taking a heavy stone in his fist, "and sell the skin, I shall get money for it, and with that money I shall buy some rye, and that rye I shall sow in father's cornfield at home. When the people who are on their way to church pass by my field of rye they'll say, 'Oh, what splendid rye that lad has got!' Then I shall say to them, 'I say, keep away from my rye!' But they won't heed me. Then I shall shout to them, 'I say, keep away from my rye!' But still they won't take any notice of me. Then I shall scream with all my might, 'Keep away from my rye!' and then they'll listen to me."

But the lad screamed so loudly that the fox woke up and made off at once for the forest, so that the lad did not even get as much as a handful of his hair.

No, it's best always to take what you can reach, for of undone deeds you should never screech, as the saying goes.

(17) The Peasant and the Cucumbers

(Russia)

A peasant once went to the gardener's, to steal cucumbers. He crept up to the cucumbers, and thought, "I will carry off a bag of cucumbers, which I will sell; with the money I will buy a hen. The hen will lay eggs, hatch them, and raise a lot of chicks. I will feed the chicks and sell them; then I will buy me a young sow, and she will bear a lot of pigs. I will sell the pigs, and buy me a mare; the mare will foal me some colts. I will raise the colts, and sell them. I will buy me a house, and start a garden. In the garden I will sow cucumbers, and will not let them be stolen, but will keep a sharp watch on them. I will hire watchmen, and put them in the cucumber patch, while I myself will come on them, unawares, and shout, 'Oh, there, keep a sharp lookout!'"

And this he shouted as loud as he could. The watchmen heard it, and they rushed out and beat the peasant.

(18) Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves

From the

1001 Nights

In a town in Persia there dwelt two brothers, one named Cassim, the other Ali Baba. Cassim was married to a rich wife and lived in plenty, while Ali Baba had to maintain his wife and children by cutting wood in a neighboring forest and selling it in the town.

One day, when Ali Baba was in the forest, he saw a troop of men on horseback, coming toward him in a cloud of dust. He was afraid they were robbers, and climbed into a tree for safety. When they came up to him and dismounted, he counted forty of them. They unbridled their horses and tied them to trees.

The finest man among them, whom Ali Baba took to be their captain, went a little way among some bushes, and said, "Open, Sesame!" so plainly that Ali Baba heard him.

A door opened in the rocks, and having made the troop go in, he followed them, and the door shut again of itself. They stayed some time inside, and Ali Baba, fearing they might come out and catch him, was forced to sit patiently in the tree. At last the door opened again, and the Forty Thieves came out. As the Captain went in last he came out first, and made them all pass by him; he then closed the door, saying, "Shut, Sesame!"

Every man bridled his horse and mounted, the Captain put himself at their head, and they returned as they came.

Then Ali Baba climbed down and went to the door concealed among the bushes, and said, "Open, Sesame!" and it flew open.

Ali Baba, who expected a dull, dismal place, was greatly surprised to find it large and well lighted, hollowed by the hand of man in the form of a vault, which received the light from an opening in the ceiling. He saw rich bales of merchandise -- silk, stuff-brocades, all piled together, and gold and silver in heaps, and money in leather purses. He went in and the door shut behind him. He did not look at the silver, but brought out as many bags of gold as he thought his asses, which were browsing outside, could carry, loaded them with the bags, and hid it all with fagots.

Using the words, "Shut, Sesame!" he closed the door and went home.

Then he drove his asses into the yard, shut the gates, carried the money-bags to his wife, and emptied them out before her. He bade her keep the secret, and he would go and bury the gold.

"Let me first measure it," said his wife. "I will go borrow a measure of someone, while you dig the hole."

So she ran to the wife of Cassim and borrowed a measure. Knowing Ali Baba's poverty, the sister was curious to find out what sort of grain his wife wished to measure, and artfully put some suet at the bottom of the measure. Ali Baba's wife went home and set the measure on the heap of gold, and filled it and emptied it often, to her great content. She then carried it back to her sister, without noticing that a piece of gold was sticking to it, which Cassim's wife perceived directly her back was turned.

She grew very curious, and said to Cassim when he came home, "Cassim, your brother is richer than you. He does not count his money, he measures it."

He begged her to explain this riddle, which she did by showing him the piece of money and telling him where she found it. Then Cassim grew so envious that he could not sleep, and went to his brother in the morning before sunrise. "Ali Baba," he said, showing him the gold piece, "you pretend to be poor and yet you measure gold."

By this Ali Baba perceived that through his wife's folly Cassim and his wife knew their secret, so he confessed all and offered Cassim a share.

"That I expect," said Cassim; "but I must know where to find the treasure, otherwise I will discover all, and you will lose all."

Ali Baba, more out of kindness than fear, told him of the cave, and the very words to use. Cassim left Ali Baba, meaning to be beforehand with him and get the treasure for himself. He rose early next morning, and set out with ten mules loaded with great chests. He soon found the place, and the door in the rock.

He said, "Open, Sesame!" and the door opened and shut behind him. He could have feasted his eyes all day on the treasures, but he now hastened to gather together as much of it as possible; but when he was ready to go he could not remember what to say for thinking of his great riches. Instead of "Sesame," he said, "Open, Barley!" and the door remained fast. He named several different sorts of grain, all but the right one, and the door still stuck fast. He was so frightened at the danger he was in that he had as much forgotten the word as if he had never heard it.

About noon the robbers returned to their cave, and saw Cassim's mules roving about with great chests on their backs. This gave them the alarm; they drew their sabers, and went to the door, which opened on their Captain's saying, "Open, Sesame!"

Cassim, who had heard the trampling of their horses' feet, resolved to sell his life dearly, so when the door opened he leaped out and threw the Captain down. In vain, however, for the robbers with their sabers soon killed him. On entering the cave they saw all the bags laid ready, and could not imagine how anyone had got in without knowing their secret. They cut Cassim's body into four quarters, and nailed them up inside the cave, in order to frighten anyone who should venture in, and went away in search of more treasure.

As night drew on Cassim's wife grew very uneasy, and ran to her brother-in-law, and told him where her husband had gone. Ali Baba did his best to comfort her, and set out to the forest in search of Cassim. The first thing he saw on entering the cave was his dead brother. Full of horror, he put the body on one of his asses and bags of gold on the other two, and, covering all with some fagots, returned home. He drove the two asses laden with gold into his own yard, and led the other to Cassim's house.

The door was opened by the slave Morgiana, whom he knew to be both brave and cunning. Unloading the ass, he said to her, "This is the body of your master, who has been murdered, but whom we must bury as though he had died in his bed. I will speak with you again, but now tell your mistress I am come."

The wife of Cassim, on learning the fate of her husband, broke out into cries and tears, but Ali Baba offered to take her to live with him and his wife if she would promise to keep his counsel and leave everything to Morgiana; whereupon she agreed, and dried her eyes.

Morgiana, meanwhile, sought an apothecary and asked him for some lozenges. "My poor master," she said, "can neither eat nor speak, and no one knows what his distemper is." She carried home the lozenges and returned next day weeping, and asked for an essence only given to those just about to die.

Thus, in the evening, no one was surprised to hear the wretched shrieks and cries of Cassim's wife and Morgiana, telling everyone that Cassim was dead.

The day after Morgiana went to an old cobbler near the gates of the town who opened his stall early, put a piece of gold in his hand, and bade him follow her with his needle and thread. Having bound his eyes with a handkerchief, she took him to the room where the body lay, pulled off the bandage, and bade him sew the quarters together, after which she covered his eyes again and led

him home. Then they buried Cassim, and Morgiana his slave followed him to the grave, weeping and tearing her hair, while Cassim's wife stayed at home uttering lamentable cries. Next day she went to live with Ali Baba, who gave Cassim's shop to his eldest son.

The Forty Thieves, on their return to the cave, were much astonished to find Cassim's body gone and some of their money-bags.

"We are certainly discovered," said the Captain, "and shall be undone if we cannot find out who it is that knows our secret. Two men must have known it; we have killed one, we must now find the other. To this end one of you who is bold and artful must go into the city dressed as a traveler, and discover whom we have killed, and whether men talk of the strange manner of his death. If the messenger fails he must lose his life, lest we be betrayed."

One of the thieves started up and offered to do this, and after the rest had highly commended him for his bravery he disguised himself, and happened to enter the town at daybreak, just by Baba Mustapha's stall. The thief bade him good-day, saying, "Honest man, how can you possibly see to stitch at your age?"

"Old as I am," replied the cobbler, "I have very good eyes, and will you believe me when I tell you that I sewed a dead body together in a place where I had less light than I have now."

The robber was overjoyed at his good fortune, and, giving him a piece of gold, desired to be shown the house where he stitched up the dead body. At first Mustapha refused, saying that he had been blindfolded; but when the robber gave him another piece of gold he began to think he might remember the turnings if blindfolded as before. This means succeeded; the robber partly led him, and was partly guided by him, right in front of Cassim's house, the door of which the robber marked with a piece of chalk. Then, well pleased, he bade farewell to Baba Mustapha and returned to the forest. By and by Morgiana, going out, saw the mark the robber had made, quickly guessed that some mischief was brewing, and fetching a piece of chalk marked two or three doors on each side, without saying anything to her master or mistress.

The thief, meantime, told his comrades of his discovery. The Captain thanked him, and bade him show him the house he had marked. But when they came to it they saw that five or six of the houses were chalked in the same manner. The guide was so confounded that he knew not what answer to make, and when they returned he was at once beheaded for having failed.

Another robber was dispatched, and, having won over Baba Mustapha, marked the house in red chalk; but Morgiana being again too clever for them, the second messenger was put to death also.

The Captain now resolved to go himself, but, wiser than the others, he did not mark the house, but looked at it so closely that he could not fail to remember it. He returned, and ordered his men to go into the neighboring villages and buy nineteen mules, and thirty-eight leather jars, all empty except one, which was full of oil. The Captain put one of his men, fully armed, into each, rubbing the outside of the jars with oil from the full vessel. Then the nineteen mules were loaded with thirty-seven robbers in jars, and the jar of oil, and reached the town by dusk.

The Captain stopped his mules in front of Ali Baba's house, and said to Ali Baba, who was sitting outside for coolness, "I have brought some oil from a distance to sell at tomorrow's market, but it is now so late that I know not where to pass the night, unless you will do me the favor to take me in."

Though Ali Baba had seen the Captain of the robbers in the forest, he did not recognize him in the disguise of an oil merchant. He bade him welcome, opened his gates for the mules to enter, and went to Morgiana to bid her prepare a bed and supper for his guest. He brought the stranger into his hall, and after they had supped went again to speak to Morgiana in the kitchen, while the Captain went into the yard under pretense of seeing after his mules, but really to tell his men what to do.

Beginning at the first jar and ending at the last, he said to each man, "As soon as I throw some stones from the window of the chamber where I lie, cut the jars open with your knives and come out, and I will be with you in a trice."

He returned to the house, and Morgiana led him to his chamber. She then told Abdallah, her fellow slave, to set on the pot to make some broth for her master, who had gone to bed. Meanwhile her lamp went out, and she had no more oil in the house.

"Do not be uneasy," said Abdallah; "go into the yard and take some out of one of those jars."

Morgiana thanked him for his advice, took the oil pot, and went into the yard. When she came to the first jar the robber inside said softly, "Is it time?"

Any other slave but Morgiana, on finding a man in the jar instead of the oil she wanted, would have screamed and made a noise; but she, knowing the danger her master was in, bethought herself of a plan, and answered quietly, "Not yet, but presently."

She went to all the jars, giving the same answer, till she came to the jar of oil. She now saw that her master, thinking to entertain an oil merchant, had let thirty-eight robbers into his house. She filled her oil pot, went back to the kitchen and, having lit her lamp, went again to the oil jar and filled a large kettle full of oil. When it boiled she went and poured enough oil into every jar to stifle and kill the robber inside. When this brave deed was done she went back to the kitchen, put out the fire and the lamp, and waited to see what would happen.

In a quarter of an hour the Captain of the robbers awoke, got up, and opened the window. As all seemed quiet, he threw down some little pebbles which hit the jars. He listened, and as none of his men seemed to stir he grew uneasy, and went down into the yard. On going to the first jar and saying, "Are you asleep?" he smelt the hot boiled oil, and knew at once that his plot to murder Ali Baba and his household had been discovered. He found all the gang was dead, and, missing the oil out of the last jar, became aware of the manner of their death. He then forced the lock of a door leading into a garden, and climbing over several walls made his escape. Morgiana heard and saw all this, and, rejoicing at her success, went to bed and fell asleep.

At daybreak Ali Baba arose, and, seeing the oil jars still there, asked why the merchant had not gone with his mules. Morgiana bade him look in the first jar and see if there was any oil. Seeing a man, he started back in terror. "Have no fear," said Morgiana; "the man cannot harm you; he is dead."

Ali Baba, when he had recovered somewhat from his astonishment, asked what had become of the merchant.

"Merchant!" said she, "he is no more a merchant than I am!" and she told him the whole story, assuring him that it was a plot of the robbers of the forest, of whom only three were left, and that the white and red chalk marks had something to do with it. Ali Baba at once gave Morgiana her freedom, saying that he owed her his life. They then buried the bodies in Ali Baba's garden, while the mules were sold in the market by his slaves.

The Captain returned to his lonely cave, which seemed frightful to him without his lost companions, and firmly resolved to avenge them by killing Ali Baba. He dressed himself carefully, and went into the town, where he took lodgings in an inn. In the course of a great many journeys to the forest he carried away many rich stuffs and much fine linen, and set up a shop opposite that of Ali Baba's son. He called himself Cogia Hassan, and as he was both civil and well dressed he soon made friends with Ali Baba's son, and through him with Ali Baba, whom he was continually asking to sup with him.

Ali Baba, wishing to return his kindness, invited him into his house and received him smiling, thanking him for his kindness to his son.

When the merchant was about to take his leave Ali Baba stopped him, saying, "Where are you going, sir, in such haste? Will you not stay and sup with me?"

The merchant refused, saying that he had a reason; and, on Ali Baba's asking him what that was, he replied, "It is, sir, that I can eat no victuals that have any salt in them."

"If that is all," said Ali Baba, "let me tell you that there shall be no salt in either the meat or the bread that we eat to-night."

He went to give this order to Morgiana, who was much surprised.

"Who is this man," she said, "who eats no salt with his meat?"

"He is an honest man, Morgiana," returned her master; "therefore do as I bid you."

But she could not withstand a desire to see this strange man, so she helped Abdallah to carry up the dishes, and saw in a moment that Cogia Hassan was the robber Captain, and carried a dagger under his garment.

"I am not surprised," she said to herself, "that this wicked man, who intends to kill my master, will eat no salt with him; but I will hinder his plans."

She sent up the supper by Abdallah, while she made ready for one of the boldest acts that could be thought on. When the dessert had been served, Cogia Hassan was left alone with Ali Baba and his son, whom he thought to make drunk and then to murder them. Morgiana, meanwhile, put on a headdress like a dancing-girl's, and clasped a girdle round her waist, from which hung a dagger with a silver hilt, and said to Abdallah, "Take your tabor, and let us go and divert our master and his guest."

Abdallah took his tabor and played before Morgiana until they came to the door, where Abdallah stopped playing and Morgiana made a low courtesy.

"Come in, Morgiana," said Ali Baba, "and let Cogia Hassan see what you can do"; and, turning to Cogia Hassan, he said, "She's my slave and my housekeeper."

Cogia Hassan was by no means pleased, for he feared that his chance of killing Ali Baba was gone for the present; but he pretended great eagerness to see Morgiana, and Abdallah began to play and Morgiana to dance. After she had performed several dances she drew her dagger and made passes with it, sometimes pointing it at her own breast, sometimes at her master's, as if it were part of the dance. Suddenly, out of breath, she snatched the tabor from Abdallah with her left hand, and, holding the dagger in her right hand, held out the tabor to her master. Ali Baba and his son put a piece of gold into it, and Cogia Hassan, seeing that she was coming to him, pulled out his purse to make her a present, but while he was putting his hand into it Morgiana plunged the dagger into his heart.

"Unhappy girl!" cried Ali Baba and his son, "what have you done to ruin us?"

"It was to preserve you, master, not to ruin you," answered Morgiana. "See here," opening the false merchant's garment and showing the dagger; "see what an enemy you have entertained! Remember, he would eat no salt with you, and what more would you have? Look at him! he is both the false oil merchant and the Captain of the Forty Thieves."

Ali Baba was so grateful to Morgiana for thus saving his life that he offered her to his son in marriage, who readily consented, and a few days after the wedding was celebrated with greatest splendor.

At the end of a year Ali Baba, hearing nothing of the two remaining robbers, judged they were dead, and set out to the cave. The door opened on his saying, "Open Sesame!" He went in, and saw that nobody had been there since the Captain left it. He brought away as much gold as he could carry, and returned to town. He told his son the secret of the cave, which his son handed down in his turn, so the children and grandchildren of Ali Baba were rich to the end of their lives.

(19) Amleth, Prince of Denmark

Horwendil, King of Denmark, married Gurutha, the daughter of Rorik, and she bore him a son, whom they named Amleth. Horwendil's good fortune stung his brother Feng with jealousy, so that the latter resolved treacherously to waylay his brother, thus showing that goodness is not

safe even from those of a man's own house. And behold when a chance came to murder him, his bloody hand sated the deadly passion of his soul.

Then he took the wife of the brother he had butchered, capping unnatural murder with incest. For whoso yields to one iniquity, speedily falls an easier victim to the next, the first being an incentive to the second. Also the man veiled the monstrosity of his deed with such hardihood of cunning, that he made up a mock pretense of goodwill to excuse his crime, and glossed over fratricide with a show of righteousness. Gerutha, said he, though so gentle that she would do no man the slightest hurt, had been visited with her husband's extremest hate; and it was all to save her that he had slain his brother; for he thought it shameful that a lady so meek and unrancorous should suffer the heavy disdain of her husband. Nor did his smooth words fail in their intent; for at courts, where fools are sometimes favored and backbiters preferred, a lie lacks not credit. Nor did Feng keep from shameful embraces the hands that had slain a brother; pursuing with equal guilt both of his wicked and impious deeds.

Amleth beheld all this, but feared lest too shrewd a behavior might make his uncle suspect him. So he chose to feign dullness, and pretend an utter lack of wits. This cunning course not only concealed his intelligence but ensured his safety.

Every day he remained in his mother's house utterly listless and unclean, flinging himself on the ground and bespattering his person with foul and filthy dirt. His discolored face and visage smutched with slime denoted foolish and grotesque madness. All he said was of a piece with these follies; all he did savored of utter lethargy. In a word, you would not have thought him a man at all, but some absurd abortion due to a mad fit of destiny.

He used at times to sit over the fire, and, raking up the embers with his hands, to fashion wooden crooks, and harden them in the fire, shaping at their tips certain barbs, to make them hold more tightly to their fastenings. When asked what he was about, he said that he was preparing sharp javelins to avenge his father. This answer was not a little scoffed at, all men deriding his idle and ridiculous pursuit; but the thing helped his purpose afterwards. Now it was his craft in this matter that first awakened in the deeper observers a suspicion of his cunning. For his skill in a trifling art betokened the hidden talent of the craftsman; nor could they believe the spirit dull where the hand had acquired so cunning a workmanship. Lastly, he always watched with the most punctual care over his pile of stakes that he had pointed in the fire. Some people, therefore, declared that his mind was quick enough, and fancied that he only played the simpleton in order to hide his understanding, and veiled some deep purpose under a cunning feint.

His wiliness (said these) would be most readily detected, if a fair woman were put in his way in some secluded place, who would provoke his mind to the temptations of love; all man's natural temper being too blindly amorous to be artfully dissembled, and this passion being also too impetuous to be checked by cunning. Therefore, if his lethargy were feigned, he would seize the opportunity, and yield straightway to violent delights. Some men were commissioned to draw the young man in his rides into a remote part of the forest, and there assail him with a temptation of this nature. Among these chanced to be a foster-brother of Amleth, who had not ceased to have regard to their common nurture; and who esteemed his present orders less than the memory of their past fellowship. He attended Amleth among his appointed train, being anxious not to entrap,

but to warn him; and was persuaded that he would suffer the worst if he showed the slightest glimpse of sound reason, and above all if he did the act of love openly. This was also plain enough to Amleth himself. For when he was bidden mount his horse, he deliberately set himself in such a fashion that he turned his back to the neck and faced about, fronting the tail; which he proceeded to encompass with the reins, just as if on that side he would check the horse in its furious pace. By this cunning thought he eluded the trick, and overcame the treachery of his uncle. The reinless steed galloping on, with the rider directing its tail, was ludicrous enough to behold.

Amleth went on, and a wolf crossed his path amid the thicket. When his companions told him that a young colt had met him, he retorted, that in Feng's stud there were too few of that kind fighting. This was a gentle but witty fashion of invoking a curse upon his uncle's riches. When they averred that he had given a cunning answer, he answered that he had spoken deliberately: for he was loath to be thought prone to lying about any matter, and wished to be held a stranger to falsehood; and accordingly he mingled craft and candor in such wise that, though his words did lack truth, yet there was nothing to betoken the truth and betray how far his keenness went.

Again, as he passed along the beach, his companions found the rudder of a ship which had been wrecked, and said they had discovered a huge knife. "This" said he, "was the right thing to carve such a huge ham;" by which he really meant the sea, to whose infinitude, he thought, this enormous rudder matched.

Also, as they passed the sandhills, and bade him look at the meal, meaning the sand, he replied that it had been ground small by the hoary tempests of the ocean. His companions praising his answer, he said that he had spoken it wittingly.

Then they purposely left him, that he might pluck up more courage to practice wantonness. The woman whom his uncle had dispatched met him in a dark spot, as though she had crossed him by chance; and he took her and would have ravished her, had not his foster-brother, by a secret device, given him an inkling of the trap. For this man, while pondering the fittest way to play privily the prompter's part, and forestall the young man's hazardous lewdness, found a straw on the ground and fastened it underneath the tail of a gadfly that was flying past; which he then drove towards the particular quarter where he knew Amleth to be: an act which served the unwary price exceedingly well. The token was interpreted as shrewdly as it had been sent. For Amleth saw the gadfly, espied with curiosity the straw which it wore embedded in its tail, and perceived that it was a secret warning to beware of treachery. Alarmed, scenting a trap, and fain to possess his desire in greater safety, he caught up the woman in his arms and dragged her off to a distant and impenetrable fen. Moreover, when they had lain together, he conjured her earnestly to disclose the matter to none, and the promise of silence was accorded as heartily as it was asked. For both of them had been under the same fostering in their childhood; and this early rearing in common had brought Amleth and the girl into great intimacy.

So, when he had returned home, they all jeeringly asked him whether he had given way to love, and he avowed that he had ravished the maid. When he was next asked where he did it, and what had been his pillow, he said that he had rested upon the hoof of a beast of burden, upon a cockscomb, and also upon a ceiling. For, when he was starting into temptation, he had gathered

fragments of all these things, in order to avoid lying. And though his jest did not take aught of the truth out of the story, the answer was greeted with shouts of merriment from the bystanders.

The maiden, too, when questioned on the matter, declared that he had done no such thing; and her denial was the more readily credited when it was found that the escort had not witnessed the deed. Then he who had marked the gadfly in order to give a hint, wishing to show Amleth that to his trick he owed his salvation, observed that latterly he had been singly devoted to Amleth. The young man's reply was apt. Not to seem forgetful of his informant's service, he said that he had seen a certain thing bearing a straw flit by suddenly, wearing a stalk of chaff fixed on its hinder parts. The cleverness of this speech, which made the rest split with laughter, rejoiced the heart of Amleth's friend.

Thus all were worsted, and none could open the secret lock of the young man's wisdom.

But a friend of Feng, gifted more with assurance than judgment, declared that the unfathomable cunning of such a mind could not be detected by any vulgar plot, for the man's obstinacy was so great that it ought not to be assailed with any mild measures; there were many sides to his wiliness, and it ought not to be entrapped by any one method. Accordingly, said he, his own profounder acuteness had hit on a more delicate way, which was well fitted to be put in practice, and would effectually discover what they desired to know. Feng was purposely to absent himself, pretending affairs of great import. Amleth should be closeted alone with his mother in her chamber; but a man should first be commissioned to place himself in a concealed part of the room and listen heedfully to what they talked about. For if the son had any wits at all he would not hesitate to speak out in the hearing of his mother, or fear to trust himself to the fidelity of her who bore him. The speaker, loath to seem readier to devise than to carry out the plot, zealously proffered himself as the agent of the eavesdropping. Feng rejoiced at the scheme, and departed on pretense of a long journey. Now he who had given up this counsel repaired privily to the room where Amleth was shut up with his mother, and lay down skulking in the straw.

But Amleth had his antidote for the treachery. Afraid of being overheard by some eavesdropper, he at first resorted to his usual imbecile ways, and crowed like a noisy cock, beating his arms together to mimic the flapping of wings. Then he mounted the straw and began to swing his body and jump again and again, wishing to try if aught lurked there in hiding. Feeling a lump beneath his feet, he drove his sword into the spot, and impaled him who lay hid. Then he dragged him from his concealment and slew him. Then, cutting his body into morsels, he seethed it in boiling water, and flung it through the mouth of an open sewer for the swine to eat, bestrewing the stinking mire with his hapless limbs.

Having in this wise eluded the snare, he went back to the room. Then his mother set up a great wailing and began to lament her son's folly to his face; but he said: "Most infamous of women! dost thou seek with such lying lamentations to hide thy most heavy guilt? Wantoning like a harlot, thou hast entered a wicked and abominable state of wedlock, embracing with incestuous bosom thy husband's slayer, and wheedling with filthy lures of blandishment him who had slain the father of thy son. This, forsooth, is the way that the mares couple with the vanquishers of their mates; for brute beasts are naturally incited to pair indiscriminately; and it would seem that thou, like them, hast clean forgot thy first husband. As for me, not idly do I wear the mask of

folly; for I doubt not that he who destroyed his brother will riot as ruthlessly in the blood of his kindred. Therefore it is better to choose the garb of dullness than that of sense, and to borrow some protection from a show of utter frenzy. Yet the passion to avenge my father still burns in my heart; but I am watching the chances, I await the fitting hour. There is a place for all things; against so merciless and dark a spirit must be used the deeper devices of the mind. And thou, who hadst been better employed in lamenting thine own disgrace, know it is superfluity to bewail my witlessness; thou shouldst weep for the blemish in thine own mind, not for that in another's. On the rest see thou keep silence." With such reproaches he rent the heart of his mother and redeemed her to walk in the ways of virtue; teaching her to set the fires of the past above the seductions of the present.

When Feng returned, nowhere could he find the man who had suggested the treacherous espial; he searched for him long and carefully, but none said they had seen him anywhere. Amleth, among others, was asked in jest if he had come on any trace of him, and replied that the man had gone to the sewer, but had fallen through its bottom and been stifled by the floods of filth, and that he had then been devoured by the swine that came up all about that place. This speech was flouted by those who heard; for it seemed senseless, though really it expressly avowed the truth.

Feng now suspected that his stepson was certainly full of guile, and desired to make way with him, but durst not do the deed for fear of the displeasure, not only of Amleth's grandsire Rorik, but also of his own wife. So he thought that the King of Britain should be employed to slay him, so that another could do the deed, and he be able to feign innocence. Thus, desirous to hide his cruelty, he chose rather to besmirch his friend than to bring disgrace on his own head. Amleth, on departing, gave secret orders to his mother to hang the hall with knotted tapestry, and to perform pretended obsequies for him a year thence; promising that he would then return. Two retainers of Feng then accompanied him, bearing a letter graven on wood--a kind of letter enjoined the king of the Britons to put to death the youth who was sent over to him.

While they were reposing, Amleth searched their coffers, found the letter, and read the instructions therein. Whereupon he erased all the writing on the surface, substituted fresh characters, and so, changing the purport of the instructions, shifted his own doom upon his companions. Nor was he satisfied with removing from himself the sentence of death and passing the peril on to others, but added and entreaty that the King of Britain would grant his daughter in marriage to a youth of great judgment whom he was sending to him. Under this was falsely marked the signature of Feng.

Now when they had reached Britain, the envoys went to the king, and proffered him the letter which they supposed was an implement of destruction to one another, but which really betokened death to themselves. The king dissembled the truth, and entreated them hospitably and kindly. Then Amleth scouted all the splendor of the royal banquet like vulgar viands, and abstaining very strangely, rejected that plenteous feast, refraining from the drink even as from the banquet. All marveled that a youth and a foreigner should disdain the carefully-cooked dainties of the royal board and the luxurious banquet provided, as if it were some peasant's relish. So, when the revel broke up, and the king was dismissing his friends to rest, he had a man sent into the sleeping-room to listen secretly, in order that he might hear the midnight conversation of his guests.

Now, when Amleth's companions asked him why he had refrained from the feast of yestereve, as if it were poison, he answered that the bread was flecked with blood and tainted; that there was a tang of iron in the liquor; while the meats of the feast reeked of the stench of a human carcass, and were infected by a kind of smack of the odor of the charnel. He further said that the king had the eyes of a slave, and that the queen had in three ways shown the behavior of a bondmaid. This he reviled with insulting invective not so much the feast as its givers. And presently his companions, taunting him with his old defect of wits, began to flout him with many saucy jeers, because he blamed and caviled at seemly and worthy things, and because he attacked thus ignobly and illustrious king and a lady of so refined a behavior, bespattering with the shamefullest abuse those who merited all praise.

All this the king heard from his retainer; and declared that he who could say such things had either more than mortal wisdom or more than mortal folly; in these few words fathoming the full depth of Amleth's penetration. Then he summoned his steward and asked him whence he had procured the bread. The steward declared that it had been made by the king's own baker. The king asked where the corn had grown of which it was made, and whether any sign was to be found there of human carnage? The other answered, that not far off was a field, covered with the ancient bones of slaughtered men, and still bearing plainly all the signs of ancient carnage; and that he had himself planted this field with grain in springtide, thinking it more fruitful than the rest, and hoping for plenteous abundance; and so, for aught he knew, the bread had caught some evil savor from this bloodshed.

The king, on hearing this, surmised that Amleth had spoken truly, and took the pains to learn also what had been the source of the lard. The other declared that his hogs had, through negligence, strayed from keeping, and batted on the rotten carcass of a robber, and that perchance their pork had thus come to have something of a corrupt smack.

The king, finding that Amleth's judgment was right in this thing also, asked of what liquor the steward had mixed the drink? Hearing that it had been brewed of water and meal, he had the spot of the spring pointed out to him, and set to digging deep down; and there he found, rusted away, several swords, the tang whereof it was thought had tainted the waters. Others relate that Amleth blamed the drink because, while quaffing it, he had detected some bees that had fed in the paunch of a dead man; and that the taint, which had formerly been imparted to the combs, had reappeared in the taste.

The king, seeing that Amleth had rightly given the causes of the taste he had found so faulty, and learning that the ignoble eyes wherewith Amleth had reproached him concerned some stain upon his birth, had a secret interview with his mother and asked her who his father had really been. She said she had submitted to no man but the king. But when he threatened that he would have the truth out of her by a trial, he was told that he was the offspring of a slave. By the evidence of the avowal thus extorted he understood the whole mystery of the reproach upon his origin. Abashed as he was with shame for his low estate, he was so ravished with the young man's cleverness, that he asked him why he had aspersed the queen with the reproach that she had demeaned herself like a slave? But while resenting that the courtliness of his wife had been accused in the midnight gossip of a guest, he found that her mother had been a bondmaid. For Amleth said he had noted in her three blemishes showing the demeanor of a slave; first, she had

muffled her head in her mantle as bondmaids do; next, that she had gathered up her gown for walking; and thirdly, that she had first picked out with a splinter, and then chewed up the remnant of food that stuck in the crevices between her teeth. Further, he mentioned that the king's mother had been brought into slavery from captivity, lest she should seem servile only in her habits, yet not in her birth.

Then the king adored the wisdom of Amleth as though it were inspired, and gave him his daughter to wife; accepting his bare word as though it were a witness from the skies. Moreover, in order to fulfill the bidding of his friend, he hanged Amleth's companions on the morrow. Amleth, feigning offense, treated this piece of kindness as a grievance, and received from the king, as compensation, some gold, which he afterwards melted in the fire, and secretly caused to be poured into some hollowed sticks.

When he had passed a whole year with the king he obtained to make a journey, and returned to his own land, carrying away of all his princely wealth and state only the sticks which held the gold.

On reaching Jutland, he exchanged his present attire for his ancient demeanor, which he had adopted for righteous ends, purposely assuming an aspect of absurdity. Covered with filth, he entered the banquet-room where his own obsequies were being held, and struck all men utterly aghast, rumor having falsely noised abroad his death. At last terror melted into mirth, and the guests jeered and taunted one another, that he whose last rites they were celebrating as though he were dead, should appear in the flesh.

When he was asked concerning his comrades, he pointed to the sticks he was carrying, and said, "Here is both the one and the other." This he observed with equal truth and pleasantry; for his speech, though most thought it idle, yet departed not from the truth; for it pointed at the werewild of the slain as though it were themselves. Thereon, wishing to bring the company into a gayer mood, he joined the cupbearers, and diligently did the office of plying the drink.

Then, to prevent his loose dress hampering his walk, he girded his sword upon his side, and purposely drawing it several times, pricked his fingers with its point. The bystanders accordingly had both sword and scabbard riveted across with an iron nail.

Then, to smooth the way more safely to his plot, he went to the lords and plied them heavily with draught upon draught, and drenched them all so deep in wine, that their feet were made feeble with drunkenness, and they turned to rest within the palace, making their bed where they had reveled. Then he saw they were in a fit state for his plots, and thought that here was a chance offered to do his purpose. So he took out of his bosom the stakes he had long ago prepared, and went into the building, where the ground lay covered with the bodies of the nobles wheezing off their sleep and their debauch. Then, cutting away its supports, he brought down the hanging his mother had knitted, which covered the inner as well as the outer walls of the hall. This he flung upon the snorers, and then applying the crooked stakes, he knotted and bound them up in such insoluble intricacy, that not one of the men beneath, however hard he might struggle, could contrive to rise.

After this he set fire to the palace. The flames spread, scattering the conflagration far and wide. It enveloped the whole dwelling, destroyed the palace, and burnt them all while they were either buried in deep sleep or vainly striving to arise. Then he went to the chamber of Feng, who had before this been conducted by his train into his pavilion; plucked up a sword that chanced to be hanging to the bed, and planted his own in its place. Then, awakening his uncle, he told him that his nobles were perishing in the flames, and that Amleth was here, armed with his old crooks to help him, and thirsting to exact the vengeance, now long overdue, for his father's murder. Feng, on hearing this, leapt from his couch, but was cut down while, deprived of his own sword, he strove in vain to draw the strange one.

O valiant Amleth, and worthy of immortal fame, who being shrewdly armed with a feint of folly, covered a wisdom too high for human wit under a marvelous disguise of silliness! and not only found in his subtlety means to protect his own safety, but also by its guidance found opportunity to avenge his father. By this skillful defense of himself, and strenuous revenge for his parent, he has left it doubtful whether we are to think more of his wit or his bravery.

Amleth, when he had accomplished the slaughter of his stepfather, feared to expose his deed to the fickle judgment of his countrymen, and thought it well to lie in hiding till he had learnt what way the mob of the uncouth populace was tending. So the whole neighborhood, who had watched the blaze during the night, and in the morning desired to know the cause of the fire they had seen, perceived the royal palace fallen in ashes; and, on searching through its ruins, which were yet warm, found only some shapeless remains of burnt corpses. For the devouring flame had consumed everything so utterly, that not a single token was left to inform them of the cause of such a disaster. Also they saw the body of Feng lying pierced by the sword, amid his blood-stained raiment. Some were seized with open anger, others with grief, and some with secret delight. One party bewailed the death of their leader, the other gave thanks that the tyranny of the fratricide was now laid at rest. Thus the occurrence of the king's slaughter was greeted by the beholders with diverse minds.

Amleth, finding the people so quiet, made bold to leave his hiding. Summoning those in whom he knew the memory of his father to be fast-rooted, he went to the assembly and there made a speech after this manner:

Nobles! Let not any who are troubled by the piteous end of Horwendil be troubled by the sight of this disaster before you: be not ye, I say, troubled, who have remained loyal to your king and dutiful to your father. Behold the corpse, not of a prince, but of a fratricide. Indeed, it was a sorer sight when ye saw our prince lying lamentably butchered by a most infamous fratricide--brother, let me not call him. With your own compassionating eyes ye have beheld the mangled limbs of Horwendil; they have seen his body done to death with many wounds. Surely that most abominable butcher only deprived his king of life that he might despoil his country of freedom! The hand that slew him made you slaves.

Who then so mad as to choose Feng the cruel before Horwendil the righteous?

Remember how benignantly Horwendil fostered you, how justly he dealt with you, how kindly he loved you. Remember how you lost the mildest of princes and justest of fathers, while in his

place was put a tyrant and an assassin set up; how your rights were confiscated; how everything was plague-stricken; how the country was stained with infamies; how the yoke was planted on your necks, and how your free will was forfeited! And now all this is over; for ye see the criminal stifled in his own crimes, the slayer of his kin punished for his misdoings.

What man of but ordinary wit, beholding it, would account this kindness a wrong? What sane man could be sorry that the crime has recoiled upon the culprit? Who could lament the killing of a most savage executioner? or bewail the righteous death of most cruel despot?

Ye behold the doer of the deed; he is before you. Yea, I own that I have taken vengeance for my country and my father. Your hands were equally bound to the task which mine fulfilled. What it would have beseemed you to accomplish with me, I achieved alone. Nor has I any partner in so glorious a deed, or the service of any man to help me. Not that I forget that you would have helped this work, had I asked you; for doubtless you have remained loyal to your king and loving to your prince. But I chose that the wicked should be punished without imperiling you; I thought that others need not set their shoulders to the burden when I deemed mine strong enough to bear it. Therefore I consumed all the others to ashes, and left only the trunk of Feng for your hands to burn, so that on this at least you may wreak all your longing for a righteous vengeance.

Now haste up speedily, heap the pyre, burn up the body of the wicked, consume away his guilty limbs, scatter his sinful ashes, strew broadcast his ruthless dust: let no urn of barrow enclose the abominable remnants of his bones. Let no trace of his fratricide remain; let there be no spot in his own land for his tainted limbs; let no neighborhood suck infection from him; let not sea nor soil be defiled by harboring his accursed carcass. I have done the rest; this one loyal duty is left for you. These must be the tyrant's obsequies, this the funeral procession of the fratricide. It is not seemly that he who stripped his country of her freedom should have his ashes covered by his country's earth.

Besides, why tell again my own sorrows? Why count over my troubles? Why weave the thread of my miseries anew? Ye know them more fully than I myself. I, pursued to the death by my stepfather, scorned by my mother, spat upon by friends, have passed my years in pitiable wise, and my days in adversity; and my insecure life has teemed with fear and perils. In fine, I passed every season of my age wretchedly and in extreme calamity. Often in your secret murmurings together you have sighed over my lack of wits: there was none (you said) to avenge the father, none to punish the fratricide. And in this I found a secret testimony of your love; for I saw that the memory of the King's murder had no yet faded from your minds.

Whose breast is so hard that it can be softened by no fellow-feeling for what I have felt? Who is so stiff and stony, that he is swayed by no compassion for my griefs? Ye whose hands are clean of the blood of Horwendil, pity your fosterling, be moved by my calamities. Pity also my stricken mother, and rejoice with me that the infamy of her who was once your queen is quenched. For this weak woman had to bear a two-fold weight of ignominy, embracing one who was her husband's brother and murderer.

Therefore, to hide my purpose of revenge and to veil my wit, I counterfeited a listless bearing; I feigned dullness; I planned a stratagem; and now you can see with your own eyes whether it has

succeeded, whether it has achieved its purpose to the full; I am content to leave you to judge so great a matter.

It is your turn: trample under foot the ashes of the murderer! Disdain the dust of him who slew his brother, and defiled his brother's queen with infamous desecration, who outraged his sovereign and treasonably assailed his majesty, who brought the sharpest tyranny upon you, stole your freedom, and crowned fratricide with incest. I have been the agent of this just vengeance; I have burned for this righteous retribution: uphold me with a high-born spirit; pay me the homage that you owe me; warm me with your kindly looks. It is I who have wiped off my country's shame; I who have quenched my mother's dishonor; I who have beaten back oppression; I who have put to death the murderer; I who have baffled the artful hand of my uncle with retorted arts.

Were he living, each new day would have multiplied his crimes. I resented the wrong done to father and to fatherland: I slew him who was governing you outrageously and more hardly than it beseemed men. Acknowledge my service, honor my wit, give me the throne if I have earned it; for you have in me one who has done you a mighty service, and who is no degenerate heir to his father's power; no fratricide, but the lawful successor to the throne; and a dutiful avenger of the crime of murder.

You have me to thank for the recovery of the blessings of freedom, for release from the power of him who vexed you, for relief from the oppressor's yoke, for the shaking off the sway of the murderer, for trampling the despot's scepter under foot. It is I who have stripped you of slavery, and clothed you with freedom; I have restored your height of fortune, and given you your glory back; I have deposed the despot and triumphed over the butcher. In your hands is the reward: you know what I have done for you: and from your righteousness I ask my wage.

Every heart had been moved while the young man thus spoke; he affected some to compassion, and some even to tears. When the lamentation ceased, he was appointed king by prompt general acclaim. For one and all rested the greatest hopes on his wisdom, since he had devised the whole of such an achievement with the deepest cunning, and accomplished it with the most astonishing contrivance. Many could have been seen marveling how he had concealed so subtle a plan over so long a space of time.

After these deeds in Denmark he equipped three vessels lavishly, and went back to Britain to see his wife and her father.

He had also enrolled in his service the flower of the warriors, and arrayed them very choicely, wishing to have everything now magnificently appointed, even as of old he had always worn contemptible gear, and to change all his old devotion to poverty for outlay on luxury.

He also had a shield made for him, whereon the whole series of his exploits, beginning with his earliest youth, was painted in exquisite designs. This he bore as a record of his deeds of prowess, and gained great increase of fame thereby. Here were to be seen depicted the slaying of Horwedil; the fratricide and incest of Feng; the infamous uncle, the whimsical nephew; the shapes of the hooked stakes; the stepfather suspecting, the stepson dissembling; the various temptations offered, and the woman brought to beguile him; the gaping wolf; the finding of the

rudder; the passing of the sand; the entering of the wood; the putting of the straw through the gadfly; the warning of the maiden after the escort was eluded. And likewise could be seen the picture of the palace; the queen there with her son; the slaying of the eavesdropper; and how, after being killed, he was boiled down, and so dropped into the sewer, and so thrown out to the swine; how his limbs were strewn in the mud, and so left for the beasts to finish. Also it could be seen how Amleth surprised the secret of his sleeping attendants, how he erased the letters, and put new characters in their places; how he disdained the banquet and scorned the drink; how he condemned the face of the king and taxed the queen with faulty behavior. There was also represented the hanging of the envoys, and the young man's wedding; then the voyage back to Denmark; the festive celebration of the funeral rites.

Amleth, in answer to questions, pointing to the sticks in place of his attendants, acting as cup-bearer, and purposely drawing his sword and pricking his fingers; the sword riveted through, the swelling cheers of the banquet, the dance growing fast and furious; the hangings flung upon the sleepers, then fastened with the interlacing crooks, and wrapped tightly round them as they slumbered; the brand set to the mansion, the burning of the guests, the royal palace consumed with fire and tottering down; the visit to the sleeping-room of Feng, the theft of his sword, the useless one set in its place; and the king slain with his own sword's point by his stepson's hand. All this was there, painted upon Amleth's battle-shield by a careful craftsman in the choicest of handiwork; he copied truth in his figures, and embodied real deeds in his outlines. Moreover, Amleth's followers, to increase the splendor of their presence, wore shields which were gilt over.

The King of Britain received them very graciously, and treated them with costly and royal pomp. During the feast he asked anxiously whether Feng was alive and prosperous. His son-in-law told him that the man of whose welfare he was vainly inquiring had perished by the sword. With a flood of questions he tried to find out who had slain Feng, and learnt that the messenger of his death was likewise its author. And when the king heard this, he was secretly aghast, because he found that an old promise to avenge Feng now devolved upon himself. For Feng and he had determined of old, by a mutual compact, that one of them should act as the avenger of the other.

Thus the king was drawn one way by his love for his daughter and his affection for his son-in-law, another way by his regard for his friend, and moreover by his strict oath and the sanctity of their mutual declarations, which it was impious to violate. At last he slighted the ties of kinship, and sworn faith prevailed. His heart turned to vengeance, and he put the sanctity of his oath before family bonds. But since it was thought sin to wrong the holy ties of hospitality, he preferred to execute his revenge by the hand of another, wishing to mask his secret crime with a show of innocence.

So he veiled his treachery with attentions, and hid his intent to harm under a show of zealous goodwill.

His queen having lately died of illness, he requested Amleth to undertake the mission of making him a fresh match, saying that he was highly delighted with his extraordinary shrewdness. He declared that there was a certain queen reigning in Scotland, whom he vehemently desired to marry. Now he knew that she was not only unwedded by reason of her chastity, but that in the cruelty of her arrogance she had always loathed her wooers, and had inflicted on her lovers the

uttermost punishment, so that not one out of all the multitude was to be found who has not paid for his insolence with his life.

Perilous this commission was, Amleth started, never shrinking to obey the duty imposed on him, but trusting partly in his own servants, and partly in the attendants of the king. He entered Scotland, and, when quite close to the abode of the queen, he went into a meadow by the wayside to rest his horses. Pleased by the look of the spot, he thought of resting--the pleasant prattle of the stream exciting a desire to sleep--and posted men to keep watch some way off.

The queen on hearing of this, sent out ten warriors to spy on the approach of the foreigners and their equipment. One of these, being quick-witted, slipped past the sentries, pertinaciously made his way up, and took away the shield, which Amleth had chanced to set at his head before he slept, so gently that he did not ruffle his slumbers, though he was lying upon it, nor awaken one man of all that troop; for he wished to assure his mistress not only by report but by some token. With equal address he filched the letter entrusted to Amleth from the coffer in which it was kept. When these things were brought to the queen, she scanned the shield narrowly, and from the notes appended made out the whole argument. Then she knew that here was the man who, trusting his own nicely-calculated scheme, had avenged on his uncle the murder of his father.

She also looked at the letter containing the suit for her hand, and rubbed out all the writing; for wedlock with the old she utterly abhorred, and desired the embraces of young men. But she wrote in its place a commission purporting to be sent from the King of Britain to herself, signed like the other with his name and title, wherein she pretended that she was asked to marry the bearer. Moreover, she included an account of the deeds of which she had learnt from Amleth's shield, so that one would have thought the shield confirmed the letter, while the letter explained the shield. Then she told the same spies whom she had employed before to take the shield back, and put the letter in its place again; playing the very trick on Amleth which, as she had learnt, he had himself used in outwitting his companions.

Amleth, meanwhile, who found that his shield had been filched from under his head, deliberately shut his eyes and cunningly feigned sleep, hoping to regain by pretended what he had lost by real slumbers. For he thought that the success of his one attempt would incline the spy to deceive him a second time. And he was not mistaken. For as the spy came up stealthily, and wanted to put back the shield and the writing in their old place, Amleth leapt up, seized him, and detained him in bonds. Then he roused his retinue, and went to the abode of the queen. As representing his father-in-law, he greeted her, and handed her the writing, sealed with the king's seal.

The queen who was named Hermutrude, took and read it, and spoke most warmly of Amleth's diligence and shrewdness, saying that Feng had deserved his punishment, and that the unfathomable wit of Amleth had accomplished a deed past all human estimation; seeing that not only had his impenetrable depth devised a mode of revenging his father's death and his mother's adultery, but it had further, by his notable deeds of prowess, seized the kingdom of the man whom he had found constantly plotting against him. She marveled therefore that a man of such instructed mind could have made the one slip of a mistaken marriage; for though his renown almost rose above mortality, he seemed to have stumbled into an obscure and ignoble match. For

the parents of his wife had been slaves, though good luck had graced them with the honors of royalty.

Now (said she), when looking for a wife, a wise man must reckon the luster of her birth and not of her beauty. Therefore if he were to seek a match in a proper spirit, he should weigh the ancestry, and not be smitten by the looks; for though looks were a lure to temptation, yet their empty bedizenment had tarnished the white simplicity of many a man.

Now there was a woman, as nobly born as himself, whom he could take. She herself, whose means were not poor nor her birth lowly, was worthy his embraces, since he did not surpass her in royal wealth nor outshine her in the honor of his ancestors. Indeed she was a queen, and but that her sex gainsaid it, might be deemed a king; nay (and this is yet truer), whomsoever she thought worthy of her bed was at once a king, and she yielded her kingdom with herself. Thus her scepter and her hand went together. It was no mean favor for such a woman to offer her love, who in the case of other men had always followed her refusal with the sword. Therefore she pressed him to transfer his wooing, to make over to her his marriage vows, and to learn to prefer birth to beauty. So saying, she fell upon him with a close embrace.

Amleth was overjoyed at the gracious speech of the maiden, fell to kissing back, and returned her close embrace, protesting that the maiden's wish was his own. Then a banquet was held, friends bidden, the chief nobles gathered, and the marriage rites performed. When they were accomplished, he went back to Britain with his bride, a strong band of Scots being told to follow close behind, the he might have its help against the diverse treacheries in his path. As he was returning, the daughter of the King of Britain, to whom he was still married, met him. Though she complained that she was slighted by the wrong of having a paramour put over her, yet, she said, it would be unworthy for her to hate him as an adulterer more than she loved him as a husband; nor would she so far shrink from her lord as to bring herself to hide in silence the guile which she knew was intended against him. For she had a son as a pledge of their marriage, and regard for him, if nothing else, must have inclined his mother to the affection of a wife.

"He", she said, "may hate the supplanter of his mother, I will love her; no disaster shall put out my flame for thee; no ill-will shall quench it, or prevent me from exposing the malignant designs against thee, or from revealing the snares I have detected. Bethink thee, then, that thou must beware of thy father-in-law, for thou hast thyself reaped the harvest of thy mission, foiled the wishes of him who sent thee, and with willful trespass seized over all the fruit for thyself." By this speech she showed herself more inclined to love her husband than her father.

While she thus spoke, the King of Britain came up and embraced his son-in-law closely, but with little love, and welcomed him with a banquet, to hide his intended guile under a show of generosity. But Amleth, having learnt the deceit, dissembled his fear, took a retinue of two hundred horsemen, put on an under-shirt [of mail], and complied with the invitation, preferring the peril of falling in with the king's deceit to the shame of hanging back. So much heed for honor did he think that he must take in all things.

As he rode up close, the king attacked him just under the porch of the folding doors, and would have thrust him through with his javelin, but that the hard shirt of mail threw off the blade.

Amleth received a slight wound, and went to the spot where he had bidden the Scottish warriors wait on duty. He then sent back to the king his new wife's spy, whom he had captured. This man was to bear witness that he had secretly taken from the coffer where it was kept the letter which was meant for his mistress, and thus was to make the whole blame recoil on Hermutrude, by this studied excuse absolving Amleth from the charge of treachery.

The king without tarrying pursued Amleth hotly as he fled, and deprived him of his forces. So Amleth, on the morrow, wishing to fight for dear life, and utterly despairing of his powers of resistance, tried to increase his apparent numbers. He put stakes under some of the dead bodies of his comrades to prop them up, set others on horseback like living men, and tied others to neighboring stones, not taking off any of their armor, and dressing them in due order of line and wedge, just as if they were about to engage. The wing composed of the dead was as thick as the troop of the living. It was an amazing spectacle this, of dead men dragged out to battle, and corpses mustered to fight.

The plan served him well, for the very figures of the dead men showed like a vast array as the sunbeams struck them. For those dead and senseless shapes restored the original number of the army so well, that the mass might have been unthinned by the slaughter of yesterday. The Britons, terrified at the spectacle, fled before fighting, conquered by the dead men whom they had overcome in life. I cannot tell whether to think more of the cunning or of the good fortune of this victory. The Danes came down on the king as he was tardily making off, and killed him. Amleth, triumphant, made a great plundering, seized the spoils of Britain, and went back with his wives to his own land.

Meanwhile Rorik had died, and Wiglek, who had come to the throne, had harassed Amleth's mother with all manner of insolence and stripped her of her royal wealth, complaining that her son had usurped the kingdom of Jutland and defrauded the King of Leire, who had the sole privilege of giving away and taking away the rights of high offices. This treatment Amleth took with such forbearance as apparently to return kindness for slander, for he presented Wiglek with the riches of his spoils. But afterwards he seized a chance of taking vengeance, attacked him, subdued him, and from a cover became an open foe.

Fialler, the governor of Skanne and Zealand, sent envoys to challenge Amleth to a war. Amleth, with his marvelous shrewdness, saw that he was tossed between two difficulties, one of which involved disgrace and the other danger. For he knew that if he took up the challenge he was threatened with the peril of his life, while to shrink from it would disgrace his reputation as a soldier. Yet in that spirit ever fixed on deeds of prowess the desire to save his honor won the day. Dread of disaster was blunted by more vehement thirst for glory; he would not tarnish the unblemished luster of his fame by timidly skulking from his fate. Also he saw that there is almost as wide a gap between a mean life and a noble death as that which is acknowledged between honor and disgrace themselves.

Yet he was enchained by such love for Hermutrude, that he was more deeply concerned in his mind about her future widowhood than about his own death, and cast about very zealously how he could decide on some second husband for her before the opening of the war. Hermutrude, therefore, declared that she had the courage of a man, and promised that she would not forsake

him even on the field, saying that the woman who dreaded to be untied with her lord in death was abominable. But she kept this rare promise ill; for when Amleth had been slain by Wiglek in battle in Jutland, she yielded herself up unasked to be the conqueror's spoil and bride.

Thus all vows of women are loosed by change of fortune and melted by the drifting of time; the faith of their soul rests on a slippery foothold, and is weakened by casual chances; glib in promises, and as sluggish in performance, all manner of lustful promptings enslave it, and it bounds away with panting and precipitate desire, forgetful of old things, in the ever hot pursuit after something.

So ended Amleth.

(20) The Tinder-Box

SOLDIER came marching along the high road: Left, right left, right. He had his knapsack on his back, and a sword at his side; he had been to the wars, and was now returning home.

As he walked on, he met a very frightful-looking old witch in the road. Her under-lip hung quite down on her breast, and she stopped and said, Good evening, soldier; you have a very fine sword, and a large knapsack, and you are a real soldier; so you shall have as much money as ever you like.

Thank you, old witch, said the soldier.

Do you see that large tree, said the witch, pointing to a tree which stood beside them. Well, it is quite hollow inside, and you must climb to the top, when you will see a hole, through which you can let yourself down into the tree to a great depth. I will tie a rope round your body, so that I can pull you up again when you call out to me. But what am I to do, down there in the tree? asked the soldier.

Get money, she replied; for you must know that when you reach the ground under the tree, you will find yourself in a large hall, lighted up by three hundred lamps; you will then see three doors which can be easily opened to chambers, to which these doors lead, you will see a large chest, standing in the middle of the floor, and upon it a dog seated, with a pair of eyes as large as teacups. But you need not be at all afraid of him; I will give you my blue checked apron, which you must spread upon the floor, and then boldly seize hold of the dog, and place him upon it. You can then open the chest, and take from it as many pence as you please, they are only copper pence; but if you would rather have silver money, you must go into the second chamber. Here you will find another dog, with eyes as big as mill-wheels; but do not let that trouble you. Place him upon my apron, and then take what money you please. If, however, you like gold best, enter the third chamber, where there is another chest full of it. The dog who sits on this chest is very dreadful; his eyes are as big as a tower, but do not mind him. If he also is placed upon my apron, he cannot hurt you, and you may take from the chest what gold you will.

This is not a bad story, said the soldier; but what am I to give you, you old witch? for, of course, you do not mean to tell me all this for nothing.

No, said the witch; but I do not ask for a single penny. Only promise to bring me an old tinder-box, which my grandmother left behind the last time she went down there.

Very well; I promise. Now tie the rope round my body.

Here it is, replied the witch; and here is my blue checked apron.

As soon as the rope was tied, the soldier climbed up the tree, and let himself down through the hollow to the ground beneath; and here he found, as the witch had told him, a large hall, in which many hundred lamps were all burning. Then he opened the first door. Ah! there sat the dog, with the eyes as large as teacups, staring at him.

You're a pretty fellow, said the soldier, seizing him, and placing him on the witch's apron, while he filled his pockets from the chest with as many pieces as they would hold. Then he closed the lid, seated the dog upon it again, and walked into another chamber, And, sure enough, there sat the dog with eyes as big as mill-wheels.

You had better not look at me in that way, said the soldier; you will make your eyes water; and then he seated him also upon the apron, and opened the chest. But when he saw what a quantity of silver money it contained, he very quickly threw away all the coppers he had taken, and filled his pockets and his knapsack with nothing but silver.

Then he went into the third room, and there the dog was really hideous; his eyes were, truly, as big as towers, and they turned round and round in his head like wheels.

Good morning, said the soldier, touching his cap, for he had never seen such a dog in his life. But after looking at him more closely, he thought he had been civil enough, so he placed him on the floor, and opened the chest. Good gracious, what a quantity of gold there was! enough to buy all the sugar-sticks of the sweet-stuff women; all the tin soldiers, whips, and rocking-horses in the world, or even the whole town itself There was, indeed, an immense quantity. So the soldier now threw away all the silver money he had taken, and filled his pockets and his knapsack with gold instead; and not only his pockets and his knapsack, but even his cap and boots, so that he could scarcely walk.

He was really rich now; so he replaced the dog on the chest, closed the door, and called up through the tree, Now pull me out, you old witch.

Have you got the tinder-box? asked the witch.

No; I declare I quite forgot it. So he went back and fetched the tinderbox, and then the witch drew him up out of the tree, and he stood again in the high road, with his pockets, his knapsack, his cap, and his boots full of gold.

What are you going to do with the tinder-box? asked the soldier.

That is nothing to you, replied the witch; you have the money, now give me the tinder-box.

I tell you what, said the soldier, if you don't tell me what you are going to do with it, I will draw my sword and cut off your head.

No, said the witch.

The soldier immediately cut off her head, and there she lay on the ground. Then he tied up all his money in her apron, and slung it on his back like a bundle, put the tinderbox in his pocket, and walked off to the nearest town. It was a very nice town, and he put up at the best inn, and ordered a dinner of all his favorite dishes, for now he was rich and had plenty of money.

The servant, who cleaned his boots, thought they certainly were a shabby pair to be worn by such a rich gentleman, for he had not yet bought any new ones. The next day, however, he procured some good clothes and proper boots, so that our soldier soon became known as a fine gentleman, and the people visited him, and told him all the wonders that were to be seen in the town, and of the king's beautiful daughter, the princess.

Where can I see her? Asked the soldier.

She is not to be seen at all, they said; she lives in a large copper castle, surrounded by walls and towers. No one but the king himself can pass in or out, for there has been a prophecy that she will marry a common soldier, and the king cannot bear to think of such a marriage. I should like very much to see her, thought the soldier; but he could not obtain permission to do so. However, he passed a very pleasant time; went to the theatre, drove in the king's garden, and gave a great deal of money to the poor, which was very good of him; he remembered what it had been in olden times to be without a shilling. Now he was rich, had fine clothes, and many friends, who all declared he was a fine fellow and a real gentleman, and all this gratified him exceedingly. But his money would not last forever; and as he spent and gave away a great deal daily, and received none, he found himself at last with only two shillings left. So he was obliged to leave his elegant rooms, and live in a little garret under the roof, where he had to clean his own boots, and even mend them with a large needle. None of his friends came to see him, there were too many stairs to mount up. One dark evening, he had not even a penny to buy a candle; then all at once he remembered that there was a piece of candle stuck in the tinder-box, which he had brought from the old tree, into which the witch had helped him.

He found the tinder-box, but no sooner had he struck a few sparks from the flint and steel, than the door flew open and the dog with eyes as big as teacups, whom he had seen while down in the tree, stood before him, and said, What orders, master?

Hallo, said the soldier; well this is a pleasant tinderbox, if it brings me all I wish for.

Bring me some money, said he to the dog.

He was gone in a moment, and presently returned, carrying a large bag of coppers in his month. The soldier very soon discovered after this the value of the tinder-box. If he struck the flint once, the dog who sat on the chest of copper money made his appearance; if twice, the dog came from the chest of silver; and if three times, the dog with eyes like towers, who watched over the gold.

The soldier had now plenty of money; he returned to his elegant rooms, and reappeared in his fine clothes, so that his friends knew him again directly, and made as much of him as before.

After a while he began to think it was very strange that no one could get a look at the princess. Every one says she is very beautiful, thought he to himself; but what is the use of that if she is to be shut up in a copper castle surrounded by so many towers. Can I by any means get to see her. Stop! Where is my tinder-box? Then he struck a light, and in a moment the dog, with eyes as big as teacups, stood before him.

It is midnight, said the soldier, yet I should very much like to see the princess, if only for a moment.

The dog disappeared instantly, and before the soldier could even look round, he returned with the princess. She was lying on the dog's back asleep, and looked so lovely, that every one who saw her would know she was a real princess. The soldier could not help kissing her, true soldier as he was. Then the dog ran back with the princess; but in the morning, while at breakfast with the king and queen, she told them what a singular dream she had had during the night, of a dog and a soldier, that she had ridden on the dog's back, and been kissed by the soldier.

That is a very pretty story, indeed, said the queen. So the next night one of the old ladies of the court was set to watch by the princess's bed, to discover whether it really was a dream, or what else it might be.

The soldier longed very much to see the princess once more, so he sent for the dog again in the night to fetch her, and to run with her as fast as ever he could. But the old lady put on water boots, and ran after him as quickly as he did, and found that he carried the princess into a large house. She thought it would help her to remember the place if she made a large cross on the door with a piece of chalk. Then she went home to bed, and the dog presently returned with the princess. But when he saw that a cross had been made on the door of the house, where the soldier lived, he took another piece of chalk and made crosses on all the doors in the town, so that the lady-in-waiting might not be able to find out the right door.

Early the next morning the king and queen accompanied the lady and all the officers of the household, to see where the princess had been.

Here it is, said the king, when they came to the first door with a cross on it.

No, my dear husband, it must be that one, said the queen, pointing to a second door having a cross also.

And here is one, and there is another! they all exclaimed; for there were crosses on all the doors in every direction.

So they felt it would be useless to search any farther. But the queen was a very clever woman; she could do a great deal more than merely ride in a carriage. She took her large gold scissors, cut a piece of silk into squares, and made a neat little bag. This bag she filled with buckwheat

flour, and tied it round the princess's neck; and then she cut a small hole in the bag, so that the flour might be scattered on the ground as the princess went along. During the night, the dog came again and carried the princess on his back, and ran with her to the soldier, who loved her very much, and wished that he had been a prince, so that he might have her for a wife. The dog did not observe how the flour ran out of the bag all the way from the castle wall to the soldier's house, and even up to the window, where he had climbed with the princess. Therefore in the morning the king and queen found out where their daughter had been, and the soldier was taken up and put in prison. Oh, how dark and disagreeable it was as he sat there, and the people said to him, To-morrow you will be hanged. It was not very pleasant news, and besides, he had left the tinder-box at the inn. In the morning he could see through the iron grating of the little window how the people were hastening out of the town to see him hanged; he heard the drums beating, and saw the soldiers marching. Every one ran out to look at them. and a shoemaker's boy, with a leather apron and slippers on, galloped by so fast, that one of his slippers flew off and struck against the wall where the soldier sat looking through the iron grating. Hallo, you shoemaker's boy, you need not be in such a hurry, cried the soldier to him. There will be nothing to see till I come; but if you will run to the house where I have been living, and bring me my tinder-box, you shall have four shillings, but you must put your best foot foremost. The shoemaker's boy liked the idea of getting the four shillings, so he ran very fast and fetched the tinder-box, and gave it to the soldier. And now we shall see what happened. Outside the town a large gibbet had been erected, round which stood the soldiers and several thousands of people. The king and the queen sat on splendid thrones opposite to the judges and the whole council. The soldier already stood on the ladder; but as they were about to place the rope around his neck, he said that an innocent request was often granted to a poor criminal before he suffered death. He wished very much to smoke a pipe, as it would be the last pipe he should ever smoke in the world. The king could not refuse this request, so the soldier took his tinder-box, and struck fire, once, twice, thrice, and there in a moment stood all the dogs; the one with eyes as big as teacups, the one with eyes as large as mill-wheels, and the third, whose eyes were like towers. Help me now, that I may not be hanged, cried the soldier.

And the dogs fell upon the judges and all the councillors; seized one by the legs, and another by the nose, and tossed them many feet high in the air, so that they fell down and were dashed to pieces.

I will not be touched, said the king. But the largest dog seized him, as well as the queen, and threw them after the others. Then the soldiers and all the people were afraid, and cried, Good soldier, you shall be our king, and you shall marry the beautiful princess.

So they placed the soldier in the king's carriage, and the three dogs ran on in front and cried Hurrah! And the little boys whistled through their fingers, and the soldiers presented arms. The princess came out of the copper castle, and became queen, which was very pleasing to her. The wedding festivities lasted a whole week, and the dogs sat at the table, and stared with all their eyes.

(21)The Slave and the Lion

Aesop

A slave ran away from his master, by whom he had been most cruelly treated, and, in order to avoid capture, betook himself into the desert. As he wandered about in search of food and shelter, he came to a cave, which he entered and found to be unoccupied. Really, however, it was a lion's den, and almost immediately, to the horror of the wretched fugitive, the lion himself appeared. The man gave himself up for lost. But, to his utter astonishment, the lion, instead of springing upon him, came and fawned upon him, at the same time whining and lifting up his paw. Observing it to be much swollen and inflamed, he examined it and found a large thorn embedded in the ball of the foot. He accordingly removed it and dressed the wound as well as he could. And in course of time it healed up completely.

The lion's gratitude was unbounded. He looked upon the man as his friend, and they shared the cave for some time together. A day came, however, when the slave began to long for the society of his fellow men, and he bade farewell to the lion and returned to the town. Here he was presently recognized and carried off in chains to his former master, who resolved to make an example of him, and ordered that he should be thrown to the beasts at the next public spectacle in the theater.

On the fatal day the beasts were loosed into the arena, and among the rest a lion of huge bulk and ferocious aspect. And then the wretched slave was cast in among them. What was the amazement of the spectators, when the lion after one glance bounded up to him and lay down at his feet with every expression of affection and delight! It was his old friend of the cave! The audience clamored that the slave's life should be spared. And the governor of the town, marveling at such gratitude and fidelity in a beast, decreed that both should receive their liberty.

(22) Androcles and the Lion

It happened in the old days at Rome that a slave named Androcles escaped from his master and fled into the forest, and he wandered there for a long time until he was weary and well nigh spent with hunger and despair. Just then he heard a lion near him moaning and groaning and at times roaring terribly. Tired as he was Androcles rose up and rushed away, as he thought, from the lion; but as he made his way through the bushes he stumbled over the root of a tree and fell down lamed, and when he tried to get up there he saw the lion coming towards him, limping on three feet and holding his forepaw in front of him.

Poor Androcles was in despair; he had not strength to rise and run away, and there was the lion coming upon him. But when the great beast came up to him instead of attacking him it kept on moaning and groaning and looking at Androcles, who saw that the lion was holding out his right paw, which was covered with blood and much swollen. Looking more closely at it Androcles saw a great big thorn pressed into the paw, which was the cause of all the lion's trouble. Plucking up courage he seized hold of the thorn and drew it out of the lion's paw, who roared with pain when the thorn came out, but soon after found such relief from it that he fawned upon Androcles and showed, in every way that he knew, to whom he owed the relief. Instead of eating him up he brought him a young deer that he had slain, and Androcles managed to make a meal from it. For

some time the lion continued to bring the game he had killed to Androcles, who became quite fond of the huge beast.

But one day a number of soldiers came marching through the forest and found Androcles, and as he could not explain what he was doing they took him prisoner and brought him back to the town from which he had fled. Here his master soon found him and brought him before the authorities, and he was condemned to death because he had fled from his master. Now it used to be the custom to throw murderers and other criminals to the lions in a huge circus, so that while the criminals were punished the public could enjoy the spectacle of a combat between them and the wild beasts.

So Androcles was condemned to be thrown to the lions, and on the appointed day he was led forth into the Arena and left there alone with only a spear to protect him from the lion. The Emperor was in the royal box that day and gave the signal for the lion to come out and attack Androcles. But when it came out of its cage and got near Androcles, what do you think it did? Instead of jumping upon him it fawned upon him and stroked him with its paw and made no attempt to do him any harm.

It was of course the lion which Androcles had met in the forest. The Emperor, surprised at seeing such a strange behavior in so cruel a beast, summoned Androcles to him and asked him how it happened that this particular lion had lost all its cruelty of disposition. So Androcles told the Emperor all that had happened to him and how the lion was showing its gratitude for his having relieved it of the thorn. Thereupon the Emperor pardoned Androcles and ordered his master to set him free, while the lion was taken back into the forest and let loose to enjoy liberty once more.

(23) Of the Remembrance of Benefits

There was a knight who devoted much of his time to hunting. It happened one day, as he was pursuing this diversion, that he was met by a lame lion, who showed him his foot. The knight dismounted, and drew from it a sharp thorn; and then applied an unguent to the wound, which speedily healed it.

A while after this, the king of the country hunted in the same wood, and caught that lion, and held him captive for many years.

Now, the knight, having offended the king, fled from his anger to the very forest in which he had been accustomed to hunt. There he betook himself to plunder, and spoiled and slew a multitude of travelers. But the king's sufferance was exhausted; he sent out an army, captured, and condemned him to be delivered to a fasting lion. The knight was accordingly thrown into a pit, and remained in terrified expectation of the hour when he should be devoured. But the lion, considering him attentively, and remembering his former friend, fawned upon him; and remained seven days with him destitute of food.

When this reached the ears of the king, he was struck with wonder, and directed the knight to be taken from the pit. "Friend," said he, "by what means have you been able to render the lion harmless?"

"As I once rode along the forest, my lord, that lion met me lame. I extracted from his foot a large thorn, and afterward healed the wound, and therefore he has spared me."

"Well," returned the king, "since the lion has spared you, I will for this time ratify your pardon. Study to amend your life."

The knight gave thanks to the king, and ever afterwards conducted himself with all propriety. He lived to a good old age, and ended his days in peace.

(24) Chonguita the Monkey Wife

Philippines

There was a king who had three sons, named Pedro, Diego, and Juan. One day the king ordered these three gentlemen to set out from the kingdom and seek their fortunes. The three brothers took different directions, but before they separated they agreed to meet in a certain place in the forest.

After walking for many days, Don Juan met an old man on the road. This old man gave Don Juan bread, and told him to go to a palace which was a mile away. "But as you enter the gate," said the old man, "you must divide the bread which I have given you among the monkeys which are guarding the gate to the palace; otherwise you will not be able to enter."

Don Juan took the bread; and when he reached the palace, he did as the old man had advised him. After entering the gate, he saw a big monkey. Frightened at the sight of the animal, Don Juan was about to run away, when the animal called to him, and said, "Don Juan, I know that your purpose in coming here was to find your fortune; and at this very moment my daughter Chonguita will marry you."

The archbishop of the monkeys was called, and Don Juan and Chonguita were married without delay.

A few days afterwards Don Juan asked permission from his wife to go to the place where he and his brothers had agreed to meet. When Chonguita's mother heard that Don Juan was going away, she said to him, "If you are going away, take Chonguita with you."

Although Don Juan was ashamed to go with Chonguita because she was a monkey, he was forced to take her, and they set out together. When Don Juan met his two brothers and their beautiful wives at the appointed place, he could not say a word.

Don Diego, noticing the gloomy appearance of his brother, said, "What is the matter with you? Where is your wife, Don Juan?"

Don Juan sadly replied, "Here she is."

"Where?" asked Don Pedro.

"Behind me," replied Don Juan.

When Don Pedro and Don Diego saw the monkey, they were very much surprised. "Oh!" exclaimed Don Pedro. "What happened to you? Did you lose your head?"

Don Juan could say nothing to this question. At last, however, he broke out, "Let us go home! Our father must be waiting for us."

So saying, Don Juan turned around and began the journey. Don Pedro and Don Diego, together with their wives, followed Don Juan. Chonguita walked by her husband's side.

When the return of the three brothers was announced to the king, the monarch hastened to meet them on the stairs. Upon learning that one of his sons had married a monkey, the king fainted; but after he had recovered his senses, he said to himself, "This misfortune is God's will. I must therefore bear it with patience." The king then assigned a house to each couple to live in.

But the more the king thought of it, the greater appeared to be the disgrace that his youngest son had brought on the family. So one day he called his three sons together, and said to them, "Tell your wives that I want each one of them to make me an embroidered coat. The one who fails to do this within three days will be put to death."

Now, the king issued this order in the hope that Chonguita would be put to death, because he thought that she would not be able to make the coat; but his hope was disappointed. On the third day his daughters-in-law presented to him the coats that they had made, and the one embroidered by Chonguita was the prettiest of all.

Still anxious to get rid of the monkey wife, the king next ordered his daughters-in-law to embroider a cap for him in two days, under penalty of death in case of failure. The caps were all done on time.

At last, thinking of no other way by which he could accomplish his end, the king summoned his three daughters-in-law, and said, "The husband of the one who shall be able to draw the prettiest picture on the walls of my chamber within three days shall succeed me on the throne."

At the end of the three days the pictures were finished. When the king went to inspect them, he found that Chonguita's was by far the prettiest, and so Don Juan was crowned king.

A great feast was held in the palace in honor of the new king. In the midst of the festivities Don Juan became very angry with his wife for insisting that he dance with her, and he hurled her against the wall. At this brutal action the hall suddenly became dark; but after a while it became bright again, and Chonguita had been transformed into a beautiful woman.

(25) The Frog Maiden

Burma

An old couple was childless, and the husband and the wife longed for a child. So when the wife found that she was with child, they were overjoyed; but to their great disappointment, the wife gave birth not to a human child, but to a little she-frog. However, as the little frog spoke and behaved as a human child, not only the parents but also the neighbors came to love her and called her affectionately "Little Miss Frog."

Some years later the woman died, and the man decided to marry again. The woman he chose was a widow with two ugly daughters, and they were very jealous of Little Miss Frog's popularity with the neighbors. All three took a delight in ill-treating Little Miss Frog.

One day the youngest of the king's four sons announced that he would perform the hair-washing ceremony on a certain date, and he invited all young ladies to join in the ceremony, as he would choose at the end of the ceremony one of them to be his princess.

On the morning of the appointed day the two ugly sisters dressed themselves in fine raiment, and with great hopes of being chosen by the prince they started for the palace.

Little Miss Frog ran after them, and pleaded, "Sisters, please let me come with you."

The sisters laughed and said mockingly, "What, the little frog wants to come? The invitation is to young ladies and not to young frogs."

Little Miss Frog walked along with them towards the palace, pleading for permission to come. But the sisters were adamant, and so at the palace gates she was left behind. However, she spoke so sweetly to the guards that they allowed her to go in. Little Miss Frog found hundreds of young ladies gathered round the pool full of lilies in the palace grounds. And she took her place among them and waited for the prince.

The prince now appeared, and washed his hair in the pool. The ladies also let down their hair and joined in the ceremony. At the end of the ceremony, the prince declared that as the ladies were all beautiful, he did not know whom to choose and so he would throw a posy of jasmines into the air; and the lady on whose head the posy fell would be his princess. The prince then threw the posy into the air, and all the ladies present looked up expectantly.

The posy, however, fell on Little Miss Frog's head, to the great annoyance of the ladies, especially the two stepsisters. The prince also was disappointed, but he felt that he should keep his word. So Little Miss Frog was married to the prince, and she became Little Princess Frog.

Some time later, the old king called his four sons to him and said, "My sons, I am now too old to rule the country, and I want to retire to the forest and become a hermit. So I must appoint one of you as my successor. As I love you all alike, I will give you a task to perform, and he who performs it successfully shall be king in my place. The task is, bring me a golden deer at sunrise on the seventh day from now."

The youngest prince went home to Little Princess Frog and told her about the task.

"What, only a golden deer!" exclaimed Princess Frog. "Eat as usual my prince, and on the appointed day I will give you the golden deer."

So the youngest prince stayed at home, while the three elder princes went into the forest in search of the deer.

On the seventh day before sunrise, Little Princess Frog woke up her husband and said, "Go to the palace, prince, and here is your golden deer."

The young prince looked, then rubbed his eyes, and looked again. There was no mistake about it; the deer which Little Princess Frog was holding by a lead was really of pure gold. So he went to the palace, and to the great annoyance of the elder princes who brought ordinary deers, he was declared to be the heir by the king.

The elder princes, however, pleaded for a second chance, and the king reluctantly agreed.

"Then perform this second task," said the king. "On the seventh day from now at sunrise, you must bring me the rice that never becomes stale, and meat that is ever fresh."

The youngest prince went home and told Princess Frog about the new task.

"Don't you worry, sweet prince," said Princess Frog. "Eat as usual, sleep as usual, and on the appointed day I will give you the rice and meat."

So the youngest prince stayed at home, while the three elder princes went in search of the rice and meat.

On the seventh day at sunrise, Little Princess Frog woke up her husband and said, "My lord, go to the palace now, and here is your rice and meat."

The youngest prince took the rice and meat, and went to the palace, and to the great annoyance of the elder princes who brought only well-cooked rice and meat, he was again declared to be the heir.

But the two elder princes again pleaded for one more chance, and the king said, "This is positively the last task. On the seventh day from now at sunrise, bring me the most beautiful woman on this earth."

"Ho, ho!" said the three elder princes to themselves in great joy. "Our wives are very beautiful, and we will bring them. One of us is sure to be declared heir, and our good-for-nothing brother will be nowhere this time."

The youngest prince overheard their remark, and felt sad, for his wife was a frog and ugly.

When he reached home, he said to his wife, "Dear princess, I must go and look for the most beautiful woman on this earth. My brothers will bring their wives, for they are really beautiful, but I will find someone who is more beautiful."

"Don't you fret, my prince," replied Princess Frog. "Eat as usual, sleep as usual, and you can take me to the palace on the appointed day. Surely I shall be declared to be the most beautiful woman."

The youngest prince looked at the princess in surprise; but he did not want to hurt her feelings, and he said gently, "All right, princess, I will take you with me on the appointed day."

On the seventh day at dawn, Little Princess Frog woke up the prince and said, "My lord, I must make myself beautiful. So please wait outside and call me when it is nearly time to go."

The prince left the room as requested. After some moments, the prince shouted from outside, "Princess, we must go now."

"All right, my lord," replied the princess. "Please open the door for me."

The prince thought to himself, "Perhaps, just as she was able to obtain the golden deer and the wonderful rice and meat, she is able to make herself beautiful," and he expectantly opened the door. But he was disappointed to see Little Princess Frog still a frog and as ugly as ever.

However, so as not to hurt her feelings, the prince said nothing and took her along to the palace. When the prince entered the audience chamber with his frog princess the three elder princes with their wives were already there.

The king looked at the prince in surprise and said, "Where is your beautiful maiden?"

"I will answer for the prince, my king," said the frog princess. "I am his beautiful maiden."

She then took off her frog skin and stood a beautiful maiden dressed in silk and satin. The king declared her to be the most beautiful maiden in the world, and selected the prince as his successor on the throne. The prince asked his princess never to put on the ugly frog skin again, and the frog princess, to accede to his request, threw the skin on the fire.

(26) The Dog Bride

India

Once upon a time there was a youth who used to herd buffaloes; and as he watched his animals graze he noticed that exactly at noon every day a she-dog used to make its way to a ravine, in which there were some pools of water. This made him curious and he wondered to whom it belonged and what it did in the ravine. So he decided to watch, and one day when the dog came he hid himself and saw that when it got to the water, it shed its dog skin, and out stepped a

beautiful maiden and began to bathe. And when she had finished bathing she put on the skin and became a dog again, and went off to the village. The herd boy followed her and watched into what house she entered, and he inquired to whom the house belonged. Having found out all about it, he went back to his work.

That year the herd boy's father and mother decided that it was time for him to marry and began to look about for a wife for him. But he announced that he had made up his mind to have a dog for his wife, and he would never marry a human girl.

Everyone laughed at him for such an extraordinary idea, but he could not be moved. So at last they concluded that he must really have the soul of a dog in him, and that it was best to let him have his own way. So his father and mother asked him whether there was any particular dog he would like to have for his bride, and then he gave the name of the man into whose house he had tracked the dog that he had seen going to the ravine. The master of the dog laughed at the idea that anyone should wish to marry her, and gladly accepted a bride's price for her. So a day was fixed for the wedding and the booth built for the ceremony, and the bridegroom's party went to the bride's house, and the marriage took place in due form, and the bride was escorted to her husband's house.

Every night when her husband was asleep, the bride used to come out of the dog's skin and go out of the house. And when her husband found out this, he one night only pretended to go to sleep and lay watching her. And when she was about to leave the room he jumped up and caught hold of her and seizing the dog skin, threw it into the fire, where it was burnt to ashes. So his bride remained a woman, but she was of more than human beauty. This soon became known in the village, and everyone congratulated the herd boy on his wisdom in marrying a dog.

Now the herd boy had a friend named Jitu, and when Jitu saw what a prize his friend had got, he thought that he could not do better than marry a dog himself. His relations made no objection, and a bride was selected, and the marriage took place, but when they were putting vermilion on the bride's forehead she began to growl; but in spite of her growling they dragged her to the bridegroom's house, and forcibly anointed her with oil and turmeric. But when the bride's party set off home, the dog broke loose and ran after them. Then everyone shouted to Jitu to run after his bride and bring her back, but she only growled and bit at him, so that he had at last to give it up.

Then everyone laughed at him so much that he was too ashamed to speak, and two or three days later he hanged himself.

(27) The Cat Who Became a Queen

India

"Ah me! Ah me! What availeth my marriage with all these women? Never a son has the Deity vouchsafed me. Must I die, and my name be altogether forgotten in the land?" Thus soliloquized one of the greatest monarchs that ever reigned in Kashmir, and then went to his *zanana* [the

apartment where his wives lived], and threatened his numerous wives with banishment if they did not bear him a son within the next year.

The women prayed most earnestly to the god Shiva to help them to fulfill the king's desire, and waited most anxiously for several months, hoping against hope, till at last they knew that it was all in vain, and that they must dissemble matters if they wished to remain in the royal household.

Accordingly, on an appointed time, word was sent to the king that one of his wives was *enceinte*, and a little while afterwards the news was spread abroad that a little princess was born. But this, as we have said, was not so. Nothing of the kind had happened. The truth was, that a cat had given birth to a lot of kittens, one of which had been appropriated by the king's wives.

When his majesty heard the news he was exceedingly glad, and ordered the child to be brought to him -- a very natural request, which the king's wives had anticipated, and therefore were quite prepared with a reply. "Go and tell the king," said they to the messenger, "that the Brahmans have declared that the child must not be seen by her father until she is married." Thus the matter was hushed for a time.

Constantly did the king inquire after his daughter, and received wonderful accounts of her beauty and cleverness; so that his joy was great. Of course he would like to have had a son, but since the Deity had not condescended to fulfill his desire, he comforted himself with the thought of marrying his daughter to some person worthy of her, and capable of ruling the country after him. Accordingly, at the proper time he commissioned his counselors to find a suitable match for his daughter. A clever, good, and handsome prince was soon found, and arrangements for the marriage were quickly concluded.

What were the king's wives to do now? It was of no use for them to attempt to carry on their deceit any longer. The bridegroom would come and would wish to see his wife, and the king, too, would expect to see her.

"Better," said they, "that we send for this prince and reveal everything to him, and take our chance of the rest. Never mind the king. Some answer can be made to satisfy him for a while."

So they sent for the prince and told him everything, having previously made him swear that he would keep the secret, and not reveal it even to his father or mother. The marriage was celebrated in grand style, as became such great and wealthy kings, and the king was easily prevailed on to allow the palanquin containing the bride to leave the palace without looking at her. The cat only was in the palanquin, which reached the prince's country in safety. The prince took great care of the animal, which he kept locked up in his own private room, and would not allow anyone, not even his mother, to enter it.

One day, however, while the prince was away, his mother thought that she would go and speak to her daughter-in-law from outside the door. "O daughter-in-law," she cried, "I am very sorry that you are shut up in this room and not permitted to see anybody. It must be very dull for you. However, I am going out today; so you can leave the room without fear of seeing anyone. Will you come out?"

The cat understood everything, and wept much, just like a human being. Oh those bitter tears! They pierced the mother's heart, so that she determined to speak very strictly to her son on the matter as soon as he should return. They also reached the ears of Parvati [the wife of Shiva], who at once went to her lord and entreated him to have mercy on the poor helpless cat.

"Tell her," said Shiva, "to rub some oil over her fur, and she will become a beautiful woman. She will find the oil in the room where she now is."

Parvati lost no time in disclosing this glad news to the cat, and quickly rubbed the oil over its body, and was changed into the most lovely woman that ever lived. But she left a little spot on one of her shoulders which remained covered with cat's fur, lest her husband should suspect some trickery and deny her.

In the evening the prince returned and saw his beautiful wife, and was delighted. Then all anxiety as to what he should reply to his mother's earnest solicitations fled. She had only to see the happy, smiling, beautiful bride to know that her fears were altogether needless.

In a few weeks the prince, accompanied by his wife, visited his father-in-law, who, of course, believed the princess to be his own daughter, and was glad beyond measure. His wives too rejoiced, because their prayer had been heard and their lives saved. In due time the king settled his country on the prince, who eventually ruled over both countries, his father's and his father-in-law's, and thus became the most illustrious and wealthy monarch in the world.

(28) The Mouse Maiden

Sri Lanka

There are a king and a queen of a certain city, and there is a daughter of the queen.

They asked permission to summon the daughter to go in marriage to the prince of another city. The king said, "Ha," so they came from that city to summon the king's princess. After coming, they told the bride to come out of her chamber in order to eat the rice of the wedding feast.

The queen said, "She is eating cooked rice in the house."

Then they told her to come out in order to dress her in the robes sent by the bridegroom. The queen said, "She is putting on robes in her chamber."

Then they told her to come out in order to go to the bridegroom's city. So the queen told two persons to come, and, having put a female mouseling in an incense box, brought it, and gave it into the hands of the two persons, and said, "Take this, and until seven days have gone by, do not open the mouth of the box."

Having taken it to the city, when they opened the mouth of the box after seven days, a mouse sprang out, and hid itself among the cooking pots.

There was also a servant girl at the prince's house. The girl apportioned and gave cooked rice and vegetable curry to the prince, and covered up the cooking pots containing the rest of the food. Then the mouseling came and, having taken and eaten some of the cooked rice and vegetables, covered up the cooking pots, and went again among the pots.

On the following day the same thing occurred. The prince said to the girl, "Does the mouseling eat the cooked rice? Look and come back."

The girl, having gone and looked, came back and said, "She has eaten the cooked rice, and covered the cooking pots, and has gone."

The prince said, "Go also, and eat rice, and come back." So the girl went and ate rice, and returned.

Next day the prince said, "I am going to cut paddy (growing rice). Remain at the house, and in the evening place the articles for cooking near the hearth." Then the prince went. Afterwards, in the evening, the girl placed the things for cooking near the hearth, and went out of the way.

The mouseling came, and cooked, and placed the food ready, and again went behind the pots. After evening had come, that girl apportioned and gave the rice to the prince. The prince ate, and told the girl, "Go also, and eat rice, and come back." So the girl went and ate rice, and, having covered the cooking pots, came to the place where the prince was.

Then the mouseling came and ate rice, and covered up the pots. After that, she said to the other mice, "Let us go and cut the paddy," and, collecting a great number of mice, cut all the paddy, and again returned to the house, and stayed among the pots. Next day when the prince went to the rice field to cut the paddy, all had been cut.

Afterwards the prince came back, and, saying "Let us go and collect and stack the paddy," collected the men, and stacked it, and threshed it by trampling it with buffaloes. Then they went and called the women, and, having got rid of the chaff in the wind, brought the paddy home.

After they had brought it, the prince went near the place where the cooking pots were stored, at which the mouseling was hidden, and said, "Having pounded this paddy to remove the husk, and cooked rice, let us go to your village to present it to your parents as the first-fruits."

The mouseling said, "I will not. You go."

So the prince told the girl to pound the paddy and cook rice, and having done this she gave it to the prince.

The prince took the package of cooked rice, and went to the mouseling's village, and gave it to the mouseling's mother.

The queen asked at the hand of the prince, "Where is the girl?"

The prince said, "She refused to come."

The queen said, "Go back to the city, and, having placed the articles for cooking near the hearth, get hid, and stay in the house."

After the prince returned to the city, he did as she had told him. The mouseling, having come out, took off her mouse jacket, and, assuming her shape as a girl, put on other clothes. While she was preparing to cook, the prince took the mouse jacket and burnt it.

Afterwards, when the girl went to the place where the mouse jacket had been, and looked for it, it was not there. Then she looked in the hearth, and saw that there was one sleeve in it. While she was there weeping and weeping, the prince came forward and said, "Your mother told me to burn the mouse jacket."

So the mouseling became the princess again, and the prince and princess remained there.

(29) The Prince and the Tortoise

1001 Nights

It is related that there was once, in the antiquity of time and the passage of the age and of the moment, a powerful sultan whom Allah had blessed with three sons: Ali, the eldest, Hussein, the second, and Muhammad, the youngest. They were all indomitable males and heroic warriors; but the youngest was the most handsome, the bravest and the most generous. Their father loved them equally and, in the justice of his heart, had resolved to leave to each an equal part of his riches and his kingdom.

Also, when they came to marriageable age, the king called his wise and prudent wazir to him, saying, "O wazir, I wish to find wives for my three sons, and have called you to me that you may give me your advice."

The wazir reflected for an hour, and then answered, lifting his head, "O king of time, the matter is delicate, for good and evil chance are not to be told beforehand, and against the decree of destiny there is no provision. I suggest that you take the three princes, armed with their bows and arrows, up to the terrace of the palace, and there, after bandaging their eyes, make them each turn round several times, After that, let them fire their arrows straight ahead of them, and let the houses upon which the arrows fall be visited. Have the owners of the houses brought before you and ask of each his daughter in marriage for the marksman of the arrow which fell upon his house. Thus each of your sons will have a bride chosen by destiny."

"Your advice is excellent, and I shall act upon it!" cried the sultan. As soon as his sons returned from hunting, he told them of the trial which was to be made and led them up, with their bows and quivers, to the terrace of his palace.

The dignitaries of the court followed and watched with breathless interest while the eyes of the young men were bandaged.

The eldest prince was turned about, and then discharged his arrow straight in front of him. It flew through the air with great swiftness and fell upon the dwelling of a most noble lord.

In like manner the second prince's arrow fell upon the terrace of the commander-in-chief of the king's army. But, when Muhammad drew his bow, the arrow fell upon a house whose owner was not known.

The king, with his retinue, set forth to visit the three houses, and found the great lord's daughter and the commander-in-chief's daughter were girls as fair as moons, and that their parents were delighted to marry them to the two princes. But when the king visited the third house, on which Muhammed's shaft had fallen, he found in it no inhabitant except a large and lonely tortoise.

Therefore, deeming that there could be no thought for a moment of marrying a prince to such an animal, the sultan decided that the test should be made again. The youngest prince mounted again to the terrace and again shot an arrow blindfold, but it fell true upon the house of the large and lonely tortoise.

The king grew angry at this, and cried, "By Allah, your shooting is not fortunate today, my son! Pray for the prophet!"

"Blessing and peace be upon him and upon his companions and those who are faithful to him!" answered Muhammad.

"Now invoke the name of Allah," exclaimed the king, "and shoot a third arrow."

"In the name of the merciful, the compassionate!" exclaimed Muhammad, as he strongly drew his bow and sent a third shaft onto the roof of the house inhabited by the large and lonely tortoise.

When the Sultan saw, beyond any manner of doubt, that destiny favored the tortoise, he decided that his youngest son should remain a bachelor, and said to him, "My son, as this tortoise is not of our race, or our kind, or our religion, it would be better for you not to marry at all until Allah takes us again into his compassion."

But young Muhammad cried in dissent from this, "I swear by the virtues of the prophet (upon whom be prayer and peace!) that the time of my celibacy is over! If the large tortoise is written in my destiny I shall assuredly marry her."

"She is certainly written in your destiny!" cried the astonished sultan. "But it would be a monstrous thing for a human being to wed with a tortoise!"

"I have no predilection for tortoises in general," cried the prince. "It is this particular one whom I wish to marry."

The sultan, who loved his son, made no more objections but, though the weddings of Ali and Hussein were celebrated with great splendor for forty days and forty nights and then felicitously consummated, no one at court, neither his two brothers, nor their wives, nor the wives of the amirs and dignitaries, would accept an invitation to Muhammed's bridal feast, and, instead, they did all in their power to spoil and make it sad.

Poor Muhammad was bitterly humiliated by the mocking smiles and turned backs which everywhere greeted him; but of his marriage night he would say nothing, and only Allah, from whom no secrets are hid, can tell what passed between the two. It is certain, at least, that no one in that kingdom could imagine how a human youth might couple with a tortoise, even though she were as big as a stock jar.

In the time which came after the three weddings, the years and preoccupations of his reign, added to the emotion of his disappointment in Muhammad, bowed the king's back and thinned his bones. He pined away and became yellow. He lost his appetite and, with his appetite, his vision, so that he became almost completely blind.

The three princes, who loved their father dearly, resolved to leave his health no longer in the ignorant and superstitious care of the harem. When they had concerted together, they approached the sultan and kissed his hand, saying, "Dear father, your face is becoming yellow, your appetite is weakening, and your sight is failing you. If these things go on, we shall soon be tearing our garments for grief that we have lost the prop of all our life. Therefore you must listen to our counsel and obey it. We have determined that our wives and not the women of the harem shall henceforth prepare your food, for these last are great experts in the kitchen and by their cookery can give you back appetite which shall furnish strength, strength which will furnish health, and health which will restore your vision."

The sultan was deeply touched by this care on his sons' part. "May Allah shower his blessings upon you!" he said. "But I am afraid that this will be a great nuisance for your wives."

"A nuisance to our wives?" they cried. "They are your slaves and have no more urgent object in life than to prepare the food which will restore you to health. We have agreed that each of them shall prepare a separate dish, and that you shall choose your favorite in appearance, odor, and taste. Thus appetite will come back to you, and your eyes be cured."

"You know better than I do what is for the best," answered the sultan, as he embraced them.

The three princes went joyfully to their wives and bade them prepare the most admirable dish they could, and each said further, to excite a spirit of emulation, "It is essential that our father should prefer the cooking of our house."

After they had given their orders, the two elder brothers were for ever mocking Muhammad and asking him how a tortoise cooked, but he met all their jests with a calm smile.

His wife, the large and lonely tortoise, had only been waiting for such an opportunity to show what she could do. At once she set to work, and her first care was to send a confidential servant

to her elder sister-in-law, begging her to send back all the rat and mouse dung which she could collect in her house, that the tortoise, who never employed any other condiment, might use these matters for seasoning the rice dishes which she was preparing for the sultan.

"As Allah lives, I will do no such thing!" said Ali's wife to herself. "If these things make really good seasoning, let the wretched tortoise find her own. I can make all the use of them that is necessary." Then aloud to the servant she said, "I regret that I have to refuse your mistress's request, but I have hardly enough rat and mouse dung for my own requirements."

When the servant returned with this answer, the tortoise laughed happily, and sent her to Hussein's wife with a request for all the hens' and pigeon's droppings which she had by her. The servant returned from this mission empty handed, with a bitter and disobliging message from the second princess. But when the tortoise had caused the words to be repeated to her, she fell into an ecstasy of contentment and laughed so heartily that she fell over on her backside.

As soon as she was a little recovered, she prepared those meats which she could cook best, covered the dish which held them with a wicker cover, and wrapped the whole in a rose-scented napkin. Then she dispatched her servant with the dish to the sultan, at the same moment as his other two daughters-in-law were sending theirs by slaves.

The time of the meal arrived, and the sultan sat down before the three dishes; but, when he had lifted the lid of that sent by the eldest son's wife, there rose so foul a steam and odor of rat turds that it might well have asphyxiated an elephant.

The sultan was so disagreeably affected by this stench that he fell head over heels in a swoon, and, when his sons succeeded in bringing him to with rose-water and the use of fans, he sat up and cursed his daughter-in-law heartily.

In a little while he became calmer and consented to try the second dish; but, as soon as it was uncovered, a fetid stink of burnt birds' droppings took him by the throat and eyes so that he thought that the hour of blindness and death was upon him. It was not until the windows had been thrown open and the dish removed and benzoin burnt with incense to purify the air, that the disgusted old man felt himself strong enough to say, "What harm have I done to your wives, my sons, that they should try to dig me a grave before my time?"

The two elder princes could only answer that the thing passed their understanding; but young Muhammad kissed his father's hand and begged him to forget his previous disappointments in the delight of the third dish.

"What is that, Muhammad?" cried the king in an indignant rage. "Do you mock your old father? When women can prepare such frightful foods, do you expect me to touch the cooking of a tortoise? I can see that you have all sworn to destroy me."

Muhammad went on his knees and swore, by his life and by the verity of the faith, that the third dish would make up for all, and that he himself would eat anything of it which was not to his father's taste. He urged with such fervor and humility that the sultan at last signed to the slave to

lift the third cover, and waited with a set jaw, murmuring, "I seek refuge in the protection of Allah!"

But it was the soul of all fine cooking which rose from the dish that the tortoise had prepared. It exquisitely dilated the fans of the old man's heart, it nourished the fans of his lungs, it shook the fans of this nostrils, it brought back lost appetite, it opened his eyes and clarified his vision. He ate for an hour without stopping, then drank an excellent sherbet of musk and pounded snow, and finally gurked several times from the very bottom of his satisfied stomach.

In great delight he gave thanks to Allah and praised the cooking of the tortoise. Muhammad accepted his congratulations modestly, in order not to excite the jealousy of his brothers. "That is only one of my wife's talents, dear father," he said. "Allah grant that she may some day find a chance really to earn your praises." Then he begged the king to allow his future nourishment to be entirely in the hands of the tortoise, and his delighted father readily agreed to the arrangement, which in a few weeks entirely reestablished his health and eyesight.

To celebrate his cure the sultan gave a great feast, and bade his three sons attend it with their wives. At once the two elder princesses began to make preparation that they might appear with honor and success before their father-in-law.

The large tortoise also schemed how to whiten her husband's visage before the people by the beauty of her escorting and the elegance of her clothes.

Her first step was to send her confidential servant to Ali's wife with a request for the loan of the big goose which she had in her courtyard, that the tortoise might use it as a fitting steed on which to ride to the festivities. The princess gave so peremptory a refusal that the good tortoise fell over on her backside in the convulsions of laughter which it occasioned her.

Then she sent to the second sister to borrow her large he-goat for the same purpose, and never has the tortoise been so convulsed and dilated with pure joy as was this one when she received a second and much ruder refusal.

The hour of the feast came, and the old queen's women were drawn up in good order at the outside door of the harem to receive the three royal brides. As they waited, a cloud of dust rolled towards them and, when it dissipated, they saw a gigantic goose waddling forward with the speed of the wind, throwing her legs to left and right, beating her wings, and carrying the first princess of the kingdom clinging to her neck in disordered fright. Almost immediately afterwards, a he-goat, rearing and savagely bleating, came up to the entrance also, bearing upon his back the second princess, all stained with dust and dung.

The sultan and his wife were deeply offended by this double exhibition, and the former cried, "See, they are not content with strangling and poisoning me; they wish to mock me before the people!"

The queen received the two women coldly, and an uncomfortable pause was only broken by the arrival of the third princess. The king and his wife were full of apprehension, saying to each

other, "If two humans could show so absurdly, what can we expect from a tortoise? There is no power or might save in Allah!" So saying, they waited with caught breath for what might appear.

The first rank of couriers appeared, announcing the arrival of prince Muhammed's wife, and presently four handsome grooms, dressed in brocade and rich tunics with trailing sleeves, led up the palanquin. It was covered with bright-colored silks, and the black men who carried it set it down by the stairs. An unknown princess of bright splendor stepped from it, and the women, supposing her to be a maid of honor, waited for the alighting of the tortoise. Yet, when the palanquin was borne away, and this delightful vision mounted the steps alone, they recognized her as Muhammed's bride and received her with honor and effusion. The sultan's heart rejoiced to see her grace and nobility, her charming manners and musical movements.

At once the sultan bade his sons and their wives be seated by him and by the queen, and, when they had taken their places, the feast was served.

The first dish was, as usual, a profusion of rice swollen in butter. Before anyone could take a mouthful the beautiful princess lifted the dish and poured all its contents over her hair. Immediately each grain of rice turned to a pearl, and the pearls ran down the long strands of hair and tinkled to the floor in a bright cascade.

Before the company could recover its wits after so admirable a prodigy, she also lifted a large tureen, filled with thick green soup, and poured its contents over her head in the same way. The green soup changed to an infinity of emeralds among her hair, and these fell about her like green rain, to mingle their sea-tints with the pearls upon the floor.

During the delighted confusion which followed, the servants brought other supplies of rice and green soup for the guests to eat, and the two elder princesses, now yellow with jealousy, could not leave well alone. The eldest seized on the dish of rice and the second on the tureen of green soup; both poured the contents of these things upon their heads. But the rice remained rice in the hair of the first, horribly daubing her with butter, and the soup, remaining soup, ran down in a sticky course over the hair and face and garments of the second, for all the world like cow slop.

The sultan was disgusted at these accidents and commanded his two elder daughters-in-law to withdraw from the feast, also he proclaimed that he wished never to see them again, or smell them, or hear of them. Their husbands, therefore, led them away in a great rage, and you may suppose that all four noses trailed very near the ground. So much for them.

When prince Muhammad and his magic princess were left alone with the sultan, he embraced them and took them to his heart, saying, "You alone are my children!" He wrote a will leaving his throne to his youngest son and, calling together his amirs and wazirs, made his intention known to them. Then to the two young people, he said, "I wish you both to stay with me in my palace until the end."

"To hear is to obey," they answered. "Our father's desire is upon our heads and before our eyes."

That she might never again be tempted to resume the appearance of a tortoise and so shock the old sultan, the princess ordered her servant to bring the large and lonely shell which she had left at home that day and, when it was fetched, burnt it without compunction. Ever afterwards she remained in her own delightful form. And glory be to Allah who gave her a faultless body, a marvel to the eyes of men!

The giver showered his blessings upon these two and delighted them with numerous children.

(30) The Frog's Skin

Georgia

There were once three brothers who wished to marry. They said, "Let us each shoot an arrow, and each shall take his wife from the place where the arrow falls." They shot their arrows; those of the two elder brothers fell on noblemen's houses, while the youngest brother's arrow fell in a lake. The two elder brothers led home their noble wives, and the youngest went to the shore of the lake. He saw a frog creep out of the lake and sit down upon a stone. He took it up and carried it back to the house. All the brothers came home with what fate had given them; the elder brothers with the noble maidens, and the youngest with a frog.

The brothers went out to work. The wives prepared the dinner and attended to all their household duties. The frog sat by the fire croaking, and its eyes glittered. Thus they lived together a long time in love and harmony.

At last the sisters-in-law wearied of the sight of the frog. When they swept the house, they threw out the frog with the dust. If the youngest brother found it, he took it up in his hand; if not, the frog would leap back to its place by the fire and begin to croak. The noble sisters did not like this, and said to their husbands, "Drive this frog out, and get a real wife for your brother." Every day the brothers bothered the youngest.

He replied, saying, "This frog is certainly my fate. I am worthy of no better. I must be faithful to it." His sisters-in-law persisted in telling their husbands that the brother and his frog must be sent away, and at last they agreed.

The young brother was now left quite desolate. There was no one to make his food, no one to stand watching at the door. For a short time a neighboring woman came to wait upon him, but she had not time, so he was left alone. The man became very melancholy.

Once when he was thinking sadly of his loneliness, he went to work. When he had finished his day's labor, he went home. He looked into his house and was struck with amazement. The sideboard was well replenished; in one place was spread a cloth, and on the cloth were many different kinds of tempting dishes. He looked and saw the frog in its place croaking. He said to himself that his sisters-in-law must have done this for him, and went to his work again. He was out all day working, and when he came home he always found everything prepared for him.

Once he said to himself, "I will see for once who is this unseen benefactor, who comes to do good to me and look after me." That day he stayed at home; he seated himself on the roof of the house and watched. In a short time the frog leaped out of the fireplace, jumped over to the doors, and all around the room. Seeing no one there, it went back and took off the frog's skin, put it near the fire, and came forth a beautiful maiden, fair as the sun; so lovely was she that the man could not imagine anything prettier. In the twinkling of an eye she had tidied everything, prepared the food, and cooked it. When everything was ready, she went to the fire, put on the skin again, and began to croak. When the man saw this he was very much astonished; he rejoiced exceedingly that God had granted him such happiness. He descended from the roof, went in, caressed his frog tenderly, and then sat down to his tasty supper.

The next day the man hid himself in the place where he had been the day before. The frog, having satisfied itself that nobody was there, stripped off its skin and began its good work. This time the man stole silently into the house, seized the frog's skin in his hand and threw it into the fire. When the maiden saw this she entreated him, she wept, and she said, "Do not burn it, or you shall surely be destroyed," but the man had burned it in a moment. "Now, if your happiness be turned to misery, it is not my fault," said the sorrow-stricken woman.

In a very short time the whole countryside knew that the man who had a frog now possessed in its place a lovely woman, who had come to him from heaven.

The lord of the country heard of this, and wished to take her from him. He called the beautiful woman's husband to him and said, "Sow a barnful of wheat in a day, or give me your wife." When he had spoken thus, the man was obliged to consent, and he went home melancholy.

When he went in he told his wife what had taken place. She reproached him, saying, "I told you what would happen if you did burn the skin, and you did not heed me; but I will not blame you. Be not sad; go in the morning to the edge of the lake from which I came, and call out, 'Mother and Father! I pray you, lend me your swift bullocks.' Lead them away with you, and the bullocks will in one day plow the fields and sow the grain." The husband did this.

He went to the edge of the lake and called out, "Mother and Father! I entreat you, lend me your swift bullocks today." There came forth from the lake such a team of oxen as was never seen on sea or land.

The youth drove the bullocks away, came to his lord's field, and plowed and sowed them in one day.

His lord was very much surprised. He did not know if there was anything impossible to this man, whose wife he wanted. He called him a second time, and said, "Go and gather up the wheat you have sown, that not a grain may be wanting, and that the barn may be full. If you do not do this, your wife is mine."

"This is impossible," said the man to himself. He went home to his wife, who again reproached him, and then said, "Go to the lake's edge and ask for the jackdaws."

The husband went to the edge of the lake and called out, "Mother and Father! I beg you to lend me your jackdaws today." From the lake came forth flocks of jackdaws; they flew to the plowed ground, each gathered up a seed and put it into the barn.

The lord came and cried out, "There is one seed short; I know each one, and one is missing." At that moment a jackdaw's caw was heard; it came with the missing seed, but owing to a lame foot it was a little late.

The lord was very angry that even the impossible was possible to this man, and could not think what to give him to do.

He puzzled his brain until he thought of the following plan. He called the man and said to him, "My mother, who died in this village, took with her a ring. If you go to the other world and bring that ring back to me, it is well; if not, I shall take away your wife."

The man said to himself, "This is quite impossible." He went home and complained to his wife. She reproached him, and then said, "Go to the lake and ask for the ram."

The husband went to the lake and called out, "Mother and Father! Give me your ram today, I pray you." From the lake there came forth a ram with twisted horns; from its mouth issued a flame of fire. It said to the man, "Mount on my back!"

The man sat down, and, quick as lightning, the ram descended towards the lower regions. It went on and shot like an arrow through the earth.

They traveled on, and saw in one place a man and woman sitting on a bullock's skin, which was not big enough for them, and they were like to fall off. The man called out to them, "What can be the meaning of this, that this bullock skin is not big enough for two people?"

They said, "We have seen many pass by like you, but none has returned. When you come back we shall answer your question."

They went on their way and saw a man and woman sitting on an ax handle, and they were not afraid of falling. The man called out to them, "Are you not afraid of falling from the handle of an ax?"

They said to him, "We have seen many pass by like you, but none has returned. When you come back we shall answer your question."

They went on their way again, until they came to a place where they saw a priest feeding cattle. This priest had such a long beard that it spread over the ground, and the cattle, instead of eating grass, fed on the priest's beard, and he could not prevent it. The man called out, "Priest, what is the meaning of this? Why is your beard pasture for these cattle?"

The priest replied, "I have seen many pass by like you, but none has returned. When you come back I shall answer your question."

They journeyed on again until they came to a place where they saw nothing but boiling pitch, and a flame came forth from it -- and this was hell. The ram said, "Sit firmly on my back, for we must pass through this fire." The man held fast. The ram gave a leap, and they escaped through the fire unhurt.

There they saw a melancholy woman seated on a golden throne. She said; "What is it, my child? What troubles you? What has brought you here?" He told her everything that had happened to him. She said, "I must punish this very wicked child of mine, and you must take him a casket from me." She gave him a casket, and said, "Whatever you do, do not open this casket yourself. Take it with you, give it to your lord, and run quickly away from him."

The man took the casket and went away. He came to the place where the priest was feeding the cattle. The priest said, "I promised you an answer. Hearken unto my words: In life I loved nothing but myself; I cared for nothing else. My flocks I fed on other pastures than my own, and the neighboring cattle died of starvation. Now I am paying the penalty."

Then he went on to the place where the man and woman were sitting on the handle of the ax. They said, "We promised you an answer. Hearken unto our words: We loved each other too well on earth, and it is the same with us here."

Then he came to the two seated on the bullock skin, which was not big enough for them. They said, "We promised you an answer. Hearken unto our words: We despised each other in life, and we equally despise each other here."

At last the man came up on earth, descended from the ram, and went to his lord. He gave him the casket and quickly ran away. The lord opened the casket, and there came forth fire, which swallowed him up. Our brother was thus victorious over his enemy, and no one took his wife from him. They lived lovingly together, and blessed God as their deliverer.

(31) The Frog

Austria/Italy

A man and a woman had no children, although they would have given their lives to have some. They prayed for offspring, under any conditions. It appeared that heaven had mercy on them, but when the time came, the newborn was a female frog.

Not letting themselves be distracted, the man and the woman raised her. They taught her music and all kinds of skills.

Above all else the frog loved to sing, and she trained her voice and her range until one would think she was the best singer from the city. Other people had not seen the frog and thought indeed that she was an unknown singer and could not explain why she did not perform in public.

One day the king's son passed by the house and heard the frog singing. He stopped and listened for a long time. He immediately fell in love with the unknown singer and approached her father with a request for permission to see her and speak with her, but the father refused.

The prince heard her sing again and fell even more deeply in love with her. He demanded that her father give her to him in marriage. The father replied that he would have to ask his daughter. The frog agreed under the conditions that she be taken to the royal castle in an enclosed carriage and that she be allowed to enter the bridal chamber without being seen. The prince, his curiosity even more aroused, accepted the conditions.

On the appointed day the frog rode to the royal castle in a tightly enclosed carriage and made her way to the splendid bridal chamber without being seen. She hid herself in one of the two beds that were there. The prince came that evening and was astonished when he could not find his bride. Disappointed, he went to bed.

At midnight the frog crept out of the cushions and onto the prince's breast. Half asleep, he took the frog into his hand and threw her to the floor. She hopped angrily down the steps and home.

The next morning the prince was sorry that he had thrown the frog to the floor, and he became sad and melancholy.

Some time later he went back to the house. Hearing singing, he fell madly in love and began courting his bride anew. The frog accepted, this time without setting any conditions. She made a little carriage out of cardboard, hitched a rooster to it, and drove it herself to the royal castle.

Three fairies were standing in the road. One of them had swallowed a fishbone, which stuck in her throat and was causing her great pain. When the three of them saw the frog driving by in her little carriage and cracking her whip so merrily, they all laughed out with joy. The fishbone dislodged itself from the one fairy's throat, freeing her suddenly of her pain.

They approached the frog, and the first one said, "I will give you a beautiful carriage with horses and servants!" And in an instant a carriage was there with horses and servants in beautiful livery.

Then the second one said, "I will give you expensive clothes and gold and silver!" And in an instant it was all there, gleaming and shimmering, and it was such a joy.

Then came the third fairy, the one who had been freed of the fishbone by laughing, and she said, "I will transform you!"

In that instant the frog became a beautiful maiden. She graciously thanked the three kind fairies and drove happily to the royal castle and to her jubilant and joyful wedding.

(32) The Frog's Bridegroom

Germany

Once upon a time there was a father who had three sons. He sent two of them out to find brides for themselves, but the third one, stupid Hansl, was to stay home and feed the animals. He was not satisfied with this, so the father finally said, "Just go. You can look for a bride too."

So Hansl left, and he came to a great forest. On the other side of the forest there was a pond. A frog was sitting on the pond's bank, and it asked, "Now there, Hansl, where are you going?"

"Oh, I'm looking for a bride!"

"Marry me!" said the frog, and this was all right with Hansl, because he did not know where he might find a bride. The frog jumped into the pond, and Hansl went back home.

His brothers were already there, and they wanted to know if the fool had found a bride. "Yes," said Hansl, "I have one already!"

The next day the father gave each one a bundle of flax, saying, "I will give the house to the one of you whose bride can spin the most beautiful yarn in three days." Then each one left, including Hansl.

The frog was again sitting on the bank of the pond. "Now there, bridegroom, where are you going?"

"To you. Can you spin?"

"Yes," said the frog. Just tie the flax onto my back."

Hansl did this, and the frog jumped into the pond. One strand of flax was sticking out below and the other one above. "Too bad about the flax. It's gone," thought Hans, and he sadly went back home.

But nonetheless, on the third day he returned to the pond. The frog was again sitting on the bank, and it asked, "Now there, bridegroom, where are you going?"

"Have you spun?"

"Yes," said the frog, hopped into the pond, and returned with a skein of yarn that was more beautifully spun than any other. Hans was happy, and he joyfully ran back home, and he did indeed have the most beautiful yarn.

The brothers complained, and then the father said, "I will give the house to the one of you who brings home the most beautiful bride."

The brothers left once again, but this time Hansl took a water jug with him. The other two wanted to know, "Why are you taking a water jug with you?"

"To put my bride in."

The two laughed, "He must have some beautiful bride!"

The frog was already sitting next to the pond. "Now there, bridegroom, where are you going?"

"Today I am coming for you!"

Then the frog jumped into the pond and came back with three keys. "Go up there," it said. "There is a castle up there. One of these three keys unlocks the living room, one unlocks the stall, and one unlocks the carriage house. In the living room there are three robes: a red one, a green one, and a white one. In the stall there are two white horses, two black ones, and two brown ones. In the carriage house are three coaches: one of gold, one of silver, and one of glass. In each place you can take what you want."

Once in the castle Hansl first tried on the red robe, but he did not like it: "It makes me look like a butcher." He did not like the green one either: "It makes me look like a hunter." The white one suited him well. Then he went to the stall and took the brown horses. In the carriage house he first wanted to take the golden coach, but it was too lordly for him. The silver one was too heavy, so he took the glass one. He hitched up the brown horses and drove to the pond.

A beautiful young woman was standing there. She said, "You have redeemed me. If you had taken the best thing in each place then I would have had to remain a frog. And the great forest is a fruit orchard, and the pond is a rose garden. All this belongs to you. Let your brothers have the house. You can marry anyone you want to."

"No, you must come with me, so that my father and my brothers can see you." So she rode off with him.

The father and the brothers were amazed when they saw Hansl with the beautiful young woman in the coach. But she suddenly disappeared and flew into the air as a white dove. Hansl gave the house to his brothers. He married a woman from his estate and was very happy. And if he hasn't died, then he still must be alive.

(33) Doll in the Grass

Norway

Once on a time there was a king who had twelve sons. When they were grown big he told them they must go out into the world and win themselves wives, but these wives must each be able to spin, and weave, and sew a shirt in one day, else he wouldn't have them for daughters-in-law.

To each he gave a horse and a new suit of mail, and they went out into the world to look after their brides; but when they had gone a bit of the way, they said they wouldn't have Boots, their youngest brother, with them. He wasn't fit for anything.

Well, Boots had to stay behind, and he didn't know what to do or whither to turn; and so he grew so downcast, he got off his horse, and sat down in the tall grass to weep. But when he had sat a little while, one of the tufts in the grass began to stir and move, and out of it came a little white thing, and when it came nearer, Boots saw it was a charming little lassie, only such a tiny bit of a thing. So the lassie went up to him, and asked if he would come down below and see "Doll i' the Grass."

Yes, he'd be very happy; and so he went.

Now, when he got down, there sat Doll i' the Grass on a chair. She was so lovely and so smart, and she asked Boots wither he was going, and what was his business.

So he told her how there were twelve brothers of them, and how the king had given them horse and mail, and said they must each go out into the world and find them a wife who could spin, and weave, and sew a shirt in a day. "But if you'll only say at once you'll be my wife, I'll not go a step farther," said Boots to Doll i' the Grass.

Well, she was willing enough, and so she made haste and span, and wove, and sewed the shirt, but it was so tiny, tiny little. It wasn't longer than so ---- long.

So Boots set off home with it, but when he brought it out he was almost ashamed, it was so small. Still the king said he should have her, and so Boots set off, glad and happy to fetch his little sweetheart. So when he got to Doll i' the Grass, he wished to take her up before him on his horse; but she wouldn't have that, for she said she would sit and drive along in a silver spoon, and that she had two small white horses to draw her. So off they set, he on his horse and she on her silver spoon, and the two horses that drew her were two tiny white mice. But Boots always kept the other side of the road, he was so afraid lest he should ride over her, she was so little.

So when they had gone a bit of the way, they came to a great piece of water. Here Boots' horse got frightened, and shied across the road and upset the spoon, and Doll i' the Grass tumbled into the water. Then Boots got so sorrowful, because he didn't know how to get her out again. But in a little while up came a merman with her, and now she was as well and full grown as other men and women, and far lovelier than she had been before. So he took her up before him on his horse, and rode home.

When Boots got home all his brothers had come back, each with his sweetheart, but these were all so ugly, and foul, and wicked, that they had done nothing but fight with one another on the way home, and on their heads they had a kind of hat that was daubed over with tar and soot, and so the rain had run down off the hats onto their faces, till they got far uglier and nastier than they had been before.

When his brothers saw Boots and his sweetheart, they were all as jealous as jealous could be of her; but the king was so overjoyed with them both, that he drove all the others away, and so boots held his wedding feat with Doll i' the Grass, and after that they lived well and happily together a long, long time, and if they're not dead, why they're alive still.

(34) The She-Wolf

Croatia

There was an enchanted mill, so that no one could stay there, because a she-wolf always haunted it. A soldier went once into the mill to sleep. He made a fire in the parlor, went up into the garret above, bored a hole with an auger in the floor, and peeped down into the parlor.

A she-wolf came in and looked about the mill to see whether she could find anything to eat. She found nothing, and then went to the fire, and said, "Skin down! Skin down! Skin down!" She raised herself upon her hind-legs, and her skin fell down. She took the skin, and hung it on a peg, and out of the wolf came a damsel. The damsel went to the fire, and fell asleep there.

He came down from the garret, took the skin, nailed it fast to the mill-wheel, then came into the mill, shouted over her, and said, "Good morning, damsel! How do you do?"

She began to scream, "Skin on me! Skin on me! Skin on me!" But the skin could not come down, for it was fast nailed.

The pair married and had two children.

As soon as the elder son got to know that his mother was a wolf, he said to her, "Mamma! Mamma! I have heard that you are a wolf."

His mother replied, "What nonsense are you talking! How can you say that I am a wolf?"

The father of the two children went one day into the field to plow, and his son said, "Papa, let me, too, go with you."

His father said, "Come."

When they had come to the field, the son asked his father, "Papa, is it true that our mother is a wolf?"

The father said, "It is."

The son inquired, "And where is her skin?"

His father said, "There it is, on the mill-wheel."

No sooner had the son got home, than he said at once to his mother, "Mamma! Mamma! You are a wolf! I know where your skin is."

His mother asked him, "Where is my skin?"

He said, "There, on the mill-wheel."

His mother said to him, "Thank you, sonny, for rescuing me." Then she went away, and was never heard of more.

(35) The Bear Who Married a Woman

Tsimshian

Once upon a time there lived a widow of the tribe of the Gispaxl^lts. Many men tried to marry her daughter, but she declined them all.

The mother said, "When a man comes to marry you, feel of the palms of his hands. If they are soft, decline him. If they are rough, accept him." She meant that she wanted to have for a son-in-law a man skillful in building canoes.

Her daughter obeyed her commands and refused the wooings of all young men. One night a youth came to her bed. The palms of his hands were very rough, and therefore she accepted his suit. Early in the morning, however, he had suddenly disappeared, even before she had seen him.

When her mother arose early in the morning and went out, she found a halibut on the beach in front of the house, although it was midwinter. The following evening the young man came back, but disappeared again before the dawn of the day. In the morning the widow found a seal in front of the house. Thus they lived for some time. The young woman never saw the face of her husband; but every morning she found an animal on the beach, every day a larger one. Thus the widow came to be very rich.

She was anxious to see her son-in-law, and one day she waited until he arrived. Suddenly she saw a red bear emerge from the water. He carried a whale on each side, and put them down on the beach. As soon as he noticed that he was observed, he was transformed into a rock, which may be seen up to this day. He was a supernatural being of the sea.

(36) The Girl Who Married the Crow

A girl belonging to a village of four underground lodges near Lytton refused all suitors who had come from Spences Bridge, Nicola, Kamloops, and Lillooet, although they brought as marriage gifts robes, *dentalia*, and other valuables. Her parents and the chief of the village were angry with her for refusing so many good suitors. Therefore she became sad, and would have committed suicide had not her brothers talked kindly with her.

One morning, when she had gone to the river to bathe and to draw water for the house, she thought, "I wish a man from far away would come and take me!"

Crow-Man, who lived at the mouth of the river, heard her. He said, "A pretty girl far away wants a husband. I wish I could go to her!"

At once a man appeared to him and said, "I will help you, if you will do as I direct you. You must shut your eyes and pray to me, and I shall grant your desire. Now begin!"

Crow-Man knelt down and prayed that he might be enabled to go to the girl. His eyes closed while he was praying. Then his helper told him to open his eyes and look at himself. He saw that he had been transformed into a crow, with wings and with black feathers all over his body. He was afraid, and remained silent.

His helper told him that he would not be a crow always, but only for the journey to the girl. He said, "Now, fly up the river! And early in the morning you will see a girl bathing near four underground lodges. She is the wife that you desire!"

It was springtime, when crows come up the river. Three mornings the girl had repeated her supplication for a husband. Early the fourth morning she went to the accustomed place, put down her bark water baskets, took off her clothes, and went to bathe. She had just made her supplication when a crow came up the river and passed close to her head.

She called him nasty names and said, "Why do you fly so close to my head, you black ugly bird? You will blind me with the dirt of your feet."

It was Crow-Man, who was acting under the instructions of his helper. He flew past out of sight, alighted on the ground, shut his eyes, and prayed. When he opened his eyes, he was a man again. He walked back to where the girl was washing herself in the water, and sat down on her clothes. Presently she saw him, and asked him to leave. She pleaded with him to go away, but he paid no heed.

When she had asked him four times, he replied, "If you will become my wife, I will release your clothes."

She assented, saying, "You must be my husband, for you have seen my naked body."

Crow-Man shut his eyes and prayed. When he opened them again, a large beaverskin robe was there, and a dugout cedar canoe. He gave the robe to his wife. They embarked in the canoe and went downstream.

As the girl did not return, the people looked for her. They found her clothes and the water baskets, and thought that she had drowned herself.

She lived in her husband's country for a while, and bore a son to him. When the boy was growing up, he wished to see his grandparents. Every day he asked for them. Finally his parents determined to take him to see them.

They went up the river in a canoe loaded with presents of many kinds, and eventually reached Lytton. They moored their canoe at the watering place. The weather was warm, and the woman's parents were living in a mat tent. Her younger sister came down to draw water and discovered them. She went back with the news; and the parents cleaned their house, and made ready to

receive their son-in-law. He gave his father-in-law all the presents, and the people danced to welcome them. He made up his mind to live there and became an adopted member of the tribe.

(37) The Woman Who Became a Horse

A chief had many horses, and among them a stallion which his wife often rode. The woman and stallion became enamored of each other and cohabited. The woman grew careless of her household duties and always wanted to look after the horses.

When the people moved camp, and the horses were brought in, it was noticed that the stallion made right for the woman and sniffed about her as stallions do with mares. After this she was watched.

When her husband learned the truth, he shot the stallion. The woman cried and would not go to bed.

At daybreak she was gone, no one knew where. About a year after this it was discovered that she had gone off with some wild horses. One day when the people were traveling over a large open place they saw a band of horses, and the woman among them. She had partly changed into a horse. Her pubic hair had grown so long that it resembled a tail. She also had much hair on her body, and the hair of her head had grown to resemble a horse's mane. Her arms and legs had also changed considerably; but her face was still human, and bore some resemblance to her original self.

The chief sent some young men to chase her. All the wild horses ran away, but she could not run so fast as they, and was run down and lassoed. She was brought into her husband's lodge; and the people watched her for some time, trying to tame her, but she continued to act and whinny like a horse. At last they let her free. The following year they saw her again. She had become almost entirely horse, and had a colt by her side. She had many children afterwards.

(38)The Woman Who Became a Horse

There was a village, and the men decided to go on a warpath. So these men started, and they journeyed for several days toward the south. They came to a thickly wooded country. They found wild horses, and among them was a spotted pony.

One man caught the spotted pony and took care of it. He took it home, and instructed his wife to look after it, as if it were their chief. This she did, and, further, she liked the horse very much. She took it where there was good grass. In the winter time she cut young cottonwood shoots for it, so that the horse was always fat. In the night, if it was stormy, she pulled a lot of dry grass, and when she put the blanket over the horse and tied it up, she stuffed the grass under the blanket, so the horse never got cold. It was always fine and sleek.

One summer evening she went to where she had tied the horse, and she met a fine-looking man, who had on a buffalo robe with a spotted horse pictured on it. She liked him; he smelt finely.

She followed him until they came to where the horse had been, and the man said, "You went with me. It is I who was a horse."

She was glad, for she liked the horse. For several years they were together, and the woman gave birth, and it was a spotted pony. When the pony was born, the woman found she had a tail like that of a horse. She also had long hair. When the colt sucked, the woman stood up.

For several years they roamed about, and had more ponies, all spotted. At home the man mourned for his lost wife. He could not make out why she should go off.

People went on a hunt many years afterward, and they came across these spotted ponies. People did not care to attack them, for among them was a strange looking animal. But, as they came across them now and then, they decided to catch them. They were hard to catch, but at last they caught them, all but the woman, for she could run fast; but as they caught her children, she gave in and was caught.

People said, "This is the woman who was lost."

And some said, "No, it is not."

Her husband was sent for, and he recognized her. He took his bow and arrows out and shot her dead, for he did not like to see her with the horse's tail. The other spotted ponies were kept, and as they increased, they were spotted. So the people had many spotted ponies.

(39)The Bear Woman

It was late fall, and people were in the mountains hunting. Six people were living together: a man and his wife, his parents, and his two sisters.

One day when out hunting, the man came on a patch of lily roots. On his return home he said to his wife, "I saw a fine patch of large lilies. Tomorrow morning we shall move there and stay for a few days, so that you can dig them."

They set up a lodge near the place. And on the following morning early, on his way to hunt, he showed his wife the place and left her there to dig.

In the afternoon a large grizzly bear appeared at the place. The woman was intent on her work and did not notice the bear until he was close to her. He said to her, "I want you to be my wife."

She agreed, for she knew he would kill her if she refused. He took her on his back and carried her to his house.

Towards evening the hunter returned carrying a load of deer meat. His wife was not there. He thought, "She is late and will come soon."

He roasted meat for both of them. He ate, and then took his bow and arrows and went in search of his wife. He saw where she had been digging roots. He called, but received no answer. It grew dark, and he returned to his camp. He could not sleep. At daybreak he went out again. He saw the tracks of the grizzly bear going away, but no tracks of his wife leaving the spot. He thought she might have gone to his parents' camp, or the bear might have killed her, but he saw neither her tracks nor signs of a struggle with the bear.

He went to the camp. His father told him that she had not arrived. He related what he had seen, and his father said, "The grizzly bear has not killed her. He has married her."

The man could neither sleep nor eat. At last the fourth night he slept, for he was very tired.

His wife appeared to him in a dream and said, "The grizzly has taken me." She told him where the bear's house was. She said, "Every morning at daybreak he takes me to dig roots at a certain place. If you are strong, you can kill him; but he is very fierce and endowed with magic power. You must fix your arrows as I direct you, and sit where I tell you. I have prepared a hiding place for you, where you may sit on a boulder. Prepare medicine to wash me with, for otherwise, when the bear dies, I shall die too through his power. If he kills you, I shall kill myself. Get young fir-tops and *konops* [*veratrum californicum*, durand], and soak them in water. With these you must rub me. Prepare one arrow by rubbing it with fat of snakes, and the other arrow anoint with rattlesnake poison. Sit down on the rock in the place that I have prepared; and on the fourth morning, when I bring the bear past close to the rock, shoot him in the throat."

The hunter prepared everything as directed. He made two new arrows with detachable foreshafts. He made them very carefully, and put good stone heads on them. He searched for snakes, and anointed the foreshafts of his arrows and the points. Early in the morning he was at the place indicated.

The grizzly bear's house was a cave in a cliff, and at daybreak the man saw the smoke from his fire coming out through a hole in the top of the cliff. Soon he saw his wife and the bear emerge from the entrance. Her face was painted, and she carried her root digger. She dug roots, and the bear gathered them.

The man returned home and told what he had seen to his father, who said, "I have a strong guardian spirit, and I shall protect you. Do not be afraid. Act according the directions your wife has given to you in your dream, and kill the bear."

On the fourth morning at daybreak he was sitting on the rock. His wife and the bear drew near. She was digging in circles, and the grizzly bear followed her. When she made the fourth circle, she passed quite close to the rock.

He aimed an arrow at his wife, and she cried, "Husbands never kill their wives!" He lowered his bow and laughed.

The bear stood up and was angry. He abused the woman, calling her bad names. Just then he was close to the rock. The hunter spoke to him, and the bear turned to look at the hunter, who shot him right in the throat. The grizzly bear tried to pull out the arrow, but could remove only the shaft. He rushed at the hunter, but could not reach him. The hunter shot his second arrow with such great force that the shaft fell off. The bear fell over and died.

Then his wife swooned, and would have died through the bear's power, had not her husband rubbed her with fir-tops and *veratrum*.

She revived and stood up. She said, "I warn you not to have connection with me. The influence of the bear is still over me. Build a lodge of fir brush for me some distance away from the people. Let your sisters feed me, and wash me with fir and *veratrum* leaves. You may speak to me from a distance. Next spring, when the snow is almost gone, I shall be your wife again."

In the spring she washed at a stream, using hot water, and her sisters-in-law rubbed her with fir boughs. The hunter also washed. Then she went into his lodge, and lived with him as before.

(40)The Fish-Man

Salish

Somewhere near the mouth of the Fraser River lived a girl who had refused all suitors.

After a while a man came to visit her, and lay with her at night.

The girl said to him, "You must stay until daylight, and show yourself to my parents."

He answered, "No, I am too poor. Your people would not like me."

As he continued to come every night, the girl told her parents, and they were very angry. Then Fish-Man caused the sea to recede for many miles from the village. He let all the freshwater streams dry up, and no rain fall. The animals became thirsty, and left the country. The people could get no fish, no game, and no water to drink.

The girl told the people, "My lover has done this, because you were wroth with him and refused him."

Then the people made a long walk of planks over the mud to the edge of the sea. At the end of this they built a large platform of planks, which they covered with mats. They heaped many woolen blankets on it. Then they dressed the girl in a fine robe, combed and oiled her hair, painted her face, and put down on her head. Then they placed her on the top of the blankets and left her there. At once the sky became overcast, rain fell, the springs burst out, the streams ran, and the sea came in. The people watched until the sea rose, and floated the platform with the blankets. They saw a man climb up beside the girl

They stood up; and the girl called, "Now all is well. I shall visit you soon."

Night came on, and they saw them no more. In two days she came back, and told the people, "I live below the sea, in the fish country. The houses there are just the same as here, and the people live in the same way."

She returned again with her husband bringing presents of fish. She said, "Henceforth people here shall always be able to catch plenty of fish."

Once more she came to show them her newly born child. After that she returned to the sea, and was never seen again.

(41) The Man Who Married a Bear

A man named Five-Times-Surrounded-in-War lived with his father at Asotin, and in the spring of the year the youth would go away from home and lose himself till fall. He would tell no one where he had been. Now, he really was accustomed to go up the Little Salmon (Hune'he) branch of the Grande Ronde River to fish for salmon. It was the second year that he went there that this thing happened.

A bear girl lived just below the forks of Asotin Creek, and from that place she used to go over onto the Little Salmon, where Five-Times-Surrounded-in-War had a camp made of boughs. One day, after fishing, he was lying in his camp not quite asleep. He heard the noise of someone walking in the woods. He heard the noise of walking go all around the camp. The grizzly-bear girl was afraid to go near the man, and soon she went away and left him. Next morning he tried to track her; and while he could see the tracks in the grass, he could not tell what it was that made them.

Next day the youth hunted deer in order to have dried meat for the winter; and that evening the grizzly-bear girl, dressed up as a human being, came into his camp. Five-Times-Surrounded-in-War had just finished his supper when he heard the footfalls, and, looking out into the forest, he saw a fine girl come into the open. He wondered if this person was what he had heard the night before.

He asked the girl to tell him what she wanted, and she came and sat down beside him. The youth was bashful and could not talk to her, although she was a pretty girl. Then he said, "Where are you camping?" And she told him that three days before she had come from the forks of Asotin Creek.

"I came to see you, and to find out whether or not you would marry me."

Now, Five-Times-Surrounded-in-War did not know of anyone who lived above the mouth of Asotin Creek, and for that reason he told the girl he would take home his meat and salmon and return in ten days. So the girl went back to the forks of Asotin Creek, and the youth to the mouth of the stream with his meat. Then they returned and met; and the youth fell deeply in love with the girl, and married her.

So they lived in his camp until she said to him, "Now we will go to my home."

And when they arrived, he saw that she had a fine supply of winter food -- dried salmon, dried meat, camas, *kaus*, *sanitx*, serviceberries, and huckleberries. But what most surprised him was that they went into a hole in the ground, because then he knew she must be a bear.

It grew late in the fall, and they had to stay in the cave, for the girl could not go out. In the dead of winter they were still in the cave when the snow began to settle and harden. One night, near midnight, when both were asleep in their beds, the grizzly-bear girl dreamed, and roared out in her sleep.

She told her husband to build a fire and make a light. Then the grizzly-bear girl sang a song, and blood came running from her mouth. She said, "This blood you see coming from my mouth is not my blood. It is the blood of men. Down at the mouth of Asotin Creek the hunters are making ready for a bear hunt. They have observed this cave, and five hunters are coming here to see if a bear is in it." The grizzly-bear girl in her sleep knew that the hunters were making ready.

Next morning the five hunters went up to that place, and that same morning the grizzly-bear girl donned a different dress from what she usually wore, a dress that was painted red. She told her husband, "Soon after the sun leaves the earth, these hunters will be here, and then I will do my killing."

They arrived, and Five-Times-Surrounded-in-War heard them talking. He heard them say that something must be living in the cave. When the first hunter came to the door of the cave, the grizzly-bear girl rushed out and killed him. Then the four other hunters went home and told the news, and ten hunters made ready to come up and kill the bear. They camped close by for the night.

About midnight the grizzly-bear girl had another dream. She sang a song, and told her husband, "I will leave you as soon as the sun is up. This blood you see coming out of my mouth is my own blood. The hunters are close by, and will soon be here."

Soon the youth could hear the hunters talking. Then they took a pole and hung an empty garment near the mouth of the cave, and the bear rushed out at this decoy. When she turned to go back, they fired, and killed her.

The youth in the cave heard the hunters say, "Watch out! There must be another one in the cave."

So he decided he would go out; and when he came into the light, the hunters recognized him. He went home with them and told the story.

This was the year before the French trappers came, and Five-Times-Surrounded-in-War went away with them. In a year he returned, and after that he disappeared.

(42)The Bremen Town Musicians

Germany

A man had a donkey, who for long years had untiringly carried sacks to the mill, but whose strength was now failing, so that he was becoming less and less able to work. Then his master thought that he would no longer feed him, but the donkey noticed that it was not a good wind that was blowing and ran away, setting forth on the road to Bremen, where he thought he could become a town musician. When he had gone a little way he found a hunting dog lying in the road, who was panting like one who had run himself tired.

"Why are you panting so, Grab-Hold?" asked the donkey.

"Oh," said the dog, "because I am old and am getting weaker every day and can no longer go hunting, my master wanted to kill me, so I ran off; but now how should I earn my bread?"

"Do you know what," said the donkey, "I am going to Bremen and am going to become a town musician there. Come along and take up music too. I'll play the lute, and you can beat the drums."

The dog was satisfied with that, and they went further. It didn't take long, before they came to a cat sitting by the side of the road and making a face like three days of rainy weather. "What has crossed you, old Beard-Licker?" said the donkey.

"Oh," answered the cat, "who can be cheerful when his neck is at risk? I am getting on in years, and my teeth are getting dull, so I would rather sit behind the stove and purr than to chase around after mice. Therefore my mistress wanted to drown me, but I took off. Now good advice is scarce. Where should I go?"

"Come with us to Bremen. After all, you understand night music. You can become a town musician there." The cat agreed and went along.

Then the three refugees came to a farmyard, and the rooster of the house was sitting on the gate crying with all his might.

"Your cries pierce one's marrow and bone," said the donkey. "What are you up to?"

"I just prophesied good weather," said the rooster, "because it is Our Dear Lady's Day, when she washes the Christ Child's shirts and wants to dry them; but because Sunday guests are coming tomorrow, the lady of the house has no mercy and told the cook that she wants to eat me tomorrow in the soup, so I am supposed to let them cut off my head this evening. Now I am going to cry at the top of my voice as long as I can."

"Hey now, Red-Head," said the donkey, "instead come away with us. We're going to Bremen. You can always find something better than death. You have a good voice, and when we make music together, it will be very pleasing."

The rooster was happy with the proposal, and all four went off together. However, they could not reach the city of Bremen in one day, and in the evening they came into a forest, where they would spend the night. The donkey and the dog lay down under a big tree, but the cat and the rooster took to the branches. The rooster flew right to the top, where it was safest for him. Before falling asleep he looked around once again in all four directions, and he thought that he saw a little spark burning in the distance. He hollered to his companions, that there must be a house not too far away, for a light was shining.

The donkey said, "Then we must get up and go there, because the lodging here is poor." The dog said that he could do well with a few bones with a little meat on them. Thus they set forth toward the place where the light was, and they soon saw it glistening more brightly, and it became larger and larger, until they came to the front of a brightly lit robbers' house.

The donkey, the largest of them, approached the window and looked in.

"What do you see, Gray-Horse?" asked the rooster.

"What do I see?" answered the donkey. "A table set with good things to eat and drink, and robbers sitting there enjoying themselves."

"That would be something for us," said the rooster.

"Ee-ah, ee-ah, oh, if we were there!" said the donkey.

Then the animals discussed how they might drive the robbers away, and at last they came upon a plan. The donkey was to stand with his front feet on the window, the dog to jump on the donkey's back, the cat to climb onto the dog, and finally the rooster would fly up and sit on the cat's head. When they had done that, at a signal they began to make their music all together. The donkey brayed, the dog barked, the cat meowed and the rooster crowed. Then they crashed through the window into the room, shattering the panes.

The robbers jumped up at the terrible bellowing, thinking that a ghost was coming in, and fled in great fear out into the woods. Then the four companions seated themselves at the table and freely partook of the leftovers, eating as if they would get nothing more for four weeks.

When the four minstrels were finished, they put out the light and looked for a place to sleep, each according to his nature and his desire. The donkey lay down on the manure pile, the dog behind the door, the cat on the hearth next to the warm ashes, and the rooster sat on the beam of the roof. Because they were tired from their long journey, they soon fell asleep.

When midnight had passed and the robbers saw from the distance that the light was no longer burning in the house, and everything appeared to be quiet, the captain said, "We shouldn't have

let ourselves be chased off," and he told one of them to go back and investigate the house. The one they sent found everything still, and went into the kitchen to strike a light. He mistook the cat's glowing, fiery eyes for live coals, and held a sulfur match next to them, so that it would catch fire. But the cat didn't think this was funny and jumped into his face, spitting, and scratching.

He was terribly frightened and ran toward the back door, but the dog, who was lying there, jumped up and bit him in the leg. When he ran across the yard past the manure pile, the donkey gave him a healthy blow with his hind foot, and the rooster, who had been awakened from his sleep by the noise and was now alert, cried down from the beam, "Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

Then the robber ran as fast as he could back to his captain and said, "Oh, there is a horrible witch sitting in the house, she blew at me and scratched my face with her long fingers. And there is a man with a knife standing in front of the door, and he stabbed me in the leg. And a black monster is lying in the yard, and it struck at me with a wooden club. And the judge is sitting up there on the roof, and he was calling out, 'Bring the rascal here.' Then I did what I could to get away."

From that time forth, the robbers did not dare go back into the house. However, the four Bremen Musicians liked it so well there, that they never left it again. And the person who just told that, his mouth is still warm.

(43) The Choristers of St. Gudule

Flanders

The miller of Sandhills had a donkey which had served him well in its time, but was now too old to work. The miller was a careful man, who did not believe in feeding useless mouths, so he decided that he would sell the donkey for the price of its skin.

"I do not suppose I shall get very much for the wretched beast," he said, regarding poor Grayskin as he stood with hanging head in his stall, "but I shall save the cost of his corn anyhow, and that is always something."

Left alone, Grayskin reflected sadly upon the fate in store for him. "Such is the way of the world," he thought. "When I was young and hearty nothing was too good for me. Now I'm old and useless I am to be cast out. But am I so useless after all? True, I can no longer pull a cart to market, but I have a magnificent voice still. There must be a place somewhere for one who can sing as beautifully as I. I'll go to the Cathedral of St. Gudule in Brussels and offer myself as a chorister."

Grayskin lost no time in acting upon his resolve, but left his stable immediately and set out on the road to Brussels. Passing the burgomaster's house he saw an old hound sitting disconsolately on the doorstep.

"Hallo, friend!" said he. "What is the matter with you? You seem very sad this morning."

"The matter is that I am tired of life," answered the dog. "I'm getting old and stiff, and I can no longer hunt hares for my master as I used to do. The result is that I am reckoned good for nothing, and they grudge me every morsel of food I put into my mouth."

"Come, come, cheer up, my friend," said Grayskin. "Never say die! I am in a similar case to yourself and have just left my master for precisely the same reason. My plan is to go to the Cathedral of St. Gudule and offer my services to the master of the choir. If I may say so without conceit, I have a lovely voice -- one must make the most of one's gifts, you know -- and I ought to be able to command good pay."

"Well, if it comes to that," said the dog, "I can sing too. I sang a lovely song to the moon last night, and if you'll believe me, all the people in our street opened their windows to listen. I sang for quite an hour, and I'd have gone on longer if some malicious person, who was no doubt jealous, had not thrown an old boot at my head."

"Excellent," said Grayskin. "Come along with me. You shall sing tenor and I'll sing bass. We'll make a famous pair."

So the dog joined company with Grayskin, and they went on together towards Brussels.

A little farther down the road they saw a cat sitting on the rubbish heap outside a miserable hovel. The creature was half blind with age and had a face as long as a fiddle.

"Why, what is the matter with you?" asked Grayskin, who had a tender heart.

"Matter enough," said the cat. "I've just been turned out of house and home, and all because I took a little piece of bacon from the larder. Upon my honor, it was no bigger than a baby's fist, but they made as much fuss as though it had been a whole gammon. I was beaten and kicked out to starve. If I could catch mice as I used to do, it would not matter so much, but the mice are too quick for me nowadays. They laugh at me. Nothing remains for me but to die, and I hope it may be soon."

"Nonsense," said Grayskin. "You shall live to laugh at all your troubles. Come along with us and sing in the choir at St. Gudule. Your voice is a little too thin for my own taste, but you'll make a very good soprano in a trio. What do you say?"

"You give me new hopes," answered the cat. "Of course I'll join you," and so the three went on together.

Towards nightfall they arrived at a farmyard, on the gate of which a cock was crowing lustily.

"Hall!" said Grayskin. "What's all this about?"

"I am singing my last song on earth," said the cock. "An hour ago I sang a song, although it is not my usual custom to crow in the afternoon, and as I ended I heard the farmer's wife say, 'Hearken to Chanticleer. He's crowing for fine weather tomorrow. I wonder if he'd crow so loudly if he

knew that we had guests coming, and that he was going into the pot to make their soup!" She has a horrid laugh, that woman. I have always hated her!"

"And do you mean to tell me," said Grayskin, "that you are going to stay here quite contentedly till they come to wring your neck?"

"What else can I do?" asked Chanticleer.

"Join us and turn your talents to account. We are all beautiful singers and we are going to Brussels to offer ourselves as choristers at St. Gudule. We were a trio before. With you we shall be a quartet, and that's one better!"

Chanticleer was only too glad to find a means of escape, so he willingly joined the party, and they once more took the road.

A little while afterwards they came to a thick wood, which was the haunt of a notorious band of robbers. There they decided to rest for the night, so Grayskin and the dog lay down beneath the shelter of a large beech tree, while the cat climbed onto one of the branches, and Chanticleer perched himself at the very top. From this lofty post he could see over the whole wood, and it was not long before he espied a light twinkling among the trees not far away.

"There must be a house of some sort over there," he said to his companions. "Shall we go and see? We may find something to eat."

"Or some straw to lie upon, at any rate," said Grayskin. "This damp ground gives me rheumatics in my old bones."

"I was just thinking the same thing," said the dog. "Let us go."

So the four choristers, led by the cock, walked in the direction from which the light came, and before long they found themselves in front of a little house, the windows of which were brilliantly lighted. In order to reach to the windows the animals made a tower of their bodies, with Grayskin at the bottom and Chanticleer at the top.

Now this house was the abode of a band of robbers, who, at that very moment, were seated before a table laden with all kinds of food. There they sat and feasted, and poor Chanticleer's mouth watered as he watched them.

"Is there anybody inside?" asked the dog, who was impatient.

"Hush!" said Chanticleer. "Men! They're eating their dinner!"

"I wish I was," said the dog. "What are they eating?"

"All sorts of things -- sausage and fish"

"Sausage!" said the dog.

"Fish!" said the cat.

"And ever so many other delicacies," Chanticleer went on. "Look here, friends. Wouldn't it be a fine thing if we could get a share of their meal? I confess that my stomach aches with hunger."

"And mine too," said the dog. "I've never been so hungry in my life. But how are we to get the food?"

"Let us serenade them, and perhaps they'll throw us something as a reward," said Grayskin. "Music, you know, has charms to soothe the savage breast."

This seemed such a good idea that the choristers lost no time in putting it into execution. All four began to sing. The donkey hee-hawed, the dog howled, the cat meowed, and the cock crowed. From the noise they made one would have thought that the heavens were falling.

The effect of this marvelous quartet upon the robbers was instantaneous. Leaping from their seats, they ran from place to place in mortal terror, tumbling over one another, oversetting chairs and adding to the racket by their shrieks and cries. At that moment the cock fell against the window, breaking the glass to smithereens. The donkey gave the frame a push, and all the four precipitated themselves into the room.

This was the last straw. The robbers could stand no more. Half mad with fear they rushed to the door and fled into the forest.

Then our four choristers drew up to the table and set to work upon the food with which it was laden. Their long walk had given them a good appetite, so that there was little left by the time they had finished. Feeling drowsy after their meal, they then settled themselves to sleep. The donkey made himself a bed on a heap of straw in the yard; the dog stretched himself out upon the mat by the house door; the cat lay among the warm cinders on the hearth; and the cock perched upon the rooftop. A few minutes more and they were all fast asleep.

Meanwhile the robbers, who had retreated some distance into the forest, waited anxiously for something dreadful to happen. An hour passed by and there was neither sight nor sound to alarm them, so they began to feel a little ashamed of their cowardice. Creeping stealthily nearer to the cottage, they saw that everything was still, and that no light was showing from the windows.

At last the robber chief sent his lieutenant to spy out the land, and this man, returning to the cottage without mishap, found his way into the kitchen and proceeded to light a candle. He had no matches, but he saw two sparks of fire among the cinders on the hearth, so he went forward to get a light from them.

Now this light came from the cat's eyes, and as soon as puss felt the robber touch her, she sprang up, snarling and spitting, and scratched his face. With a scream of terror, he dropped his candle and rushed for the door, and as he passed, the dog bit him in the leg. By this time the noise had

awakened Grayskin, who got upon his feet just as the man ran by, and helped him forward with a might kick, which sent him flying out into the roadway. Seeing this, the cock on the housetop spread his wings and crowed in triumph, "Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

I wish you could have seen the way that robber ran! He covered the ground so quickly that he seemed like a flying shadow, and I am perfectly certain that not even a hare could have overtaken him. At last, panting for breath, he rejoined his comrades in the forest, who were eagerly awaiting his return.

"Well," cried the chief, "is the way clear? Can we go back?"

"Not on any account," cried the robber. "There's a horrible witch in the kitchen. Directly I entered she sprang at me and tore my face with her long claws, calling out at the same time to her creatures to come and devour me. As I ran through the door, one of them buried his fangs in my leg, and a little farther on, in the yard, a great black monster struck at me with an enormous club, giving me a blow that nearly broke my backbone. On the roof a little demon with wings and eyes that shone like coals of fire cried, 'Stop him! Eat him! Stop him! Eat him!' You may guess that I did not wait for more. It is a miracle that I have escaped with my life!"

When they heard this terrible story the robbers lost no time in decamping, and such was their terror that they deserted the forest altogether and went away to another part of the country. The result was that our four friends were left to dwell in the cottage, where they lived happily for the rest of their lives, and as they had now everything they wanted, they quite gave up their idea of going to St. Gudule.

(44)The Robbers and the Farm Animals

Switzerland

Once upon a time there was a miller's servant who had served his master faithfully and diligently for many years. He had grown old in the mill, and the heavy work that he had to do there finally surpassed his strength. So one day he said to his master: "I can no longer serve you; I am too weak. I am therefore asking you for my dismissal and my wages."

The miller said: "The time of wandering servants has passed. You are free to leave if you wish, but you will receive no wages.

Now the old servant would sooner give up his wages than to continue to be tormented in the mill, so he took leave from his master.

Before leaving home he went to the animals that until now he had fed and tended, in order to bid them farewell. While taking leave from the horse, it said to him: "Where are you going?"

"I have to leave," he said. "I cannot take it here any longer." And when he set forth, the horse followed along after him.

He then went to the ox, stroked him once again, and said: "God be with you, old fellow!"

"Where are you going?" spoke the ox.

"Oh, I must leave. I cannot take it here any longer," said the miller's servant and sadly went on his way to take leave from the dog. The ox followed along behind, just as the horse had done. And the other animals to whom he said farewell -- the dog, the cat, and the goose -- all did the same thing.

He made his way out into the country, where he first noticed that the faithful animals were following him. He spoke to them in a friendly manner, asking them to turn around and return home. "I have nothing more for myself," he said, "and I can no longer care for you." But the animals told him that they would not abandon him, and they contentedly followed along behind.

After several days they came to a great forest. Here the horse and the ox found good grass, which the goose and the rooster enjoyed as well. However, the other animals -- the cat and the dog -- had to suffer hunger, as did the old miller's servant; but they did not grumble and complain. Finally, after having gone very deep into the forest, they suddenly saw a large, beautiful house before them. It was locked up securely. Only an empty stall was open, and from here they could go through the barn into the house itself.

Because no one could be seen in the house, the servant decided to stay there with his animals, and he assigned each one to a place. He put the horse up front in the stall. He led the ox to the other side. The rooster was given a place on the roof, the dog on the manure pile, the cat on the hearth, and the goose behind the stove. Then he gave each one his feed, which was plentifully stored in the house. He himself ate and drank all he wanted, then fell asleep in a good bed, which was all made up in the bedroom.

During the night, while he was fast asleep, the robber -- who owned the forest house -- returned. As he stepped into yard, the dog jumped on him furiously, and barked at him. The rooster cried down from the roof: "Cock-a-doodle-doo, cock-a-doodle-doo!" All this terrified the robber, for he had never seen farm animals that live with people, knowing instead only the wild animals of the forest. He fled hurriedly into the stall, but there the horse kicked out from behind, hitting him in the side. He staggered around and around, and only with difficulty could he retreat into the back part of the stall. He scarcely arrived there when the ox turned around and tried to pick him up on his horns. This frightened him anew, and he ran as fast as he could through the barn and into the kitchen, where he wanted to strike a light and see what was there. Feeling around the hearth, he touched the cat, which jumped on him and scratched him with its claws until jumped away head over heels, and tried to hide behind the stove in the main room. The goose jumped up, screaming and beating its wings. The terrified robber fled into the bedroom. There the miller's servant was snoring mightily like a purring spinning wheel, and the robber thought the entire room was filled with strangers. You had better believe that he was overcome by a terrible fear. He rushed out of the house and ran into the woods, not stopping until until he had found his fellow robbers.

He began talking: "I don't know what has happened in our house. Some strange people are living there. When I stepped into the yard a large wildman jumped at me, yelling and bellowing so terribly that I thought he would kill me. An another one cheered him on, calling down from the roof: 'Hit him for me too! Hit him for me too!' The first one was bad enough; I wasn't going to wait for more of them to jump me, so I fled into the stall. There a shoemaker threw a last at my side, and I can still feel where it hit. I ran to the back of the stall. A pitchfork maker was standing there who tried to impale me on his pitchfork. I ran into the kitchen, where a hackle maker beat me with his hackle [a sharp-toothed tool for combing flax]. I tried to hide behind the stove, but there was a shovel maker there who beat me with his shovel. Finally I ran into the bedroom, but there were so many others snoring in there that was happy to escape with my life."

When the robbers heard this, they were so horrified that not a one of them had any desire to enter the house. To the contrary, they believed that the entire region was threatened by these strange people. That same night they departed for another country, and they never returned.

The miller's servant lived in peace in the robbers' house with his faithful animals. He no longer had to suffer in his old age, for the beautiful garden next to the house produced more fruit, vegetables, and all kinds of food every year than he and his animals could eat.

(45)The Story of the White Pet

Scotland

There was a farmer before now who had a White Pet (sheep), and when Christmas was drawing near, he thought that he would kill the White Pet. The White Pet heard that, and he thought he would run away; and that is what he did.

He had not gone far when a bull met him. Said the bull to him, "All hail! White Pet, where are you going?"

"I," said the White Pet, "am going to seek my fortune; they were going to kill me for Christmas, and I thought I had better run away."

"It is better for me," said the bull, "to go with you, for they were going to do the very same with me."

"I am willing," said the White Pet; "the larger the party the better the fun."

They went forward until they fell in with a dog. "All hail! White Pet," said the dog.

"All hail! dog."

"Where are you going?" said the dog.

"I am running away, for I heard that they were threatening to kill me for Christmas."

"They were going to do the very same to me," said the dog, "and I will go with you."

"Come, then," said the White Pet.

They went then, until a cat joined them. "All hail! White Pet," said the cat.

"All hail! oh cat."

"Where are you going?" said the cat.

"I am going to seek my fortune," said the White Pet, "because they were going to kill me at Christmas."

"They were talking about killing me too," said the cat, "and I had better go with you."

"Come on then," said the White Pet.

Then they went forward until a cock met them. "All hail! White Pet," said the cock.

"All hail to yourself! oh cock," said the White Pet.

"Where," said the cock, "are you going?"

"I," said the White Pet, "am going away, for they were threatening my death at Christmas."

"They were going to kill me at the very same time," said the cock, "and I will go with you."

"Come, then," said the White Pet.

They went forward until they fell in with a goose. "All hail! White Pet," said the goose. "All hail to yourself! oh goose," said the White Pet.

"Where are you going?" said the goose.

"I," said the White Pet, "am running away, because they were going to kill me at Christmas."

"They were going to do that to me too," said the goose, "and I will go with you."

The party went forward until the night was drawing on them, and they saw a little light far away; and though far off, they were not long getting there. When they reached the house they said to each other that they would look in at the window to see who was in the house, and they saw thieves counting money; and the White Pet said, "Let every one of us call his own call. I will call my own call; and let the bull call his own call; let the dog call his own call; and the cat her own call; and the cock his own call; and the goose his own call." With that they gave out one shout -- Gaire!

When the thieves heard the shouting outside, they thought the mischief was there; and they fled out, and they went to a wood that was near them. When the White Pet and his company saw that the house was empty, they went in and they got the money that the thieves had been counting, and they divided it among themselves; and then they thought that they would settle to rest. Said the White Pet, "Where will you sleep tonight, oh bull?"

"I will sleep," said the bull, "behind the door where I used to be."

"Where will you sleep, White Pet?"

"I will sleep," said the White Pet, "in the middle of the floor where I used to be."

"Where will you sleep, oh dog?" said the White Pet.

"I will sleep beside the fire where I used to be," said the dog.

"Where will you sleep, oh cat?"

"I will sleep," said the cat, "in the candle press, where I like to be."

"Where will you sleep, oh cock?" said the White Pet.

"I," said the cock, "will sleep on the rafters where I used to be."

"Where will you sleep, oh goose?"

"I will sleep," said the goose, "on the manure pile, where I was accustomed to be."

They were not long settled to rest, when one of the thieves returned to look in to see if he could perceive if any one at all was in the house. All things were still, and he went on forward to the candle press for a candle, that he might kindle to make him a light; but when he put his hand in the box the cat thrust her claws into his hand, but he took a candle with him, and he tried to light it. Then the dog got up, and he stuck his tail into a pot of water that was beside the fire; he shook his tail and put out the candle. Then the thief thought that the mischief was in the house, and he fled; but when he was passing the White Pet, he gave him a blow; before he got past the bull, he gave him a kick; and the cock began to crow; and when he went out, the goose began to belabor him with his wings about the shanks.

He went to the wood where his comrades were, as fast as was in his legs. They asked him how it had gone with him. "It went," said he, "but middling; when I went to the candle press, there was a man in it who thrust ten knives into my hand; and when I went to the fireside to light the candle, there was a big black man lying there, who was sprinkling water on it to put it out; and when I tried to go out, there was a big man in the middle of the floor, who gave me a shove; and another man behind the door who pushed me out; and there was a little brat on the loft calling out Cuir-anees-an-shaw-ay-s-foni-mi-hayn-da -- Send him up here and I'll do for him; and there was a shoemaker, out on the manure pile, belaboring me about the shanks with his apron."

When the thieves heard that, they did not return to seek their lot of money; and the White Pet and his comrades got it to themselves; and it kept them peaceably as long as they lived.

(46) The Bull, the Tup, the Cock, and the Steg

England

A bull, a tup [ram], a cock, and a steg [gander] set out together to seek their fortune. When it got to night, they came to a house, and asked for a night's lodging, but the folks said no. However, at last they were let come into the kitchen. The bull said he would lie on the floor, the tup said he would lie by his side, the cock would perch on the rannel bank, and the steg would stand at t' back of the door.

At midnight, when all was quiet, two men, meaning to rob the house, were heard parleying outside which should go in, and which watch outside. One went in, the bull got up and knocked him about, the tup did the same, and the cock said, "Fetch him here, I'll pick out his eyen."

So he says, "I'd best be out of this."

As he went to the door, the steg took him by the nose with its neb, and beat him with its wings.

The other said when he got out, "What have you done?"

"Done!" says he, "The devil knocked me about; when he'd done, one of his imps set on. A thin wi' glowering eyen said, 'Fetch him here,' etc. and when I got to the door, a blacksmith took me by the snout with his tongs, and flapped me by the lugs with his leather apron."

(47) Jack and His Comrades

Ireland

Once there was a poor widow, as often there has been, and she had one son. A very scarce summer came, and they didn't know how they'd live till the new potatoes would be fit for eating. So Jack said to his mother one evening, "Mother, bake my cake, and kill my hen, till I go seek my fortune; and if I meet it, never fear but I'll soon be back to share it with you."

So she did as he asked her, and he set out at break of day on his journey. His mother came along with him to the yard gate, and says she, "Jack, which would you rather have, half the cake and half the hen with my blessing, or the whole of 'em with my curse?"

"O musha, mother," says Jack, "why do you ax me that question? Sure you know I wouldn't have your curse and Damer's estate along with it."

"Well, then, Jack," says she, "here's the whole lot of 'em, with my thousand blessings along with them." So she stood on the yard fence and blessed him as far as her eyes could see him.

Well, he went along and along till he was tired, and ne'er a farmer's house he went into wanted a boy. At last his road led by the side of a bog, and there was a poor ass up to his shoulders near a big bunch of grass he was striving to come at.

"Ah, then, Jack ashore," says he, "help me out or I'll be drowned."

"Never say't twice," says Jack, and he pitched in big stones and sods into the slop, till the ass got good ground under him.

"Thank you, Jack," says he, when he was out on the hard road. "I'll do as much for you another time. Where are you going?"

"Faith, I'm going to seek my fortune till harvest comes in, God bless it!"

"And if you like," says the ass, "I'll go along with you. Who knows what luck we may have!"

"With all my heart, it's getting late, let us be jogging."

Well, they were going through a village, and a whole army of gossoons were hunting a poor dog with a kettle tied to his tail. He ran up to Jack for protection, and the ass let such a roar out of him, that the little thieves took to their heels as if the ould boy was after them.

"More power to you, Jack," says the dog.

"I'm much obleeged to you" where is the baste and yourself going?"

"We're going to seek our fortune till harvest comes in."

"And wouldn't I be proud to go with you!" says the dog, "and get rid of them ill conducted boys; purshuing' to 'em."

"Well, well, throw your tail over your arm, and come along."

They got outside the town, and sat down under an old wall, and Jack pulled out his bread and meat, and shared with the dog; and the ass made his dinner on a bunch of thistles. While they were eating and chatting, what should come by but a poor half-starved cat, and the moll-row he gave out of him would make your heart ache.

"You look as if you saw the tops of nine houses since breakfast," says Jack. "Here's a bone and something on it."

"May your child never know a hungry belly!" says Tom. "It's myself that's in need of your kindness. May I be so bold as to ask where yez are all going?"

"We're going to seek our fortune till the harvest comes in, and you may join us if you like."

"And that I'll do with a heart and a half," says the cat, "and thank'ee for asking me."

Off they set again, and just as the shadows of the trees were three times as long as themselves, they heard a great cackling in a field inside the road, and out over the ditch jumped a fox with a fine black cock in his mouth.

"Oh, you anointed villain!" says the ass, roaring like thunder.

"At him, good dog!" says Jack, and the word wasn't out of his mouth when Coley was in full sweep after the Red Dog. Reynard dropped his prize like a hot potato, and was off like shot, and the poor cock came back fluttering and trembling to Jack and his comrades.

"O musha, naybours!" says he, "wasn't it the heighth o' luck that threw you in my way! Maybe I won't remember your kindness if ever I find you in hardship; and where in the world are you all going?"

"We're going to seek our fortune till the harvest comes in; you may join our party if you like, and sit on Neddy's crupper when your legs and wings are tired."

Well, the march began again, and just as the sun was gone down they looked around, and there was neither cabin, nor farm house in sight.

"Well, well," says Jack, "the worse luck now the better another time, and it's only a summer night after all. We'll go into the wood, and make our bed on the long grass."

No sooner said than done. Jack stretched himself on a bunch of dry grass, the ass lay near him, the dog and cat lay in the ass's warm lap, and the cock went to roost in the next tree.

Well, the soundness of deep sleep was over them all, when the cock took a notion of crowing.

"Bother you, Black Cock!" says the ass: "you disturbed me from as nice a wisp of hay as ever I tasted. What's the matter?"

"It's daybreak that's the matter: don't you see light yonder?"

"I see a light indeed," says Jack, "but it's from a candle it's coming, and not from the sun. As you've roused us we may as well go over, and ask for lodging."

So they all shook themselves, and went on through grass, and rocks, and briars, till they got down into a hollow, and there was the light coming through the shadow, and along with it came singing, and laughing, and cursing.

"Easy, boys!" says Jack: "walk on your tippy toes till we see what sort of people we have to deal with."

So they crept near the window, and there they saw six robbers inside, with pistols, and blunderbushes, and cutlasses, sitting at a table, eating roast beef and pork, and drinking mulled beer, and wine, and whisky punch.

"Wasn't that a fine haul we made at the Lord of Dunlavin's!" says one ugly-looking thief with his mouth full, "and it's little we'd get only for the honest porter! Here's his purty health!"

"The porter's purty health!" cried out every one of them, and Jack bent his finger at his comrades.

"Close your ranks, my men," says he in a whisper, "and let everyone mind the word of command."

So the ass put his fore-hoofs on the sill of the window, the dog got on the ass's head, the cat on the dog's head, and the cock on the cat's head. Then Jack made a sign, and they all sung out like mad.

"Hee-haw, hee-haw!" roared the ass; "bow-wow!" barked the dog; "meaw-meaw!" cried the cat; "cock-a-doodle-doo!" crowed the cock.

"Level your pistols!" cried Jack, "and make smithereens of 'em. Don't leave a mother's son of 'em alive; present, fire!"

With that they gave another halloo, and smashed every pane in the window. The robbers were frightened out of their lives. They blew out the candles, threw down the table, and skelped out at the back door as if they were in earnest, and never drew rein till they were in the very heart of the wood.

Jack and his party got into the room, closed the shutters, lighted the candles, and ate and drank till hunger and thirst were gone. Then they lay down to rest -- Jack in the bed, the ass in the stable, the dog on the doormat, the cat by the fire, and the cock on the perch.

At first the robbers were very glad to find themselves safe in the thick wood, but they soon began to get vexed.

"This damp grass is very different from our warm room," says one.

"I was obliged to drop a fine pig's foot," says another.

"I didn't get a tayspoonful of my last tumbler," says another.

"And all the Lord of Dunlavin's gold and silver that we left behind!" says the last.

"I think I'll venture back," says the captain, "and see if we can recover anything."

"That's a good boy!" said they all, and away he went.

The lights were all out, and so he groped his way to the fire, and there the cat flew in his face, and tore him with teeth and claws. He let a roar out of him, and made for the room door, to look for a candle inside. He trod on the dog's tail, and if he did, he got the marks of his teeth in his arms, and legs, and thighs.

"Thousand murders!" cried he; "I wish I was out of this unlucky house."

When he got to the street door, the cock dropped down upon him with his claws and bill, and what the cat and dog done to him was only a flay-bite to what he got from the cock.

"Oh, tatteration to you all, you unfeeling vagabones!" says he, when he recovered his breath; and he staggered and spun round and round till he reeled into the stable, back foremost, but the ass received him with a kick on the broadest part of his small clothes, and laid him comfortably on the dunghill.

When he came to himself, he scratched his head, and began to think what happened him; and as soon as he found that his legs were able to carry him, he crawled away, dragging one foot after another, till he reached the wood.

"Well, well," cried them all, when he came within hearing, "any chance of our property?"

"You may say chance," says he, "and it's itself is the poor chance all out. Ah, will any of you pull a bed of dry grass for me? All the sticking-plaster in Enniscorthy will be too little for the cuts and bruises I have on me. Ah, if you only knew what I have gone through for you! When I got to the kitchen fire, looking for a sod of lighted turf, what should be there but an old woman carding flax, and you may see the marks she left on my face with the cards. I made to the room door as fast as I could, and who should I stumble over but a cobbler and his seat, and if he did not work at me with his awls and his pinchers you may call me a rogue. Well, I got away from him somehow, but when I was passing through the door, it must be the divel himself that pounced down on me with his claws, and his teeth, that were equal to sixpenny nails, and his wings -- ill luck be in his road! Well, at last I reached the stable, and there, by was of salute, I got a pelt from a sledge-hammer that sent me half a mile off. If you don't believe me, I'll give you leave to go and judge for yourselves."

"Oh, my poor captain," says they, "we believe you to the nines. Catch us, indeed, going within a hen's race of that unlucky cabin!"

Well, before the sun shook his doublet next morning, Jack and his comrades were up and about. They made a hearty breakfast on what was left the night before, and then they all agreed to set off to the castle of the Lord of Dunlavin, and give him back all his gold and silver. Jack put it all in the two ends of a sack and laid it across Neddy's back, and all took the road in their hands. Away they went, through bogs, up hills, down dales, and sometimes along the yellow high road, till they came to the hall door of the Lord of Dunlavin, and who should be there, airing his powdered head, his white stockings, and his red breeches, but the thief of a porter.

He gave a cross look to the visitors, and says he to Jack, "What do you want here, my fine fellow?" There isn't room for you all."

"We want," says Jack, "what I'm sure you haven't to give us -- and that is, common civility."

"Come, be off, you lazy strollers!" says he, "while a cat 'ud be licking her ear, or I'll let the dogs at you."

"Would you tell a body," says the cock that was perched on the ass's head, "who was it that opened the door for the robbers the other night?"

Ah! maybe the porter's red face didn't turn the color of his frill, and the Lord of Dunlavin and his pretty daughter, that were standing at the parlor window unknownst to the porter, put out their heads.

"I'd be glad, Barney," says the master, "to hear your answer to the gentleman with the red comb on him."

"Ah, my lord, don't believe the rascal. Sure I didn't open the door to the six robbers."

"And how did you know there were six, you poor innocent?" said the lord.

"Never mind, sir," says Jack, "all your gold and silver is there in that sack, and I don't think you will begrudge us our supper and bed after our long march from the wood of Athsalach."

"Begrudge, indeed! Not one of you will ever see a poor day if I can help it."

So all were welcomed to their heart's content, and the ass and the dog and the cock got the best posts in the farmyard, and the cat took possession of the kitchen. The lord took Jack in hands, dressed him from top to toe in broadcloth, and frills as white as snow, and turnpumps, and put a watch in his fob. When they sat down to dinner, the lady of the house said Jack had the air of a born gentleman about him, and the lord said he'd make him his steward. Jack brought his mother, and settled her comfortably near the castle, and all were as happy as you please.

(48) How Jack Went to Seek His Fortune

USA

Once on a time there was a boy named Jack, and one morning he started to go and seek his fortune. He hadn't gone very far before he met a cat.

"Where are you going, Jack?" said the cat.

"I am going to seek my fortune."

"May I go with you?"

"Yes," said Jack, "the more the merrier."

So on they went, jiggelty-jolt, jiggelty-jolt.

They went a little further and they met a dog.

"Where are you going, Jack?" said the dog.

"I am going to seek my fortune."

"May I go with you?"

"Yes," said Jack, "the more the merrier."

So on they went, jiggelty-jolt, jiggelty-jolt.

They went a little further and they met a goat,

"Where are you going, Jack?" said the goat.

"I am going to seek my fortune."

"May I go with you?"

"Yes," said Jack, "the more the merrier."

So on they went, jiggelty-jolt, jiggelty-jolt.

They went a little further and they met a bull.

"Where are you going, Jack?" said the bull.

"I am going to seek my fortune."

"May I go with you?"

"Yes," said Jack, "the more the merrier."

So on they went, jiggelty-jolt, jiggelty-jolt.

They went a little further and they met a skunk.

"Where are you going, Jack?" said the skunk.

"May I go with you?"

"Yes," said Jack, "the more the merrier."

So on they went, jiggelty-jolt, jiggelty-jolt.

They went a little further and they met a rooster.

"Where are you going, Jack?" said the rooster.

"I am going to seek my fortune."

"May I go with you?"

"Yes," said Jack, "the more the merrier."

So on they went, jiggelty-jolt, jiggelty-jolt.

Well, they went on till it was about dark, and they began to think of some place where they could spend the night. About this time they came in sight of a house, and Jack told them to keep still while he went up a looked in through the window. And there were some robbers counting over their money. Then Jack went back and told them to wait till he gave the word, and then to make all the noise they could. So when they were all ready Jack gave the word, and the cat mewed, and the dog barked, and the goat blatted, and the bull bellowed, and the rooster crowed, and all together they made such a dreadful noise that it frightened the robbers all away.

And then they went in a took possession of the house. Jack was afraid the robbers would come back in the night, and so when it came time to go to bed he put the cat in the rocking-chair, and he put the dog under the table, and he put the goat upstairs, and he put the bull down cellar, and he put the skunk in the corner of the fireplace, and the rooster flew up onto the roof, and Jack went to bed.

By and by the robbers saw it was all dark, and they sent one man back to the house to look after their money. Before long he came back in a great fright and told them his story.

"I went back to the house," said he, "and went in an tried to sit down in the rocking-chair, and there was an old woman knitting, and she stuck her knitting needles into me. I went to the table to look after the money, and there was a shoemaker under the table, and he stuck his awl into me. I started to go upstairs, and there was a man up there threshing, and he knocked me down with his flail. I started to go down cellar, and there was a man down there chopping wood, and he knocked me up with his axe. I went to warm me at the fireplace, and there was an old woman washing dishes, and she threw her dishwater onto me. But I shouldn't have minded all that if it hadn't been for that little fellow on top of the house, who kept a hollering, 'Toss him up to me-e! Toss him up to me-e!'"

(49) The Dog, the Cat, the Ass, and the Cock

USA

Once upon a time, a long while ago, when beasts and fowls could talk, it happened that a dog lived in a farmer's barnyard. By and by he grew tired of watching the house all night and working hard all day, so he thought he'd go out into the world to seek his fortune. One fine day, when the farmer had gone away, he started off down the road.

He hadn't gone far when he spied a cat curled up asleep on a door-stone in a farmer's yard, so he looked over the fence and called to the cat, "I'm going out into the world to seek my fortune. Don't you want to come along too?"

But the cat said she was very comfortable where she was, and didn't think she cared to go traveling. But the dog told her that by and by when she got old the farmer wouldn't let her lie on his sunny door-stone, but would make her lie in the cold, no matter whether it snowed or not. So the cat concluded she'd go along too, and they walked down the road arm in arm.

They hadn't gone far when they spied a jackass eating grass in a farmer's yard.

So the dog looked over the fence and called to the jackass, "We're going out into the world to seek our fortune. Don't you want to come along too?"

But the jackass said he was very comfortable where he was, and didn't think he cared to go traveling. But the dog told him that by and by, when he got old and stiff, he'd have to work early and late, year after year, for only just what he would eat, and short allowance at that. So the jackass concluded to go along too, and they all walked down the road arm in arm.

They hadn't gone far when they spied a cock crowing in a farmer's yard, so the dog looked over the fence and called, "We're going out into the world to seek our fortune. Don't you want to come along too?"

But the rooster said he was very comfortable where he was, and didn't think he cared to go traveling. But the dog told him that by and by, when it came Thanksgiving, *pop* would go his head, and he'd make a fine dinner for the farmer. So the rooster concluded he'd go along too, and they all walked down the road arm in arm.

Now they had neglected to take anything to eat along with them, and when night overtook them, weary, footsore, and hungry, they were in a dense forest, and they all began to blame the dog for getting them into such a scrape. The ass proposed that the cock should fly to the top of a high tree to see if he could discover a place for them to lodge. He had scarcely perched on a limb before he called to his friends that a house was a little way off, for he could see a light in the window. The dog called to him to come down and lead the way to the house, and they all walked off arm in arm to the house.

When they got there it was perfectly still about the house. They could hear no one inside. The ass kicked at the door, but no one answered. They looked about and found the house had only one window, and that was so high up they couldn't look in. He proposed that the jackass should stand on his hind legs, with his forelegs resting against the house, while the dog should clamber up his back and stand on his head, the cat run up the backs of both, and the rooster fly to the cat's head, and then he could just look in at the window.

"Hurry and tell what you see," said the jackass, "for my neck is breaking off."

"I see a fire on a hearth and a table loaded with all sorts of fine things to eat: turkey and plum pudding, and pan-dowdy, and a band of men sitting round the table."

"Zounds!" said the dog, "we must get in."

So the rooster flew against the window with such a crash that it scared the robbers -- for this was a band of robbers -- nearly to death. They jumped up from the table so quickly that they overturned their chairs and whisked out the candles, while in flew the rooster, the cat, and the dog at the window, while the jackass went round and waited at the door till the robbers came out and ran away.

Then the beasts lighted the candles again, and picked up the chairs, and sat down and had a good supper. Then they began to look about to see how they should dispose of themselves for the night. The jackass went out in the barn to sleep in the hay, the dog lay on the rug by the hearth, the cat took up her bed among the warm ashes, and the rooster flew to the ridgepole of the house, and soon all were fast asleep, being very tired by their long day's journey.

By and by the robbers plucked up courage, and about midnight came back to the house to see if perchance they had not been scared at their shadows. Two of them got in at the window to take a survey, and seeing the cat's glowing eyes in the ashes mistook them for coals, and scratching a match in them the cat sunk her claws in his hand, which terrified him so much that in attempting to escape he ran against the dog, and he in turn caught the robber by the leg and bit him.

By this time the tumult had awakened the ass, and just as the robber rushed out at the door the jackass met him and kicked him ten feet in the air, while the rooster set up a hideous crowing. It took but a few minutes for the robbers to escape to the woods and find their companions, to whom they told a doleful tale, how in trying to light a match at the fireplace the devil with red-hot eyes stuck his claws into his hands, a second devil attacked him in the rear, while another devil kicked him into the air, and as he came down on the greensward, more dead than alive, another horrid demon from the housetop cried out, "Throw the rascal up her, through the rascal up here."

The thieves could never be induced to go back to the house. They thought it haunted by devils. So our friends, the jackass, the dog, the cat, and the rooster, lived there happy forever after, preferring it to traveling about to see the world.

(50) The World's Reward

South Africa

Once there was a man that had an old dog, so old that the man desired to put him aside. The dog had served him very faithfully when he was still young, but ingratitude is the world's reward, and the man now wanted to dispose of him. The old dumb creature, however, ferreted out the plan of his master, and so at once resolved to go away of his own accord.

After he had walked quite a way he met an old bull in the veldt.

"Don't you want to go with me?" asked the dog.

"Where?" was the reply.

"To the land of the aged," said the dog, "where troubles don't disturb you, and thanklessness does not deface the deeds of man."

"Good," said the bull, "I am your companion."

The two now walked on and found a ram. The dog laid the plan before him, and all moved off together, until they afterwards came successively upon a donkey, a cat, a cock, and a goose. These joined their company, and the seven set out on their journey.

Late one night they came to a house, and through the open door they saw a table spread with all kinds of nice food, of which some robbers were having their fill. It would help nothing to ask for admittance, and seeing that they were hungry, they must think of something else.

Therefore the donkey climbed up on the bull, the ram on the donkey, the dog on the ram, the cat on the dog, the goose on the cat, and the cock on the goose, and with one accord they all let out terrible (threatening) noises (cryings). The bull began to bellow, the donkey to bray, the dog to bark, the ram to bleat, the cat to mew, the goose to giggle gaggles, and the cock to crow, all without cessation.

The people in the house were frightened perfectly limp; they glanced out through the front door, and there they stared on the strange sight. Some of them took to the ropes over the back lower door, some disappeared through the window, and in a few counts the house was empty.

Then the seven old animals climbed down from one another, stepped into the house, and satisfied themselves with the delicious food.

But when they had finished, there still remained a great deal of food, too much to take with them on their remaining journey, and so together they contrived a plan to hold their position until the next day after breakfast.

The dog said, "See here, I am accustomed to watch at the front door of my master's house," and thereupon flopped himself down to sleep; the bull said, "I go behind the door," and there he took his position; the ram said, "I will go up on to the loft"; the donkey, "I at the middle door"; the cat,

"I in the fireplace"; the goose, "I in the back door "; and the cock said, "I am going to sleep on the bed."

The captain of the robbers after a while sent one of his men back to see if these creatures had yet left the house. The man came very cautiously into the neighborhood, listened and listened, but he heard nothing; he peeped through the window, and saw in the grate just two coals still glimmering, and thereupon started to walk through the front door. There the old dog seized him by the leg. He jumped into the house, but the bull was ready, swept him up with his horns, and tossed him on to the loft. Here the ram received him and pushed him off the loft again. Reaching ground, he made for the middle door, but the donkey set up a terrible braying and at the same time gave him a kick that landed him in the fireplace, where the cat flew at him and scratched him nearly to pieces. He then jumped out through the back door, and here the goose got him by the trousers. When he was some distance away the cock crowed. He thereupon ran so that you could hear the stones rattle in the dark.

Purple and crimson and out of breath, he came back to his companions.

"Frightful, frightful!" was all that they could get from him at first, but after a while he told them, "When I looked through the window I saw in the fireplace two bright coals shining, and when I wanted to go through the front door to go and look, I stepped into an iron trap. I jumped into the house, and there some one seized me with a fork and pitched me up on to the loft, there again someone was ready, and threw me down on all fours. I wanted to fly through the middle door, but there some one blew on a trumpet, and smote me with a sledge hammer so that I did not know where I landed; but coming to very quickly, I found I was in the fireplace, and there another flew at me and scratched the eyes almost out of my head. I thereupon fled out of the back door, and lastly I was attacked on the leg by the sixth with a pair of fire tongs, and when I was still running away, someone shouted out of the house, 'Stop him, stop h - i - m!'"

(51) The Jews' Stone

Austria

In the year 1462 in the village of Rinn in Tyrol a number of Jews convinced a poor farmer to surrender his small child to them in return for a large sum of money. They took the child out into the woods, where, on a large stone, they martyred it to death in the most unspeakable manner. From that time the stone has been called the Jews' Stone. Afterward they hung the mutilated body on a birch tree not far from a bridge.

The child's mother was working in a field when the murder took place. She suddenly thought of her child, and without knowing why, she was overcome with fear. Meanwhile, three drops of fresh blood fell onto her hand, one after the other. Filled with terror she rushed home and asked for her child. Her husband brought her inside and confessed what he had done. He was about to show her the money that would free them from poverty, but it had turned into leaves. Then the father became mad and died from sorrow, but the mother went out and sought her child. She found it hanging from the tree and, with hot tears, took it down and carried it to the church at

Rinn. It is lying there to this day, and the people look on it as a holy child. They also brought the Jews' Stone there.

According to legend a shepherd cut down the birch tree, from which the child had hung, but when he attempted to carry it home he broke his leg and died from the injury.

(52) The Girl Who Was Killed by Jews

Germany

In the year 1267 in Pforzheim an old woman, driven by greed, sold an innocent seven-year-old girl to the Jews. The Jews gagged her to keep her from crying out, cut open her veins, and surrounded her in order to catch her blood with cloths. The child soon died from the torture, and they weighted her down with stones and threw her into the Enz River.

A few days later little Margaret reached her little hand above the streaming water. A number of people, including the Margrave himself soon assembled. Some boatmen succeeded in pulling the child out of the water. She was still alive, but as soon as she had called for vengeance against her murderers, she died.

Suspicion fell upon the Jews, and they were all summoned to appear. As they approached the corpse, blood began to stream from its open wounds. The Jews and the old woman confessed the evil deed and were executed. The child's coffin, with an inscription, stands next to the bell rope near the entrance to the palace church at Pforzheim.

Children of the members the boatmen's guild unanimously pass the legend from generation to generation that at that time the Margrave rewarded their ancestors by freeing them from sentry duty in the city of Pforzheim "as long as the sun and the moon continue to shine." At the same time they were given the right to be represented by twenty-four boatmen, carrying arms and musical instruments, who parade and stand watch over the city every year at the Carnival celebration. This privilege applies even to this day.

(53) Pfefferkorn the Jew at Halle

Germany

In the year 1515, or according to others 1514, on September 13, the Wednesday following Saint Aegidius' Day, at the Jewish cemetery near Moritz Castle, Johann Pfefferkorn, a baptized Jew from Halle, after having been tortured with red-hot pincers, was bound to a column with a chain fastened around his body in such a manner that he could walk around the column. Burning coals were place around him, then raked ever closer to him, until he was roasted and then burned to death. He had confessed that:

1. For about twenty years he had served as a priest, although he had never been ordained or consecrated.

2. He had stolen three consecrated hosts. He had kept one of them, martyring and piercing it. The other two he had sold to the Jews.
3. Having received one hundred guilder from the Jews, he had sworn an oath to them that he would poison Archbishop Albrecht of Magdeburg and Elector Joachim of Brandenburg, together with all of their court officials. This very nearly happened, for he was in possession of poison at the time of his arrest.
4. Likewise, to give poison to all the subjects of the Archbishoprics of Magdeburg and Halberstadt and to persecute them with arson.
5. He had stolen two children, one of whom he sold to the Jews. He himself helped them to martyr and pierce the one child, so they could collect its blood to mix with their excrement. Because it had red hair, he gave the other one away without harming it.
6. He had presented himself as a physician. However, instead of helping his patients, he gave them poison, thus killing fifteen people.
7. He had stolen a bound devil from a priest in Franconia, using it to practice sorcery. He later sold in for five guilders.
8. He had poisoned wells.

(54) The Expulsion of the Jews from Prussia

Germany

The Jews were expelled from Prussia under Grand Master Ludolph König, for the following reason:

At the time of this Grand Master in the city of Schwetz there lived a fisherman who had but little luck fishing on the Weichsel River and who was therefore very poor. One day a Jew came to him and taught him how he could take a consecrated host, place it in his net, and thus catch as many fish as he wanted.

The poor man followed the Jew's advice. Whenever he participated in the sacrament of the Lord's supper, he did not swallow the Lord's flesh but instead secretly took it from his mouth, then caught many fish with it, and became a rich man.

One year afterward the Jew was imprisoned for other misdeeds, and he also confessed to what he had taught the fisherman. The fisherman learned what had happened, jumped quickly into his boat, and escaped. However, the Jew was executed, and all of his fellow Jews were expelled from the land.

From that time forth no Jews have been allowed to enter Prussia, except to attend the Twelfth-Night Fair at Thorn, and even then they must be escorted and must wear a sign on their clothing so they can be recognized.

(55) The Bloody Children of the Jews

Germany

Between about 1492 and 1500 in many areas of Germany, for example in Brandenburg and in Mecklenburg, the Jews were committing all kinds of godless sins, especially the desecration of the holy sacrament. For this reason they were expelled from the country by their lords. Duke Bogislav of Pomerania was among those who expelled the Jews, many of whom at that time were living at Damm near Stettin, at Bart, and in all the small towns in the country.

Among these Jews there were a man and a woman who had themselves baptized. The Duke allowed them to stay, and they moved to the vicinity of Lake Trieb. However, their baptism was only for the sake of appearance, and in reality they remained Jews. For this reason, they were visibly punished by God.

Every time the woman gave birth to a child, it came to the earth with a bloody hand. Because the Christian women observed this, everyone shied away from them, and no one wanted to have anything to do with them. Therefore the Jew and his wife moved away from Lake Trieb, first to Lassahn, and then to Usedom. But the curse followed them wherever they went, until they finally underwent a spiritual conversion and confessed that previously they had remained Jews in their hearts.

(56) The Imprisoned Jew at Magdeburg

Germany

At the time of Bishop Conrad of Magdeburg, who was born a Count of Sternberg, and who died in the year 1278, a Jew fell into a privy on a Saturday. Because it was the Sabbath, the Jews would not pull him out, nor would they allow Christians to do so, because the Jew would have had to help by grabbing hold with his hands.

The Bishop was so outraged by this superstition that the following day, Sunday -- the Christian Sabbath, he decreed that the Jews would have to keep the Christian Sabbath as well. Thus the poor fool had to spend two days and two nights stuck in a privy.

(57) The Chapel of the Holy Body at Magdeburg

Germany

In the year 1315 a thief broke into Saint Paul's Church in Magdeburg during the night and stole a box containing consecrated hosts, which were used for the sacrament. The next morning he took them to Saint Peter's Church, intending to place them on the altar there. However, he changed his mind and threw the sacrament into a puddle between the paving stones behind the churchyard. He turned the box over to the Jews.

Now it happened that someone came by with a water cart that was used to carry water from the River Elbe for the purpose of beer brewing. The horses stopped when they came to the place where the sacrament was lying, and they would not proceed. The cart driver became aware of the

sacrament lying there, and a miller, who just happened upon the scene, picked it up with his sword.

They soon discovered who the thief was. He was captured in the clothing market with the Jews and was afterward dragged to death.

In commemoration of this miracle, the citizens built a chapel where the sacrament had been found. The chapel was named the Chapel of the Holy Body. Inside they painted a mural depicting the event and hung the sword that had been used to pick up the sacrament.

The chapel was still standing behind the Saint Mary Magdalene Convent until a short time ago. One could enter the chapel either from the convent or from the churchyard.

Inside the chapel there was also a well and an iron bucket with which one could draw water.

(58) The Lost Jew

Germany

Eighty-one year old Frau Bandow from F◆nfeichen narrated:

Once in my life I saw the lost Jew. One afternoon I was home alone when a youthful Jewish man entered my house. He wanted neither to buy nor to sell anything, but with his Jewish accent asked me for a bite of bread.

I said to him, "You won't like our coarse peasant bread," to which he replied, "I will like it, if the lady would just give me some."

I then asked him, "Have you come a long way?"

He answered, "My way is long! I must travel forever throughout the world!" With that he left, but a short time later he returned and asked again for a bite of bread.

I immediately said to myself, "Today you have seen the lost Jew," but to make sure I asked the preacher. He listened to my story and said that he could not prove it, but that the belief was there.

This answer only strengthened the woman's opinion, which was further verified through an innkeeper's wife from a neighboring village, where the Jew had stayed overnight. She reported that he had eaten nothing and that he had not slept. She had prepared a place for him to lie down, but he paced back and forth in the sitting room the entire night.

Even in her old age, the woman who told this story took great pleasure that she had had the good fortune to have seen the lost Jew.

(59) The Story of Judas

Italy

You must know that Judas was the one who betrayed Jesus Christ.

Now when Judas betrayed him, his Master said: "Repent, Judas, for I pardon you."

But Judas, not at all! He departed with his bag of money, in despair and cursing heaven and earth. What did he do? While he was going along thus desperate he came across a tamarind tree. (You must know that the tamarind was formerly a large tree, like the olive and walnut.) When he saw this tamarind a wild thought entered his mind, remembering the treason he had committed. He made a noose in a rope and hung himself to the tamarind. And hence it is (because this traitor Judas was cursed by God) that the tamarind tree dried up, and from that time on it ceased growing up into a tree and became a short, twisted, and tangled bush; and its wood is good for nothing, neither to burn, nor to make anything out of, and all on account of Judas, who hanged himself on it.

Some say that the soul of Judas went to the lowest hell, to suffer the most painful torments; but I have heard, from older persons who can know, that Judas's soul has a severer sentence. They say that it is in the air, always wandering about the world, without being able to rise higher or fall lower; and every day, on all the tamarind shrubs that it meets, it sees its body hanging and torn by the dogs and birds of prey. They say that the pain he suffers cannot be told, and that it makes the flesh creep to think of it. And thus Jesus Christ condemned him for his great treason.

(60) Malchus at the Column

Italy

Malchus was the head of the Jews who killed our Lord. The Lord pardoned them all, and likewise the good thief, but he never pardoned Malchus, because it was he who gave the Madonna a blow.

He is confined under a mountain, and condemned to walk around a column, without resting, as long as the world lasts. Every time that he walks about the column he gives it a blow in memory of the blow he gave the mother of our Lord. He has walked around the column so long that he has sunk into the ground. He is now up to his neck. When he is under, head and all, the world will come to an end, and God will then send him to the place prepared for him. He asks all those who go to see him (for there are such) whether children are yet born; and when they say yes, he gives a deep sigh and resumes his walk, saying: "The time is not yet!" for before the world comes to an end there will be no children born for seven years.

(61) Buttadeu

Sicily

It was in winter, and my good father was at Sacalone, in the warehouse, warming himself at the fire, when he saw a man enter, dressed differently from the people of that region, with breeches striped in yellow, red, and black, and his cap the same way. My good father was frightened.

"Oh!" he said, "what is this person?"

"Do not be afraid," the man said. "I am called Buttadeu."

"Oh!" said my father, "I have heard you mentioned. Be pleased to sit down a while and tell me something."

"I cannot sit, for I am condemned by my God always to walk." And while he was speaking he was always walking up and down and had no rest. Then he said: "Listen. I am going away; I leave you, in memory of me, this, that you must say a *credo* at the right hand of our Lord, and five other *credos* at his left, and a *salve regina* to the Virgin, for the grief I suffer on account of her son. I salute you."

"Farewell."

"Farewell, my name is Buttadeu."

(62) The Eternal Jew on the Matterhorn

Switzerland

Mount Matter beneath the Matterhorn in Valais is a high glacier from which the Vispa River flows. According to popular legend, an imposing city existed there ages ago. The Wandering Jew (as many Swiss call the Eternal Jew) came there once and said: "When I pass this way a second time there will be nothing but trees and rocks where you now see houses and streets. And when my path leads me here a third time, there will be nothing but snow and ice."

And now nothing can be seen there but snow and ice.

(63) The Man and His Two Wives

Aesop

A middle-aged man had two wives, one who was old and one who was young. Each one desired to see him like herself. Now the man's hair was turning gray, which the young wife did not like, as it made him look too old for her husband. So every night she used to comb his hair and pull out the white ones. But the elder wife saw her husband growing gray with great pleasure, for she did not like to be mistaken for his mother. So every morning she used to arrange his hair and pull out as many of the black ones as she could. In consequence the man soon found himself entirely bald.

Moral: Yield to all and you will soon have nothing to yield.

(64) The Middle-Aged Man and the Two Widows

A man of middle age,
Fast getting gray,
Thought it would be but sage
To fix the marriage day.
He had in stocks,
And under locks,
Money enough to clear his way.

Such folks can pick and choose; all tried to please
The moneyed man; but he, quite at his ease,
Showed no great hurry,
Fuss, nor scurry.
"Courting," he said, "was no child's play."

Two widows in his heart had shares --
One young; the other, rather past her prime,
By careful art repairs
What has been carried off by Time.

The merry widows did their best
To flirt and coax, and laugh and jest;
Arranged, with much of bantering glee,
His hair, and curled it playfully.

The eldest, with a wily theft,
Plucked one by one the dark hairs left.
The younger, also plundering in her sport,
Snipped out the gray hair, every bit.
Both worked so hard at either sort,
They left him bald -- that was the end of it.

"A thousand thanks, fair ladies," said the man;
"You've plucked me smooth enough;
Yet more of gain than loss, so *quantum suff.*,
For marriage now is not at all my plan.

She whom I would have taken t'other day
To enroll in Hymen's ranks,
Had but the wish to make me go *her* way,
And not my own;
A head that's bald must live alone;
For this good lesson, ladies, many thanks.

(65) The Bald Old Man

Korea

Long, long ago an old man had a young mistress, though he kept the affair secret. He let her pull out all his white hair, so that he might not look so old. His wife noticed that he had less white hair, and guessed that he must be keeping a mistress. So she abused him roundly for deceiving her.

Her husband feigned ignorance and protested, "Certainly not! I would never do a thing like that." Then to prove his innocence he let his wife pull out his black hair. In her jealousy she pulled it all out, so that he might no longer be attractive to his mistress. And so the old man became completely bald.

(66) The Mix-up

Germany

A student, a barber, and a bald man were traveling together. One night in an inn they felt ill at ease, so they decided to take turns keeping watch. They drew lots, and the barber got the first turn. While he was keeping watch he took out his razor and shaved the student's head completely bald. When the student's time came to keep watch, the barber awakened him.

Still half asleep, the student scratched his head, and finding no hair, he said, "That stupid fool of a barber made a mistake and woke up the bald man instead of me."

(67) How Saint Peter Lost His Hair

Germany

Everyone knows that Saint Peter is entirely bald, except for a single lock of hair in front that falls over his forehead, but most people do not know the following story that explains how this came to be.

While he and Christ were traveling together they came to a farmhouse where the farmwife was just cooking up some large yeast pancakes in grease. According to others it was noodles.

Saint Peter entered the house to beg for some pancakes, while the Lord waited outside. The farmwife was a good-hearted woman, and she gave Peter three pancakes, fresh from the pan. But Peter was selfish, and in order to gain an advantage when the pancakes were divided up, he quickly hid one of them in his cap, then put it on his head. He pretended that he had received only two pancakes, one of which he gave to the Lord.

The pancake under his cap was still hot, and it began to burn Peter terribly on the head, but he could not do anything about it; he just had to bear the pain.

Later, when he took off his cap, he discovered that the hot pancake had burned into his head a large bald spot, which remained with him as long as he lived. Only the lock of hair that had protruded from the front of his cap was spared. Thus Saint Peter's bald head has one lock of hair in front.

(68) Why the Vulture is Bald

Burma

The vulture was originally a humble old bird, and rather stupid. His plumage was not exceptionally beautiful, but quite passable. One day, however, he noticed that his feathers were falling off. He consulted other birds, who told him that he was merely moulting, and new would grow later. But the vulture was pessimistic, and soon became thin and sickly with worry about his plumage. At last the other birds took pity on him, and each gave him a feather to stick on his body. When all the birds had given him their feathers, the vulture looked a wonderful bird with a plumage of all colors.

The vulture now became conceited. He strutted about in his borrowed feathers, and declared that he was the most beautiful of all the birds. He became more and more proud until he asked the birds to recognize him as their king. At this insolence, the birds pecked off, not only the feathers that they had given the vulture, but also the vulture's own feathers. So when the birds had finished with him, the vulture looked old and ugly and bald. That is why even at the present day the vulture is a sour and ugly old bird.

(69) The Bald-Headed Man

Tibet

One time, when the world was young and men and women were ill because an evil spirit possessed them, there lived a man and his wife who were very poor. A devil came and took possession of each of them and made them both sick. As they were not rich they couldn't invite a holy lama to read prayers for them, so invited a lay-brother in his stead.

After a while this man who was reading began to get very hungry. It was the custom to give the priests the best of food, but this man and his wife had no butter nor meat nor fine things to eat. They had no horses, nor yak and only one goat. So the reader began to think to himself that if they would kill this goat he'd have plenty to eat, as it was really pretty fat.

The man who owned the house was bald headed and now he came up and sat on the roof near where the man was reading. He really sat down in front of him and heard the man mumbling his prayers, "Om mani padme hum. Om mani padme hum," he was reading, and read right on in the

same tone, "The god says if a man is bald headed and will take the skin of a goat and put it on his head he will have hair."

The old man sat and heard him read this over several times and finally decided it was there in the book of prayers; so he killed the goat.

They all had some good eating for a while, and the old man put the skin on his head, wore it and wore it for days and days and kept feeling his head, but not a single hair would come. He finally concluded that the man had lied to him out of the book, and besides, he thought, "If I wear this too long, I fear all the skin will be worn off my head and there will be nothing but bone."

So he asked the man about it, whether he hadn't lied to him, and he said, "O, no, but if a man would have what the gods say come true, he must pray a great deal himself." Thus he got around his lies and had goat to eat as well.

Eating much of sweetness you do not know if it be sweet anymore. But the evil in a man shows, and you know it very well.

Tibetan Proverb.

(70) The Cat on the Dovrefjell

Norway

Once upon a time there was a man up in Finnmark who had caught a large white bear, which he was going to take to the King of Denmark. It so happened that he came to the Dovrefjell on Christmas Eve. He went to a cottage where a man lived whose name was Halvor, and he asked the man for lodging for himself and his white bear.

"God bless us!" said the man, "but we can't give anyone lodging just now, for every Christmas Eve the house is so full of trolls that we are forced to move out, and we'll have no shelter over our own heads, to say nothing of providing for anyone else."

"Oh?" said the man, "If that's all, you can very well let me use your house. My bear can sleep under the stove here, and I can sleep in the storeroom."

Well, he begged so hard, that at last he got permission to stay there. The people of the house moved out, but before they went, everything was made ready for the trolls. The table was set with cream porridge and fish and sausages and everything else that was good, just as for any other grand feast.

When everything was ready, in came the trolls. Some were large, and some were small. Some had long tails, and some had no tails at all. And some had long, long noses. They ate and drank and tasted everything.

Then one of the troll youngsters saw the white bear lying under the stove, so he took a piece of sausage, stuck it onto a fork, and went and poked it against the white bear's nose, burning it. Then he shrieked, "Kitty, do you want some sausage?"

The white bear rose up and growled, and then chased the whole pack of them out, both large and small.

A year later Halvor was out in the woods at midday of Christmas Eve, gathering wood for the holidays, for he expected the trolls again. As he was chopping, he heard a voice shouting from the woods, "Halvor! Halvor!"

"Yes?" said Halvor.

"Do you still have that big cat?"

"Yes," said Halvor. "She's lying at home under the stove, and what's more, she now has seven kittens, far bigger and fiercer than she is herself."

"Then, we'll never come to your place again," shouted the troll in the woods, and since that time the trolls have never eaten their Yule porridge with Halvor on the Dovrefjell."

(71) The Cat of Norrhult

Sweden

On the estate of Norrhult, in the parish of Rumskulla, the people in olden times were very much troubled by trolls and ghosts. The disturbances finally became so unbearable that they were compelled to desert house and home, and seek an asylum with their neighbors. One old man was left behind, and he, because he was so feeble that he could not move with the rest.

Some time thereafter, there came one evening a man having with him a bear, and asked for lodgings for himself and companion. The old man consented, but expressed doubts about his guest being able to endure the disturbances that were likely to occur during the night.

The stranger replied that he was not afraid of noises, and laid himself down, with his bear, near the old man's bed.

Only a few hours had passed, when a multitude of trolls came into the hut and began their usual clatter. Some of them built the fire in the fireplace, others set the kettle upon the fire, and others again put into the kettle a mess of filth, such as lizards, frogs, worms, etc. When the mess was cooked, the table was laid, and the trolls sat down to the repast. One of them threw a worm to the bear, and said, "Will you have a fish, kitty?"

Another went to the bear-keeper and asked him if he would not have some of their food. At this the latter let loose the bear, which struck about him so lustily that soon the whole swarm was flying through the door.

Some time after, the door was again opened, and a troll with mouth so large that it filled the whole opening peeked in.

"Sic him!" said the bear-keeper, and the bear soon hunted him away also.

In the morning the stranger gathered the people of the village around him and directed them to raise a cross upon the estate, and to engrave a prayer on Cross Mountain, where the trolls dwelt, and they would be freed from their troublesome visitors.

Seven years later a resident of Norrhult went to Norrköping. On his way home he met a man who asked him where he came from, and, upon being informed, claimed to be a neighbor, and invited the peasant to ride with him on his black horse. Away they went at a lively trot along the road, the peasant supposed, but in fact high up in the air. When it became quite dark the horse stumbled so that the peasant came near falling off.

"It is well you were able to hold on," said the horseman. "That was the point of the steeple of Linköping's cathedral that the horse stumbled against. Listen!" continued he. "Seven years ago I visited Norrhult. You then had a vicious cat there. Is it still alive?"

"Yes, truly, and many more," said the peasant.

After a time the rider checked his horse and bade the peasant dismount. When the latter looked around him he found himself at Cross Mountain, near his home.

Some time later another troll came to the peasant's cottage and asked if that great savage cat still lived.

"Look out!" said the peasant. "She is lying there by the oven, and has seven young ones, all worse than she."

"Oh!" cried the troll, and rushed for the door.

From that time no trolls have ever visited Norrhult.

(72) The Troll and the Bear

Norway

In Højegaard in old days no one could stay over Christmas Eve. All the folk had to go down to the old farm in Rønneboek, which has long been given up, and stay there till Christmas morning, for every Christmas Eve there came an ugly troll from Dragehei, with a sackful of

toads on his back, which he roasted at the fire in the sitting room, and ate one after another; but if any one ventured to stay there over night, he might be prepared to be torn in pieces by the troll.

One time, just as the folk were leaving the farm, there came a man who went about with a bear, exhibiting it. They told him why they had to leave, and advised him also to get away from there; but the man begged to be allowed to stay overnight, and as he was bent on doing so they finally gave him leave.

Towards evening, the troll came with his sack on his back, sat down by the fire, opened it and pulled out the one toad after the other, took each by a hind leg and held it over the fire till it was roasted, and then swallowed it. So one toad after the other went into him for some time, till he began to be satisfied.

Then he turned to the man, and said, "What's your dog's name?"

"Toad," said the man.

The troll took a toad, roasted it, and held it out to the bear, saying, "Toad shall have a toad," but the bear growled, and began to rise.

"Yes," said the man to the troll, "just you take care, and not make him angry, or he'll tear you in pieces."

The troll looked quite frightened, and asked, "Have you any more like him?"

"Yes," said the man, "this one has five young ones, which are lying outside on the baking oven."

The troll made haste to tie up the toads he had left in the sack, threw it on his back, and went out at the door in a hurry.

Next morning, when the people of the farm came home, the man was lying all right in the bed, and the bear beside the fire, both quite comfortable. When the man told them how he had got on, they were very glad, and bade him come again next Christmas Eve, which he did, but the troll did not come, and has never shown himself there since.

(73) The Water Nix in the Oil Mill near Frauendorf

Germany

Ages ago a water nix would bring fish to the so-called Oil Mill located at Frauendorf Manor on a channel of the River Spree near Cottbus. The nix would ask the miller to cook the fish, after which the nix would eat them right at the mill. With time these uncanny visits came to annoy the miller, but he never dared to turn down his uninvited visitor's requests.

However, the time came when fate freed him from the nix.

One evening a bear trainer came to Frauendorf with his tamed bear and asked the miller for a night's lodging. The latter, a good-hearted man, did not refuse him. To keep it from harming anyone, the bear was chained up behind the table in the main room.

Not long afterward the nix entered the mill with a catch of fish. With the miller's permission he cooked them, and then sat down next to the bear behind the table and began to eat them. The hungry bear could not resist the tempting smell of the tasty meal, and wasted no time in helping himself from the nix's plate. This angered the nix, who struck at the bear's paws with his spoon. The bear let this happen a few times, but when the blows became more painful, he became furious. He grabbed the nix and crushed him terribly, until the bear trainer jumped up and rescued the nearly dead nix from the beast's claws.

The nix ran quickly out the door, jumped into the water, and was not seen again for a whole year. At the end of this time, the miller was one day working near his waterway, when the nix, wearing his red cap, suddenly emerged from the water, greeted the miller, then asked with a whining voice, "Master miller, do you still have that large cat?"

The miller, fearing that the nix wanted to take up his regular visits again, quickly answered, "Yes, she is lying behind the stove, and she has ninety-nine young ones!"

To this the nix replied, "I'll never again come to your place!" Then he disappeared beneath the water and was never seen there again.

(74)The Water-Man

Moravia

A bear trainer with his dancing bear once came to an isolated mill and asked the miller to take them in for the night, as there was no village far and wide, and night was already falling.

"I would be glad to take you in," said the miller, "if you are not afraid, for a water-man comes into the mill every night and plays pranks on anyone sleeping or even just passing time in the grinding room, and I don't have room for you anywhere else."

"What sort of pranks?" asked the bear trainer.

"Just practical jokes," replied the miller, "but they make the people who come to the mill angry, and they won't come back. I've lost a lot of customers because of this. Once he smeared pitch on someone's boot soles, so that he stuck to the floor when he stood up. He poured water into someone else's boots, or sprinkled bran in their hair. He sewed another person's pockets shut. Once he even put someone who was sleeping in the mill into a sack and hung it on a beam, and more such pranks."

"If that's all there is, it won't bother me," said the bear trainer. "I'll stay."

So the miller put a bundle of straw on the floor for him, and the man lay down with the bear at his side, and they slept until twelve o'clock. The trainer was awakened by the bear's roaring. He jumped up and saw the bear wrestling with the water-man. The latter had never seen a bear before, and when he took hold of the bear's fur, the bear held him tightly with his paws.

The trainer quickly went to the mill and started it running. Then he grabbed the water-man by his feet. The bear held him up, and thus they set him on the millstone and held him there, in spite of his cries, until half of his behind had been ground away. Then they let him go, and went back to sleep.

Early the next morning the miller came out and was amazed that both of them were sleeping so soundly. When the trainer woke up he told the miller about their last night's adventure, at which the miller had to laugh until he held his belly.

As they parted, the miller gave presents to the bear trainer, and invited him to stay with him the next time he came that way. Then he lit his pipe and lay down contentedly near the window.

A little dwarf came up to him. He was wearing yellow trousers, a bright-red vest, a green jacket, and a blue cap. He said to the smoker, "Miller, do you still have that big cat?"

"Yes," said the latter, "I still have her."

"Farewell then. You'll never see me again," he said, and trotted away.

(75) Bearskin

Germany

A soldier, having deserted his regiment in the thick of battle, took refuge in the woods. However, the foes of war were soon replaced by the enemies cold, thirst, and hunger. With nowhere to turn for help, he was about to surrender to the powers of despair, when without warning an awful spirit appeared before him. He offered the poor soldier great wealth, if he would but serve this uncanny master for seven years. Seeing no other escape from his misery, the soldier agreed.

The terms of the pact were quickly stated: For seven years the soldier was to wear only a bearskin robe, both day and night. He was to say no prayers. Neither comb nor shears were to touch his hair and beard. He was not to wash, nor cut his nails, nor blow his nose, nor even wipe his behind. In return, the spirit would provide him with tobacco, food, drink, and an endless supply of money.

The soldier, who by his very nature was not especially fond of either prayers or of cleanliness, entered into the agreement. He took lodgings in a village inn, and discovered soon enough that his great wealth was ample compensation for his strange looks and ill smell.

A nobleman frequented this inn. Impressed by Bearskin's lavish and generous expenditures, he presented him with a proposal. "I have three beautiful daughters," he said. "If the terms are right, you may choose any one of them for a bride."

Bearskin named a sum that was acceptable to the nobleman, and the two set forth to the palace to make the selection. The two older daughters made no attempt to hide their repugnance of the strange suitor, but the youngest unhesitatingly accepted her father's will. Bearskin formalized the betrothal by removing a ring from his own finger and twisting it into two pieces. One piece he gave to his future bride; the other he kept. Saying that soon he would return, he departed.

The seven years were nearly finished, so a short time later Bearskin did indeed come back for his bride. Now freshly bathed, neatly shorn, elegantly dressed, and riding in a luxurious carriage, he was a suitor worthy of a princess. Identifying himself with his half of the twisted ring, he claimed his bride.

Beside themselves with envy, and furious that they had squandered their rights to this handsome nobleman, one of the bride's older sisters hanged herself from a tree and the other one drowned herself in a well. Thus the devil gained two souls for the one that he had lost.

(76) The Devil as Partner

Switzerland

One evening a traveling journeyman came to an inn, and because he had been strenuously walking for several days in a row, he decided to rest a few days. It didn't bother him that his purse would not cover his costs.

The innkeeper got wind of this, and one evening he said, "My good friend, you are now well rested. Be so good as to be on your way early in the morning. Here is the bill for what you owe me."

This brought both chills and fever to journeyman, who asked the innkeeper if he at least could not wait until tomorrow to be paid. "Tomorrow," he said, "is one more day."

"Good," said the innkeeper, "but be careful that you don't end up in the Black Tower Inn. Around here that's where folks stay who eat and drink more than their purses will cover."

As soon as the innkeeper had left, the journeyman threw himself onto his bed, but fear and worry kept him awake the entire night. Then suddenly a black figure approached his bed, and the journeyman recognized him as the devil for sure.

He said, "Fear not, my dear companion, if you'll provide the sausage, I'll bring the drinks. Lend me a hand, and I'll help you out of your predicament."

"Doing what?" asked the journeyman.

"Just stay here in this inn for seven years," said the devil. "I'll keep you out of debt and provide you with everything you need. Afterward you'll be even better off, and you'll have money like the leaves on trees. In return for this you must neither wash yourself, nor comb your hair, nor cut your hair or nails."

"That job is worth the pay," thought the journeyman, and he entered the agreement without further hesitation.

When the innkeeper appeared the next morning, the journeyman paid him every last penny that was due, and he still had a good surplus for future bills.

The journeyman stayed at the inn for years and days, spending money as though it were sand on the beach. But he became as wild as the night, and no one wanted to look at him. One fine morning a merchant who lived nearby came to the inn. He had three strikingly beautiful daughters. He had come to tell his sorrows to the innkeeper, for he had badly miscalculated in a business deal and did not know how he was going to get out of the difficulty.

"Listen," said the innkeeper. "There's help for you here. A strange fellow has been living upstairs in my rented room for more than six years now. He lets himself go completely, and looks as bad as sin, but he has money like hay, and is a free-spender. Give him a try. Anyway, I've long noticed that he often stares at your house. Who knows, perhaps he's got his eye on one of your daughters.

This advice made good sense to the merchant. He went upstairs to the journeyman, and the two of them soon struck a deal. The journeyman would pay the merchant's debts, and the merchant would give one of his daughters to the journeyman in marriage.

However, when they went to the three daughters, and the father explained the situation to them, the oldest one ran away, crying out, "Phooey, father! What sort of a monster is this that you've brought home? I'd sooner jump into water than to marry him."

The second daughter did no better. She cried out, "Phooey, father! What sort of a creature is this that you've brought home? I'd sooner hang myself than to marry him."

But the third and youngest daughter said, "He must be a good man, father, if he wants to rescue you. I'll take him."

She turned her eyes to the floor and did not look at him, but he took a great liking to her, and the wedding was set.

The seven years that the devil had demanded were now past. On the morning of the wedding day a splendid coach, sparkling with gold and precious stones, drove up to the merchant's house. Out jumped the journeyman, who had now become a fine young nobleman.

The bride breathed a sigh of relief, and there was endless rejoicing. The wedding party went to the church in a long procession, for the merchant and the innkeeper had invited all their relatives.

Only the happy bride's two older sisters did not participate. They angrily took their own lives, the one at the end of a rope, the other in water. And as the bridegroom was leaving the church, he saw the devil again, the first time in seven years. He was sitting on a roof, laughing with satisfaction, and saying:

Partner, I did better than you,
You got one, and I got two.

(77) Never-Wash

Russia

Once upon a time there was a soldier who had served through three campaigns, but had never earned as much as an addled egg, and was then put on the retired list. Then, as he went on the road marching on and on, he became tired and sat down by a lake. And, as he rested, he began thinking things out, "Where shall I now betake myself, and how shall I feed myself, and how the devil shall I enter into any service?"

As soon as he had spoken these words a little devil rose up at once in front of him and said, "Hail, soldier, what do you wish? Did you just now not say that you wished to become one of our servants? Why, soldier, come up and be hired; we will pay you well."

"What is the work?"

"Oh, the work is easy enough: for fifteen years you must not shave, you must not have your hair cut, you must not blow your nose, and you must not change your garb. If you serve this service, then we will go to the king, who has three daughters. Two of them are mine, but the third shall be yours."

"Very well," said the soldier, "I will undertake the contract; but I require in return to get anything my soul hankers after."

"It shall be so; be at peace; we shall not be in default."

"Well, let it befall at once. Carry me at once into the capital and give me a pile of money; you know yourself how little of these goods a soldier ever gets."

So the little devil dashed into the lake, got out a pile of gold, and instantaneously carried the soldier into the great city, and all at once he was there!

"What a fool I have been!" said the soldier. "I have not done any service, no work, and I now have the money!" So he took a room, never cut his hair, never shaved, never wiped his nose, never changed his garb, and he lived on and grew wealthy, so wealthy he did not know what to do with his money. What was he to do with his silver and gold? "Oh, very well, I will start helping the poor; possibly they may pray for my soul." So the soldier began distributing alms to

the needy, to the right and to the left, and he still had money over, however much he gave away! His fame spread over the whole kingdom, came to the ears of all.

So the soldier lived for fourteen years, and on the fifteenth year the tsar's exchequer gave out. So he summoned the soldier. So the soldier came to him unwashed, unshaved, uncombed, with his nose unwiped and his dress unchanged.

"Health, your majesty!"

"Listen, soldier. You, they say, are good to all folks; will you lend me some money? I have not enough to pay my troops. If you will I will make you a general at once."

"No, your Majesty, I do not wish to be a general; but if you will do me a favor, give me one of your daughters as my wife, and you shall have as much money as you wish for the Treasury."

So the king began to think. He was very fond of his daughters, but still he could not do anything whatsoever without money. "Well," he said, "I agree. Have a portrait taken of yourself; I will show it to my daughters and ask which of them will take you."

So the soldier returned, had the portrait painted, which was feature for feature, unshaved, unwashed, uncombed, his nose unwiped, and in his old garb, and sent it to the tsar.

Now, the tsar had three daughters, and the father summoned them and showed them the soldier's portrait. He said to the eldest, "Will you go and marry him? He will redeem me from very great embarrassment."

The tsarevna saw what a monstrous animal had been painted, with tangled hair, uncut nails and unwiped nose. "I certainly won't!" she said, "I would sooner go to the devil." And from somewhere or other the devil appeared, stood behind her with pen and paper, heard what she said, and entered her soul on his register.

Then the father asked the next daughter, "Will you go and marry the soldier? "

"What! I would rather remain a maiden; I would rather tie myself up with the devil than go with him." So the devil went and inscribed her soul as well.

Then the father asked his youngest daughter, and she answered, "Evidently this must be my lot. I will go and marry him and see what God shall give."

Then the tsar was very blithe at this, and he went and told the soldier to make ready for the betrothal, and he sent him twelve carts to carry the money away.

Then the soldier made use of his devil. "There are twelve carts; pile them all high at once with gold." So the devil ran into the lake and the unholy ones set to work. Some of them brought up one sack, some two, and they soon filled the carts and sent them to the tsar, into his palace.

Then the tsar looked, and now summoned the soldier to him every day, sat with him at one table, and ate and drank with him. When they got ready for the marriage the term of fifteen years was over.

So he called the little devil and said, "Now my service is over. Turn me into a youth."

So the devil cut him up into little bits, threw them into a cauldron, and began to brew him -- brewed him, washed him and collected all his bones, one by one, in the proper way, every bone with every bone, every joint with every joint, every nerve with every nerve. Then he sprinkled them with the water of life, and the soldier arose, such a fine young man as no tale can tell and no pen can write. He then married the youngest tsarevna, and they began to live a merry life of good.

I was at the wedding. I drank mead and beer. They also had wine, and I drank it to the very dregs.

But the little devil ran back into the lake, for his elder hauled him over the coals to answer for what he had done with the soldier. "He has served out his period faithfully and honorably: he has never once shaved himself, nor cut his hair, nor wiped his nose, nor changed his clothes."

Then the elder was very angry. He said, "In fifteen years you were not able to corrupt the soldier! Was all the money given in vain? What sort of a devil will you be after this?" And he had him thrown into the burning pitch.

"Oh no, please, grandfather," said the grandson, "I have lost the soldier's soul, but I have gained two others."

"What?"

"Look: the soldier thought of marrying a tsarevna; the two elder daughters both declined and said they would rather marry a devil than the soldier. So there they are, and they belong to us."

So the grandfather devil approved what the grandson imp had done, and set him free. "Yes," he said, "you know your business very well indeed."

(78) Don Giovanni de la Fortuna

Sicily

There was once a man whose name was Don Giovanni de la Fortuna, and he lived in a beautiful house that his father had built, and spent a great deal of money. Indeed, he spent so much that very soon there was none left, and Don Giovanni, instead of being a rich man with everything he could wish for, was forced to put on the dress of a pilgrim, and to wander from place to place begging his bread.

One day he was walking down a broad road when he was stopped by a handsome man he had never seen before, who, little as Don Giovanni knew it, was the devil himself.

"Would you like to be rich," asked the devil, "and to lead a pleasant life?"

"Yes, of course I should," replied the Don.

"Well, here is a purse. Take it and say to it, 'Dear purse, give me some money,' and you will get as much as you can want. But the charm will only work if you promise to remain three years, three months, and three days without washing and without combing and without shaving your beard or changing your clothes. If you do all this faithfully, when the time is up you shall keep the purse for yourself, and I will let you off any other conditions."

Now Don Giovanni was a man who never troubled his head about the future. He did not once think how very uncomfortable he should be all those three years, but only that he should be able, by means of the purse, to have all sorts of things he had been obliged to do without. So he joyfully put the purse in his pocket and went on his way. He soon began to ask for money for the mere pleasure of it, and there was always as much as he needed. For a little while he even forgot to notice how dirty he was getting, but this did not last long, for his hair became matted with dirt and hung over his eyes, and his pilgrim's dress was a mass of horrible rags and tatters.

He was in this state when, one morning, he happened to be passing a fine palace; and, as the sun was shining bright and warm, he sat down on the steps and tried to shake off some of the dust which he had picked up on the road. But in a few minutes a maid saw him, and said to her master, "I pray you sir, to drive away that beggar who is sitting on the steps, or he will fill the whole house with his dirt."

So the master went out and called from some distance off, for he was really afraid to go near the man, "You filthy beggar, leave my house at once!"

"You need not be so rude," said Don Giovanni; "I am not a beggar, and if I chose, I could force you and your wife to leave your house."

"What is that you can do?" laughed the gentleman.

"Will you sell me your house?" asked Don Giovanni. "I will buy it from you on the spot."

"Oh, the dirty creature is quite mad!" thought the gentleman. "I shall just accept his offer for a joke." And aloud he said, "All right. Follow me, and we will go to a lawyer and get him to make a contract."

And Don Giovanni followed him, and an agreement was drawn up by which the house was to be sold at once, and a large sum of money paid down in eight days. Then the Don went to an inn, where he hired two rooms, and, standing in one of them, said to his purse, "Dear purse, fill this room with gold." And when the eight days were up it was so full you could not have put in another sovereign.

When the owner of the house came to take away his money Don Giovanni led him into the room and said, "There, just pocket what you want."

The gentleman stared with open mouth at the astonishing sight. But he had given his word to sell the house, so he took his money, as he was told, and went away with his wife to look for some place to live in. And Don Giovanni left the inn and dwelt in the beautiful rooms, where his rags and dirt looked sadly out of place. And every day these got worse and worse.

By and by the fame of his riches reached the ears of the king, and, as he himself was always in need of money, he sent for Don Giovanni, as he wished to borrow a large sum. Don Giovanni readily agreed to lend him what he wanted, and sent next day a huge wagon laden with sacks of gold.

"Who can he be?" thought the king to himself. "Why, he is much richer than I!"

The king took as much as he had need of, then ordered the rest to be returned to Don Giovanni, who refused to receive it, saying, "Tell his majesty I am much hurt at his proposal. I shall certainly not take back that handful of gold, and, if he declines to accept it, keep it yourself."

The servant departed and delivered the message, and the king wondered more than ever how anyone could be so rich. At last he spoke to the queen, "Dear wife, this man has done me a great service, and has, besides, behaved like a gentleman in not allowing me to send back the money. I wish to give him the hand of our eldest daughter."

The queen was quite pleased at this idea, and again a messenger was sent to Don Giovanni, offering him the hand of the eldest princess.

"His majesty is too good," he replied. "I can only humbly accept the honor."

The messenger took back this answer, but a second time returned with the request that Don Giovanni would present them with his picture, so that they might know what sort of a person to expect.

But when it came, and the princess saw the horrible figure, she screamed out, "What! Marry this dirty beggar? Never, never!"

"Ah, child," answered the king, "how could I ever guess that the rich Don Giovanni would ever look like that? But I have passed my royal word, and I cannot break it, so there is no help for you."

"No, father, you may cut off my head, if you choose, but marry that horrible beggar -- I never will!"

And the queen took her part, and reproached her husband bitterly for wishing his daughter to marry a creature like that.

Then the youngest daughter spoke, "Dear father, do not look so sad. As you have given your word, *I* will marry Don Giovanni."

The king fell on her neck, and thanked her and kissed her, but the queen and the elder girl had nothing for her but laughs and jeers.

So it was settled, and then the king bade one of his lords go to Don Giovanni and ask him when the wedding day was to be, so that the princess might make ready.

"Let it be in two months," answered Don Giovanni, for the time was nearly up that the devil had fixed, and he wanted a whole month to himself to wash off the dirt of the past three years.

The very minute that the compact with the devil had come to an end his beard was shaved, his hair was cut, and his rags were burned, and day and night he lay in a bath of clear warm water. At length he felt he was clean again, and he put on splendid clothes, and hired a beautiful ship, and arrived in state at the king's palace.

The whole of the royal family came down to the ship to receive him, and the whole way the queen and the elder princess teased the sister about the dirty husband she was going to have. But when they saw how handsome he really was their hearts were filled with envy and anger, so that their eyes were blinded, and they fell over into the sea and were drowned. And the youngest daughter rejoiced in the good luck that had come to her, and they had a splendid wedding when the days of mourning for her mother and sister were ended.

Soon after, the old king died, and Don Giovanni became king. And he was rich and happy to the end of his days, for he loved his wife, and his purse always gave him money.

(79) The Reward of Kindness

Philippines

In a certain town there once lived a couple who had never had a child. They had been married for nearly five years, and were very anxious for a son. The name of the wife was Clara; and of the man, Philip.

One cloudy night in December, while they were talking by the window of their house, Clara said to her husband that she was going to pray the *novena* [nine consecutive days of praying], so that heaven would give them a child. "I would even let my son serve the devil, if he would but give us a son!"

As her husband was willing that she should pray the *novena*, Clara began the next day her fervent devotions to the Virgin Mary. She went to church every afternoon for nine days. She carried a small prayer book with her, and prayed until six o'clock every evening. At last she finished her *novenario*, but no child was born to them, and the couple was disappointed.

A month had passed, when, to their great happiness, Clara gave birth to a son. The child they nicknamed Id. Id was greatly cherished by his parents, for he was their only child; but he did not care much to stay at home. He early began to show a fondness for travelling abroad, and was always to be found in the dense woods on the outskirts of the town.

One afternoon, when the family was gathered together around a small table, talking, a knock was heard at the door.

"Come in!" said Philip.

"No, I just want to talk with your wife," answered a hoarse voice from without.

Clara, trembling, opened the door, and, to her great surprise, she saw standing there a man who looked like a bear.

"A devil, a devil!" she exclaimed.

But the devil pacified her, and said, "Clara, I have come here to get your son you promised me a long time ago. Now that the day has come when your son can be of some service to me, will you deny your promise?"

Clara could make no reply at first. She merely called her son; and when he came, she said to the devil, "Here is my son. Take him, since he is yours."

Id, who was at this time about seventeen years old, was not frightened by the devil.

"Come," said the devil, "and be my follower!"

At first Id refused. But he finally consented to go, because of his mother's promise.

The devil now took Id to his cave, far away outside the town. He tried in many ways to tempt Id, but was unable to do so, because Id was a youth of strong character. Finally the devil decided to exchange clothes with him. Id was obliged to put on the bear-like clothes of the devil and to give him his own soldier suit.

Then the devil produced a large bag full of money, and said to Id, "Take this money and go traveling about the world for seven years. If you live to the end of that time, and spend this money only in doing good, I will set you free. If, however, you spend the money extravagantly, you will have to go to hell with me." When he had said these words, he disappeared.

Id now began his wanderings from town to town. Whenever people saw him, they were afraid of him, and would refuse to give him shelter; but Id would give them money from his bag, and then they would gather about him and be kind to him.

After many years he happened to come to a town where he saw an old woman summoned before a court of justice. She was accused of owing a sum of money, but was unable to pay her debt and the fine imposed on her.

When Id paid her fine for her and thus released her from prison, the woman could hardly express her gratitude. As most of the other people about were afraid of Id and he had no place to sleep, this woman decided to take him home with her.

Now, this old woman had three daughters. When she reached home with the bear-like man, she called her eldest daughter, and said, "Now, my daughter, here is a man who delivered me from prison. As I can do nothing to reward him for his great kindness, I want you to take him for your husband."

The daughter replied, "Mother, why have you brought this ugly man here? No, I cannot marry him. I can find a better husband."

On hearing this harsh reply, the mother could not say a word. She called her second daughter, and explained her wishes to her; but the younger daughter refused, just as her sister had refused, and she made fun of the man.

The mother was very much disappointed, but she was unable to persuade her daughters to marry her benefactor. Finally she determined to try her youngest daughter. When the daughter heard her mother's request, she said, "Mother, if to have me marry this man is the only way by which you can repay him for his kindness, I'll gladly marry him."

The mother was very much pleased, but the two older daughters were very angry with their sister. The mother told the man of the decision of her youngest daughter, and a contract was signed between them. But before they were married, the bear-like man asked permission from the girl to be absent for one more year to finish his duty. She consented to his going, and gave him half her ring as a memento.

At the end of the year, which was the last of his seven years' wandering, the bear-like man went to the devil, and told him that he had finished his duty.

The devil said, "You have beaten me. Now that you have performed your seven years' wandering, and have spent the money honestly, let us exchange clothes again!"

So the man received back his soldier-like suit, which made him look like a knight, and the devil took back his bearskin.

Then the man returned to Clara's house. When his arrival was announced to the family, the two older daughters dressed themselves in their best, for they thought that he was a suitor come to see them. But when the man showed the ring and asked for the hand of Clara's youngest daughter, the two nearly died with vexation, while the youngest daughter was very happy.

(80)Beauty and the Beast

There was once a merchant that had three daughters, and he loved them better than himself. Now it happened that he had to go a long journey to buy some goods, and when he was just starting he said to them, "What shall I bring you back, my dears?"

And the eldest daughter asked to have a necklace; and the second daughter wished to have a gold chain; but the youngest daughter said, "Bring back yourself, papa, and that is what I want the most."

"Nonsense, child," said her father, "you must say something that I may remember to bring back for you."

"So," she said, "then bring me back a rose, father."

Well, the merchant went on his journey and did his business and bought a pearl necklace for his eldest daughter, and a gold chain for his second daughter; but he knew it was no use getting a rose for the youngest while he was so far away because it would fade before he got home. So he made up his mind he would get a rose for her the day he got near his house.

When all his merchanting was done he rode off home and forgot all about the rose till he was near his house; then he suddenly remembered what he had promised his youngest daughter, and looked about to see if he could find a rose. Near where he had stopped he saw a great garden, and getting off his horse he wandered about in it till he found a lovely rosebush; and he plucked the most beautiful rose he could see on it. At that moment he heard a crash like thunder, and looking around he saw a huge monster -- two tusks in his mouth and fiery eyes surrounded by bristles, and horns coming out of its head and spreading over its back.

"Mortal," said the beast, "who told you you might pluck my roses?"

"Please, sir," said the merchant in fear and terror for his life, "I promised my daughter to bring her home a rose and forgot about it till the last moment, and then I saw your beautiful garden and thought you would not miss a single rose, or else I would have asked your permission."

"Thieving is thieving," said the beast, "whether it be a rose or a diamond; your life is forfeit."

The merchant fell on his knees and begged for his life for the sake of his three daughters who had none but him to support them.

"Well, mortal, well," said the beast, "I grant your life on one condition: Seven days from now you must bring this youngest daughter of yours, for whose sake you have broken into my garden, and leave her here in your stead. Otherwise swear that you will return and place yourself at my disposal."

So the merchant swore, and taking his rose mounted his horse and rode home.

As soon as he got into his house his daughters came rushing round him, clapping their hands and showing their joy in every way, and soon he gave the necklace to his eldest daughter, the chain to his second daughter, and then he gave the rose to his youngest, and as he gave it he sighed.

"Oh, thank you, father," they all cried.

But the youngest said, "Why did you sigh so deeply when you gave me my rose?"

"Later on I will tell you," said the merchant.

So for several days they lived happily together, though the merchant wandered about gloomy and sad, and nothing his daughters could do would cheer him up till at last he took his youngest daughter aside and said to her, "Bella, do you love your father?"

"Of course I do, father, of course I do."

"Well, now you have a chance of showing it"; and then he told her of all that had occurred with the beast when he got the rose for her. Bella was very sad, as you can well think, and then she said, "Oh, father, it was all on account of me that you fell into the power of this beast; so I will go with you to him; perhaps he will do me no harm; but even if he does -- better harm to me than evil to my dear father."

So next day the merchant took Bella behind him on his horse, as was the custom in those days, and rode off to the dwelling of the beast. And when he got there and they alighted from his horse the doors of the house opened, and what do you think they saw there! Nothing. So they went up the steps and went through the hall, and went into the dining room, and there they saw a table spread with all manner of beautiful glasses and plates and dishes and napery, with plenty to eat upon it. So they waited and they waited, thinking that the owner of the house would appear, till at last the merchant said, "Let's sit down and see what will happen then." And when they sat down invisible hands passed them things to eat and to drink, and they ate and drank to their heart's content. And when they arose from the table it arose too and disappeared through the door as if it were being carried by invisible servants.

Suddenly there appeared before them the beast who said to the merchant, "Is this your youngest daughter?"

And when he had said that it was, he said, "Is she willing to stop here with me?"

And then he looked at Bella who said, in a trembling voice, "Yes, sir."

"Well, no harm shall befall you." With that he led the merchant down to his horse and told him he might come that day each week to visit his daughter. Then the beast returned to Bella and said to her, "This house with all that therein is yours; if you desire aught, clap your hands and say the word and it shall be brought unto you." And with that he made a sort of bow and went away.

So Bella lived on in the home with the beast and was waited on by invisible servants and had whatever she liked to eat and to drink; but she soon got tired of the solitude and, next day, when the beast came to her, though he looked so terrible, she had been so well treated that she had lost a great deal of her terror of him. So they spoke together about the garden and about the house and about her father's business and about all manner of things, so that Bella lost altogether her fear of the beast. Shortly afterwards her father came to see her and found her quite happy, and he felt much less dread of her fate at the hands of the beast.

So it went on for many days, Bella seeing and talking to the beast every day, till she got quite to like him, until one day the beast did not come at his usual time, just after the midday meal, and Bella quite missed him. So she wandered about the garden trying to find him, calling out his name, but received no reply. At last she came to the rosebush from which her father had plucked the rose, and there, under it, what do you think she saw! There was the beast lying huddled up without any life or motion. Then Bella was sorry indeed and remembered all the kindness that the beast had shown her; and she threw herself down by it and said, "Oh, Beast, Beast, why did you die? I was getting to love you so much."

No sooner had she said this than the hide of the beast split in two and out came the most handsome young prince who told her that he had been enchanted by a magician and that he could not recover his natural form unless a maiden should, of her own accord, declare that she loved him.

Thereupon the prince sent for the merchant and his daughters, and he was married to Bella, and they all lived happy together ever afterwards.

(81) The Summer and Winter Garden

A merchant was planning to go to a fair, so he asked his three daughters what he should bring back for them.

The oldest one said, "A beautiful dress."

The second, "A pair of pretty shoes."

The third, "A rose."

To find a rose would be difficult, for it was the middle of winter, but because the youngest daughter was the most beautiful, and because she took great pleasure in flowers, the father said that he would do his best to find her one.

The merchant was now on his homeward trip. He had a splendid dress for the oldest daughter, a pair of beautiful shoes for the second one, but he had not been able to get a rose for the third one. Whenever he had entered a garden looking for roses, the people just laughed at him, asking him if he believed that roses grew in the snow. He was very sad about this, and as he was thinking about what he might bring his dearest child, he came to a castle. It had an adjoining garden where it was half summer and half winter. On the one side the most beautiful flowers were

blossoming -- large and small. On the other side everything was bare and covered with deep snow.

The man climbed from his horse. He was overjoyed to see an entire hedge full of roses on the summer side. He approached it, picked one of them, and then rode off.

He had already ridden some distance when he heard something running and panting behind him. Turning around, he saw a large black beast, that called out, "Give me back my rose, or I'll kill you! Give me back my rose, or I'll kill you!"

The man said, "Please let me have the rose. I am supposed to bring one home for my daughter, the most beautiful daughter in the world."

"For all I care, but then give me your beautiful daughter for a wife!"

In order to get rid of the beast, the man said yes, thinking that he would not come to claim her.

However, the beast shouted back to him, "In eight days I will come and get my bride."

So the merchant brought each daughter what she had wanted, and each one was delighted, especially the youngest with her rose.

Eight days later the three sisters were sitting together at the table when something came stepping heavily up the stairs to the door. "Open up! Open up!" it shouted.

They opened the door, and were terrified when a large black beast stepped inside. "Because my bride did not come to me, and the time is up, I will fetch her myself." With that he went to the youngest daughter and grabbed hold of her. She began to scream, but it did not help. She had to go away with him. And when the father came home, his dearest child had been taken away.

The black beast carried the beautiful maiden to his castle where everything was beautiful and wonderful. Musicians were playing there, and below there was the garden, half summer and half winter, and the beast did everything to make her happy, fulfilling even her unspoken desires. They ate together, and she had to scoop up his food for him, for otherwise he would not have eaten. She was dear to the beast, and finally she grew very fond of him.

One day she said to him, "I am afraid, and don't know why. It seems to me that my father or one of my sisters is sick. Couldn't I see them just once?"

So the beast led her to a mirror and said, "Look inside."

She looked into the mirror, and it was as though she were at home. She saw her living room and her father. He really was sick, from a broken heart, because he held himself guilty that his dearest child had been taken away by a wild beast and surely had been eaten up. If he could know how well off she was, then he would not be so sad. She also saw her two sisters sitting on the bed and crying.

Her heart was heavy because of all this, and she asked the beast to allow her to go home for a few days. The beast refused for a long time, but she grieved so much that he finally had pity on her and said, "Go to your father, but promise me that you will be back here in eight days."

She promised, and as she was leaving, he called out again, "Do not stay longer than eight days."

When she arrived home her father was overjoyed to see her once again, but sickness and grief had already eaten away at his heart so much that he could not regain his health, and within a few days he died.

Because of her sadness, she could think of nothing else. Her father was buried, and she went to the funeral. The sisters cried together, and consoled one another, and when her thoughts finally turned to her dear beast, the eight days were long past.

She became frightened, and it seemed to her that he too was sick. She set forth immediately and returned to his castle. When she arrived there everything was still and sad inside. The musicians were not playing. Black cloth hung everywhere. The garden was entirely in winter and covered with snow. She looked for the beast, but he was not there. She looked everywhere, but could not find him.

Then she was doubly sad, and did not know how to console herself. She sadly went into the garden where she saw a pile of cabbage heads. They were old and rotten, and she pushed them aside. After turning over a few of them she saw her dear beast. He was lying beneath them and was dead.

She quickly fetched some water and poured it over him without stopping.

Then he jumped up and was instantly transformed into a handsome prince. They got married, and the musicians began to play again, and the summer side of the garden appeared in its splendor, and the black cloth was all ripped down, and together they lived happily ever after.

(82) The Clinking Clanking Lowesleaf

Germany

Once upon a time there was a king who had three daughters. The youngest was his pride and joy. One day he wanted to go to the fair to buy something, and he asked his three daughters what he should bring home for them. The first one asked for a golden spinning wheel. The second one a golden yarn reel, and the third one a clinking clanking lowesleaf. The king promised to bring these things and rode away. At the fair he bought the golden spinning wheel and the golden yarn reel, but no one had a clinking clanking lowesleaf for sale. He looked everywhere, but could not find one. This saddened him, because the youngest daughter was the joy of his life, and he wanted to please her ever so much.

As he sorrowfully made his way homeward, he came to a great, great forest and to a large birch tree. Under the birch tree there lay a large black poodle dog. Because the king looked so sad, the

dog asked him what was the matter. "Oh," answered the king, "I was supposed to bring a clinking clanking lowesleaf to my youngest daughter, whom I love above anything else, but I cannot find one anywhere, and that is why I am so sad."

"I can help you," said the poodle. "The clinking clanking lowesleaf grows in this tree. If a year and a day from now you will give me that which first greets you upon your arrival home today, then you can have it."

At first the king did not want to agree, but he thought about it long and hard, then said to himself, "What could it be but our dog? Go ahead and make the promise." And he made the promise.

The poodle wagged his tail, climbed up into the birch, broke off the leaf with his frizzy-haired paw, and gave it to the king, saying, "You had better keep your word, or you will wish that you had!" The king repeated his promise, took the leaf, and rode on joyfully.

As he approached home, his youngest daughter jumped out with joy to greet him. The king was horrified. His heart was so filled with grief that he pushed her aside. She started to cry, thinking, "What does this mean, that father is pushing me away?" and she went inside and complained to her mother. Soon the king came in. He gave the oldest girl the golden spinning wheel, the middle one the golden yarn reel, and the youngest one the clinking clanking lowesleaf, and he was quiet and sad. Then the queen asked him was wrong with him, and why he had pushed the youngest daughter away; but he said nothing.

He grieved the entire year. He lamented and mourned and became thin and pale, so concerned was he. Whenever the queen asked him what was wrong, he only shook his head or walked away. Finally, when the year was nearly at its end, he could not longer keep still, and he told her about his misfortune, and thought that his wife would die of shock. She too was horrified, but she soon took hold of herself and said, "You men don't think of anything! After all, don't we have the goose herder's daughter? Let's dress her up and give her to the poodle. A stupid poodle will never know the difference."

The day arrived, and they dressed up the goose girl in their youngest daughter's clothes until she looked just perfect. They had scarcely finished when they heard a bark outside, and a scratching sound at the gate. They looked out, and sure enough, it was the large black poodle dog. They wondered who had taught him to count. After all, a year has more than three hundred days, and even a human can lose count, to say nothing of a dog! But he had not lost count. He had come to take away the princess.

The king and queen greeted him in a friendly manner, then led him outside to the goose girl. He wagged his tail and pawed at her, then he lay down on his belly and said,

Sit upon my tail,
And I'll take you away!

She sat down on him, and he took off across the heath. Soon they came to a great, great forest. When they came to the large birch tree, the poodle stopped to rest a while, for it was a hot day,

and it was cool and shady here. Around and about there were many daisies [called *Gänseblümchen* -- goose flowers -- in German] poking up their white heads from the beautiful grass, and the girl thought about her parents, and sighed, "Oh, if only my father were here. He could graze the geese so nicely here in this beautiful, lush meadow."

The poodle stood up, shook himself, and said, "Just what kind of a girl are you?"

"I am a goose girl, and my father tends geese," she answered. She would have liked to say what the queen had told her to say, but it was impossible for anyone to tell a lie under this tree. She could not, and she could not.

He jumped up abruptly, looked at her threateningly, and said, "You are not the right one. I have no use for you:"

Sit upon my tail,
And I'll take you away!

They were not far from the king's house, when the queen saw them and realized which way the wind was blowing. Therefore she took the broom binder's daughter, dressed her up in even more beautiful clothes. When the poodle arrived and made nasty threats, she brought the broom girl out to him, saying, "This is the right girl!"

"We shall see," responded the poodle dog. The queen became very uneasy, and the king's throat tightened, but the poodle wagged his tail and scratched, then lay down on his belly, saying,

Sit upon my tail,
And I'll take you away!

The broom girl sat down on him, and he took off across the heath. Soon they too came to the great forest and to the large birch tree. As they sat there resting, the girl thought about her parents, and sighed, "Oh, if only my father were here. He could make brooms so easily, for here there are masses of thin twigs!"

The poodle stood up, shook himself, and said, "Just what kind of a girl are you?"

She wanted to lie, for the queen had ordered her to, and she was a very strict mistress, but she could not, because she was under this tree, and she answered, "I am a broom girl, and my father makes brooms."

He jumped up as though he were mad, looked at her threateningly, and said, "You are not the right one. I have no use for you:"

Sit upon my tail,
And I'll take you away!

They approached the king's house, and the king and queen, who had been steadily looking out the window, began to moan and cry, especially the king, for the youngest daughter was the apple of his eye. The court officials cried and sobbed as well, and there was nothing but mourning everywhere. But it was to no avail. The poodle arrived and said, "This time give me the right girl, or you will wish that you had!" He spoke with such a frightful voice and made such angry gestures, that everyone's heart stood still, and their skin shuddered. Then they led out the youngest daughter, dressed in white, and as pale as snow. It was as though the moon had just come out from behind dark clouds. The poodle knew that she was the right one, and said with a caressing voice,

Sit upon my tail,
And I'll take you away!

He ran much more gently this time, and did not stop in the great forest under the birch tree, but hurried deeper and deeper into the woods until they finally reached a small house, where he quietly lay the princess, who had fallen asleep, onto a soft bed. She slumbered on and dreamed about her parents, and about the strange ride, and she laughed and cried in her sleep. The poodle lay down in his hut and kept watch over the little house and the princess.

When she awoke the next morning and found herself soul alone, she cried and grieved and wanted to run away, but she could not, because the house was enchanted. It let people enter, but no one could leave. There was plenty there to eat and drink, everything that even a princess could desire, but she did not want anything and did not take a single bite. She could neither see nor hear the poodle, but the birds sang wonderfully. There were deer grazing around and about, and they looked at the princess with their large eyes. The morning wind curled her golden locks and poured fresh color over her face. The princess sighed and said, "Oh, if only someone were here, even if it were the most miserable, dirty beggar woman. I would kiss her and hug her and love her and honor her!"

"Is that true?" screeched a harsh voice close behind her, startling the princess. She looked around, and there stood a bleary-eyed woman as old as the hills. She glared at the princess and said, "You called for a beggar woman, and a beggar woman is here! In the future do not despise beggar women. Now listen well! The poodle dog is an enchanted prince, this hut an enchanted castle, the forest an enchanted city, and all the animals enchanted people. If you are a genuine princess and are also kind to poor people, then you can redeem them all and become rich and happy. The poodle goes away every morning, because he has to, and every evening he returns home, because he wants to. At midnight he pulls off his rough hide and becomes an ordinary man. If he knocks on your bedroom door, do not let him in, however much he asks and begs, not the first night, not the second night, and especially not the third night. During the third night, after he has tired himself out talking and has fallen asleep, take the hide, make a large fire, and burn it. But first lock your bedroom door securely, so that he cannot get in, and do not open it when he scratches on the door, if you cherish your life. And on your wedding day say three times, don't forget it now, say three times:

Old tongues,
Old lungs!

and I will see you again." The princess took very careful notice of everything, and the old woman disappeared.

The first night the prince asked and begged her to open her door, but she answered, "No, I'll not do it," and she did not do it. The second night he asked her even more sweetly, but she did not answer at all. She buried her head in her pillow, and she did not open the door. The third night he asked her so touchingly and sang such beautiful melodies to her, that she wanted to jump up and open the door for him, but fortunately she remembered the old woman and her mother and father. She pulled the bedcovers over her head, and did not open the door. Complaining, the prince walked away, but she did not hear him leave. While he slept she built up the fire, crept out on tiptoe, picked up the rough hide from the corner where the poodle always put it, barred the bedroom door, and threw it into the flames. The poodle jumped up howling, gnawed and clawed at the door, threatened, begged, growled, and howled again. But she did not open the door, and he could not open the door, however fiercely he threw himself against it.

The fire flamed up brightly one last time, and there was an enormous bang, as if heaven and hell had exploded. Standing before her was the most handsome prince in the world. The hut was now a magnificent castle, the forest a great city full of palaces, and the animals were all kinds of people.

At their wedding ceremony, the prince and the princess were seated at the table with the old king and the old queen and the two sisters and many rich and important people, when the bride called out three times,

Old tongues,
Old lungs!

and the tattered old woman came in. The old queen scolded, and the two princesses scolded, and they wanted to chase her away, but the young queen stood up and let the old woman sit down at her place, eat from her plate, and drink from her goblet. When the old woman had eaten and drunk her fill, she looked at the old queen and the evil daughters, and they became crooked and lame. But she blessed the young queen, and she became seven times more beautiful, and no one ever saw or heard from the old woman again.

(83) The Little Nut Twig

Germany

Once upon a time there was a rich merchant whose business required him to travel abroad. Taking leave, he said to his three daughters, "Dear daughters, I would like to have something nice for you when I return. What should I bring home for you?"

The oldest one said, "Father dear, a beautiful pearl necklace for me!"

The second one said, "I would like a finger ring with a diamond stone."

The youngest one cuddled up to her father and whispered, "Daddy, a pretty green nut twig for me."

"Good, my dear daughters," said the merchant, "I will remember. Farewell."

The merchant traveled far and purchased many goods, but he also faithfully remembered his daughters' wishes. To please his eldest he had packed a costly pearl necklace into his baggage, and he had also purchased an equally valuable diamond ring for the middle daughter. But, however much he tried, he could not find a green nut twig. For this reason he went on foot a good distance on his homeward journey. His way led him in large part through the woods, and he hoped thus finally to find a nut twig. However, he did not succeed, and the good father became very depressed that he had not been able to fulfill the harmless request of his youngest and dearest child.

Finally, as he was sadly making his way down a path that led through a dark forest and next to a dense thicket, his hat rubbed against a twig, and it made a sound like hailstones falling on it. Looking up he saw that it was a pretty green nut twig, from which was hanging a cluster of golden nuts. The man was delighted. He reached his hand up and plucked the magnificent twig. But in that same instant, a wild bear shot out from the thicket and stood up on his back paws, growling fiercely, as though he were about to tear the merchant to pieces.

With a terrible voice he bellowed, "Why did you pick my nut twig, you? Why? I will eat you up!"

Shaking and trembling with fear the merchant said, "Dear bear, don't eat me. Let me go on my way with the little nut twig. I'll give you a large ham and many sausages for it!"

But the bear bellowed again, "Keep your ham and your sausages! I will not eat you, only if you will promise to give me the first thing that meets you upon your arrival home."

The merchant gladly agreed to this, for he recalled how his poodle usually ran out to greet him, and he would gladly sacrifice the poodle in order to save his own life.

Following a crude handshake the bear lumbered back into the thicket. The merchant, breathing a sigh of relief, went hurriedly and happily on his way.

The golden nut twig decorated the merchant's hat splendidly as he hurried homeward. Filled with joy, the youngest girl ran to greet her dear father. The poodle followed her with bold leaps. The oldest daughters and the mother were not quite so fast to step out the door and greet home-comer.

The merchant was horrified to see that the first one to greet him was his youngest daughter. Concerned and saddened, he withdrew from the happy child's embrace, and -- following the initial greetings -- told them all that had happened with the nut twig.

They all cried and were very sad, but the youngest daughter showed the most courage, and she resolved to fulfill her father's promise.

The mother soon thought up a good plan. She said, "Dear ones, let's not be afraid. If the bear should come to hold you to your promise, dear husband, instead of giving him our youngest daughter, let's give him the herdsman's daughter. He will be satisfied with her."

This proposal was accepted. The daughters were happy once again, and they were very pleased with their beautiful presents. The youngest one always kept her nut twig with her, and she soon forgot the bear and her father's promise.

But one day a dark carriage rattled through the street and up to the front of the merchant's house. The ugly bear climbed out and walked into the house growling. He went up to the startled man and asked that his promise be fulfilled. Quickly and secretly they fetched the herdsman's daughter, who was very ugly, dressed her in good clothes, and put her in the bear's carriage.

The journey began. Once outside the town, the bear laid his wild shaggy head in the shepherd girl's lap and growled,

Tussle me, scuffle me
Soft and gentle, behind my ears,
Or I will eat you, skin and bone

The girl began to do so, but she did not do it the way the bear wanted her to, and he realized that he had been deceived. He was about to eat the disguised shepherd girl, but in her fright she quickly fled from the carriage.

Then the bear rode back to the merchant's house and, with terrible threats, demanded the right bride. So the dear maiden had to come forward, and -- following a bitterly sorrowful farewell -- she rode away with the ugly bridegroom.

Once outside the town, he laid his coarse head in the girl's lap and growled again,

Tussle me, scuffle me
Soft and gentle, behind my ears,
Or I will eat you, skin and bone

And the girl did just that, and she did it so softly that it pacified him, and his terrible bearish expression became friendly. Gradually the bear's poor bride began to gain some trust toward him. The journey did not last long, for the carriage traveled extremely fast, like a windstorm through the air. They soon came to a very dark forest, and the carriage suddenly stopped in front of a dark and yawning cave. This was where the bear lived. Oh, how the girl trembled!

The bear embraced her with his claw-arms and said to her with a friendly growl, "This is where you will live, my little bride; and you will be happy, as long as you behave yourself here, otherwise my wild animals will tear you apart."

As soon as they had gone a few steps inside the dark cave, he unlocked an iron door and stepped with his bride into a room that was filled with poisonous worms. They hissed at them rapaciously. The bear growled into his little bride's ear,

Do not look around!
Neither right nor left,
Straight ahead, and you'll be safe!

Then the girl did indeed walk through the room without looking around, and all the while not a single worm stirred or moved. And in this manner they went through ten more rooms, and the last one was filled with the most terrible creatures: dragons and snakes, toads swollen with poison, basilisks and lindorms. And in each room the bear growled,

Do not look around!
Neither right nor left,
Straight ahead, and you'll be safe!

The girl trembled and quaked with fear, like the leaves of an aspen, but she remained steadfast and did not look around, neither right nor left. When the door to the twelfth room opened up, a glistening stream of light shone toward the two of them. The most beautiful music sounded from within, and everywhere there were cries of joy.

Before the bride could comprehend this -- she was still trembling from seeing such horrible things, and now this surprising loveliness -- there was a terrible clap of thunder, and she thought that earth and heaven were breaking apart.

It was soon quiet once again. The forest, the cave, the poisonous animals, and the bear had all disappeared. In their place stood a splendid castle with rooms decorated in gold and with beautifully dressed servants. And the bear had been transformed into a handsome young man. He was the prince of this magnificent castle, and he pressed his little bride to his heart, thanking her a thousand times that she had redeemed him and his servants -- the wild animals -- from their enchantment.

She was now a high and wealthy princess, but she always wore the beautiful nut twig on her breast. It never wilted, and she especially liked to wear it, because it had been the key to her good fortune.

Her parents and sisters were soon informed of this happy turn of events. The bear prince had them brought to the castle, where they lived in splendid happiness forever after.

(84) Little Broomstick

Germany

There was once a merchant who had three daughters. The two older ones were proud and haughty. The younger one, however, was well behaved and modest, although her beauty greatly

surpassed that of her sisters. She dressed simply, and thus unconsciously enhanced her beauty more than her sisters were able to do with the most expensive clothing and jewelry.

Nettchen, that was the name of the merchant's youngest daughter, had a dear girlfriend who was very poor, but equally beautiful and virtuous. She was a broom binder's daughter, and was for this reason called Little Broomstick by young and old alike. Both girls were of one heart and one soul. They entrusted one another with their little secrets, and between them all class distinctions fell by the wayside. This angered the older sisters greatly, but Nettchen let them scold, and loved her Little Broomstick nonetheless.

Once the merchant was planning a long journey, although the season was already very advanced. He asked his daughters if they had a wish as to what he should bring home to them.

The oldest one said, "Bring me a golden necklace!"

The second, "Bring me a pair of earrings that are so beautiful that all women be envious of me because of them!"

The youngest said that she had no wish, because her father, in his goodness, had already given her everything. But the merchant insisted, so she answered with a smile, "Then bring me three roses growing on one stem."

She was convinced that her father would not be able to find such a present in the middle of winter. He kissed her for her modesty and set forth on his journey.

He was on his way home when he remembered the presents that he was supposed to get for his daughters. He soon found a golden necklace and a pair of splendid earrings, but not so the three roses for Nettchen. The father had just decided to buy some other valuable present for his darling, when suddenly -- to his surprise -- he came upon a green area. He stepped through a wide gateway and found himself in a large, blossoming garden adjacent to a splendid castle. Outside everything was covered with snow, but in the garden the trees were in blossom, nightingales were singing in the bushes, and finally he even saw a blossoming rosebush, and on one of its branches were three of the most beautiful half-open buds. Elated, he thought that now he would be able to fulfill Nettchen's wish, and he broke off the branch.

He had scarcely done so when an enormous beast with a long ugly snout, ears hanging down, and a shaggy coat and tail appeared before him and laid his long sharp claws on his shoulder. The merchant was deathly frightened, and even worse when the beast began to speak, threatening him with death for his misdeed.

The merchant begged, telling him why he wanted the roses, whereupon the beast answered, "Your youngest daughter must be a true pearl of her sex. Very well, if you will promise to give her to me as a wife in seven months, then you shall live and return to your people."

As terrified as the merchant was at this proposal, his fear nevertheless led him to make the promise, thinking that he would be able to trick the monster.

The merchant returned to his people and distributed the presents. However, he was sad and melancholy, and they noticed that he was carrying a great burden in his heart. Nettchen asked him to tell her what was troubling him, but he only gave her excuses. He told the secret only to the two older daughters, who wickedly took pleasure in the situation.

So that the father could keep his eyes on her, Nettchen was almost never allowed to leave the house. Only Little Broomstick came to visit her from time to time.

One day -- the seventh month had just passed -- she and Little Broomstick were again together when a carriage stopped before the house. A servant, gesturing silently, handed a note to the merchant. On it were written the words, "Fulfill your promise!"

The merchant was terrified, but he collected himself and asked Little Broomstick to come to him. The girl came, expecting nothing bad. The merchant pointed at her. She was lifted into the carriage, and away they went in a thundering gallop.

However, the beast recognized the deception as soon as Little Broomstick was brought before him, and he ordered the girl to go home immediately and bring back the right one. The carriage stopped again before the merchant's house, and when Little Broomstick stepped out, Nettchen fell around her neck with friendly greetings. But then she was picked up and shoved into the carriage, which drove away with its booty as fast as an arrow.

Nettchen was very frightened, but she soon collected herself. Inside the strange, beautiful castle she was received with honor, although with silent gestures, and she no longer felt concerned. Silent servants brought her the most delicious things to eat and showed her to a bedroom, where a blinding white canopy bed invited her to rest. After saying her prayers, she surrendered to the arms of sleep.

When she awoke she saw to her fright that a disgusting shaggy monster lay next to her. But it was lying there still and quiet, so she left it alone. Then it left, and she had time to think about her adventure.

The ugly beast gradually became her sleeping companion, and she grew less and less afraid of him. He cuddled up to her, and she stroked his shaggy coat and even allowed him to touch her lips with his long, cold snout. This had gone on for four weeks when one night the beast did not come to her. Nettchen could not sleep for worry and concern about what might have happened to the beast, whom she had become quite fond of.

The next morning she was walking in the garden when she saw the beast lying all stretched out on the bank of a pond that served as a bath. He did not move a limb and showed every sign of being dead. A bitter pain penetrated her breast, and she cried over the death of the poor beast. But her tears had scarcely started to flow when the monster was transformed into a handsome youth.

He stood up before her, pressed her hand to his breast, and said, "You have redeemed me from a terrible curse. My father wanted me to marry a woman whom I did not love. I refused steadfastly, and in his anger, my father had a sorceress transform me into a monster. The transformation was

to last until an innocent virgin would fall in love with me in spite of my ugly form, and would cry tears on my behalf. You with your heart of an angel have done just that, and I cannot thank you enough. If you will become my wife, I will repay with love what you have done for me."

Nettchen extended him her hand, and they were married. Then the deathly quiet castle awoke in a hustle and bustle. Joy ruled everywhere, and the newlyweds lived in bliss.

Now the young wife had been given the requirement that she not return to her father's house for one year. However, she obtained a mirror in which she could see everything that was happening in her family circle. Nettchen looked into the mirror often, and she saw her father in his sorrow, although her sisters were cheerful and gay. She observed Little Broomstick as well, and how she mourned for her lost girlfriend. She did not look into the mirror for some time, and when she returned to it, she saw her father on his deathbed and her sisters in the next room making merry with their friends.

This saddened the good sister, and she confided her sorrow with her husband. He comforted her, saying, "Your father will not die. In my garden there is a plant whose sap can call back the fleeing life-spirits. The year is nearly over. Then we will fetch your father, and you will not have to be separated from him any longer."

Nettchen was pleased with this, and as soon as the year had passed, the husband and wife and their magnificent entourage journeyed to Nettchen's home city. The two older sisters nearly burst with envy and anger, while the father's joy brought back his health, so that evil turned to good. The sap restored his full strength and wellbeing. Little Broomstick too was overjoyed, and Nettchen was her old girlfriend once again. She and the merchant accompanied them back to the prince's castle.

Nettchen had a forgiving heart, and however much she had been hurt by her sisters, she wanted to share her good fortune with them. Therefore she invited them to visit her, and showed them all her wealth. However, the splendor angered the sisters, and they resolved to kill their happy sister. Once when they were in the bath, they forced Nettchen under the water, and she drowned.

They had scarcely done this when a tall female figure rose up before them and glared at them with angry eyes. She touched the dead woman with a wand, and she came back to life. "I am the sorceress who once transformed the prince," said the tall figure. I have noted your good heart and taken you under my protection. These miserable ones killed you. Now I leave their fate in your hands!"

Nettchen begged for mercy for them, but the sorceress shook her head and said, "They must die, for you will never be safe from their malice, and as soon as they have been punished, my power will cease."

"Then do with them what you will!" sobbed Nettchen.

"Let them be transformed into columns and remain such until a man falls in love with them, and that will never happen."

She touched the sisters with her hand, and they were immediately transformed into two stone columns, which to this day are still standing in the garden of the splendid castle, for it has not yet occurred to any man that he should fall in love with cold, heartless stones.

The good Little Broomstick remained Nettchen's most faithful girlfriend. She still shares her good fortune with her, if in the meantime the two of them have not died.

(85)The Bear Prince

Switzerland

A merchant once wanted to go to market. He asked his three daughters what he should bring home for them.

The oldest one said, "I would like pearls and precious stones."

"You can buy a sky-blue dress for me," said the middle one.

But the youngest one said, "Nothing in the world would be dearer to me than a grape."

Once at the market, the merchant saw as many pearls and precious stones as he could possibly want. And he soon purchased a sky-blue dress as well. But as for a grape, he could not find one anywhere at the market. This saddened him greatly, because he loved his youngest daughter most of all.

Buried thus in his thoughts, he was making his way toward home when a little dwarf stepped before him. He asked, "Why are you so sad?"

"Oh," answered the merchant, "I was supposed to bring home a grape for my youngest daughter, but I was not able to find one anywhere at the market."

The dwarf said, "Just take a few steps into that meadow down there, and you will come to a large vineyard. A white bear will be there. He will growl fiercely when you approach, but don't let that frighten you. You'll get a grape after all."

So the merchant went down into the meadow, and it happened just as the dwarf had said. A white bear was keeping guard at the vineyard, and he growled at the merchant when he was still a long way off.

"What do you want here?"

"Be so good," said the merchant, "and let me take a grape for my youngest daughter, just a single one."

"You cannot have one," said the bear, "unless you promise to give me that which will first greet you upon your arrival home."

The merchant did not think long about this before accepting the bear's terms. Then he was permitted to take a grape, and he happily made his way toward home.

Upon his arrival home, the youngest daughter ran out to meet him, for she -- more than anyone else -- had missed him, and she could hardly wait to see him. Seeing the grape in his hand, she threw her arms around his neck and could scarcely contain herself for joy.

But the father was overcome with sorrow, and he could not tell anyone why. Every day he expected the white bear to come and demand from him his dearest child.

When exactly one year had passed since he taken the grape from the vineyard, the bear did indeed trot up, confronted the merchant, and said, "Now give me that which first greeted you upon your arrival home, or I'll eat you."

The merchant had not lost all of his senses, and he said, "Take my dog. He jumped right out the door when he saw me coming."

But the bear began to growl loudly and said, "He is not the right one. If you don't keep your promise, I'll eat you."

Then the merchant said, "So just take the apple tree in front of the house. That was the first thing that I met."

But the bear growled even stronger and said, "That is not the right one. If you don't keep your promise immediately, I'll eat you."

Nothing more would help. The merchant had to surrender his youngest daughter. When she came out, a coach drove up. The bear led her inside, sat down next to her, and away they went.

After a while the coach stopped in the courtyard of a castle, and the bear led the daughter into the castle and welcomed her. This was his home, he said, and from now on she would be his wife. He gave her everything that her heart could desire, so that with time it no longer occurred to her that her husband was a bear. There were just two things that seemed strange to her: Why did the bear insist on having no lights at nighttime, and why did he always feel so cold?

After she had been with him for some time he asked her, "Do you know how long you have been here?"

"No," she said, "I haven't been thinking about time at all."

"All the better," said the bear. "It's been exactly one year. Get ready for a journey, for we must visit your father once again."

She did so with great joy, and after arriving at her father's she told him all about her life in the castle. Afterward, when she was taking leave from him, he secretly gave her some matches that the bear was not supposed to see. But the bear did see them, and he growled angrily, "Stop that, or I'll eat you."

Then he took his wife back to the castle, and they lived there together as before.

Some time later the bear said, "Do you know how long you have been here?"

"No," she said, "I don't notice the time."

"All the better," said the bear. "You have been here exactly two years. Get ready for a journey. It is time for us to visit your father once again."

She did it once again, and everything happened as the first time. But when she visited her father the third time, the bear failed to see that her father secretly gave her some matches. After arriving back at the castle, she could hardly wait for night to come when the bear was sleeping next to her in bed. Silently she struck a light and was startled with amazement and joy, for next to her was lying a handsome youth with a golden crown on his head.

He smiled at her and said, "Many thanks for redeeming me. You were the wife of an enchanted prince. Now we can celebrate our wedding properly, for now I am the king of this land." With that the entire castle came alive. Servants and attendants came from all sides, wishing good luck to the king and the queen.

(86) Zelinda and the Monster

Italy

There was once a poor man who had three daughters; and as the youngest was the fairest and most civil, and had the best disposition, her other two sisters envied her with a deadly envy, although her father, on the contrary, loved her dearly. It happened that in a neighboring town, in the month of January, there was a great fair, and that poor man was obliged to go there to lay in the provisions necessary for the support of his family; and before departing he asked his three daughters if they would like some small presents in proportion, you understand, to his means. Rosina wished a dress, Marietta asked him for a shawl, but Zelinda was satisfied with a handsome rose.

The poor man set out on his journey early the next day, and when he arrived at the fair quickly bought what he needed, and afterward easily found Rosina's dress and Marietta's shawl; but at that season he could not find a rose for his Zelinda, although he took great pains in looking everywhere for one. However, anxious to please his dear Zelinda, he took the first road he came to, and after journeying a while arrived at a handsome garden enclosed by high walls; but as the gate was partly open he entered softly. He found the garden filled with every kind of flowers and plants, and in a corner was a tall rosebush full of beautiful rosebuds. Wherever he looked no

living soul appeared from whom he might ask a rose as a gift or for money, so the poor man, without thinking, stretched out his hand, and picked a rose for his Zelinda.

Mercy! Scarcely had he pulled the flower from the stalk when there arose a great noise, and flames darted from the earth, and all at once there appeared a terrible monster with the figure of a dragon, and hissed with all his might, and cried out, enraged at that poor Christian, "Rash man! what have you done? Now you must die at once, for you have had the audacity to touch and destroy my rosebush."

The poor man, more than half dead with terror, began to weep and beg for mercy on his knees, asking pardon for the fault he had committed, and told why he had picked the rose; and then he added, "Let me depart; I have a family, and if I am killed they will go to destruction"

But the monster, more wicked than ever, responded, "Listen; one must die. Either bring me the girl that asked for the rose or I will kill you this very moment." It was impossible to move him by prayers or lamentations; the monster persisted in his decision, and did not let the poor man go until he had sworn to bring him there in the garden his daughter Zelinda.

Imagine how downhearted that poor man returned home! He gave his oldest daughters their presents and Zelinda her rose; but his face was distorted and as white as though he had arisen from the dead; so that the girls, in terror, asked him what had happened and whether he had met with any misfortune. They were urgent, and at last the poor man, weeping bitterly, related the misfortunes of that unhappy journey and on what condition he had been able finally to return home. "In short," he exclaimed, "either Zelinda or I must be eaten alive by the monster."

Then the two sisters emptied the vials of their wrath on Zelinda. "Just see," they said, "that affected, capricious girl! She shall go to the monster! She who wanted roses at this season. No, indeed! Papa must stay with us. The stupid creature!"

At all these taunts Zelinda, without growing angry, simply said, "It is right that the one who has caused the misfortune should pay for it. I will go to the monster's. Yes, Papa, take me to the garden, and the Lord's will be done."

The next day Zelinda and her sorrowful father began their journey and at nightfall arrived at the garden gate. When they entered they saw as usual no one, but they beheld a lordly palace all lighted and the doors wide open. When the two travelers entered the vestibule, suddenly four marble statues, with lighted torches in their hands, descended from their pedestals, and accompanied them up the stairs to a large hall where a table was lavishly spread. The travelers, who were very hungry, sat down and began to eat without ceremony; and when they had finished, the same statues conducted them to two handsome chambers for the night. Zelinda and her father were so weary that they slept like dormice all night.

At daybreak Zelinda and her father arose, and were served with everything for breakfast by invisible hands. Then they descended to the garden, and began to seek the monster. When they came to the rosebush he appeared in all his frightful ugliness. Zelinda, on seeing him, became pale with fear, and her limbs trembled, but the monster regarded her attentively with his great

fiery eyes, and afterward said to the poor man, "Very well; you have kept your word, and I am satisfied. Now depart and leave me alone here with the young girl."

At this command the old man thought he should die; and Zelinda, too, stood there half stupefied and her eyes full of tears; but entreaties were of no avail; the monster remained as obdurate as a stone, and the poor man was obliged to depart, leaving his dear Zelinda in the monster's power.

When the monster was alone with Zelinda he began to caress her, and make loving speeches to her, and managed to appear quite civil. There was no danger of his forgetting her, and he saw that she wanted nothing, and every day, talking with her in the garden, he asked her, "Do you love me, Zelinda? Will you be my wife?"

The young girl always answered him in the same way, "I like you, sir, but I will never be your wife."

Then the monster appeared very sorrowful, and redoubled his caresses and attentions, and, sighing deeply, said, "But you see, Zelinda, if you should marry me wonderful things would happen. What they are I cannot tell you until you will be my wife."

Zelinda, although in her heart not dissatisfied with that beautiful place and with being treated like a queen, still did not feel at all like marrying the monster, because he was too ugly and looked like a beast, and always answered his requests in the same manner.

One day, however, the monster called Zelinda in haste, and said, "Listen, Zelinda; if you do not consent to marry me it is fated that your father must die. He is ill and near the end of his life, and you will not be able even to see him again. See whether I am telling you the truth." And, drawing out an enchanted mirror, the monster showed Zelinda her father on his deathbed.

At that spectacle Zelinda, in despair and half mad with grief, cried, "Oh, save my father, for mercy's sake! Let me be able to embrace him once more before he dies. Yes, yes, I promise you I will be your faithful and constant wife, and that without delay. But save my father from death."

Scarcely had Zelinda uttered these words when suddenly the monster was transformed into a very handsome youth. Zelinda was astounded by this unexpected change, and the young man took her by the hand, and said, "Know, dear Zelinda, that I am the son of the King of the Oranges. An old witch, touching me, changed me into the terrible monster I was, and condemned me to be hidden in this rosebush until a beautiful girl consented to become my wife."

(87) The Small-Tooth Dog

England

Once upon a time there was a merchant who traveled about the world a great deal. On one of his journeys thieves attacked him, and they would have taken both his life and his money if a large dog had not come to his rescue and driven the thieves away.

When the dog had driven the thieves away he took the merchant to his house, which was a very handsome one, and dressed his wounds and nursed him till he was well.

As soon as he was able to travel the merchant began his journey home, but before starting he told the dog how grateful he was for his kindness, and asked him what reward he could offer in return, and he said he would not refuse to give the most precious thing he had.

And so the merchant said to the dog, "Will you accept a fish I have that can speak twelve languages?"

"No," said the dog, "I will not."

"Or a goose that lays golden eggs?"

"No," said the dog, "I will not."

"Or a mirror in which you can see what anybody is thinking about?"

"No," said the dog, "I will not."

"Then what will you have?" said the merchant.

"I will have none of such presents," said the dog; "but let me fetch your daughter, and bring her to my house."

When the merchant heard this he was grieved, but what he had promised had to be done, so he said to the dog, "You can come and fetch my daughter after I have been home for a week."

So at the end of the week, the dog came to the merchant's house to fetch his daughter, but when he got there he stayed outside the door, and would not go in.

But the merchant's daughter did as her father told her, and came out of the house dressed for a journey and ready to go with the dog.

When the dog saw her he looked pleased, and said, "Jump on my back, and I will take you away to my house."

So she mounted on the dog's back, and away they went at a great pace, until they reached the dog's house, which was many miles off.

But after she had been a month at the dog's house she began to mope and cry.

"What are you crying for?" said the dog.

"Because I want to go back to my father," she said.

The dog said, "If you will promise me that you will not stay there more than three days I will take you there. But first of all," said he, "what do you call me?"

"A great, foul, small-tooth dog," said she.

"Then," said he, "I will not let you go."

But she cried so pitifully that he promised again to take her home.

"But before we start," he said, "tell me what you call me."

"Oh," she said, "your name is Sweet-as-a-Honeycomb."

"Jump on my back," said he, "and I'll take you home."

So he trotted away with her on his back for forty miles, when they came to a stile.

"And what do you call me?" said he, before they got over the stile.

Thinking she was safe on her way, the girl said, "A great, foul, small-tooth dog."

But when she said this, he did not jump over the stile, but turned right round again at once, and galloped back to his own house with the girl on his back.

Another week went by, and again the girl wept so bitterly that the dog promised to take her to her father's house.

So the girl got on the dog's back again, and they reached the first stile, as before, and the dog stopped and said, "And what do you call me?"

"Sweet-as-a-Honeycomb," she replied.

So the dog leaped over the stile, and they went on for twenty miles until they came to another stile.

"And what do you call me?" said the dog with a wag of his tail.

She was thinking more of her father and her own house than of the dog, so she answered, "A great, foul, small-tooth dog."

Then the dog was in a great rage, and he turned right round about, and galloped back to his own house as before.

After she had cried for another week, the dog promised again to take her back to her father's house. So she mounted upon his back once more, and when they got to the first stile, the dog said, "And what do you call me?"

"Sweet-as-a-Honeycomb," she said.

So the dog jumped over the stile, and away they went -- for now the girl made up her mind to say the most loving things she could think of -- until they reached her father's house.

When they got to the door of the merchant's house, the dog said, "And what do you call me?"

Just at that moment the girl forgot the loving things she meant to say and began, "A great --," but the dog began to turn, and she got fast hold of the door latch, and was going to say "foul," when she saw how grieved the dog looked and remembered how good and patient he had been with her, so she said, "Sweeter-than-a-Honeycomb."

When she had said this she thought the dog would have been content and have galloped away, but instead of that he suddenly stood upon his hind legs, and with his forelegs he pulled off his dog's head and tossed it high in the air. His hairy coat dropped off, and there stood the handsomest young man in the world, with the finest and smallest teeth you ever saw.

Of course they were married, and lived together happily.

(88) The Singing Rose

Austria

A king had three daughters. They were more beautiful than the young women of today, and each had passed her sixteenth year of life. The king thought about making one of his daughters queen, but he did not know which one he should select over the other two.

One day he summoned all three and said to them, "My dear children, I am now old and frail, and every day is a gift. Before I die, I would like to bring everything in my realm into order and name one of you as the heir to my kingdom. Now go out into the wide world, and the one of you who brings back a singing rose shall inherit my throne, and she shall be queen over the entire land."

When the three daughters had heard this, they tearfully took leave of their old father, then -- trusting their luck -- set forth for foreign lands, each taking a different path.

It happened that the youngest and most beautiful of them had to go through a dark pine forest. All kinds of birds were singing at the same time. It was wonderful to listen to them. It began to get dark, the birds flew to their nests, and after a while it became quiet as a mouse. Then suddenly a bright, beautiful, loud tone sounded forth, such as the princess had never heard before, neither from birds nor from humans, and she immediately thought, "That can only be the singing rose."

She hurried on in the direction that the marvelous sounds seemed to be coming from. She had not walked long before she saw a large, old-fashioned castle on a cliff. She eagerly climbed up to the

castle and pulled several times on the latch. Finally the gate opened with a creaking sound, and an old man with a long, ice-gray beard looked out.

"What is your wish?" he grumpily asked the startled maiden.

"I would like a singing rose," she answered. "Do you have such a thing in your garden?"

"Yes indeed," answered the old man.

"What will you take for it, if I could get it from you?"

"You need give me nothing for the singing rose. You can have it today, but as payment, I will come to you in seven years and bring you back with me to this, my castle."

"Just bring me quickly the valuable flower," shouted the maiden joyfully, for she was thinking only about the singing rose and the kingdom, but not about what would happen after seven years.

The old man went back into the castle, and returned soon with a full, glowing rose. It was singing so beautifully that the maiden's heart jumped for joy. She eagerly reached out her hand for it, and as soon as she had the flower in her hands she ran down the mountain like a deer.

The old man called after her with a serious voice, "I will see you in seven years!"

The maiden wandered the entire night through the dark woods with her rose. Her pleasure in the singing flower and the inherited kingdom caused her to forget all fear. The rose sang without pause the entire way; and the louder and more beautifully it sang, the faster the princess hurried on toward her homeland.

She arrived home and told her father everything that had happened to her, and the rose sang beautifully. Immeasurable joy ruled in the castle, and the king gave one celebration after the other. Soon the two older sisters returned. They had found nothing, and had had to return home empty handed. And now the youngest daughter, who had brought back the rose, became queen, although the old father continued to rule. The royal family lived beautiful, joyful days. Day after day and year after year slipped by.

Finally the seventh year came to an end, and on the first day of the eighth year the old man from the castle appeared before the king and demanded from him the one of his daughter who had brought home the singing rose. The king presented to him his oldest daughter, but the old man rejected her, shaking his head and growling, "She is not the right one."

When the king saw that he could not get away with deception, he -- with a bleeding heart -- turned over the youngest and dearest of his children.

The princess now had to go with the grumbling graybeard to his castle, from which she had once obtained the singing rose. The beautiful maiden was very sad, for she had no one there except for her old master. Day after day she sorrowfully thought about her father and her sisters.

In the castle there were other pleasures in abundance, but they did not comfort her, for she did not have the company of her loved ones. Her thoughts were always in her homeland. Further, all the doors and chests in the castle were locked, and the old man did not let her have access to a single key.

One day she learned -- God knows from where! -- that her oldest sister was to marry a neighboring prince, and that the wedding would take place in a few days. Disquieted, she went to the old man and asked him for permission to attend her sister's wedding.

"Just go!" growled the old man. "But I am telling you in advance, do not laugh once during the entire wedding day. If you disobey my order, I will tear you into a thousand pieces. I myself will continually be by your side, and if you as much as open your mouth to laugh, it will be over with you. Take notice!"

The princess thought that this would be easy to follow, and on the announced day she appeared with the old graybeard at her sister's wedding. Joy ruled in the king's castle when they saw the long missing queen returning. She was very happy and took advantage of the day, but she did not forget the old man's order, and she did not once open her mouth to laugh. That evening she had to take leave from her loved ones, and she sadly returned to the lonely castle with her companion. Her time of monotony began once again, and the poor princess was always glad when a day finally ended.

Then the rumor came to her ears that the other sister would marry soon. This disquieted her again, and she asked the old man if she could not attend her second sister's wedding.

"Just go!" growled the old man. "But this time you are not allowed to speak a single word the entire day. I will go with you again and observe you vigilantly.

The princess thought that this would be easy to follow, and on the announced day she appeared with the old graybeard at her sister's wedding. Joy ruled in the king's castle when they saw the long missing queen returning. Everyone ran out to meet her. They greeted her and welcomed her and asked her about everything. But she pretended that she could not talk, and did not allow a single sound to escape from her beautiful lips. But this time she did not keep up her courage as well as she had the last time, and that evening when everyone was talking together until it was humming like a beehive, a little word slipped out. The old man quickly jumped up, took her by the hand, and led her out of the hall and back to his lonely castle.

Here the princess had other things in great abundance, but she greatly missed the company of her loved ones, and everything seemed terribly monotonous to her.

One day when she was sadly walking through the garden where the rose had previously blossomed and sung, the old man came to her and said with a serious expression, "Your majesty, if tomorrow while it is striking twelve you will cut off my head in three blows, then everything that you find in the castle will be yours, and you will be free forever!"

The princess took heart from the old man's speech and decided to attempt the risky deed.

The next day -- it was Saturday -- the old man appeared a little before twelve o'clock and uncovered his neck. She drew the sword that she had hung about her waist, and as the castle clock struck one she swung the sword once, then quickly again two more times. The old man's head rolled away on the floor. But behold! Instead of blood, a key fell from the head. It opened all the chests and doors in the entire castle. There the princess found many, many precious things, and she was rich and free forever.

(89) Of a Bell That Was Ordered in King John's Days

Italy

In the days of King John of Acre [or Atri] a bell was hung for anyone to ring who had received a great wrong, whereupon the king would call together the wise men appointed for this purpose, in order that justice might be done.

It happened that the bell had lasted a long time and the rope had wasted, so that a vine clung to it.

Now it befell that a knight of Acre had a noble charger which had grown old, so that it had lost its worth, and the knight, to avoid the expense of its keep, let it wander about. The famished horse tugged at the vine to eat it. As it tugged, the bell rang.

The judges assembled, and understood the petition of the horse who, it seemed, asked for justice. They sentenced that the knight whom the horse had served when it was young, should feed it now that it was old. The king commanded him to do so under grave penalties.

(90) The Bell of Atri

At Atri in Abruzzo, a small town
Of ancient Roman date, but scant renown,
One of those little places that have run
Half up the hill, beneath a blazing sun,
And then sat down to rest, as if to say,
"I climb no farther upward, come what may," --
The Re Giovanni, now unknown to fame,
So many monarchs since have borne the name,
Had a great bell hung in the market-place,
Beneath a roof, projecting some small space
By way of shelter from the sun and rain.
Then rode he through the streets with all his train,
And, with the blast of trumpets loud and long,
Made proclamation, that whenever wrong
Was done to any man, he should but ring
The great bell in the square, and he, the King,
Would cause the Syndic to decide thereon.
Such was the proclamation of King John.

How swift the happy days in Atri sped,
What wrongs were righted, need not here be said.
Suffice it that, as all things must decay,
The hempen rope at length was worn away,
Unraveled at the end, and, strand by strand,
Loosened and wasted in the ringer's hand,
Till one, who noted this in passing by,
Mended the rope with braids of briony,
So that the leaves and tendrils of the vine
Hung like a votive garland at a shrine.

By chance it happened that in Atri dwelt
A knight, with spur on heel and sword in belt,
Who loved to hunt the wild-boar in the woods,
Who loved his falcons with their crimson hoods,
Who loved his hounds and horses, and all sports
And prodigalities of camps and courts; --
Loved, or had loved them; for at last, grown old,
His only passion was the love of gold.

He sold his horses, sold his hawks and hounds,
Rented his vineyards and his garden-grounds
Kept but one steed, his favorite steed of all,
To starve and shiver in a naked stall,
And day by day sat brooding in his chair,
Devising plans how best to hoard and spare.

At length he said: "What is the use or need
To keep at my own cost this lazy steed,
Eating his head off in my stables here,
When rents are low and provender is dear?
Let him go feed upon the public ways;
I want him only for the holidays."
So the old steed was turned into the heat;
Of the long, lonely, silent, shadeless street;
And wandered in suburban lanes forlorn,
Barked at by dogs, and torn by brier and thorn.

One afternoon, as in that sultry clime
It is the custom in the summer time,
With bolted doors and window-shutters closed,
The inhabitants of Atri slept or dozed;
When suddenly upon their senses fell
The loud alarm of the accusing bell!
The Syndic started from his deep repose,
Turned on his couch, and listened, and then rose

And donned his robes, and with reluctant pace
Went panting forth into the market-place,
Where the great bell upon its cross-beams swung,
Reiterating with persistent tongue,
In half-articulate jargon, the old song:
"Some one hath done a wrong, hath done a wrong!"

But ere he reached the belfry's light arcade
He saw, or thought he saw, beneath its shade,
No shape of human form of woman born,
But a poor steed dejected and forlorn,
Who with uplifted head and eager eye
Was tugging at the vines of briony.
"Domeneddio!" cried the Syndic straight,
"This is the Knight of Atri's steed of state!
He calls for justice, being sore distressed,
And pleads his cause as loudly as the best."

Meanwhile from street and land a noisy crowd
Had rolled together like a summer cloud,
And told the story of the wretched beast
In five-and-twenty different ways at least,
With much gesticulation and appeal
To heathen gods, in their excessive zeal.
The Knight was called and questioned; in reply
Did not confess the fact, did not deny;
Treated the matter as a pleasant jest,
And set at naught the Syndic and the rest,
Maintaining, in an angry undertone,
That he should do what pleased him with his own.

And thereupon the Syndic gravely read
The proclamation of the King; then said:
"Pride goeth forth on horseback grand and gay,
But cometh back on foot, and begs its way;
Fame is the fragrance of heroic deeds,
Of flowers of chivalry and not of weeds!
These are familiar proverbs; but I fear
They never yet have reached your knightly ear.
What fair renown, what honor, what repute
Can come to you from starving this poor brute?
He who serves well and speaks not, merits more
Than they who clamor loudest at the door.
Therefore the law decrees that as this steed
Served you in youth, henceforth you shall take heed

To comfort his old age, and to provide
Shelter in stall, and food and field beside."

The Knight withdrew abashed; the people all
Led home the steed in triumph to his stall.
The King heard and approved, and laughed in glee,
And cried aloud: "Right well it pleaseth me!
Church-bells at best but ring us to the door;
But go not in to mass; my bell doth more:
It cometh into court and pleads the cause
Of creatures dumb and unknown to the laws;
And this shall make, in every Christian clime,
The Bell of Atri famous for all time."

(91) Big Peter and Little Peter

Norway

Once there were two brothers, both named Peter; the older one was called Big Peter, and the younger one Little Peter. When their father died, Big Peter took over the farm and found himself a wealthy wife. Little Peter, however, stayed at home with his mother, and lived from her pension until he came of age. Then he received his inheritance, and Big Peter said that he could stay in the old house no longer, living from his mother. It would be better for him to go out into the world and do something for himself.

Little Peter agreed; so he bought himself a fine horse and a load of butter and cheese, and set off to the town. With the money he got for his goods he bought brandy and other drinks, and as soon as he arrived home, he threw a great feast, inviting all of his relatives and acquaintances. They in turn invited him for drinking and merrymaking. Thus he lived in fun and frolic so long as his money lasted. But when his last farthing was spent, and Little Peter found himself sitting high and dry, he went back home again to his old mother, and there he had nothing but one calf. When spring came he turned out the calf and let it graze on Big Peter's meadow. But this made Big Peter angry, and he struck the calf, killing it. Little Peter skinned the calf, and hung the hide up in the bathroom until it was thoroughly dry; then he rolled it up, stuffed it into a sack, and went about the area trying to sell it; but wherever he went, people only laughed at him, saying that they had no need of smoked calfskin. After walking a long way, he came to a farm, where he asked for a night's lodging.

"No," said the old woman of the house, "I can't give you lodging, for my husband is at the hut in the upper pasture, and I'm alone in the house. You will have to ask for shelter at the next farm; but if they won't take you in, you may come back, because you can't spend the night out of doors."

As Peter passed by the living-room window, he saw that there was a priest in there, whom the woman was entertaining. She was serving him ale and brandy, and a large bowl of custard. But

just as the priest had sat down to eat and drink, the husband came back home. The woman heard him in the hallway, and she was not slow; she put the bowl of custard under the fireplace mantel, the ale and brandy into the cellar, and as for the priest, she locked him inside a large chest that was there. Little Peter was standing outside the whole time and saw everything. As soon as the husband had entered, Little Peter went to the door and asked if he might have a night's lodging.

"Yes," said the man, "you can stay here," and he asked Little Peter to sit down at the table and eat. Little Peter sat down, taking his calfskin with him, which he laid under his feet.

When they had sat a while, Little Peter began to step on the skin.

"What are you saying now? Can't you be quiet?" said Little Peter.

"Who are you talking to?" asked the man.

"Oh," answered Little Peter, "it's only the fortuneteller that I have here in my calfskin."

"And what does she foretell?" asked the man.

"Why, she says that there is a bowl of custard under the fireplace mantel," said Little Peter.

"Her prediction is wrong," answered the man. "We haven't had custard in this house for a year and a day."

But Peter asked him to take a look; he did so and found the custard. So they proceeded to enjoy it, but just as they were eating, Peter stepped on the calfskin again.

"Hush!" he said, "can't you hold your mouth?"

"What is the fortuneteller saying now?" asked the man.

"Oh, she says there is probably some ale and brandy just under the cellar door," answered Peter.

"Well, if she never predicted wrong in her life, she's predicting wrong now," said the man. "Ale and brandy! We have never had such things in the house!"

"Just take a look," said Peter. The man did so, and there, sure enough, he found the drinks, and was very pleased indeed.

"How much did you pay for that fortuneteller?" said the man, "for I must have her, whatever you ask for her."

"I inherited her from my father, and never thought that she was worth much," answered Peter.

"Of course, I am not eager to part with her, but you may have her nonetheless, if you'll give me that old chest in the living room."

"The chest is locked and the key is lost," cried the old woman.

"Then I'll take it without the key," said Peter, and he and the man quickly struck the bargain.

Peter got a rope instead of the key. The man helped him load the chest onto his back, and off he stumbled with it. After he had walked a while, he came to a bridge. Beneath the bridge ran a raging stream, foaming, gurgling, and roaring until the bridge shook.

"That brandy, that brandy!" said Peter. Now I can tell that I've had too much. Why should I be dragging this chest about? If I hadn't been drunk and crazy, I would not have traded my fortuneteller for it. But now this chest is going into the river, and quickly!"

And with that he began to untie the rope.

"Au! Au! For God's sake save me. It is the priest that you have in the chest," screamed someone from inside.

"That must be the devil himself," said Peter, "and he wants to make me believe he has become a priest; but whether he claims to be a priest or a sexton, into the river he goes!"

"Oh, no! Oh no! I am in truth the parish priest. I was visiting the woman for her soul's health, but her husband is rough and wild, so she had to hide me in the chest. I have a silver watch and a gold watch with me. You can have them both, and eight hundred dollars beside, if you will only let me out," cried the priest.

"Oh, no!" said Peter. "Is it really your reverence after all?" With that he picked up a stone, and knocked the lid of the chest into pieces. The priest got out and ran home to his parsonage quickly and lightly, for he no longer had his watches and money to weigh him down.

Then Little Peter went home and said to Big Peter, "Today at the market there was a good price for calfskins."

"What did you get for your shabby one?" asked Big Peter.

"Shabby as it was, I got eight hundred dollars for it, but those from larger and fatter calves were bringing twice as much," said Little Peter, and showed his money.

"It is good that you told me this," answered Big Peter. He then slaughtered all his cows and calves, and set off to town with their skins and hides. When he arrived at the market, and the tanners asked what he wanted for his hides, Big Peter said "eight hundred dollars for the small ones, and more for the big ones." But they all laughed at him and made fun of him, and said he should not have come there, that he could get a better bargain at the madhouse. Thus he soon found out that Little Peter had tricked him.

But when he got home again he was not very gentle; he swore and cursed, threatening to strike Little Peter dead that very night. Little Peter stood and listened to all this. After he had gone to

bed with his mother, and the night had worn on a little, he asked her to change sides with him, saying that he was cold and that it would be warmer next to the wall. Yes, she did that, and a little later Big Peter came with an ax in his hand, crept up to the bedside, and with one blow chopped off his mother's head.

The next morning, Little Peter went into Big Peter's room.

"Heaven help you," he said. "You have chopped our mother's head off. The sheriff will not be pleased to hear that you are paying mother's pension in this way."

Then Big Peter became terribly frightened, and he begged Little Peter, for God's sake, to say nothing about what he knew. If he would only keep still, he should have eight hundred dollars.

Well, Little Peter swept up the money; set his mother's head on her body again; put her on a sled, and pulled her to market. There he set her up with an apple basket on each arm, and an apple in each hand. By and by a skipper came walking along; he thought she was a market woman, and asked if she had apples to sell, and how many he might have for a penny. But the old woman did not answer. So the skipper asked again. No! She said nothing.

"How many may I have for a penny?" he cried the third time, but the old woman sat there, as though she neither saw nor heard him. Then the skipper flew into a rage and slapped her, causing her head to roll across the marketplace. At that moment, Little Peter came running. Weeping and wailing, and threatened to make trouble for the skipper, for having killed his old mother.

"Dear friend, keep still about what you know," said the skipper, "and I'll give you eight hundred dollars," and thus they made a deal.

When Little Peter got home again, he said to Big Peter, "Old women were bringing a good price at the market today; I got eight hundred dollars for our mother," and he showed him the money.

"It is good that I came to know this," said Big Peter. He had an old mother-in-law, and he killed her, and then set forth to sell her. But when people heard how he was trying to sell dead bodies, they wanted to hand him over to the sheriff, and it was all he could do to escape.

When Big Peter arrived home again, he was so angry with Little Peter, that he threatened to strike him dead there and then, without mercy.

"Yes, indeed" said Little Peter, "we must all go this way, and between today and tomorrow there is only the night. But if I must set off now, I've only one thing to ask; put me into that sack that's hanging over there, and carry me to the river."

Big Peter had nothing against that; he stuffed him into the sack, and set off. But he hadn't gone far before it came into his mind that he had forgotten something which he had to go back and fetch; meanwhile, he set the sack down by the side of the road. Just then came a man driving a big flock of fine sheep,

To the Kingdom of Heaven, to Paradise.
To the Kingdom of Heaven, to Paradise!
and muttering the same words over and over.

cried out Little Peter
from inside the sack,
and he kept mumbling

"May I not go with you?" asked the man with the sheep.

"Of course you may," said Little Peter. "Just untie the sack, and trade places with me, and you'll get there enough. I can wait until next time. But you must keep on calling out what I was saying, or you'll not go to the right place."

Then the man untied the sack, and took Little Peter's place. Peter tied the sack up again, and the man began to cry out,

To the Kingdom of Heaven, to Paradise.
To the Kingdom of Heaven, to Paradise!

and repeated the
saying over and over
again.

After Peter got him positioned in the sack, he wasn't slow; off he went with the flock of sheep, making a broad turn. Meantime, Big Peter, returned, took the sack on his shoulders, and carried it to the river, and all the while he went, the shepherd sat inside crying:

To the Kingdom of Heaven, to Paradise!
for yourself," said Big Peter, and with that he tossed him out into the stream.

"Yes, indeed! Now try
now to find the way

When Big Peter had done that, and was going back home, he met his brother, who was driving the flock of sheep before him. Big Peter could hardly believe his eyes, and asked how Little Peter had gotten out of the river, and where he had found the fine flock of sheep.

"That was an act of brotherly love that you did for me when you threw me into the river," answered Little Peter. I sank right down to the bottom like a stone, and there I saw flocks of sheep, believe me. Down there they go about by the thousands; each flock is finer than the others. And just see what splendid wool they have!"

That is good of you to tell me that, said Big Peter. Then he ran home to his wife; made her come with him to the river; crept into a sack, and asked her to quickly tie it up, and throw him over the bridge.

"I'm going after a flock of sheep," he said. "If I stay too long, it's because I can't manage the flock by myself; then you'll have to jump in and help me."

"Well, don't stay too long," said his wife, "for I am looking forward to those sheep."

She stood there and waited a while, but then she thought that her husband couldn't gather the flock together, and so she jumped in after him.

Now Little Peter was rid of them all, and he inherited their farm and fields, and horses and tools too; and besides, he had money enough to buy cattle as well.

(92) Three Precepts

Jewish

A hunter once caught a bird that was very clever and able to speak seventy languages, and it thus addressed its captor, "Set me free, and I will teach you three precepts which will be of great use to you."

"Tell me these rules, and I will set you free," said the fowler.

"Swear to me first," retorted the clever bird, "that you will keep your promise and in truth set me free."

And when the man swore to keep his promise, the bird said, "My first precept is: Never rue anything that has happened. My second rule of conduct is: Never believe anything you are told that is impossible and beyond belief. My third precept is: Never try to reach something that is unattainable."

Having spoken thus, the bird reminded the bird-catcher of his promise and asked him to set him free, and the man opened his hand and let the captive bird fly away.

The bird sat down on the top of a tree that was taller than all the other trees, and mockingly called to the man below, "Stupid man, you did allow me to fly away not knowing that a precious pearl was hidden in my body, a pearl that is the cause of my great wisdom."

When the bird-catcher heard these words he greatly regretted having allowed the bird to fly away, and rushing up to the tree, he tried to climb it, but failing in his efforts he fell down and broke his legs.

The bird only laughed aloud, and said, "Stupid man! Not an hour has passed since I taught you three wise precepts, and you have already forgotten them. I told you never to rue anything that was past, and you did repent having set me free. I told you never to believe anything that was evidently beyond belief, and you were credulous enough to believe that I actually carried a costly pearl in my body. I am only a poor wild bird hourly in search of my nourishment. And finally, I advised you never to strive in vain after the unattainable, while you did try to catch a bird with your hands, and are now lying below with broken legs. It is of men of your kidney that the philosopher has said, 'A reproof entereth more into a wise man than an hundred stripes into a fool.' [Proverbs, ch. 17, v. 10] But alas, you are no exception, for there are many men as unwise as yourself."

And thus speaking, the wise bird flew away in search of nourishment.

(93) Of Hearing Good Counsel

An archer, catching a little bird called a nightingale, was about to put her to death. But, being gifted with language, she said to him, "What will it advantage you to kill me? I cannot satisfy your appetite. Let me go, and I will give you three rules, from which you will derive great benefit, if you follow them accurately."

Astonished at hearing the bird speak, he promised her liberty on the conditions she had stated.

"Hear, then," said she. "Never attempt impossibilities. Secondly, do not lament an irrecoverable loss. Thirdly, do not credit things that are incredible. If you keep these three maxims with wisdom, they will infinitely profit you."

The man, faithful to his promise, let the bird escape. Winging her flight through the air, she commenced a most exquisite song, and, having finished, said to the archer, "You are a silly fellow, and have today lost a great treasure. There is in my bowels a pearl bigger than the egg of an ostrich."

Full of vexation at her escape, he immediately spread his nets and endeavored to take her a second time, but she eluded his art.

"Come into my house, sweet bird," said he, "and I will show you every kindness. I will feed you with my own hands, and permit you to fly abroad at pleasure."

The nightingale answered, "Now I am certain you are a fool, and pay no regard to the counsel I gave you: 'Regret not what is irrecoverable.' You cannot take me again, yet you have spread your snares for that purpose. Moreover, you believe that my bowels contain a pearl larger than the egg of an ostrich, when I myself am nothing near that size! You are a fool, and a fool you will always remain."

With this consolatory assurance she flew away. The man returned sorrowfully to his own house, but never again obtained a sight of the nightingale.

(94) The Three Proverbs

Poland

A rich man was once walking about in his garden. He was cheerful and happy. Suddenly he noticed a small bird that had been captured in a small net. He took hold of it and was more than a little surprised when it began to speak, saying, "Give me my freedom, dear man! Of what use is it to you to lock me in a cage? Looking at me will not please you, for I do not have beautiful feathers. I cannot entertain you, for I do not sing like other birds. And I cannot provide you with nourishment. I am much too small for that. But I will tell you three wise teachings if you will give my freedom."

The master of the garden looked at the little creature and said, "If you do not sing then of course you cannot entertain me. Let me hear your wisdom, and if it teaches me anything, I will give you your freedom."

Then the little bird said, "First: Do not grieve over things that have already happened. Second: Do not wish for that which is unattainable. Third: Do not believe in that which cannot be possible."

Then the master of the garden said, "You have indeed taught me something. I will give you your freedom."

Letting the bird fly away, he thought seriously about its words. Then he heard it laughing quietly. Its voice came from a tree where the bird was sitting.

"Why are you laughing so cheerfully?" shouted the man.

"About my easily won freedom," answered the bird, "and more than that, about the foolishness of humans who believe they are smarter than all other creatures. If you had been smarter, only just as smart as I am, then you would now be the richest man."

"How would that have been possible?" asked the master of the garden.

The bird replied, "If, instead of giving me my freedom, you had kept me, for in my body I have a diamond the size of a hen's egg."

The man stood there as though he were petrified. After recovering from the surprise, he began to speak, "You think that you are happy because I gave you your freedom. But summer will soon be over and winter with its storms will arrive. The brooks will freeze over, and you will not be able to find a single drop of water to quench your thirst. The fields will be covered with snow, and you will not find anything to eat. But I will give you a warm place where you can freely fly around, and you can have as much water and bread as you want. Come down, and I will show you that you are better off with me than with your freedom."

Thus spoke the master of the garden, but the little bird laughed louder than before, making the man even angrier.

"You are still laughing?" asked the man.

"Of course," replied the bird. "See, you gave me my freedom on account of the teachings that I gave you, and now you are so foolish that you do not take the teachings to heart. I earned my freedom fairly, but you forgot my teachings after only a few minutes. You should not grieve over things that have already happened, but still you are grieving that you gave me my freedom. You should not wish for things that you cannot obtain, and yet you want me, for whom freedom is my whole life, to voluntarily enter a prison. You should not believe that which is impossible, and yet you believe that I am carrying about inside my body a diamond as large as a hen's egg, although I myself am only half the size of a hen's egg."

And with that the bird flew away.

(95) The Black School

Iceland

Once upon a time there existed somewhere in the world, nobody knows where, a school which was called the Black School. There the pupils learned witchcraft and all sorts of ancient arts. Wherever this school was, it was somewhere below ground, and was held in a strong room which, as it had no window, was eternally dark and changeless. There was no teacher either, but everything was learnt from books with fiery letters, which could be read quite easily in the dark. Never were the pupils allowed to go out into the open air or see the daylight during the whole time they stayed there, which was from five to seven years. By then they had gained a thorough and perfect knowledge of the sciences to be learnt. A shaggy gray hand came through the wall every day with the pupils' meals, and when they had finished eating and drinking took back the horns and platters. But one of the rules of the school was, that the owner should keep for himself that one of the students who should leave the school the last every year. And, considering that it was pretty well known among the pupils that the devil himself was the master, you may fancy what a scramble there was at each year's end, everybody doing his best to avoid being last to leave the school.

It happened once that three Icelanders went to this school, by the name of Sǫmundur the Learned, Kǫlfr Arnason, and Hǫlfdǫn Eldjǫrnsson; and as they all arrived at the same time, they were all supposed to leave at the same time. Sǫmundur declared himself willing to be the last of them, at which the others were much lightened in mind. So he threw over himself a large mantle, leaving the sleeves loose and the fastenings free.

A staircase led from the school to the upper world, and when Sǫmundur was about to mount this the devil grasped at him and said, "You are mine!"

But Sǫmundur slipped out of this mantle and made off with all speed, leaving the devil the empty cloak. However, just as he left the school the heavy iron door was slammed suddenly to, and wounded Sǫmundur on the heels. Then he said, "That was pretty close upon my heels," which words have since passed into a proverb. The Sǫmundur contrived to escape from the Black School, with his companions, scot-free.

Some people relate, that, when Sǫmundur came into the doorway, the sun shone upon him and threw his shadow onto the opposite wall. And as the devil stretched out his hand to grapple with him, Sǫmundur said, "I am not the last. Do you not see who follows me?"

So the devil seized the shadow, mistaking it for a man, and Sǫmundur escaped with a blow on his heels from the iron door.

But from that hour he was always shadowless, for whatever the devil took, he never gave back again.

(96) "Black Airt" and Devil Contracts

Scotland

"Black Airt" was firmly believed in [in the north-east of Scotland]. If the proficient in this science did not make a compact with Satan, they were very much in communion with him. He was regarded as the fountain from which it sprang. It was looked upon as a kind of wisdom by which men came to be able to know the hidden essence of things, the virtues of herbs for cure or poison, to have power over nature in many of her workings, power to cure disease, to guard against witches and fairies, to remove their spells, to discover thieves, and even to see into the future. Under the teaching they got, some of the students reached a high degree of expertness, and became a match for the devil himself in cunning, and were even able to outwit him.

Spain and Italy, particularly Italy, were the countries in which the science was most flourishing, and in which it was taught most efficiently, and thither all, who wished to become adepts in it, went. Its study was carried on in dark rooms under famous teachers; and, on leaving the classrooms, the students had to pass through a long black passage at the end of which stood the prince of darkness watching to catch the last one.

No sooner had the last word of the professor's lecture been spoken than out rushed the students, and made for the light pell-mell through the black passage shouting, "Deel tack the hinmost!"

The devil, on one occasion, clutched at a student. He met one who was more than a match for him. The student called out, "There is another behind me!"

His sable majesty looked first to this side, and then to that. He saw what seemed a man. He rushed upon it and seized it. It was the student's shadow. Ever after the student was shadowless.

(97) The Blue Light

Once upon a time there was a soldier who had served the king loyally for many long years. When the war was over and the soldier could no longer serve because of the many wounds he had received, the king said to him, "You can go home now. I no longer need you. There will be no more money for you, because wages are only for those who earn them."

Because the soldier did not know how he could earn a living, he sadly walked the whole day long, until he came to a forest in the evening. As darkness fell he saw a light. He approached it and came to a little house, where a witch lived. "Give me a night's shelter and a little to eat and drink," he said to her, "otherwise I will perish."

"Oho!" she answered. "Who gives anything to a runaway soldier? But I will have pity and take you in after all, if you will do what I ask of you."

"What do you want?" asked the soldier.

"For you to dig up my garden tomorrow."

The soldier agreed, and the next day he worked with all his might, but could not finish before evening. "I see," said the witch, "that you can do no more work today. I will take you in for one more night if tomorrow you will cut up and split a stack of wood for me."

The soldier took the entire day to do this, and that evening the witch proposed that he remain a third night. "Tomorrow I have only a small task for you. Behind my house there is a dry well into which my light has fallen. It burns blue and never goes out. I want you to get it for me."

The next day the old woman led him to the well and lowered him down it in a basket. He found the blue light and gave a sign that she should pull him up again. And she did pull him up, but when he was close to the edge, she wanted to take the blue light from him. "No," he said, sensing her evil thoughts, "I shall not give you the light until I am standing on the ground with both feet."

Then the witch became furious, let him fall back into the well, and walked away. The poor soldier fell to the damp floor without being injured. The blue light continued to burn, but how could that help him? He saw that would not be able to escape death. He sadly sat there for a while. Then he happened to reach into his pocket and found his tobacco pipe, which was still half full. "This will be your last pleasure," he thought, pulled it out, lit it with the blue light, and began to smoke.

After the fumes had wafted about the cavern, suddenly there stood before him a little black dwarf, who said, "Master, what do you command?"

"Why should I command you?" replied the bewildered soldier.

"I must do everything that you demand," said the dwarf."

"Good," said the soldier, "then first help me out of this well."

The dwarf took him by the hand and led him through an underground passage, and he did not forget to take the blue light with him. Along the way he showed him the treasures that the witch had collected and hidden there, and the soldier took as much gold as he could carry. When he was above ground, he said to the dwarf, "Now go and bind the old witch and take her to the judge."

Not long afterward she came riding by on a tomcat as fast as the wind and screaming horribly. And not long after that the dwarf was back. "It is all taken care of," he said. "The witch is hanging on the gallows. Master, what do you command now?"

"Nothing at the moment," answered the soldier. "You can go home, but be ready when I call you."

"It is only necessary," said the dwarf, "for you to light your pipe with the blue light, and I will be with you." With that he disappeared before his very eyes.

The soldier returned to the city from which he had come. He moved into the best inn and had beautiful clothes made for himself. Then he told the innkeeper to furnish his room as luxuriously as possible. When it was finished he summoned the black dwarf and said, "I served the king loyally, but he sent me away to starve. For this I now want revenge."

"What am I to do?" asked the little man.

"Late this evening, when the king's daughter is lying in bed, bring her here to me in her sleep. She shall do maid service for me."

The dwarf said, "That is an easy thing for me, but a dangerous thing for you. If you are found out, it will not go well for you."

At the stroke of twelve the door opened, and the dwarf carried the king's daughter in.

"Aha, is that you?" cried the soldier. "Get to work now! Go fetch the broom and sweep the room." When she was finished he called her to his chair, stuck his feet out at her, and said, "Pull off my boots," then threw them in her face, and she had to pick them up and clean them and make them shine. She did everything that he ordered her to do, without resisting, silently, and with half-closed eyes. At the first cock's crow, the dwarf carried her to the royal palace and back to her bed.

The next morning, after the king's daughter had gotten up, she went to her father and told him that she had had an amazing dream. "I was carried away through the streets as fast as lightning and taken to a soldier's room. I had to serve as his maid and wait on him and do common work, sweep the room, and clean his boots. It was only a dream, but still I am as tired as if I had really done it all."

"The dream could have been true," said the king. "I will give you some advice. Fill your pocket with peas, then make a small hole in your pocket. If you are carried away again, they will fall out and leave a track on the street."

As the king was thus speaking, the dwarf was invisibly standing nearby and heard everything.

That night when he once again carried the sleeping princess through the streets, a few peas did indeed fall out of her pocket, but they did not leave a track, because the cunning dwarf had already scattered peas in all the streets. And once again the king's daughter had to do maid service until the cock crowed.

The next morning the king sent his people out to look for the track, but it was to no end, for in all the streets there were poor children gathering peas and saying, "Last night it rained peas."

"We must think of something else," said the king. "Leave your shoes on when you go to bed, and before you return from there, hide one of them. I will be sure to find it."

The black dwarf overheard this proposal, and that evening when the soldier again wanted the king's daughter brought to him, the dwarf advised him against this, saying that he had no way to protect him against such trickery. If the shoe were to be found in his room, it would not go well with him.

"Do what I tell you," replied the soldier, and for a third night the king's daughter had to work like a maid. But before she was carried back, she hid a shoe under the bed.

The next morning the king had the entire city searched for the shoe, and it was found in the soldier's room. The soldier himself, following the little man's request, was already outside the city gate, but they soon overtook him and threw him into prison.

In his haste, he had forgotten to take along his most valuable things: the blue light and the gold. He had only one ducat in his pocket. Standing at the window of his prison and weighted down with chains, he saw one of his comrades walking by. He knocked on the glass, and as he walked by, he said, "Be so good and bring me the little bundle that I left at the inn. I'll give you a ducat for it."

The comrade ran forth and brought back the desired things. As soon as the soldier was alone again, he lit his pipe and summoned the black dwarf. "Have no fear," he said to his master. "Just go where they lead you, and let everything happen, but take the blue light with you."

The next day the soldier was tried, and although he had done nothing wrong, the judge still sentenced him to death. As he was being led out, he asked the king for one last wish.

"What sort of a wish?" asked the king.

"That I might smoke one more pipe on the way."

"You can smoke three," answered the king, "but do not think that I will let you live."

Then the soldier pulled out his pipe and lit it with the blue light. As soon as a few rings of smoke had risen, the dwarf was standing there. He had a cudgel in his hand and said, "What does my master command?"

"Strike the false judges and their henchmen to the ground for me. And don't spare the king either, who has treated me so badly."

Then the dwarf took off like lightning, zip-zap, back and forth, and everyone he even touched with his cudgel fell to the ground and did not dare to move. The king became afraid. He begged for mercy, and in order to save his life, he gave to the soldier his kingdom as well as his daughter for a wife.

(98) The Iron Man

Germany

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A soldier had long served his king. He had been valiant and brave and hence had received many wounds. When the war was over he had to go back where he came from to see if he could not beg a little bread for himself. Such a cripple could not work, and at that time there were no pensions. He went from village to village and from town to town, barely getting by.

Once he had to pass through a great forest, for at that time there were many large forests. He lost his way and had to eat roots and berries until finally he came to a charcoal burner who took him in and friendlily gave him shelter. The soldier liked it there in the solitude, and he and the charcoal burner became right good friends. He carried wood for the charcoal burner and helped him with everything he had to do. In the twilight of evening they both complained about their sorrows and told one another about their past.

One day the charcoal burner said, "Listen, friend, you are daring and brave. You can bring good fortune to both of us if you will only follow my advice. Not far from here there is a deep shaft where enormous treasures are buried. Are you willing to let me lower you down on a rope? Just bring me a bundle of candles; you can keep everything else that you bring up. You'll see that we shall have enough."

The soldier immediately agreed. The following morning the charcoal burner took a long rope, and they both went to the shaft. One, two, three, the soldier had the rope around his body, and the charcoal burner lowered him into the hole. Down at the bottom the soldier undid the rope, struck a light, and found a tunnel, which he followed until he came to an iron door that was closed with many bars. He opened it and entered a large hall that was entirely illuminated by a silver chandelier. It was as bright as day. In the middle a large iron man was seated on a throne with three chests standing nearby. However, they were locked shut. Above the door was hanging the bundle of candles.

First of all the soldier reached for the candles; the man saw this, but did not move. Then the soldier went to one of the chests, which earlier had not been open, and behold, it was filled with shiny silver coins. He quickly filled his pockets. Then the second chest sprang open, and the most beautiful and largest gold pieces shone forth. He threw the silver coins back into their chest and filled his pockets with gold. He was scarcely finished when the third chest opened itself, in which the most valuable precious stones and pearls were glistening. He set the gold aside and filled his pockets with pearls and diamonds. The man did not move. The soldier left, and the iron man did not move.

At the shaft the soldier tied the rope around his body again, then tugged, and he was pulled up. Above he gave the charcoal burner the candles and showed him his treasures. Both were delighted, and they retired.

The next morning the charcoal burner was dead. What was the soldier to do? He took his treasures, including the candles, and with his staff in hand went forth into the wide world. He soon came out of the forest, then made his way to a large city where for a long time he lived gloriously and happily, thinking that his riches would have no end. But they did come to an end, and he did not have even enough money to buy oil for his lamp. Then he thought of the candles

that he had brought from the shaft. He took one of them, lit it, and in that instant the iron man stood before him, asking him what he should do.

The soldier now knew how things stood, and he told him to bring him a sack full of gold. In an instant he had the gold, the candle went out, and the man had disappeared. Now he had whatever he needed, and when anything was gone the iron man had to come and bring something new.

From there the soldier traveled to the city where the king lived, whom he had served. Here he heard that the king's daughter was wonderfully beautiful, but that no one was allowed to see her. Having nothing better to do, and already leading an elegant life, the idea came to him that he wanted to see the princess. Therefore one evening at ten o'clock he lit his candle. The iron man entered his door and asked what he wished.

"Bring the king's daughter from the castle here to me."

The mighty servant disappeared, and a short time later was back with the princess. Now the soldier made the daughter pay for what her father had done to him. She had to wait on him, clean his boots, sweep the floors, etc. In short, she had to do the duties of an ordinary maid.

The next morning before daybreak the iron man carried her back to her bedroom in the castle. When she awoke she went to her father and told him that she did not know if it had actually happened, or if she had only dreamed that she had been taken to a soldier's room and been forced to serve him.

Looking at his daughter, the king saw a black spot on her face. Then he perceived that it could have been so, and said that this evening she should put a piece of chalk in her pocket, and that she should draw a line and a cross on the front door of the house where she was taken, so that they would be able to find the house again. This she did. However, the iron man noticed, and drew a line and a cross on every front door in the city. The next morning she again told her father what had happened to her. The king ordered his people to find the house where a line and a cross had been drawn. They returned without success, because this sign was on every house.

The king became angry and ordered his soldiers to encircle the entire castle so that not even a mouse could enter or leave. And he posted a strong guard before his daughter's bedroom door. But nonetheless that evening she was taken away again, for no one could see the iron man. The next morning she again told of her experience, and that she had received a rough slap from the soldier that evening. The finger marks could still be seen on her cheek.

This was too much for the king, and he quietly said into his daughter's ear, making three crosses at the same time, that this evening she should put on his gold ring and put it under the soldier's bed. This she did.

"Oh," she said the next morning. "Last night he soldier beat me terribly because I refused to serve him properly."

Then the king ordered that every house in the city be searched for the soldier and the hidden ring. When they found the ring under a bed they were to bring the man who owned the bed to him. Before long the ring was found in the soldier's room, for he had not noticed that the princess had hidden it.

Our soldier was condemned to the gallows, and his execution day was set. He had three days to prepare for his death. During this time he had the opportunity to send a messenger to his home for the candles. The messenger brought them, and now the iron man had to come and rescue the soldier.

The iron man said, "Wait until you are standing on the board beneath the gallows. Then you can have one last wish that will have to be granted to you. You have your candle; light it and I'll be there. I will do what I have to do. No one I touch will ever again have a headache."

And that is what happened. The soldier was happy and cheerful, which caused the prison guard to wonder more than a little. He ate and drank and slept so peacefully, as though he did not know that he was about to die. When he was finally standing on the board, and the hangman was about to tie the latest fashion in neckties on him, the soldier said, "Wait, it's not yet time for that. I still have a request that you will surely grant me."

"Yes," said the king, who had also come with his daughter, so that she could see what would happen to the scoundrel who had so abused her. "Yes, the request shall be granted to you, if it is not an unreasonable one."

"I only want to light my candle and see it burning one more time."

"That can happen," said the king.

So the candle was lit, and immediately the iron man was there with a thick cudgel. He first struck the hangman dead and then the people standing nearby, mowing them down viciously. The king took fright as the iron man moved closer and closer with his cudgel. He called out to the soldier, asking him to order the iron man to stop, and promising that soldier that he could have the princess as a wife.

With that the soldier blew out the candle, and the iron man disappeared. The soldier received his wife, and now had the unlimited respect of everyone, even his father-in-law. And if the king ever resisted, the soldier had only to say, "So, should the iron man come?" Then everything happened that the soldier wanted.

He later became king, and in times of war or great need he now and then called on the iron man, who always helped him. However, when the soldier died, the candles disappeared as well.

(99) The Three Dogs

Germany

A soldier, returning home following a long war, had run out of money, so that he had nothing left. He met an old woman, whom he asked for a small gift. The woman was willing, and gave him her old apron. She told him to walk up a brook with it until he came to a willow tree. He should then climb this tree and let himself down inside it. Taking leave of her he asked her if he could do something for her on the way.

"Oh yes," she answered. "Bring me the tinderbox which is there. I forgot it."

The soldier went to the tree and climbed down inside it. Below there stood a large chest, and sitting on it was a dog who had eyes in his head that were as large as saucers. A second chest was also there, and on it sat a dog with eyes as large as plates, and a third chest was there with eyes as large as serving platters.

With no further ado the soldier set all three dogs onto the old apron and opened the chests. In the first one was copper money, in the second one silver money, and in the third one minted gold. From this chest he took as much as he could carry, not forgetting to pick up the tinderbox as well. Then he climbed out of the hollow tree and went on his way.

Not long afterward he again met the old woman, who asked him for the tinderbox, but he did not want to give it to her. They began quarreling over it, and the soldier struck the old woman dead.

He now had money enough and was able to live well, but he spent so much that it soon came to an end. With time his many friends abandoned him, until at last he was living desolate and alone.

One day he wanted to light a pipe, and for this he used the tinderbox, which he had long forgotten. He suddenly discovered what the tinderbox was good for. The three dogs immediately appeared and asked him what he wished. He told them to bring him some money. Less than a half hour later the dogs returned with a large sum of money.

Now he was once again wealthy, and thought he would like to marry the princess, who lived in the city. But he did not know where to begin, because he was not at all handsome. Then he called his dogs and asked them if they knew how to make it happen.

"We can do that," replied the dogs, and ran away.

That evening all three went to the castle and brought the princess on their backs to the soldier. Afterward they took her back to the castle in the same way.

The next morning the princess told about this, as though it had been a dream. However, the king was concerned and posted guards outside her bedroom door. When the dogs returned the next night the guards were asleep, so the dogs took the princess with them again. However, one soldier saw them, followed them, and drew a mark on the house that they ran into. But the dogs observed this, and they drew marks on all the houses, so that no one could know where the princess had been. On the third evening the dogs fetched the princess again. This time the soldier scattered peas in front of the house, but the dogs gathered up all the peas.

On the fourth day the soldier himself went to the king and asked for his daughter's hand in marriage, but the king had him thrown into prison. Now he was lost, for he did not have his tinderbox with him, and was not able to call the dogs. He thought long and hard how he might escape, but nothing came to him. Then a boy walked beneath his window, and the soldier asked him to do him a favor, the last one, because in only a few days he was to die. The boy was willing.

He asked him to fetch the tinderbox that was in his room, and described exactly where it was. The boy soon returned with the tinderbox, and the soldier pulled it up to his barred window with a string.

"Now everything is all right," he thought. Later when he was standing at the place of execution he asked permission to smoke one last time, and this was granted him. He had scarcely struck a light when the three dogs arrived. He said to them, "Attack!" and they tore apart the judges and the king. Then the soldier married the princess. He lived very happily with her, and if they have not died then they are still alive.

(100) Lars, My Lad!

Sweden

There was once a prince or a duke, or something of that sort, but at any rate he belonged to a very grand family, and he would not stop at home. So he traveled all over the world, and wherever he went he was well liked, and was received in the best and gayest families, for he had no end of money. He made friends and acquaintances, as you may imagine, wherever he went, for he who has a well-filled trough is sure to fall in with pigs who want to have their fill. But he went on spending his money until he came to want, and at last his purse became so empty that he had not even a farthing left. And now there was an end to all his friends as well, for they behaved like the pigs; when the trough was empty and he had no more to give them, they began to grunt and grin, and then they ran away in all directions. There he stood alone with a long face. Everybody had been so willing to help him to get rid of his money, but nobody would help him in return; and so there was nothing for it but to trudge home and beg for crusts on the way.

So late one evening he came to a great forest. He did not know where he should find a shelter for the night, but he went on looking and searching till he caught sight of an old tumble-down hut, which stood in the middle of some bushes. It was not exactly good enough for such a fine cavalier, but when you cannot get what you want you must take what you can get. And, since there was no help for it, he went into the hut.

Not a living soul was to be seen; there was not even a stool to sit upon, but alongside the wall stood a big chest. What could there be inside that chest? If only there were some bits of moldy bread in it! How nice they would taste! For, you must know, he had not had a single bit of food the whole day, and he was so hungry and his stomach so empty that it groaned with pain. He lifted the lid. but inside the chest there was another chest, and inside that chest there was another; and so it went on, each one smaller than the other, until they became quite tiny boxes. The more

there were the harder he worked away, for there must be something very fine inside, he thought, since it was so well hidden.

At last he came to a tiny, little box, and in this box lay a bit of paper -- and that was all he got for his trouble! It was very annoying, of course, but then he discovered there was something written on the paper, and when he looked at it he was just able to spell it out, although at first it looked somewhat difficult.

"Lars, my lad!"

As he pronounced these words something answered right in his ear, "What are master's orders?"

He looked round, but he saw nobody. This was very funny, he thought, and so he read out the words once more, "Lars, my lad!"

And the answer came as before, "What are master's orders?"

But he did not see anybody this time either.

"If there is anybody about who hears what I say, then be kind enough to bring me something to eat," he said. And the next moment there stood a table laid out with all the best things one could think of. He set to work to eat and drink, and had a proper fill. He had never enjoyed himself so much in all his life, he thought.

When he had eaten all he could get down, he began to feel sleepy, and so he took out the paper again, "Lars, my lad!"

"What are master's orders?"

"Well, you have given me food and drink, and now you must get me a bed to sleep in as well. But I want a really fine bed," he said, for you must know he was a little more bold now that his hunger was stayed. Well, there it stood, a bed so fine and dainty that even the king himself might covet it. Now this was all very well in its way, but when once you are well off you wish for still more, and he had no sooner got into bed than he began to think that the room was altogether too wretched for such a grand bed. So he took out the paper again: "Lars, my lad!"

"What are master's orders?"

"Since you are able to get me such food and such a bed here in the midst of the wild forest, I suppose you can manage to get me a better room, for you see I am accustomed to sleep in a palace, with golden mirrors and draped walls and ornaments and comforts of all kinds," he said.

Well, he had no sooner spoken the words than he found himself lying in the grandest chamber anybody had ever seen. Now he was comfortable, he thought, and felt quite satisfied as he turned his face to the wall and closed his eyes. But that was not all the grandeur; for when he woke up in the morning and looked round, he saw it was a big palace he had been sleeping in. One room

led into the other, and wherever he went the place was full of all sorts of finery and luxuries, both on the walls and on the ceilings, and they glittered so much when the sun shone on them that he had to shade his eyes with his hand, so strong was the glare of gold and silver wherever he turned. He then happened to look out of the window. Good gracious! How grand it was! There was something else than pine forests and juniper bushes to look at, for there was the finest garden anyone could wish for, with splendid trees and roses of all kinds. But he could not see a single human being, or even a cat; and that, you know, was rather lonely, for otherwise he had everything so grand and had been set up as his own master again.

So he took out the bit of paper: "Lars, my lad!"

"What are master's orders?"

"Well, now you have given me food and bed and a palace to live in, I intend to remain here, for I like the place," he said, "yet I don't like to live quite by myself. I must have both lads and lasses whom I may order about to wait on me," he said.

And there they were. There came servants and stewards and scullery maids and chambermaids of all sorts, and some came bowing and some curtsying. So now the duke thought he was really satisfied. But now it happened that there was a large palace on the other side of the forest, and there the king lived who owned the forest, and the great, big fields around it. As he was walking up and down in his room he happened to look out through the window and saw the new palace, where the golden weathercocks were swinging to and fro on the roof in the sunlight, dazzling his eyes.

"This is very strange," he thought; and so he called his courtiers. They came rushing in, and began bowing and scraping. "Do you see the palace over there?" said the king.

They opened their eyes and began to stare. Yes, of course, they saw it.

"Who is it that has dared to build such a palace on my grounds?" said the king.

They bowed, and they scraped with their feet, but they did not know anything about it. The king then called his generals and captains. They came, stood at attention and presented arms. "Be gone, soldiers and troopers," said the king, "and pull down the palace over there, and hang him who has built it; and don't lose any time about it!"

Well, they set off in great haste to arm themselves, and away they went. The drummers beat the skins of their drums, and the trumpeters blew their trumpets, and the other musicians played and blew as best they could, so that the duke heard them long before he could see them.

But he had heard this kind of noise before, and knew what it meant, so he took out his scrap of paper: "Lars, my lad!"

"What are master's orders?"

"There are soldiers coming here," he said, "and now you must provide me with soldiers and horses, that I may have double as many as those over in the wood, and with sabers and pistols, and guns and cannons with all that belongs to them; but be quick about it."

And no time was lost; for when the duke looked out, he saw an immense number of soldiers, who were drawn up around the palace. When the king's men arrived, they came to a sudden halt and dared not advance. But the duke was not afraid; he went straight up to the colonel of the king's soldiers and asked him what he wanted. The colonel told him his errand.

"It's of no use," said the duke. "You see how many men I have; and if the king will listen to me, we shall become good friends, and I will help him against his enemies, and in such a way that it will be heard of far and wide," he said.

The colonel was of the same opinion, and the duke then invited him and all his soldiers inside the palace, and the men had more than one glass to drink and plenty of everything to eat as well. But while they were eating and drinking they began talking; and the duke then got to hear that the king had a daughter who was his only child, and was so wonderfully fair and beautiful that no one had ever seen her like before. And the more the king's soldiers ate and drank the more they thought she would suit the duke for a wife. And they went on talking so long that the duke at last began to be of the same opinion.

"The worst of it," said the soldiers, "is that she is just as proud as she is beautiful, and will never look at a man."

But the duke laughed at this. "If that's all," said the duke, "there's sure to be a remedy for that complaint."

When the soldiers had eaten and drunk as much as they could find room for, they shouted "Hurrah!" so that it echoed among the hills, and then they set out homeward. But, as you may imagine, they did not walk exactly in parade order, for they were rather unsteady about the knees, and many of them did not carry their guns in regulation manner. The duke asked them to greet the king from him. He would call on him the following day, he said. When the duke was alone again, he began to think of the princess, and to wonder if she were as beautiful and fair as they had made her out to be. He would like to make sure of it; and as so many strange things had happened that day it might not be impossible to find that out as well, he thought.

"Lars, my lad!"

"What are master's orders?"

"Well, now you must bring me the king's daughter as soon as she has gone to sleep," he said; "but she must not be awakened either on the way here or back. Do you hear that?" he said.

And before long the princess was lying on the bed. She slept so soundly and looked so wonderfully beautiful as she lay there. Yes, she was as sweet as sugar, I can tell you. The duke

walked round about her, but she was just as beautiful from whatever point of view he looked at her. The more he looked the more he liked her.

"Lars, my lad!"

"What are master's orders?"

"You must now carry the princess home," he said, "for now I know how she looks and tomorrow I will ask for her hand," he said.

Next morning the king looked out of the window. "I suppose I shall not be troubled with the sight of that palace anymore," he thought. But, zounds! There it stood just as on the day before, and the sun shone so brightly on the roof, and the weathercocks dazzled his eyes. He now became furious, and called all his men. They came quicker than usual. The courtiers bowed and scraped, and the soldiers stood at attention and presented arms. "Do you see the palace there?" screamed the king. They stretched their necks, and stared and gaped. Yes, of course, that they did. "Have I not ordered you to pull down the palace and hang the builder?" he said.

Yes, they could not deny that; but then the colonel himself stepped forward and reported what had happened and how many soldiers the duke had, and how wonderfully grand the palace was. And next he told him what the duke had said, and how he had asked him to give his greetings to the king, and all that sort of thing. The king felt quite confused, and had to put his crown on the table and scratch his head. He could not understand all this, although he was a king; for he could take his oath it had all been built in a single night; and if the duke were not the evil one himself, he must in any case have done it by magic.

While he sat pondering, the princess came into the room. "Good morning to you, father!" she said. "Just fancy, I had such a strange and beautiful dream last night!" she said.

"What did you dream then, my girl?" said the king.

"I dreamed I was in the new palace over yonder, and that I saw a duke there, so fine and handsome that I could never have imagined the like; and now I want to get married, father," she said.

"Do you want to get married? -- you, who never cared to look at a man! That's very strange!" said the king.

"That may be." Said the princess; "but it's different now, and I want to get married, and it's the duke I want," she said.

The king was quite beside himself, so frightened did he become of the duke. But all of a sudden he heard a terrible noise of drums and trumpets and instruments of all kinds; and then came a message that the duke had just arrived with a large company, all of whom were so grandly dressed that gold and silver glistened in every fold. The king put on his crown and his coronation robes, and then went out on the steps to receive them. And the princess was not slow to follow

him. The duke bowed most graciously, and the king of course did likewise, and when they had talked awhile about their affairs and their grandeur they became the best of friends. A great banquet was then prepared, and the duke was placed next to the princess at the table. What they talked about is not easy to tell, but the duke spoke so well for himself that the princess could not very well say "No" to anything he said, and then he went up to the king and asked for her hand. The king could not exactly say "No" either, for he could very well see that the duke was a person with whom it was best to be on friendly terms; but give his sanction there and then, he could not very well do that either. He wanted to see the duke's palace first, and find out about the state of affairs over there, as you may understand.

So it was arranged that he should visit the duke and take the princess with him to see his palace; and with this they parted company. When the duke returned home, Lars became busier than ever, for there was so much to attend to. But he set to work and strove hard; and when the king and his daughter arrived everything was so magnificent and splendid that no words can describe it. They went through all the rooms and looked about, and they found everything as it should be, and even still more splendid, thought the king, and so he was quite pleased. The wedding then took place, and that in grand style; and on the duke's arrival home with his bride he, too, gave a great feast, and then there was an end to the festivities.

Some time passed by, and one evening the duke heard these words: "Are you satisfied now?"

It was Lars, as you may guess, but the duke could not see him. "Well, I ought to be," said the duke. "You have provided me with everything I have," he said.

"Yes, but what have I got in return?" asked Lars.

"Nothing," said the duke; "but, bless me, what could I have given you, who are not of flesh and blood, and whom I cannot see either?" he said. "But if there is anything I can do for you, tell me what it is, and I shall do it."

"Well, I should like to ask you for that little scrap of paper which you found in the chest," said Lars. "Nothing else?" said the duke. "If such a trifle can help you, I can easily do without it, for now I begin to know the words by heart," he said.

Lars thanked the duke, and asked him to put the paper on the chair in front of the bed when he retired to rest, and he would be sure to fetch it during the night. The duke did as he was told; and so he and the princess lay down and went to sleep. But early in the morning the duke awoke and felt so cold that his teeth chattered, and when he had got his eyes quite open he found that he was quite naked and had not even as much as a thread on his back; and instead of the grand bed and the beautiful bedroom, and the magnificent palace, he lay on the big chest in the old tumble-down hut.

He began to shout, "Lars, my lad!"

But he got no answer. He shouted once more, "Lars, my lad!"

But he got no answer this time either. So he shouted all he could, "Lars, my lad!"

But it was all in vain. Now he began to understand how matters stood. When Lars had got the scrap of paper he was freed from service at the same time, and now he had taken everything with him. But there was no help for it. There stood the duke in the old hut quite naked; and as for the princess she was not much better off, although she had her clothes on, for she had got them from her father, so Lars had no power over them. The duke had now to tell the princess everything, and ask her to leave him. He would have to manage as best he could, he said. But she would not hear of it. She well remembered what the parson had said when he married them, and she would never, never leave him, she said.

In the meantime the king in his palace had also awakened, and when he looked out of the window he did not see any sign whatever of the other palace where his daughter and son-in-law lived. He became uneasy, as you may imagine, and called his courtiers. They came in, and began to bow and scrape.

"Do you see the palace over yonder behind the forest?" he asked. They stretched their necks and stared with all their might. No, they did not see it.

"Where had it gone to, then?" asked the king. Well, really they did not know. It was not long before the king set out with all his court through the forest; and when he arrived at the place where the palace with the beautiful gardens should have been, he could not see anything but heather and juniper bushes and firs. But then he discovered the old tumble-down hut, which stood there among the bushes. He entered the hut and -- mercy on us! -- what a sight met his eyes! There stood his son-in-law, quite naked, and his daughter, who had not very many clothes on either, and who was crying and moaning.

"Dear, dear! what does all this mean?" said the king; but he did not get any answer, for the duke would rather have died than tell him. The king did his utmost to get him to speak; but in spite of all the king's promises and threats the duke remained obstinate and would not utter a word.

The king then became angry; and no wonder, for now he could see that this grand duke was not what he pretended to be, and so he ordered the duke to be hanged, and that without any loss of time. The princess begged and prayed for mercy; but neither prayers nor tears were of any help now; for an impostor he was, and as an impostor he should die, said the king. And so it had to be. They erected a gallows, and placed the rope round the duke's neck. But while they were getting the gallows ready, the princess got hold of the hangman, and gave both him and his assistant some money, that they should so manage the hanging of the duke that he should not lose his life, and in the night they were to cut him down, so that he and the princess might then flee the country. And that's how the matter was arranged.

In the meantime they had strung up the duke, and the king and his court and all the people went their way. The duke was now in great straits. He had, however, plenty of time to reflect how foolish he had been in not saving some of the crumbs when he was living in plenty, and how unpardonably stupid he had been in letting Lars have the scrap of paper. This vexed him more

than all. If only he had it again, he thought, they should see he had been gaining some sense in return for all he had lost. But it is of little use snarling if you haven't got any teeth.

"Ah, well, well!" he sighed, and so he dangled his legs, which was really all he could do. The day passed slowly and tediously for him, and he was not at all displeased when he saw the sun setting behind the forest. But just before it disappeared he heard a fearful shouting, and when he looked down the hill, he saw seven cartloads of worn-out shoes, and on the top of the hindmost cart he saw a little old man in gray clothes and with a red pointed cap on his head. His face was like that of the worst scarecrow, and the rest of him was not very handsome either.

He drove straight up to the gallows, and when he arrived right under it he stopped and looked up at the duke, and then burst out laughing, the ugly old fellow! "How stupid you were!" he said; "but what should the fool do with his stupidity if he did not make use of it?" And then he laughed again. "Yes, there you are hanging now, and here am I carting away all the shoes I have worn out for your whims. I wonder if you can read what is written on this bit of paper, and if you recognize it?" he said with an ugly laugh, holding up the paper before the duke's eyes.

But all who hang are not dead, and this time it was Lars who was befooled. The duke made a clutch, and snatched the paper from him.

"Lars, my lad!"

"What are master's orders?"

"Well, you must cut me down from the gallows and put the palace and all the rest in its place again, exactly as it was before, and when the night has set in you must bring back the princess."

All went merrily as in a dance, and before long everything was in its place, just as it was when Lars took himself off. When the king awoke the next morning he looked out of the window, as was his custom, and there stood the palace again, with the weathercocks glittering so beautifully in the sunshine. He called his courtiers, and they came and began to bow and scrape. They stretched their necks as far as they could, and stared and gaped.

"Do you see the palace over there?" said the king. Yes, of course, they did. The king then sent for the princess, but she was not to be found. He then went out to see if his son-in-law was still hanging on the gallows, but neither son-in-law nor gallows was to be seen. He had to lift off his crown and scratch his head. But that did not improve matters; he could not make head or tail of either one thing or the other. He set off at once with all his court through the forest, and when he came to the place where the palace should stand, there it stood sure enough. The gardens and the roses were exactly as they used to be, and the duke's people were to be seen everywhere among the trees. His son-in-law and his daughter received him on the steps, dressed in their finest clothes.

"Well, I never saw the like of this," said the king to himself; he could scarcely believe his own eyes, so wonderful did it all seem to him.

"God's peace be with you, father, and welcome here!" said the duke.

The king stood staring at him. "Are you my son-in-law?" he asked.

"Well, I suppose I am," said the duke. "Who else should I be?"

"Did I not order you to be hanged yesterday like any common thief?" said the king.

"I think you must have been bewitched on the way," said the duke, with a laugh. "Do you think I am the man to let myself be hanged? Or is there anyone here who dares to believe it?" he said, and looked so fiercely at the courtiers that they felt as if they were being pierced through and through. They bowed and scraped and cringed before him. Who could believe such a thing? Was it at all likely?

"Well, if there is anyone who dares to say the king could have wished me such evil, let him speak out," said the duke, and fixed his eyes upon them still more fiercely than before. They went on bowing and scraping and cringing. How could anyone dare say such a thing? No, they had more sense than that, they should hope. The king did not know what to believe, for when he looked at the duke he thought he never could have wished him such evil; but still he was not quite convinced.

"Did I not come here yesterday, and was not the whole palace gone, and was there not an old hut in its place? And did not I go into that hut, and did not you stand stark naked right before my eyes?" he asked.

"I wonder the king can talk so," said the duke. "I think the trolls must have bewitched your eyes in the forest and made you quite crazy; or what do you think?" he said, and turned round to the courtiers. They bowed and bowed till their backs were bent double, and agreed with everything he said, there could be no mistake about that. The king rubbed his eyes, and looked round about him.

"I suppose it is as you say, then," he said to the duke, "and it is well I have got back my proper sight and have come to my senses again. For it would have been a sin and a shame if I had let you be hanged," he said; and so he was happy again, and nobody thought any more about the matter.

"Once bitten, twice shy," as the proverb says; and the duke now took upon himself to manage and look after most of his affairs, so that it was seldom Lars had to wear out his shoes. The king soon gave the duke half the kingdom into the bargain; so he had now plenty to do, and people said they would have to search a long time to find his equal in wise and just ruling.

Then one day Lars came to the duke, looking very little better than the first time he had seen him; but he was, of course, more humble, and did not dare giggle and make grimaces. "You do not want my help any longer, now," he said; "for although I did wear out my shoes at first, I am now unable to wear out a single pair, and my feet will soon be covered all over with moss. So I thought I might now get my leave of absence," he said.

The duke quite agreed with him. "I have tried to spare you, and I almost think I could do without you," he said. "But the palace and all the rest I do not want to lose, for such a clever builder as you I shall never get again; nor do I ever want to adorn the gallows again, as you can well understand; so I cannot give you back the paper on any account," he said.

"Well, as long as you have got it, I need not fear," said Lars; "but if anybody else should get hold of it there will be nothing but running and trudging about again, and that's what I want to avoid; for when one has been tramping about for a thousand years, as I have done, one begins to get tired of it," he said.

But they went on talking, and at last they agreed that the duke should put the paper in the box, and then bury it seven ells under the ground, under a stone fixed in the earth. They then gave mutual thanks for the time they had spent in each other's company, and so they parted. The duke carried out his part of the agreement, for he was not likely to want to change it. He lived happy and contented with the princess, and they had both sons and daughters. When the king died, he got the whole of the kingdom, and you may guess he was none the worse off for that; and there no doubt he still lives and reigns, if he is not dead. But as for the box with the scrap of paper in it, there are many who are still running about looking for it.