

The Book of Elves and Fairies



STORIES OLD AND NEW



Come! Come! To the Fairies Story Hour

THE BOOK OF ELVES AND FAIRIES

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ELVES AND
FAIRIES

Geddes & Grosset

To
THEODORE OLCOTT PHILLIPS

*"Good luck befriend thee, son; for, at thy birth,
The FAIRY LADIES danced upon the hearth;
The drowsy nurse hath sworn she did them spy
Come tripping to the room, where thou didst lie,
And sweetly singing round about thy bed
Strew all their blessings on thy sleeping head!"*

MILTON

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FOREWORD

Let a child open the covers of this book, and straightway he is in that land of all delights—Fairy Realm. Here Fairy Godmothers reward good children, and punish bad ones; here red-capped Little Men yield up their treasures of gold and magic gifts, while Pixies drop silver pennies in water-pails, and merry Spriggans and Fays hold nightly revels in the moonlight. Here, too, a child may dance in Fairy Rings, or hie away to Elfinland for a year and a day to play with wonder-children, pick Fairy flowers, listen to Fairy birds, and be fed on magic goodies.

Old favourites like *Cinderella* and *Robin Goodfellow* may charm the little reader, or other delightful tales, new to most children will fascinate as much as do the older tales. Stories are here from all lands where Fairies thrive—Elfin-lore, legends, myths, and wonder-tales from China, Japan, the South Seas, England, Ireland, Wales, Cornwall, and America, and from many other Elfin-haunted spots.

And every story is about "Fairies black, grey, green, and white," and every one has been selected for delightful humour, fancy, or ethical teaching. Nearly all have been retold

to meet the needs of story-tellers and to please the children. As far as possible the language of the originals has been retained and elements that will terrify little children or teach them that wrong is right, have been eliminated.

To impart true Fairy spirit as well as literary flavour, many famous Fairy poems by Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Michael Drayton, and other poets are included; so that the volume forms a collection of the best Fairy literature, not merely planned to give the children joy, but to be of real educational value.

CONTENTS

<i>"'Tis the hour of Fairy ban and spell"</i>	10
<i>Come! Come! To The Fairies Story Hour</i>	11
<i>Adventures of Robin Goodfellow</i>	15
<i>The Potato Supper</i>	21
<i>The Milk-White Calf and The Fairy Ring</i>	26
<i>"'Tis the Midnight Hour!"</i>	32
<i>Monday! Tuesday!</i>	33
<i>Legend of Bottle Hill</i>	37
<i>Elfin-mount</i>	46
<i>"And will you come away, my lad"</i>	56
<i>Skillywidden</i>	57
<i>"Saint Francis and Saint Benedict"</i>	62
<i>Little Redcap</i>	63
<i>The Curmudgeon's Skin</i>	69
<i>How Peeping Kate was Piskey-led</i>	75
<i>The Brownie of Blednoch</i>	85

LIST OF PLATES

facing page

frontispiece

<i>Kintaro the Golden Boy</i>	88
<i>The Flower Fairies</i>	93
<i>The Fairy Island</i>	96
<i>The Four-Leaved Clover</i>	98
<i>The Gillie Dhu</i>	101
<i>How Kahukura Learned to Make Nets</i>	103
<i>The Smith and the Fairies</i>	106
<i>The Coal-Black Steed</i>	110
<i>The Girl Who Was Stolen by Fairies</i>	113
<i>The Girl Who Danced With the Fairies</i>	115
<i>The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood</i>	118
<i>Cinderella</i>	126
<i>The Story of Childe Charity</i>	136
<i>The Enchanted Watch</i>	149

<i>Come! Come!</i>	
<i>To the Fairies Story Hour</i>	frontispiece
<i>The Potato Supper</i>	17
<i>'Tis the Midnight Hour!</i>	32
<i>Elfin-Mount</i>	48
<i>How Peeping Kate was Piskey-led</i>	80
<i>The Fairy Island</i>	96
<i>The Flower Fairies</i>	97
<i>Cinderella</i>	128
<i>Cinderella</i>	129
<i>The Story of Childe Charity</i>	145

*'Tis the hour of Fairy ban and spell;
The wood-tick has kept the minutes well;
He has counted them all with click and stroke,
Deep in the heart of the mountain oak,
And he has awakened the sentry Elve
Who sleeps with him in the haunted tree,
To bid him ring the hour of twelve,
And call the Fays to their revelry;
Twelve small strokes on his tinkling bell—
(’Twas made of the white snail’s pearly shell:—)
“Midnight comes, and all is well!
Hither, hither, wing your way!
’Tis the dawn of the Fairy day.”*

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE

COME! COME! TO THE FAIRIES STORY HOUR
IN THE MOONLIT MEADOW

Fairies! Fairies everywhere! Hear them come! See them come in the pale moonlight to this lovely meadow! They rush through the air; they throng from the wood; they spring up from the ground; they peep from the flowers and leaves. They are all hastening to the Fairies’ Story Hour. The Midsummer moon is shining, shining; while the Midsummer breeze is swaying, swaying the harebells, lilies, and grasses.

Laughter! whisper! Laughter! whisper! See, through the air comes gliding a whole host of radiant little Fairies. They poise lightly on their silvery wings, and float down to the harebells and lilies. They flicker over the meadow like gay butterflies. Laughter! whisper!

Hum! whirr! Hum! whirr! What is that noise in the tree-tops? From among the dark leaves fly hundreds and hundreds of broad-backed beetles, bumping and thumping each other. They are followed by a silent cloud of bats, that wheel and whirl, and flap their leathery wings. And to the back of every beetle and every bat clings a tiny roguish Elf peeping down at the meadow below.

Rap! tack! tack! Rap! tack! tack! From behind each tree-trunk steps a little Leprechaun as big as your thumb. They are the Fairy Shoemakers. Their long beards and red caps wag in the moonlight; and the little men smile and chuckle to themselves, for well they know where the pots of Fairy Gold are hidden. Near them, peering from behind stones and bushes, are the Curmudgeons, rolling their mischievous eyes.

Skip! skip! Knock! knock! What have we here? From out of the earth pours a swarm of little Spriggans and Pixies gaily dressed, and Knockers with their tiny hammers in their tiny hands. They have left the meadows and moors; they have left the mines of tin and copper, and the diamond caves, to come to the Fairies' Story Hour. How they hustle, how they bustle, out of the earth!

Gallop-a-trot! Gallop-a-trot! What comes from the wood? A long line of prancing goats and house-cats! And on the back of each is a House-Elf, to be sure! The Brownies, the Boggarts, the Tomts, the Piskeys, are all there. They have left their snug corners in human homes; they have left cellars, barns, and threshing-floors; they have left bowls of clubbered cream on warm hearthstones, to come to the Fairies' Story Hour. And who is this that lights their way with a Will-o'-the-Wisp lantern? 'Tis Robin Goodfellow, freakish Elf! Ho! Ho! Ho!

Sing! cling! Sing! cling! What are these that come sailing through the air? Mother-of-pearl boats with coral masts and sails of sea-lace! Each little boat is crowded with Sea-Queens and Water-Fairies. Their green hair is long and flowing, and their robes are of rainbow spray. And near them, astride frisky sea-horses, are the Kelpies, blowing loudly on their conch-shell trumpets. And each Kelpie is armed with a shield of pearl and a sword-fish weapon. They have all left the foaming green waves and the pink coral palaces to come to the Fairies' Story Hour.

Now! Listen! Listen! The harebells and lilies are ringing sweet music, while from meadow flowers and acorn-cups and forest nuts tumble lazy, sleepy Elves rubbing their eyes, and hastening to join the others at the Fairies' Story Hour.

The harebells and lilies ring louder and louder. And from out the cool wood step King Oberon and Queen Mab, with all their Fairy train that glitters in the moonshine like a long string of jewels.

The royal train advances into the middle of the meadow. The King and Queen seat themselves on a throne of moss. At their left is capering Puck mowing and mouthing; at their right, Ariel the sweetest singer. All present bow themselves before the throne.

See! Queen Mab raises her wand, and each little Elf and

Fairy scurries and hurries to make himself comfortable. Some sway on the blades of grass; others climb the flower stalks and curl up inside the fragrant blossoms; while still others swing and rock in the trees, or nestle among the ferns and under toadstool umbrellas.

Every wee Elf, and every tiny Fairy, and every little Imp, from all the world over, is here. Indeed, all the members of the entire Fairy Family are present except the human-sized ones. They are too busy to come. The Elfin Princes are searching cottages and palaces for mortal brides to carry off to Fairyland. The Elfin nurses are leaving Changelings in babies' cradles; while the Fairy Godmothers are far away bestowing wonderful gifts on good children, and punishing bad ones.

Look! Look! Queen Mab waves her wand! The Fairies' Story Hour is beginning. All is hushed.

Listen now to the Fairy tales.

ADVENTURES OF ROBIN
GOODFELLOW
From Merry England

HOW ROBIN GOODFELLOW WAS BORN

Once upon a time, when men did eat more and drink less, when men did know no knavery, there were wont to walk many harmless sprites called Fairies, dancing in brave order in Fairy Rings on green hills, to sweet music. These sprites would make themselves invisible, and many mad pranks would they play, pinching careless housemaids black and blue, and turning ill-kept houses topsy-turvy. But lovingly they would use neat housemaids, giving them silver and other pretty toys which they left in the maids' shoes and pockets, or in bright kitchen pans.

Now, in those Fairy days there was born on earth a tiny Elfin boy whom folk called Robin Goodfellow. And wonderful were the gifts from Fairyland that came to Robin when he was a baby. In his room suddenly would appear rich embroidered cushions, delicate linen garments, and all sorts of delicious things to eat and drink. So he was never in want.

Now, when Robin was grown to six years, he was so mis-

chievous that the neighbours all complained of his pranks until he was forced to run away.

He wandered about until he began to get hungry; then, going to a tailor, he took service with him. He remained there until he grew so mischievous that he was obliged to run away again.

HOW HE RECEIVED A MESSAGE FROM FAIRYLAND

After he had travelled a good day's journey from the tailor's house, he sat down by the wayside and, being weary, fell asleep. No sooner had he closed his eyes than he fancied he saw tiny beings tripping on the grass before him, to the sound of sweet music. And when he awoke, he found, to his surprise, a scroll lying near by on which were these verses, written in letters of gold:—

*"Robin my only son and heir,
For food and drink take thou no care.
Wish what thou wilt, and thou shalt have
The power to tease both fool and knave.
Change when thou wilt thine Elfish shape,
To horse, or hog, or dog, or ape;
And scare each idle dirty maid,
And make all wicked men afraid.
But love thou those that honest be,
And help them in necessity.*

*"Do thus, and all the world shall know
The pranks of Robin Goodfellow.
If thou'lt observe my just command,
One day thou shalt see Fairyland."*



The Potato Supper

ROBIN GOODFELLOW

Robin, having read this, was very joyful, for he perceived that he had Fairy power. He straightway wished for something to eat, and it appeared before him. Then he wished himself a horse, and no sooner did he say so than he became a handsome colt, curveting and leaping about. He wished himself a dog, and was one. After that he turned himself into any shape he liked. Then taking his own form again, he once more started on his travels.

OF HIS MAD PRANKS—HO! HO!

And from that time forward many were the merry tricks Robin played on those he met.

Once, seeing a rude and clownish fellow searching for a lost horse, Robin turned himself into a horse, and led the rude man a chase over field and briar, until he allowed the man to catch him and mount his back. Then Robin jumped into a stream and, turning into a fish, swam to the shore and ran away, laughing, "Ho! Ho! Ho!"—leaving the man to get out of the water as best he could.

At night Robin often visited farmers' houses, and helped the neat housemaids with their work, breaking their hemp, dressing their flax, and spinning their yarn. One night he came to a house where there was a good and handsome maid. And while she slept Robin did her work, more than she could

have done in twelve hours. The maid wondered the next morning to see all done so finely, and that night she watched to see what would follow.

At twelve of the clock in came Robin and, singing, fell to work breaking her hemp and doing her spinning, and as he worked he sang a mad song:—

*"Within and out, in and out, round as a ball,
With hither and thither, as straight as a line,
With lily and germander, and sops of wine,
With sweetbriar,
And bonfire,
And strawberry wire,
And columbine!"*

The maid, seeing that he had no clothes, pitied him, and the next night she laid out a little suit that she had cut and sewed during the day. Robin, coming in, spied the clothes, whereat he started, and said:—

*"'Tis not your garments new or old
That Robin loves. I feel no cold.
Had you left me milk or cream,
You should have had a pleasant dream,
Because you left no drop or crumb,
Robin never more will come."*

And with that he ran out of the door, laughing loudly, "Ho! Ho! Ho!"

And many other mad pranks did Robin Goodfellow play. At times he turned himself into a will-o'-the-wisp, mislead-

ing lovers who came over the heath; at other times he punished knaves and idle maids, or rewarded good and worthy people. And always he ran laughing, "Ho! Ho! Ho!"

HOW HE DANCED IN THE FAIRY RING

At length Oberon, King of Fairyland, seeing so many honest and merry tricks, called one night to Robin as he lay sleeping in the greenwood:—

*"Robin, my son, come, quickly rise!
First stretch, then yawn, and rub your eyes.
For you must go with me tonight
To dance with Fairy, Elf, and Sprite.
Come quickly now, my roguish son,
'Tis time our sports were well begun."*

Robin, hearing this, woke and rose hastily, and, looking about, saw in the moonlight King Oberon, and many Fairies with him dressed in green silk. And all these did welcome Robin Goodfellow into their company.

King Oberon took Robin by the hand and led him a dance. And near by sat little Tom Thumb, the Fairy piper, no bigger than a plum. His bagpipe was made of a wren's quill and the skin of a tiny insect. This pipe made music so shrill and sweet, that naught might be compared to it.

Then all the Fairies for joy did circle Robin around, and in a ring did dance about him; and Robin Goodfellow danced in the midst of them, and sang this song:—

*"Quick and nimble!
Quick and nimble!
Round about little ones!
In and out, wheel about,
Run, hop, or amble!"*

*"Elves, Urchins, Goblins all, and little Fairies,
Who do pinch black and blue, idle maids in dairies,
Make a ring on the grass, with your quick measures.
Tom shall play and I will sing, for all your pleasures."*

*"Quick and nimble!
Quick and nimble!
Round about little ones!
In and out, wheel about,
Run, hop or amble!"*

Thus they danced for a good space, then sat themselves down upon the grass, and the Fairies told Robin of many Elfish tricks and merry capers; until, the time passing, a shepherd in a field near by blew his pipes so loudly that he frightened little Tom Thumb.

The Fairies punished the shepherd by the loss of his pipes, so that they presently broke in his hand, to his great amazement. Hereat Robin Goodfellow laughed, "Ho! Ho! Ho!"

The morning being come, at cock-crow the Fairies hastened away to Fairyland, where I think they yet remain.

THE POTATO SUPPER

From Ireland

Some folk say that the Little People, the Fairies, were once angels that were cast out of Heaven for their sins. They fell to earth and grew smaller and smaller. And today they dance on moonlit nights in Fairy Rings, and play all manner of pranks.

Be that as it may, one night a merry troop of them was capering in the moonshine. On a nice green sward by a river's bank the little fellows were dancing hand-in-hand, with their red caps wagging at every bound. And so light were their feet that the dew trembled, but was not disturbed. So they danced, spinning around and around, and twirling, and bobbing, and diving, until one of them chirped:—

*"Cease! Cease with your humming!
Here's an end to your mumming!
By my smell
I can tell
That a Priest is now coming!"*

And away all the Fairies scampered as fast as they could. Some hid under the green leaves of the Foxglove, their little caps peeping out like crimson bells. Others crept under the shadow of stones, or beneath the bank of the river.

And scarcely had they done so, when along came Father Horrigan riding slowly on his pony. He was thinking to himself that he would end his journey at the first cabin he came to. And so he did, for soon he stopped at the little house of Dermod Leary, and, lifting the latch, walked in with: "A blessing on all here!"

And a welcome guest, you may be sure, was Father Horrigan, for no man was better loved in all that country. But when Dermod saw him enter, he was troubled, for he had nothing to offer for supper except some potatoes that his wife was boiling in a pot over the fire. Then he remembered that he had set a net in the river. "There'll be no harm," thought he, "in my stepping down to see if anything has been caught."

So down to the river went Dermod. He found as fine a salmon in the net as ever jumped from water. But as he was taking it out, the net was jerked from his hands, and away the salmon went, swimming along as though nothing had happened.

Dermod looked sorrowfully at the wake that the fish left shining like a line of silver in the moonlight.

"May bitter luck attend you night and day!" cried he, shaking his fist. "Some evil thing sure it was that helped you, for did I not feel it pull the net out of my hand!"

"You're all wrong, Dermod! There were a hundred or more of us pulling against you!" squeaked a little voice near his feet, and the whole troop of Fairies—hundreds and hundreds of them—came rushing from their hiding-places, and stood before him, their red caps nodding violently.

Dermod gazed at them in wonder; then one of the Fairies said:—

"Make yourself noways uneasy about the Priest's supper, Dermod Leary. If you will go back and ask him one question for us, there'll be as fine a supper spread before him in no time, as ever was put on table."

"I'll have nothing to do with you at all, at all!" answered Dermod; "I know better than to sell my soul to the likes of you!"

But the little Fairy was not to be repulsed. "Will you ask the Priest just one civil question for us, Dermod?" said he.

Dermod considered for a moment. "I see no objection," said he, "to the same. But I'll have nothing to do with your supper, mind that!"

The Little People all crowded near him, while the Fairy answered:—

"Go and ask Father Horrigan to tell us whether our souls will be saved at the Last Day. And, if you wish us well, Dermod Leary, you will bring the word that he says."

Away went Dermod to his cabin.

"Please, your reverence," said he to Father Horrigan, "may I make bold to ask your honour a question?"

"What is it?" said Father Horrigan.

"Why, then," said Dermod, "will the souls of the Little People be saved at the Last Day?"

"Who bids you ask that question, Leary?" said Father Horrigan, fixing his eyes sternly on Dermod.

"I'll tell no lies about the matter, nothing in life but the truth," answered Dermod. "'Twas the Little People themselves who sent me. They are in thousands down on the bank of the river waiting for your word."

"Go back," said Father Horrigan, "and tell them that if they want to know they must come here to me themselves, and I'll answer that and any other question."

So back Dermod hurried to the river. The Fairies came swarming around him. They pressed close to his feet, with faces upturned as they anxiously waited. And Dermod, brave man that he was, spoke out boldly and gave them the Priest's message. And when they heard that, the whole multitude of little Fairies uttered shrill cries and groans; and they whisked past Dermod in such numbers that he was quite bewildered. Then in a trice he found himself alone.

He went slowly back to his cabin. He opened the door.

The fire was burning brightly. The candles were lighted. And good Father Horrigan was seated comfortably at the table, a pitcher of new milk before him, and a bit of fresh butter, from Dermod's cow. And Dermod's wife was handing him a big, handsome potato, whose white, mealy insides were bursting through its skin, and smoking like a hard-ridden horse on a frosty night.

Dermod sat down at the table, and began to eat without a word. And when Father Horrigan was through the good Priest smacked his lips, and said that he had relished the hot tasty potatoes, more than a dozen fat salmon, and a whole Fairy feast!

THE MILK-WHITE CALF AND THE FAIRY RING

From Ireland

In Tipperary is one of the most singularly shaped hills in the world. It has a peak at the top like a conical nightcap. On this very peak, long years ago, a herdsman spent his nights and days watching the herd. Now, the hill was ancient Fairy ground, and the Little People were angry that the scene of their light and airy gambols should be trampled by the rude hoofs of bulls and cows. The lowing of the cattle sounded sad in their ears. So the Queen of the Fairies determined to drive away the herdsman.

One night the moon shone brightly on the hill. The cattle were lying down. The herdsman, wrapped in his mantle, was watching the twinkling stars, when suddenly there appeared before him a great horse with the wings of an eagle, and the tail of a dragon. This beast hissed loudly and spat fire, and, while the herdsman was looking on, half dead with fright, it turned into a little old man, lame of leg, with a bull's head around which flames were playing.

The next moment the little old man changed into a huge ape, with duck's feet, and a turkey-cock's tail. And then the

Queen of the Fairies—for of course it was she—roared, neighed, hissed, bellowed, howled, and hooted so fearfully that the poor herdsman in terror covered his head with his mantle. But it was of no use, for with one puff of wind she blew away the fold of his mantle, let him hold it never so tightly. As for the poor man, he could not stir or close his eyes, but was forced to sit there gazing at this terrible sight until his hair lifted his hat half a foot from his head, and his teeth chattered so that they almost fell out of his mouth.

Meanwhile the frightened cattle scampered about like mad, as if bitten by fleas, and so they continued to do until the sun rose. Then the Fairy Queen disappeared.

Night after night, the same thing happened, and the cattle went mad. Some fell into pits, or tumbled into the river and were drowned. By and by, not a herdsman was willing to tend the cattle at night. The farmer who owned the hill offered triple and quadruple wages, but not a man was found who would face the terrors of the Fairy Ring. The herd gradually thinned, and the Fairies, on moonlit nights, danced and gambolled as merrily as before, sipping dewdrops from acorn-cups, and spreading their feasts on the heads of mushrooms.

Now, there dwelt in that part of the country a man named Larry Hoolahan, who played on the pipes better than any

other player within fifteen parishes. A dashing, roving blade was Larry, and afraid of nothing. One day the farmer met him, and told him all his misfortunes.

"If that is what ails you," said Larry, "make your mind easy. Were there as many Fairies on the hill as there are potato-blossoms in Tipperary, I would face them. It would be a queer thing, indeed, if I, who was never afraid of a proper man, should turn my back on a Fairy not the bigness of one's thumb!"

"Larry," said the farmer, "do not talk so bold, for you know not who is hearing you! But, if you make your words good, and watch my herds for a week on top of the hill, your hand shall be free of my dish till the sun has burnt itself down to the bigness of a farthing rushlight!"

The bargain was struck, and Larry went to the hill-top when the moon was beginning to peep over its brow. He took his seat on a big stone under a hollow of the hill, with his back to the wind, and pulled out his pipes.

He had not played long when the voices of the Fairies were heard upon the blast like a low stream of music. Presently they burst into a loud laugh, and Larry could plainly hear one say:—

"What! Another man upon the Fairies' Ring! Go to him, Queen, and make him repent of his rashness!"

And away they flew, and Larry felt them pass by his face like a swarm of midges. Looking up hastily he saw, between the moon and him, a great black cat, standing on the very tip of its claws, with its back up, and mewing with a voice like a water-mill.

Presently it swelled up toward the sky, and, turning round on its left hind leg, whirled till it fell to the ground. Then it started up in the shape of a salmon with a cravat round its neck, and wearing a pair of new top-boots.

"Go on, my jewel!" said Larry. "If you dance, I'll pipe," and he struck up.

But the Queen of the Fairies—for of course it was she—turned into this and that and the other; but still Larry played on, as well as he knew how. At last she lost patience, and changed herself into a calf, milk-white as the cream of Cork, and with eyes as mild as those of a loving girl.

She came up gentle and fawning, hoping to throw him off his guard, and then to work him some wrong. But Larry was not so deceived, for when she came near, dropping his pipes, he leaped on her back.

Now, from the top of the hill, as you look westward, you may see the broad river Shannon, full ten miles away. On this night its waters shone beautifully under the moon, and no sooner had Larry leaped on the back of the Fairy Queen than

she sprang from the hill-top, and bounded clear at one jump, over the Shannon. It was done in a second; and, when she alighted on the distant bank, she kicked up her heels, and flung Larry on the soft turf.

No sooner was Larry thus planted than he looked her straight in the face, and cried out:—

“By my word, well done! That was not a bad leap, *for a calf!*”

She gazed at him for a moment, and then, assuming her own shape, said:—

“Larry Hoolahan, you are a bold fellow! Will you go back the way you came?”

“And that’s what I will!” said he, “if you’ll let me!”

So she changed to a calf again, and Larry got on her back. At another bound they were standing inside the Fairy Ring.

Then the Queen, once more assuming her own shape, addressed him.

“You have shown so much courage, Larry Hoolahan,” said she, “that while you keep herds on this hill, you shall not be molested by me or mine. The day dawns. Go down to the farmer, and tell him this. And, if anything I can do will be of service to you, ask and you shall have it.”

She vanished accordingly, and kept her word in never visiting the hill during Larry’s lifetime; but he never troubled

her with requests. He piped, and ate and drank at the farmer’s expense, and roosted in the chimney-corner, occasionally casting an eye on the herd. He died at last; and is buried in a green valley of pleasant Tipperary. But whether the Fairies returned to the hill after his death is more than I can say.

*'Tis the Midnight Hour!
The Moon hangs white!
Mortal beware,
'Tis Fairy Night!*

*From Elfin Mound
And Fairy Hill,
Comes music sweet,
And laughter shrill!*

*Mortal beware,
For Fairy-Spell
Lies on meadow,
Wood and dell!*



'Tis the Midnight Hour!

MONDAY! TUESDAY!

From Ireland

There once lived a lad in old Ireland named Lusmore. He had a great hump on his back, and whenever he sat down he had to rest his chin on his knee for support. But, in spite of this, he was as happy as a cricket, and used to go about the country with a sprig of Fairy-cap, or Foxglove, in his little straw hat. He went from house to house plaiting baskets out of rushes, and in that way he earned a living. And he was so merry that people always gave him a penny more than he asked.

One evening, he was returning from a distant town, and as he walked slowly on account of his hump, it grew dark before he could reach home. He came to an old mound by the side of the road, and, being tired, sat down on it to rest.

He had not been sitting there long when he heard strains of music, and many little voices singing sweetly. He laid his ear to the mound, and perceived that the music and singing came from inside it. And he could hear the words that the little voices were chanting over and over again:—

*"Monday! Tuesday!
Monday! Tuesday!
Monday! Tuesday!"*

It was all so very sweet, that Lusmore listened with delight; but by and by he grew tired of hearing the same words sung over and over. He waited politely until the voices had finished their song, then he called:—

"And Wednesday!"

The Fairies—for it was the singing of Fairies that he heard—were so pleased with Lusmore's addition to their words, that they pulled him right down through the top of the mound with the speed of a whirlwind. And he went falling and twirling round and round as light as a feather.

He found himself in a palace so bright that it dazzled his eyes. Then all the Fairies stopped capering and dancing, and came crowding around him. And one, wearing a crown, stepped forward and said:—

*"Lusmore! Lusmore!
The hump that you wore,
On your back is no more.
Look down on the floor,
And see it, Lusmore!"*

And as these words were being said, Lusmore felt himself grow so light and happy, that he could have bounded up to the moon. And he saw his hump tumble off his back and roll on the floor. Then the Fairies took hands, and danced around

him, and as they did so he became dizzy and fell asleep.

When he opened his eyes it was broad daylight, and the sun was shining, and the birds were singing, and cows and sheep were grazing peacefully around him. He put his hand to his hump. It was gone! And there he was, as tall, straight, and handsome as any other lad in Ireland. And, besides all that, he was dressed in a full suit of beautiful clothes.

He went toward his home stepping out lightly, and jumping high at every step, so full of joy was he. And as he passed his neighbours, they hardly knew him without his hump, and because he was so straight and handsome, and was dressed so finely.

Now, in another village, not far away, lived a lad named Jack Madden. He also had a great hump on his back. He was a peevish, cunning creature, and liked to scratch and pinch all who came near him.

When he heard how the Fairies had taken away Lusmore's hump, he decided that he, too, would visit them. So one night after darkness had fallen, he sat down on the mound all alone, and waited. He had not been there long before he heard the music, and the sweet voices singing:

*"Monday! Tuesday!
Monday! Tuesday!
Monday! Tuesday!
And Wednesday!"*

And as he was in a very great hurry to get rid of his hump, he did not wait for the Fairies to finish their song, but yelled out, thinking that two days were better than one:—

"And Thursday and Friday!"

No sooner had the words left his lips, than he was taken up quickly, and whisked through the mound with terrific force. And the Fairies came crowding around him, screeching and buzzing with anger, and crying out:—

*"Our song you have spoiled!"
Our song you have spoiled!
Our song you have spoiled!"*

Then the one wearing the crown stepped forward, and said:—

*"Jack Madden! Jack Madden!
Your words came so bad in,
That your life we will sadden!
Here's two humps for Jack Madden!"*

And quick as a wink, twenty Fairies brought Lusmore's hump and clapped it down on Jack Madden's back, and there it was fixed as firmly as if nailed on with tenpenny nails.

Then out of the mound they kicked him. And when morning was come, he crept home with the two humps on his back—and he is wearing them still.

LEGEND OF BOTTLE HILL

From Ireland

It was in the good days, when the Little People were more frequently seen than they are in these unbelieving times, that a farmer, named Mick Purcell, rented a few acres of barren ground not far from the city of Cork.

Mick had a wife and seven children. They did all that they could to get on, which was very little, for the poor man had no child grown big enough to help him in his work; and all that the poor woman could do was to mind the children, milk the cow, boil the potatoes, and carry the eggs to market. So besides the difficulty of getting enough to eat, it was hard on them to pay the rent.

Well, they did manage to get along for a good while; but at last came a bad year, and the little field of oats was spoiled, and the chickens died of the pip, and the pig got the measles, and poor Mick found that he hadn't enough to pay half his rent.

"Why, then, Molly," said he, "what'll we do?"

"Wisha, then, mavourneen, what would you do but take the cow to the Fair of Cork, and sell her?" said she. "And Monday is Fair-day, so you must go tomorrow."

"And what'll we do when she's gone?" said Mick.

"Never a know I know, Mick, but sure God won't leave us without help. And you know how good He was to us when little Billy was sick, and we had nothing at all for him to take—that good doctor gentleman came riding past and asked for a drink of milk, and he gave us two shillings, and sent me things and a bottle for the child; and he came to see Billy and never left off his goodness until he was well."

"Oh, you are always hopeful, Molly, and I believe you are right, after all," Mick said, "so I won't be sorry for selling the cow. I'll go tomorrow, and you must put a needle and thread through my coat, for you know it's ripped under the arm."

Molly told him he should have everything right. And about twelve o'clock the next day he left her, after having promised not to sell his cow except for the highest penny.

He drove the beast slowly through a little stream that crossed the road under the walls of an old fort; and as he passed, he glanced his eyes on a pile of stones and an old elder tree that stood up sharply against the sky.

"Oh, then, if only I had half the Fairy money that is buried in yon fort, 't isn't driving this cow I'd be now!" said he aloud.

Then he moved on after his beast. 'Twas a fine day, and the sun shone brightly, and after he had gone six miles, he

came to that hill—Bottle Hill it is called now, but that was not the name of it then.

"Good morrow, Mick!" said a little voice, and with that a little man started up out of the hill.

"Good morrow, kindly," said Mick, and he looked at the stranger who was like a dwarf with a bit of an old wrinkled face, for all the world like a dried cauliflower; only he had a sharp red nose, red eyes, and white hair. His eyes were never quiet, but looked at everything; and it made Mick's blood run cold just to see them roll so rapidly from side to side.

In truth Mick did not like the little man's company at all, and he drove his cow somewhat faster; but the little man kept up with him. Out of the corner of his eye Mick could see that he moved over the road without lifting one foot after the other; and the poor fellow's heart trembled within him.

"Where are you going with that cow, honest man?" said the little man at last.

"To the Fair of Cork, then," said Mick, trembling even more at the shrill and piercing voice.

"Are you going to sell her?" asked the little man.

"Why, then, what else am I going for, but to sell her?"

"Will you sell her to me?"

Mick started. He was afraid to have anything to do with the little man, but he was more afraid to say no.

"I'll tell you what, I'll give you this bottle," said the little man, pulling a bottle from under his coat.

Mick looked at him and the bottle, and in spite of his terror he could not help bursting into a loud fit of laughter.

"Laugh if you will!" said the little man, "but I tell you that this bottle is better for you than all the money you will get for the cow at Cork—aye, than ten thousand times as much."

Mick laughed again. "Why, then," said he, "do you think I am such a fool as to give my good cow for a bottle—and an empty one, too! Indeed, then, I won't!"

"You'd better give me the cow, and take the bottle—you'll not be sorry for it," said the little man.

"Why, then, what would Molly say? I'd never hear the last of it! And how should I pay the rent? And what should we do without a penny of money?"

"When you go home, never mind if your wife is angry," answered the little man, "but quiet yourself, and make her sweep the room, and set the table in the middle of the floor, and spread the best cover on it. Then put the bottle on the ground, saying these words: 'Bottle, do your duty!' And you will see the end of it."

"And is this all?" said Mick.

"No more," said the stranger, forcing the bottle into Mick's hand. Then he moved swiftly off after the cow.

Well, Mick, rather sick at heart, retraced his steps toward his cabin, and as he went he could not help turning his head to look after the little man; but he had vanished completely.

"He can't belong to this earth," exclaimed Mick in horror to himself. "But where is the cow?" She, too, was gone; and Mick hurried homeward muttering prayers and holding fast the bottle.

He soon reached his cabin, and surprised his wife sitting over the turf fire in the big chimney.

"Oh! Mick, are you come back?" said she. "Sure you weren't at Cork all the way? What has happened to you? Where is the cow? Did you sell her? How much money did you get for her? What news have you? Tell us everything."

"Why, then, Molly, if you'll give me time, I'll tell you all about it!"

"Oh! then, you sold her. Where's the money?"

"Arrah! stop a while, Molly, and I'll tell you all about it!"

"But what is that bottle under your waistcoat?" said Molly, seeing its neck sticking out.

"Why, then, be easy about it," said Mick, "till I tell it you." And putting the bottle on the table, he added, "That's all I got for the cow."

His poor wife was thunderstruck. She sat crying, while Mick told her his story, with many a crossing and blessing

between him and harm. She could not help believing him, for she had great faith in Fairies. So she got up, and, without saying a word, began to sweep the earthen floor with a bunch of heather. Then she tidied everything, and put the long table in the middle of the room, and spread over it a clean cloth.

And then Mick, placing the bottle on the ground, said: "Bottle, do your duty!"

"Look! Look there, mammy!" cried his eldest son. "Look there! Look there!" and he sprang to his mother's side, as two tiny fellows rose like light from the bottle; and in an instant they covered the table with dishes and plates of gold and silver, full of the finest victuals that ever were seen. And when all was done, the two tiny fellows went into the bottle again.

Mick and his wife looked at everything with astonishment; they had never seen such dishes and plates before, and the very sight of them almost took their appetites away. But at length Molly said:—

"Come and sit down, Mick, and try to eat a bit. Sure, you ought to be hungry, after such a good day's work!"

So they all sat down at the table. After they had eaten as much as they wished, Molly said:—

"I wonder will those two good, little gentlemen carry away these fine things."

They waited, but no one came; so Molly put the dishes

and plates carefully aside. The next day Mick went to Cork and sold some of them, and bought a horse and cart.

Weeks passed by, and the neighbours saw that Mick was making money; and, though he and his wife did all they could to keep the bottle a secret, their landlord soon found out about it. Then he took the bottle by force away from Mick, and carried it carefully home.

As for Mick and his wife, they had so much money left that the loss of the bottle did not worry them much at first; but they kept on spending their wealth as if there was no end to it. And to make a long story short, they became poorer and poorer, until they had to sell their last cow.

So one morning early, Mick once more drove his cow to the Fair of Cork. It was hardly daybreak when he left home, and he walked on until he reached the big hill; and just as he got to its top, and cast his eyes before and around him, up started the little man out of the hill.

"Well, Mick Purcell," said he, "I told you that you would be a rich man!"

"Indeed, then, so I was, that is no lie for you, sir," replied Mick. "But it's not rich I am now! And if you happen to have another bottle, here is the cow for it."

"And here is the bottle!" said the little man, smiling. "You know what to do with it."

And with that both the cow and the stranger disappeared as they had done before.

Mick hurried away, anxious to get home with the bottle. He arrived with it safely enough, and called out to Molly to put the room to rights; and to lay a clean cloth on the table. Which she did.

Mick set the bottle on the ground, and cried out: "Bottle, do your duty!"

In a twinkling two great, stout men with two huge clubs, issued from the bottle, and belaboured poor Mick and his family until they lay groaning on the floor. Then the two men went into the bottle again.

Mick, as soon as he came to himself, got up and looked around him. He thought and he thought. He lifted up his wife and children, then leaving them to recover as best they could, he put the bottle under his arm, and went to visit his landlord.

The landlord was having a great feast, and when he saw that Mick had another bottle, he invited him heartily to come in.

"Show us your bottle, Mick," said he.

So Mick set it on the floor, and spoke the proper words; and in a moment the landlord tumbled to the floor, and all his guests were running, and roaring, and sprawling, and kicking, and shrieking, while the two great, stout men belaboured them well.

"Stop those two scoundrels, Mick Purcell," shouted the landlord, "or I'll hang you!"

"They shall never stop," said Mick, "till I get my own bottle that I see on top of yon shelf."

"Give it to him! Give it to him, before we are killed!" cried the landlord.

Mick put his old bottle in his bosom. Then the two great, stout men jumped into the new one, and Mick carried both bottles safely home.

And to make my story short, from that time on Mick prospered. He got richer than ever, and his son married the landlord's daughter. And both Mick and his wife lived to a great old age. They died on the same day, and at their wake the servants broke both bottles. But the hill has the name upon it; for so it will always be Bottle Hill to the end of the world, for this is a strange story.

ELFIN-MOUNT

Several large lizards were running nimbly in and out among the clefts of an old tree. "Only hear what a rumbling and grumbling there is in the old Elfin-mountain yonder!" said one lizard. "I have not been able to close my eyes for the last two nights; I might as well have had the toothache, for the sleep I have had!"

"There is something in the wind, most certainly!" said the second lizard. "They raise the Mount upon four red pillars till cock-crowing; there is a regular cleaning and dusting going on, and the Elfin-maidens are learning new dances—such a stamping they make in them! There is certainly something in the wind!"

"Yes; I have been talking it over with an earthworm of my acquaintance," said a third lizard. "He has just come from the Mount; he has been grubbing in the ground there for days and nights together, and has overheard a good deal; he can't see at all, poor wretch! but no one can be quicker than he is at feeling and hearing. They are expecting distinguished strangers at the Elfin-mountain; but who they are, the earthworm did

ELFIN-MOUNT

not know. All the wills-o'-the-wisp are engaged to form a procession of torches—so they call it; and all the silver and gold, of which there is such a store in the Elfin-mountain, is being fresh rubbed up, and set out to shine in the moonlight."

Just then the Elfin-mountain parted asunder, and an elderly Elfin damsel came tripping out. She was the old Elfin-King's housekeeper, and distantly related to his family, on which account she wore an amber heart on her forehead, though otherwise she was plainly dressed. Like all other elves, she was hollow in the back. She was very quick and light-footed; trip—trip—trip, away she ran, straight into the marsh, to the night-raven. "You are invited to Elfin-mountain, for this very evening," said she; "but will you not first do us a very great kindness, and be the bearer of the other invitations? You do not keep house, yourself, you know; so you can easily oblige us. We are expecting some very distinguished strangers, Trollds in fact; and his Elfin Majesty intends to welcome them in person."

"Who are to be invited?" inquired the night-raven.

"All the world may come; even men, if they could but talk in their sleep, or do a little bit of anything in our way. But the first banquet must be very select; none but guests of the very highest rank must be present. To say the truth, the King and I have been having a little dispute; for I insist that not even

ghosts may be admitted tonight. The Mer-King and his daughters must be invited first; they don't much like coming on land, but I'll promise they shall each have a wet stone, or perhaps something better still, to sit on; and then, I think, they cannot possibly refuse us this time. All old Trolds of the first rank we must have; also, the River-Spirit and the Nisses. And, I fancy, we cannot pass over the Death-Horse and Kirkegrim; true, they do not belong to our set, they are too solemn for us, but they are connected with the family, and pay us regular visits."

"Caw!" said the night-raven; and away he flew to bear the invitations.

The large state-room in the Mount had been thoroughly cleaned and cleared out; the floor had been washed with moonshine, and the walls rubbed with witches' fat till they shone as tulips do when held up to the light. In the kitchen, frogs were roasting on the spit; while divers other choice dishes, such as mushroom seed, hemlock soup, etc., were prepared or preparing. These were to supply the first courses; rusty nails, bits of coloured glass, and such like dainties, were to come in for the dessert. There were also bright salt-petre wine, and ale brewed in the brewery of the Wise Witch of the Moor.

To make everything complete, the old Elfin-King's gold



Elfin-Mount

crown had been fresh rubbed with powdered slate-pencil.

"Dear papa," said the youngest of the daughters, "won't you tell me now who these grand visitors are?"

"Well," replied His Majesty, "I suppose there's no use in keeping it a secret. Let two of my daughters get themselves ready for their wedding-day, that's all! Two of them most certainly will be married. The Chief of the Norwegian Trolds, he who has so many castles of freestone among those rocky fastnesses, besides a gold-mine,—which is a capital thing, let me tell you,—he is coming down here with his two boys, who are both to choose themselves a bride. Such an honest, straightforward, true old Norseman is this mountain Chief! so merry and jovial! He and I are old comrades; he came down here years ago to fetch his wife. His sons, they say, are rough, unmannerly cubs; but perhaps report may have done them injustice, and at any rate they are sure to improve in a year or two."

"And how soon are they to be here?" inquired his youngest daughter again.

"That depends on wind and weather," returned the Elfin-King. "They travel economically; they come at the ship's convenience. I wanted them to pass over by Sweden, but the old man would not hear of that. He does not keep pace with the times; that's the only fault I can find with him."

Just then two wills-o'-the-wisp were seen dancing up in a vast hurry, each trying to get before the other, and to be the first to bring the news.

"They come! they come!" cried both with one voice.

"Give me my crown, and let me stand in the moonlight," said the Elfin-King. And his seven daughters lifted their long scarfs and bowed low to the earth.

There stood the Trolld Chief, wearing a crown composed of icicles and polished pine-cones. For the rest, he was clothed in a bearskin cloak and sledge-boots. His sons were clad more slightly, and kept their throats uncovered by way of showing that they cared nothing about the cold.

"Behave yourselves now!" said the old man. "Don't let your host fancy you never went into decent company before!"

And now they all entered the Elfin-mountain, into the grand saloon, where a very select party was assembled. Every possible arrangement had been made for the comfort of each of the guests; The Mer-King's family, for instance, sat at table in large tubs of water, and they declared they felt quite as if they were at home. All behaved with strict good-breeding except the two young northern Trolds, who at last so far forgot themselves as to put their legs on the table.

"Take your legs away from the plates!" said their father;

and they obeyed, but not so readily as they might have done. Presently they took some pine-cones out of their pockets and began pelting the lady who sat between them, and then, finding their boots incommode them, they took them off and coolly gave them to this lady to hold. But their father, the old mountain Chief, conducted himself very differently. He talked delightfully about the proud Norse mountains, and the torrents, white with dancing spray; he told of the salmon leaping up from the wild waters while the Neck was playing on his golden harp; he told of the starlight winter nights when the sledge-bells tinkled merrily, and the youths ran with lighted torches over the icy crust, so glassy and transparent that through it they could see the fishes whirling to and fro in deadly terror beneath their feet; he told of the gallant northern youths and pretty maidens singing songs of old time, and dancing the Hallinge dance,—yes, so charmingly he described all this that you could not but fancy you heard and saw it all.

The young Elfin-maidens were now called upon to dance. First they danced simple dances, then stamping dances, and they did both remarkably well. Last came the most difficult of all, the "Dance out of the dance," as it was called. Bravo! How long their legs seemed to grow! and how they whirled and spun about! You could hardly distinguish legs from

arms, or arms from legs. Round and round they went, such whirling and twirling, such whirring and whizzing there was that it made the Death-Horse feel quite dizzy, and at last he grew so unwell that he was obliged to leave the table.

"Hurrah!" cried the mountain Chief, "they know well how to use their limbs! But can they do nothing else than dance?"

"You shall judge for yourself," replied the Elfin-King, and here he called the eldest of his daughters to him. She was transparent and fair as moonlight. She put a white wand between her lips and vanished: that was her accomplishment.

But the mountain Chief said he should not at all like his wife to possess such an accomplishment as this, and he did not think his sons would like it either.

The second could walk by the side of herself, just as though she had a shadow, which elves and trolls never have.

The accomplishment of the third sister was of quite another kind: she had learned how to brew good ale from the Wise Witch of the Moor, and she also knew how to lard alder-wood with glow-worms.

"She will make a capital housewife," remarked the old mountain Chief.

The fourth Elfin damsel carried a large gold harp, and no sooner had she struck the first chord than all the company lifted their left feet—for elves are left-sided—and when she

struck the second chord, they were all compelled to do whatever she wished.

"A dangerous lady, indeed!" said the old Troid Chief. Both of his sons now got up and strode out of the mount; they were heartily weary of these accomplishments.

"And what can the next daughter do?" asked the mountain Chief.

"I have learned to love the north," replied she, "and I have resolved never to marry unless I may go to Norway."

But the youngest of the sisters whispered to the old man, "That is only because she has heard an old Norse rhyme which says that when the end of the world shall come the Norwegian rocks shall stand firm amid the ruins; she is very much afraid of death, and therefore she wants to go to Norway."

"Ho, ho!" cried the mountain Chief, "sits the wind in that quarter? But what can the seventh and last do?"

"The sixth comes before the seventh," said the Elfin-King; for he could count better than to make such a mistake. However, the sixth seemed in no hurry to come forward.

"I can only tell people the truth," said she. "Let no one trouble himself about me, I have enough to do to sew my shroud!"

And now came the seventh and last, and she could tell

fairy tales, as many as any one could wish to hear.

"Here are my five fingers," said the mountain Chief; "tell me a story for each finger."

And the Elfin-maiden took hold of his wrist and told her stories, and he laughed till his sides ached, and when she came to the finger that wore a gold ring as though it knew it might be wanted, the mountain Chief suddenly exclaimed, "Hold fast! the hand is yours! I will have you myself to wife! Keep your other stories for next winter; we'll hear them then, for we all love fairy legends in Norway, and no one there can tell them so charmingly as you do. And then we will sit in our rocky halls, whilst the fir-logs are blazing and crackling in the stove, and drink mead out of the golden horns of the old Norse kings—that will be most delightful! But where are the boys?"

Where were the boys? Why, they were racing about in the fields and blowing out the poor wills-o'-the-wisp, who were just ranging themselves to make a procession of torches.

"What do you mean by making all this riot?" inquired the mountain Chief. "I have been choosing you a mother; now you come and choose yourselves wives from among your aunts."

But his sons said they would rather make speeches and drink toasts; they had not the slightest wish to marry. And

accordingly they made speeches, tossed off their wine, and turned the glasses upside down on the table to show that they were quite empty; after this they took off their coats, and most unceremoniously lay down on the table and went to sleep. But the old mountain Chief the while danced round the hall with his young bride, and exchanged boots with her, because that is not so vulgar as exchanging rings.

"Listen, the cock is crowing!" exclaimed the lady-housekeeper. "We must make haste and shut the window-shutters close, or the sun will scorch our complexions."

And herewith Elfin-mountain closed.

But outside, in the cloven trunk, the lizards kept running up and down, and one and all declared, "What a capital fellow that old Norwegian Trolld is!" "For my part, I prefer the boys," said the earthworm; but he, poor wretch, could see neither them nor their father, so his opinion was not worth much.

*And will you come away, my lad,
And search for Fairy-Treasure?
The pots of gold and diamond-heaps
Lie buried without measure.*

*And Little Men with wagging beards,
Guard all with Elfin-spell.
And you must catch a little Man;
Then he the Word will tell,*

*The Magic Word that opes the hills,
Unearths the Golden Crocks,
Uncloses all the Treasure-Caves,
And breaks the Fairy-Locks!*

SKILLYWIDDEN

From Cornwall

Everyone knows that before King Arthur ruled in Britain, the Danes conquered Cornwall. Then many of the rich Cornish folk buried their gold and treasures, and fled to the land of Wales. A few years after that King Arthur came with his knights, and drove the Danes out of Cornwall. Then the folk came back, but never again could they find their buried treasures. And today none but the Spriggans know where the gold is hidden.

Well, one morning not very long ago Uncle Billy of Trevidga was out on the side of a hill, cutting away the gorse that was as high as his head, with bare places here and there covered with white clover, heath, and whortleberries. Uncle Billy was working hard, when he spied the prettiest little creature, a real little man, not bigger than a kitten, sleeping on a bank of wild thyme. He was dressed in a green coat, sky-blue breeches, and diamond-buckled shoes. His tiny cocked hat was drawn over his face, to shade it from the sun.

Uncle Billy stooped and looked at him, and longed to carry him home to his children, for he had a houseful of little

ones, boys and girls. So he took off his cuff, and slipped it quickly over the Spriggan—for a Spriggan it was that lay there—before he could wake.

The little fellow opened his pretty eyes, and said in a sleepy voice: "Mammy! Where are you? Mammy! Daddy!" Then he saw Uncle Billy looking at him. "Who are you?" he said. "You're a fine, great giant! I want my Mammy! Can you find her for me?"

"I do not know where she is," answered Uncle Billy. "But come home with me, and play with my children, until your Mammy finds you."

"Very well," said the Spriggan. "I love to ride goats over the rocks, and to have milk and blackberries for supper. Will you give me some?"

"Yes, my son," said Uncle Billy; and with that he picked up the Spriggan gently, and carried him home.

Well, you should have seen the children! They were so happy to own a Spriggan! They set the little fellow on the hearth, and he played with them as if he had known them always. Uncle Billy and his wife were delighted, and the children shouted for joy, when the pretty little man capered and jumped about. They called him Bobby Spriggan. Twice a day they gave him a wee mug of milk and a few blackberries, and now and then some haws for a change.

In the mornings, while Uncle Billy's wife and the children were doing the housework, Bobby Spriggan sat perched on the faggots in the woodcorner, and sang and chirped away like a Robin Redbreast.

When the hearth was swept, and the kitchen made tidy, and Uncle Billy's wife was knitting, Bobby would dance for hours on the hearthstone. The faster her needles clicked, the faster he danced and spun around and around. And the children laughed and clapped their hands, and danced with him.

A week or so after Bobby Spriggan had been found, Uncle Billy had to leave home. As he wished to keep the little fellow safe and sound until he told where the crocks of Cornish gold were hidden, Uncle Billy shut him up with the youngest children in the barn, and put a strong padlock on the door.

"Now stay in the barn and play," called Uncle Billy to the children. "And don't try to get out, or when I come home you'll get a wallop," said he, and then went away.

The children laughed a part of the time, and a part of the time they cried, for they did not like to be locked in the barn. But Bobby Spriggan was as merry as a cricket. He danced and sang, and peeped through the cracks in the wall at the men who were working in the fields. And when the men went to dinner, up jumped Bobby and unbarred a window.

"Come along, children!" he cried. "Now for a game of hide-and-seek in the gorse!"

Then he sprang out the window, and the children followed after. And away they all ran to play in the gorse.

They were shouting and throwing whortleberries about, when suddenly they saw a little man and woman no bigger than Bobby. The little man was dressed like Bobby, except that he wore high riding-boots with silver spurs. The little woman's green gown was spangled with glittering stars. Diamond shoe-buckles shone on her high-heeled shoes, and her tiny steeple-crowned hat was perched on a pile of golden curls, wreathed with heath blossoms. The pretty little soul was weeping and wringing her hands, and crying:—

"O my dear, tender Skillywidden! Where canst thou be! Shall I never set eyes on thee again, my only one, my only joy?"

"Go back! Go back!" cried Bobby Spriggan to the children. Then he called out: "Here I am, Mammy!"

And just as he said, "Here I am," the little man and the little woman, and Bobby Spriggan himself, who was their precious Skillywidden, vanished, and were seen no more.

The children cried and cried, and went home. And when Uncle Billy came back you may be sure that he whipped them all soundly. And it served them right, for if they had

minded and stayed in the barn, Bobby Spriggan would have shown Uncle Billy where the Cornish gold was hidden.

*Saint Francis and Saint Benedict,
Bless this house from wicked wight;
From the Nightmare and the Goblin
That is hight Good-Fellow Robin;
Keep it from all evil spirits
Fairies, weasels, rats, and ferrets,
From curfew-time
To the next prime.*

WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT (1635?)

LITTLE REDCAP

From Ireland

Sure and it was in old Ireland, some years ago, that Tom Coghlan returned one evening to his house, expecting to find the fire blazing, the potatoes boiling, and his wife and children as merry as grigs. But, instead, the fire was out, his wife was scolding, and the children were all crying from hunger.

Poor Tom was quite astonished to find matters going on so badly, for, though there was a plenty of potatoes in the house, there wasn't a single stick of wood for the fire. Something had to be done. And Tom bethought himself of the great gorse-bushes that grew around the ruins of the old fort on top of the nearby hill. So he snatched up his axe and away he went.

Before he reached the top of the hill the sun had gone down, and the moon had risen and was shedding her wavering, watery light on the ruins of the old fort. The breeze rustled the dark gorse-bushes with an eerie sound, and Tom shivered with dread. But he braced up his heart, and, approaching the fort, raised his axe to cut down a big bush. Just then, near him, he heard the shriek of a small, shrill voice.

Tom, startled, let the axe fall from his grasp, and, looking up, saw perched on the gorse-bush in front of him a little old man, not more than a foot and a half high. He wore a red cap. His face was the colour of a withered mushroom, while his sparkling eyes, twinkling like diamonds in the dark, illuminated his distorted face. His thin legs dangled from his fat, round body.

"Ho! Ho!" said the Little Redcap, "is that what you're after, Tom Coghlan? What did me and mine ever do to you that you should cut down our bushes?"

"Why, then, nothing at all, your honour!" said Tom, recovering a bit from his fright, "nothing at all! Only the children were crying from hunger, and I thought I'd make bold to cut a bush or two to boil the potatoes, for we haven't a stick in the house."

"You mustn't cut down these bushes, Tom!" said the Little Redcap. "But, as you are an honest man, I'll buy them from you, though I have a better right to them than you have. So, if you'll take my advice, carry this mill home with you, and let the bushes alone," said the Little Redcap, holding out a tiny stone mill for grinding meal.

"Mill, indeed!" said Tom, looking with astonishment at the thing, which was so small that he could have put it with ease into his breeches pocket. "Mill, indeed! And what good

will a bit of a thing like that do me? Sure, it won't boil the potatoes for the children!"

"What good will it do you?" said the Little Redcap. "I'll tell you what good it will do you! It will make you and your family as fat and strong as so many stall-fed bullocks. And if it won't boil the potatoes, it will do a great deal better, for you have only to grind it, and it will give you the greatest plenty of elegant meal. But if you ever sell any of the meal, that moment the mill will lose its power."

"It's a bargain," said Tom. "So give me the mill, and you're heartily welcome to the bushes."

"There it is for you, Tom," said the Little Redcap, throwing the mill down to him; "there it is for you, and much good may it do you! But remember you are not to sell the meal on any account."

"Let me alone for that!" said Tom.

And then he made the best of his way home, where his wife was trying to comfort the children, wondering all the time what in the world was keeping Tom. And when she saw him return without so much as one stick of wood to boil the potatoes, her anger burst out. But Tom soon quieted her by placing the mill on the table and telling her how he had got it from the Little Redcap.

"We'll try it directly," said she. And they pulled the table

into the middle of the floor, and commenced grinding away with the mill. Before long a stream of beautiful meal began pouring from it; and in a short time they had filled every dish and pail in the house. Tom's wife was delighted, as you may believe, and the children managed the best they could for that night by eating plenty of raw meal.

Well, after that everything went very well with Tom and his family. The mill gave them all the meal they wanted, and they grew as fat and sleek as coach-horses. But one morning when Tom was away from home, his wife needed money. So she took a few pecks of the meal to town and sold it in the market.

And sorry enough she was, for that night, when Tom came home and began to grind the mill, not a speck of meal would come from it! He could not for the life of him find out the reason, for his wife was afraid to tell him about her selling the meal.

"Sure, and the little old fellow cheated me well!" thought Tom, as mad as a nest of hornets. So he put his axe under his arm, and away he went to the old fort, determined to punish the Little Redcap by cutting down his bushes. But scarcely had he lifted his axe, when the Little Redcap appeared, and mighty angry he was, too, that Tom should come cutting his bushes, after having made a fair bargain with him.

"You deceitful, little, ugly vagabond!" cried Tom, flourishing his axe, "to give me a mill that wasn't worth a sixpence! If you don't give me a good one for it, I'll cut down every bush!"

"What a blusterer you are, Tom!" said the Little Redcap, "but you'd better be easy and let the bushes alone, or maybe you'll pay for it! Deceive you, indeed! Didn't I tell you that mill would lose its power if you sold any of the meal?"

"And sure and I didn't, either," said Tom.

"Well, it's all one for that," answered the Little Redcap, "for if you didn't, your wife did. And as to giving you another mill, it's out of the question. For the one I gave you was the only one in the fort. And a hard battle we had to get it away from another party of the Good People! But I'll tell you what I'll do with you, Tom; let the bushes alone, and I'll make a doctor of you."

"A doctor, indeed!" said Tom. "Maybe it's a fool you're making of me!"

But it was no such thing, for the Little Redcap gave Tom Coghlan a charm so that he could cure any sick person. And Tom took it home, and in time became a great man with a very full purse. He gave good schooling to his children. One of them he made a grand butter-merchant in the city of Cork, and the youngest son—being ever and always a

well-spoken lad—he made a lawyer; and his two daughters married well.

And Tom is as happy as a man can be!

THE CURMUDGEON'S SKIN

From Ireland

It is well known in old Ireland that a Four-leaved Shamrock has the power to open a man's eyes so that he can see all kinds of enchantments, and this is what happened to Billy Thompson:—

One misfortune after another decreased his goods. His sheep died; and his pig got the measles, so that he was obliged to sell it for little or nothing. But still he had his cow.

"Well," said Billy to his wife, for he was a good-humoured fellow, and always made the best of things,—
"Well!" said he, "it can't be helped! Anyhow, we'll not want the drop of milk to our potatoes, as long as the cow's left to comfort us!"

The words were hardly out of his mouth when a neighbour came running up to tell him that his cow had fallen from a cliff, and was lying dead in the Horses' Glen. For Billy, you must know, had sent his cow that very morning to graze on the cliff.

"Och! Ullagone!" cried Billy. "What'll we do now! Och! you cruel, unnatural beast as to clift yourself, when you

knowed as well as myself that we couldn't do without you at all! For sure enough now the children will be crying for the drop of milk to their potatoes!"

Such was Billy's lament, as with a sorrowful heart he made the best of his way to the Horses' Glen. "Anyway," thought he, "I'll skin the carcass, and the meat will make fine broth for the children."

It took him some time to find where the poor beast was lying, but at last he did find her, all smashed to pieces at the foot of a big rock. And he began to skin her as fast as he could, but having no one to help him, by the time the job was finished, the sun had gone down.

Now Billy was so intent on his work that he did not perceive the lapse of time, but when he raised his head and saw the darkness coming on, and listened to the murmuring wind, all the tales he had ever heard of the Pooka, the Banshee, and Little Redcap, the mischievous Fairy, floated through his mind, and made him want to get home as fast as possible. He snatched a tuft of grass, wiped his knife, and seized hold of the hide.

It so happened that in the little tuft of grass with which Billy wiped his knife was a Four-leaved Shamrock. And whether from grief or fear, Billy, instead of throwing away the grass, put it in his pocket along with his knife. And when

he stood up and turned to take a last look at the carcass he saw, instead of his poor cow, a little old Curmudgeon sitting bolt upright, looking as if he had just been skinned alive!

"Billy Thompson! Billy Thompson," cried the little old fellow in a shrill, squeaking voice. "You spalpeen! You'd better come back with my skin! A pretty time of day we've come to, when a gentleman like me cannot take a bit of sleep but a rude fellow must come and strip the hide off him! But you'd better bring it back, Billy Thompson, or I'll make you remember how you dared to skin me, you spalpeen!"

Now Billy, though he was greatly frightened, remembered that he had a black-handled knife in his pocket, and whoever has that, 'tis said, can look all the Fairies of the world in the face without quaking. So he put his hand on the knife, and began backing away, with the skin under his arm.

"Why, then, your honour," said he, "if it's this skin you're wanting, you must know it's the skin of my poor cow that was clifted yonder there. And sore and sorrowful the children will be for the want of her little drop of milk!"

"Why, then, if that's what you'd be after, Billy, my boy," said the little fellow, at the same time jumping before him with the speed of a greyhound, "do you think I'm such a fool as to let you walk off with my skin? If you don't drop it in the turn of a hand, you'll sup sorrow!"

"Nonsense!" said Billy, drawing out his black-handled knife, and holding it so the little man could see it. "Never a one of me will let you have this skin till you give me back my cow. I know well enough she was not clifted at all, at all, and that you and the other Curmudgeons have got hold of her!"

"You'd better keep a civil tongue in your head," said the little fellow, who seemed to get quite soft at the sight of the knife. "But you're a brave boy, Billy Thompson, and I've taken a fancy to you! I don't say but I might get you your cow again, if you'll give me back my skin."

"Thank you kindly," said Billy, winking slyly. "Give me the cow first; then I will."

"Well, there she is for you, you unbelieving hound!" said the little Curmudgeon.

And for sure and for certain, what did Billy Thompson hear but his own cow bellowing behind him for the bare life! And when he looked back what should he see but his cow running over rocks and stones with a long rope hanging to one of her legs, and four little fellows, with red caps on them, hunting her as fast as they could!

"There'll be a battle for her, Billy! There'll be a battle!" laughed the little Curmudgeon.

And sure enough, the little Redcaps began to fight, and in the meantime the cow, finding herself at liberty, ran towards

Billy, who lost not a minute, but, throwing the skin on the ground, seized the cow by the tail and began to drive her away.

"Not so fast, Billy!" said the little Curmudgeon, who stuck close by his side; "not so fast! Though I gave you the cow, I didn't give you the rope that's hanging to her leg."

"A bargain's a bargain," said Billy, "so as I've got it, I'll keep rope and all."

"If you say that again," said the little fellow, "I'll be after calling the Redcaps that are fighting below there. But I don't want to be too hard on you, Billy, for if you have a mind for the rope, I'll give it to you for the little tuft of grass you have in your pocket."

"There, take it," said Billy, throwing down the grass with the Four-leaved Shamrock in it.

No sooner was it out of his hand than he received such a blow that it dashed him to the ground, insensible. When he came to himself, the sun was shining, and where should he be but near his own house with the cow grazing beside him? Billy Thompson could hardly believe his eyes, and thought it was all a dream, till he saw the rope hanging to his cow's leg.

And that was a lucky rope for him! For, from that day out, his cow gave more milk than any six cows in the parish, and Billy began to look up in the world. He took farms, and pur-

chased cattle till he became very rich. But no one could ever get him to go to the Horses' Glen. And today he never passes an old fort, or hears a blast of wind, without taking off his hat in compliment to the Good People; and 'tis only right that he should.

HOW PEEPING KATE WAS PISKEY-LED

From Cornwall

'Tis Hallowe'en Night, Teddy, my boy. Don't go out on the moor, or near the Gump, for the Piskeys and the Spriggans are abroad, waiting, to mislead straying mortals. Many are the men and women that the Little People have whisked away on Hallowe'en Night; and the poor mortals have never been heard of since.

Sit down, Teddy, my boy, crack these nuts, and eat these red apples; and I'll tell you how Peeping Kate was Piskey-led.

I have heard the old folks say how long ago—maybe a hundred years or so—the Squire of Pendeen had a house-keeper, an elderly dame, called Kate Tregeer.

Well, one Hallowe'en Night, some spices and other small things were wanted for the feastentide, and Kate would not trust any one to go for them except herself. So she put on her red coat and high steeple-crowned hat, and walked to Penzance. She bought the goods and started for home.

It was a bright moonlight night, and though no wind was blowing, the leaves of the trees were murmuring with a hol-

low sound. And Kate could hear strange rustlings in the bushes by the side of the road.

She had walked a very long time, and her basket was so heavy that she began to feel tired. Her legs bent under her and she could scarcely stand up. Just then she beheld, a little in front of her, a man on horseback. And she could tell by the proud way he sat that he was a gentleman-born.

She was very glad to see him, and as he was going slowly, she soon overtook him; and when she came up, his horse stood stock-still.

"My dear Master," she said, "how glad I am to see you. Don't you know me? I'm Kate Tregeer of Pendeen; and I can't tell you how hard I've worked all day."

Then she explained to him how she had walked to Penzance, and was now so tired that she could not stand up. But the gentleman made no reply.

"My dear Master," said she, "I'm footsore and leg-weary. I've got as far as here, you see, but I can get no farther. Do have pity on a poor unfortunate woman, and take her behind you. I can ride well enough on your horse's back without a saddle or pillion."

But still the gentleman made no reply.

"My dear Master," she said again, "My! but you're a fine-looking man! How upright you sit on your horse! But why

don't you answer me? Are you asleep? One would think you were taking a nap; and your horse, too, it is standing so still!"

Not having any word in reply to this fine speech, Kate called out as loud as she could: "Even if you are a gentleman-born, you needn't be so stuck-up that you won't speak to a poor body afoot!"

Still he never spoke, though Kate thought that she saw him wink at her.

This vexed her all the more. "The time was when the Tregeers were among the first in the parish, and were buried with the gentry! Wake up and speak to me!" screamed she in a rage. And then she took up a stone, and threw it at the horse. The stone rolled back to her feet, and the animal did not even whisk its tail.

Kate now got nearer, and saw that the rider had no hat on, nor was there any hair on his bald head. She touched the horse, and felt nothing but a bunch of gorse. She rubbed her eyes and saw at once, to her great astonishment, that it was no gentleman and horse at all, only a smooth stone half buried in a heap of gorse. And there she was still far away from Pendeen, with her heavy basket, and her legs so tired that she could scarcely move. And then she saw that she had come a short distance only, and knew that she must be bewitched.

Well, on she went; and seeing a light at her left hand she

thought that it shone from the window of a house where she might rest awhile. So she made for it straight across the moor, floundering through bogs, and tripping over bunches of gorse. And still the light was always just ahead, and it seemed to move from side to side. Then suddenly it went out, and she was left standing in a bog. The next minute she found herself among gorse-ricks and pigsties, in the yard of Farmer Boslow, miles away from Pendeen.

She opened the door of an old outhouse, and entered, hoping to get a few hours' rest. There she lay down on straw and fell asleep; but she was soon wakened by some young pigs who were rooting around in the straw. That was too much for Kate. So up she got, and as she did so she heard the noise of a flail. And seeing a glimmer of light in a barn near by, she crept softly to a little window in the barn, and peeped to find what was going on.

At first she could see only two rush-wicks burning in two old iron lamps. Then through the dim light she saw the slash-flash of a flail as it rose and fell, and beat the barn floor. She stood on tiptoes, and stuck her head in farther, and whom did she see, wielding the flail, but a little old man, about three feet high, with hair like a bunch of rushes, and ragged clothes. His face was broader than it was long, and he had great owl-eyes shaded by heavy eyebrows from which his

nose poked like a pig's snout. Kate noticed that his teeth were crooked and jagged, and that at each stroke of the flail, he kept moving his thin lips around and around, and thrusting his tongue in and out. His shoulders were broad enough for a man twice his height, and his feet were splayed like a frog's.

"Well! Well!" thought Kate. "This is luck! To see the Piskey threshing! For ever since I can remember I have heard it said that the Piskey threshed corn for Farmer Boslow on winter nights, and did other odd jobs for him the year round. But I would not believe it. Yet here he is!"

Then she reached her head farther in, and beheld a score of little men helping the Piskey. Some of them were lugging down the sheaves, and placing them handy for him; and others were carrying away the straw from which the grain had been threshed. Soon a heap of corn was gathered on the floor, as clean as if it had been winnowed.

In doing this the Piskey raised such a dust that it set him and some of the little men sneezing. And Kate, without stopping to think, called out:—

"God bless you, little men!"

Quick as a wink the lights vanished, and a handful of dust was thrown into her eyes, which blinded her so that for a moment she could not see. And then she heard the Piskey squeak:—

*"I spy thy face
Old Peeping Kate,
I'll serve thee out
Early and late!"*

Kate, when she heard this, felt very uneasy, for she remembered that the Little People have a great spite against any one who peeps at them, or pries into their doings.

The night being clear, she quickly found her way out of a crooked lane, and ran as fast as she could, and never stopped until she reached the Gump. There she sat down to rest awhile.

After that she stood up; and turn whichever way she might the same road lay before her. Then she knew that the Piskey was playing her a trick. So she ran down a hill as fast as she could, not caring in what direction she was going, so long as she could get away from the Piskey.

After running a long while, she heard music and saw lights at no great distance. Thinking that she must be near a house, she went over the downs toward the lights, feeling ready for a jig, and stopping now and then to dance around and around to the strains of the music.

But instead of arriving at a house, in passing around some high rocks she came out on a broad green meadow, encircled with gorse and rocks. And there before her she saw a whole troop of Spriggans holding an Elfin Fair. It was like a feasten-



How Peeping Kate was Piskey-led

day. Scores of little booths were standing in rows, and were covered with tiny trinkets such as buckles of silver and gold glistening with Cornish diamonds, pins with jewelled heads, brooches, rings, bracelets, and necklaces of crystal beads, green and red or blue and gold; and many other pretty things new to Kate.

There were lights in all directions—lanterns no bigger than Foxgloves were hanging in rows; and on the booths, rushlights in tulip-cups shone among Fairy goodies such as Kate had never dreamed of. Yet with all these lights there was such a shimmer over everything that she got bewildered, and could not see as plainly as she wished.

She did not care to disturb the Little People until she had looked at all that was doing. So she crept softly behind the booths and watched the Spriggans dancing. Hundreds of them, linked hand in hand, went whirling around so fast as to make her dizzy. Small as they were, they were all decked out like rich folk, the little men in cocked hats and feathers, blue coats gay with lace and gold buttons, breeches and stockings of lighter hue, and tiny shoes with diamond buckles.

Kate could not name the colours of the little ladies' dresses, which were of all the hues of Summer blossoms. The vain little things had powdered their hair, and decked their heads with ribbons, feathers, and flowers. Their shoes were

of velvet and satin, and were high-heeled and pointed. And such sparkling black eyes as all the little ladies had, and such dimpled cheeks and chins! And they were merry, sprightly, and laughing.

All the Spriggans were capering and dancing around a pole wreathed with flowers. The pipers, standing in their midst, played such lively airs that Kate never in all her life had wanted to dance more. But she kept quite still, for she did not wish the Little People to know that she was there. She was determined to pocket some of the pretty things in the booths, and steal softly away with them. She thought how nice a bright pair of diamond buckles would look on her best shoes, and how fine her Sunday cap would be ornamented with a Fairy brooch.

So she raised her hand and laid it on some buckles, when—oh! oh!—she felt a palmful of pins and needles stick into her fingers like red-hot points; and she screamed:—

“Misfortune take you, you bad little Spriggans!”

Immediately the lights went out, and she felt hundreds of the Little People leap on her back, and her neck, and her head. At the same moment others tripped up her heels, and laid her flat on the ground, and rolled her over and over.

Then she caught sight of the Piskey mounted on a wild-looking colt, his toes stuck in its mane. He was holding a

rush for a whip. And there he sat grinning from ear to ear, and urging on the Spriggans to torment her, with “Haw! Haw! Haw!” and “Tee! Hee! Hee!”

She spread out her arms and squeezed herself tight to the ground, so that the Spriggans might not turn her over; but they squeaked and grunted, and over and over she went. And every time that they turned her face downward, some of the little fellows jumped on her back, and jiggled away from her toe to her head.

She reached around to beat them off with a stick, but they pulled it out of her hand; and, balancing it across her body, strided it, and bobbed up and down, singing:

*“See-saw-pate!
Lie still old Peeping Kate!
See-saw-pate!
Here we’ll ride, early and late
On the back of Peeping Kate!”*

And with that, poor Kate, not to be beaten by the Spriggans, tossed back her feet to kick the little fellows away, but they pulled off her shoes and tickled and pricked the soles of her feet until she fell a-laughing and a-crying by turns.

Kate was almost mad with their torment, when by good chance she remembered a charm that would drive away all mischievous spirits, on Hallowe’en. So she repeated it for-

wards and backwards, and in a twinkling all the little Spriggans fled screeching away, the Piskey galloping after them.

Then she got on her feet and looked around. She saw, by the starlight of a clear frosty morning, that the place to which she had been Piskey-led was a green spot near the Gump, where folks said the Spriggans held their nightly revels. And although the spot was very small, it had seemed to her like a ten-acre field because of enchantment.

And her hat, and her shoes, and her basket were gone; and poor Kate, barefooted and bareheaded, had to hobble home as best she could. And she reached Pendeen gate more dead than alive.

THE BROWNIE OF BLEDNOCH

From Scotland

OLD MADGE'S TALE

Have you ever heard of the Brownie, Aiken-Drum? No? Well, I will tell you how he came to Blednoch. It was in the Autumn time. The red sun was setting, when through our town he passed crying, oh! so wearily:—

*"Have ye work for Aiken-Drum?
Have ye work for Aiken-Drum?"*

He tirmed at the pin, and entered in. I trow the boldest there stood back! You should have heard the children scream. The black dog barked, the lasses shrieked, at the sight of Aiken-Drum.

His matted head lay on his breast. A long blue beard fell to his waist. Around his hairy form was wrapped a cloth of woven rushes green. His long, thin arms trailed on the ground. His hands were claws; his feet had no toes. Oh, fearful to see was Aiken-Drum! And all the time he cried so drearily:—

*"Have ye work for Aiken-Drum?
Have ye work for Aiken-Drum?"*

Then the brave goodman stood forth, and said: "What would you? Whence come you by land or sea?"

Then what a groan gave Aiken-Drum! "I come from a land where I never saw the sky! But now I'll bide with you, if ye have work for Aiken-Drum! I'll watch your sheep and tend your kine, each night till day. I'll thresh your grain by the light of the moon. I'll sing strange songs to your bonny bairns, if ye'll but keep poor Aiken-Drum! I'll churn the cream, I'll knead the bread, I'll tame the wildest colts ye have, if ye'll but keep poor Aiken-Drum! No clothes nor gold is wage for me. A bowl of porridge on the warm hearthstone is wage enough for Aiken-Drum!"

"The Brownie speaks well," said the old housewife. "Our workers are scarce. We have much to do. Let us try this Aiken-Drum."

Then should you have seen the Brownie work! By night he swept the kitchen clean. He scoured the pots until they shone. By the light of the moon he threshed the grain. He gathered the crops into the barn. He watched the sheep and tended the kine. By day he played with the bonny bairns, and sang them strange songs of the land without sky. So passed the months away, and all farm-things thrive for the goodman and the old housewife.

But when the cold night winds blew hard, a lass, who saw the Brownie's clothes woven all of rushes green, made him a suit of sheep's wool warm. She placed it by his porridge

bowl. And that night was heard a wailing cry, so weary and so dreary:—

*"Long, long may I now weep and groan!
Wages of clothes are now my own!
O luckless Aiken-Drum!"*

And down the street and through the town, his voice came back upon the wind:—

*"Farewell to Blednoch!
Farewell! Farewell!"*

And never again in all that land was seen the Brownie Aiken-Drum!

KINTARO THE GOLDEN BOY

From Japan

Once upon a time a poor widow and her little boy lived in a cave in the midst of a great forest. The little one's name was Kintaro the Golden Boy. He was a sturdy fellow with red cheeks and laughing eyes. He was different from other boys. When he fell down, he sang cheerily; if he wandered away from the cave, he could always find his way home again; and while he was yet very small, he could swing a heavy axe in circles round his head.

Kintaro grew to be ten years old, and a handsome, manly lad he was. Then his mother looked at him often and sighed deeply. "Must my child grow up in this lonely forest!" thought she sadly. "Will he never take his place in the world of men! Alas! Alas!"

But Kintaro was perfectly happy. The forest was full of his playmates. Every living thing loved him. When he lay on his bed of ferns, the birds flew nestling to his shoulder, and peeped into his eyes. The butterflies and moths settled on his face, and trod softly over his brown body. But his truest friends were the bears that dwelt in the forest. When he was

tired of walking, a mother-bear carried him on her back. Her cubs ran to greet him, and romped and wrestled with him. Sometimes Kintaro would climb up the smooth-barked monkey-tree, and sit on the topmost bough, and laugh at the vain efforts of his shaggy cub-friends to follow him. Then came the bears' supper-time, and the feast of golden liquid honey!

Now, it happened, one Summer, that there was to be a great day of sports for the forest creatures. Soon after dawn, a gentle-eyed stag came to waken Kintaro. The boy, with a farewell kiss to his mother, and a caress to the stag, leaped on his friend's back, and wound his arms around his soft neck. And away they went with long, noiseless bounds through the forest.

Up hill, across valleys, through thickets they bounded, until they reached a leafy spot in a wide, green glade near a foaming cataract. There the stag set Kintaro down; and the boy seated himself on a mossy stone, and began to whistle sweetly.

Immediately the forest rustled with living things. The song-birds came swiftly to his call. The eagle and the hawk flew from distant heights. The crane and the heron stepped proudly from their hyacinth-pools and hastened to the glade. All Kintaro's feathered friends flocked thither and rested in the cedar branches. Then through the undergrowth came run-

ning the wolf, the bear, the badger, the fox, and the martin, and seated themselves around Kintaro.

They all began to speak to him. He listened as they told their joys and sorrows, and he spoke graciously to each. For Kintaro had learned the languages of beasts, birds, and flowers.

And who had taught Kintaro all this? The Tengus, the Wood-Elves. And even while he was listening to the forest creatures, the Tengu themselves came tumbling out of the trees, or popping up from behind stones. Very strange little Elves they were! Each had the body of a man, the head of a hawk, powerful claws, and a long, long nose that usually trailed on the ground. And every little Tengu wore on his feet tiny stilt-like clogs.

All these queer Wood-Elves came toward Kintaro, walking very proudly with their arms crossed, heads well thrown back, and long noses held erect in the air. At their head was the Chief Tengu, very old, with a gray beard and a sharp beak.

The Chief Tengu seated himself beside Kintaro on the mossy stone, and waved a seven-feathered fan in the air. Immediately the sports began.

The young Tengu were fond of games. They found their long noses most useful. They now fenced with them, and bal-

anced bowls full of goldfish on them. Then two of the Tengus straightened their noses, and joined them together, and so made a tight rope. On this a young Tengu, with a paper umbrella in one hand, and leading a little dog with the other, danced and jumped through a hoop. And all the time an old Tengu sang a dance-song, and another Tengu beat time with a fan.

Kintaro cheered loudly, and clapped his hands; and the beasts and birds barked, hissed, growled, or sang for pleasure. So the morning passed swiftly and delightfully, and the time came for the forest animals to take part in the sports. They did so running, leaping, tumbling, and flying.

Last of all stood up a great father-bear to wrestle with Kintaro. Now, the boy had been taught to fight by his friends the Tengus; and he had learned from them many skilful tricks. So he and the bear gripped each other, and began to wrestle very hard. The bear was powerful and strong, and his claws like iron, but Kintaro was not afraid. Backward and forward they swayed, and struggled, while the Tengus and the forest creatures sat watching.

Now, it happened that the great Hero Raiko was just returning from slaying many horrible ogres and hags. His way lay through the forest, and at that moment he heard the noise of the wrestling. He stopped his horse and peered through the

trees into the glade. There he saw the circle of animals and little Tengus, and Kintaro struggling with the powerful bear. Just at that moment the boy, with a skilful movement, threw the clumsy creature to the ground.

"I must have that boy for my son," thought Raiko. "He will make a great hero! He must be mine!"

So he waited until Kintaro had mounted the stag and bounded away through the forest. Then Raiko followed him on his swift steed to the cave.

When Kintaro's mother learned that Raiko was the mighty warrior who had slain the ogres and hags, she let him take her son to his castle. But before Kintaro went, he called together all his friends, the Tengus, the birds, and the beasts, and bade them farewell, in words that they remember to this day.

His mother did not follow her son to the land of men, for she loved the forest best; but Kintaro, when he became a great hero, often came to see her in her home. And all the people of Japan called him "Kintaro the Golden Boy."

THE FLOWER FAIRIES

From China

Once upon a time, high on a mountain-side, there was a place where many beautiful flowers grew, mostly Peonies and Camellias. A young man named Hwang, who wished to study all alone, built himself a little house near by.

One day he noticed from his window a lovely young girl dressed in white, wandering about among the flowers. He hastened out of the house to see who she was, but she ran behind a tall white Peony, and vanished.

Hwang was very much astonished, and sat down to watch. Soon the girl slipped from behind the white Peony, bringing another girl with her who was dressed in red. They wandered about hand in hand until they came near Hwang, when the girl in red gave a scream, and together the two ran back among the flowers, their robes and long sleeves fluttering in the wind and scenting all the air. Hwang dashed after them, but they had vanished completely.

That evening, as Hwang was sitting over his books, he was astonished to see the white girl walk into his little room. With tears in her eye she seemed to be pleading with him to

help her. Hwang tried to comfort her, but she did not speak. Then, sobbing bitterly, she suddenly vanished.

This appeared to Hwang as very strange. However, the next day a visitor came to the mountain, who, after wandering among the flowers, dug up the tall white Peony, and carried it off. Hwang then knew that the white girl was a Flower Fairy; and he became very sad because he had permitted the Peony to be carried away. Later he heard that the flower had lived for only a few days. At this he wept, and, going to the place where the Peony had stood, watered the spot with his tears.

While he was weeping, the girl in red suddenly stood before him, wringing her hands, and wiping her eyes.

"Alas!" cried she, "that my dear sister should have been torn from my side! But the tears, Hwang, that you have shed, may be the means of restoring her to us!"

Having said this, the red girl disappeared. But that very night Hwang dreamed that she came to him, and seemed to implore him to help her, just as the white girl had done. In the morning he found that a new house was to be erected close by, and that the builder had given orders to cut down a beautiful tall red Camellia.

Hwang prevented the destruction of the flower; and that same evening, as he sat watching the Camellia, from behind

its tall stem came the white girl herself, hand in hand with her red sister.

"Hwang," said the red girl, "the King of the Flower Fairies, touched by your tears, has restored my white sister to us. But as she is now only the ghost of a flower, she must dwell forever in a white Peony, and you will never see her again."

At these words Hwang caught hold of the white girl's hand, but it melted away in his; and both the sisters vanished forever from his sight. In despair he looked wildly around him, and all that he saw was a tall white Peony and a beautiful red Camellia.

After that Hwang pined, and fell ill, and died. He was buried at his own request, by the side of the white Peony; and before very long another white Peony grew up very straight and tall on Hwang's grave; so that the two flowers stood lovingly side by side.

THE FAIRY ISLAND

From Cornwall

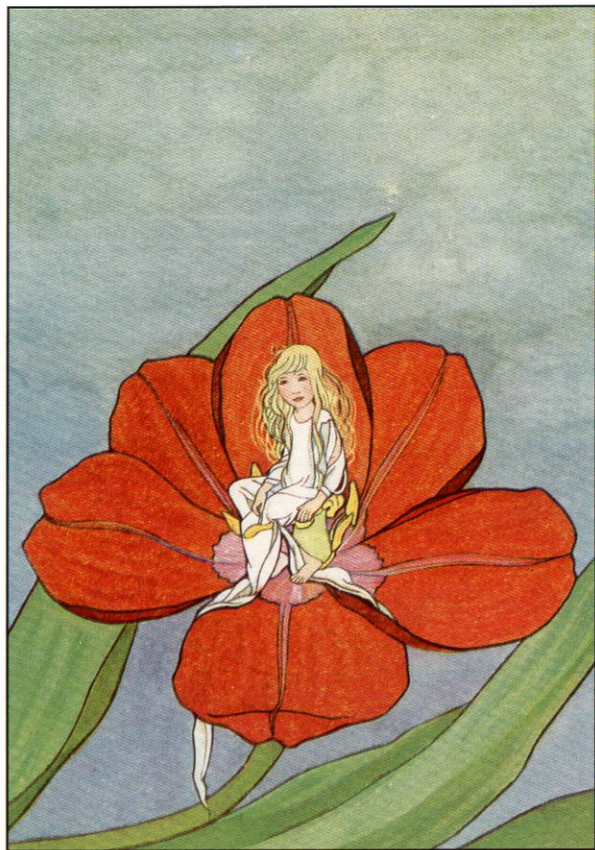
In ancient days, in the land of Wales, there was a blue lake on a high mountain. No one had ever seen a bird fly near it. And over its waves came faint strains of delicious music, that seemed to float from a dimly seen island in its centre. No one had ever ventured to sail on its water, for every one knew that it was the abode of the Tylwyth Teg, the Water Fairies.

It happened, one lovely Summer day, that a hunter was wandering along the margin of the lake, and found himself before an open door in a rock. He entered, and walked along a dark passage that led downward. He followed this for some time, and suddenly found himself passing through another door, that opened on the mysterious, lovely island, the home of the Tylwyth Teg.

All around him was a most enchanting garden, where grew every sort of delicious fruit and fragrant flower. The next moment a number of Fairies advanced toward him, and graciously welcomed him to their abode. They bade him eat as much fruit as he wished, and pick the flowers, but told him not to take anything away with him.



The Fairy Island



The Flower Fairies

THE FAIRY ISLAND

All day he remained on the island, listening to the most ravishing music, and feasting and dancing with the Fairies.

When it came time for him to leave, he hid a flower in his bosom, for he wished to show it to his friends at home. He then said farewell to the Fairies, and returned through the dark passage to the margin of the lake. But when he put his hand in his bosom to pull out the flower, he found to his amazement that it had vanished. At the same moment he fell insensible to the ground.

When he came to himself, the door in the rock had disappeared. And though he searched day after day, he never again found the passage to the Fairy Island.

THE FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER

From Cornwall

Some years ago, in Cornwall, there was a farmer who owned a fine red cow, named Rosy. She gave twice as much milk as any ordinary cow. Even in winter, when other cows were reduced to skin and bone, Rosy kept in good condition, and yielded richer milk than ever.

One spring, Rosy continued to give plenty of milk every morning, but at night, when Molly the maid tried to milk her, she kicked the bucket over and galloped away across the field. This happened night after night, and such behaviour was so strange, that Dame Pendar, the farmer's wife, decided to see what she could do. But no sooner did she try to milk Rosy than the cow put up her foot, kicked the bucket to bits, and raced away, bellowing, tail-on-end.

During this spring the farmer's cattle and fields thrived wonderfully. And so things continued until May Day. Now, on May Day night, when Molly attempted, as usual, to milk Rosy, she was surprised to see the cow stand quietly and to hear her begin to moo gently; and, more wonderful still, the pail was soon full of foaming new milk. Molly rose from her

stool, and, pulling a handful of grass, rolled it into a pad, and tucked it in her hat, so that she might the more easily carry the bucket on her head.

She put the hat on again, when what was her amazement to see whole swarms of little Fairies running around Rosy, while others were on her back, neck, and head, and still others were under her, holding up clover blossoms and buttercups in which to catch the streams of milk that flowed from her udder. The little Fairies moved around so swiftly that Molly's head grew dizzy as she watched them. Rosy seemed pleased. She tried to lick the Little People. They tickled her behind the horns, ran up and down her back, smoothing each hair or chasing away the flies. And after all the Fairies had drunk their fill, they brought armfuls of clover and grass to Rosy; and she ate it all, and lowed for more.

Molly stood with her bucket on her head, like one spell-bound, watching the Little People; and she would have continued to stand there, but Dame Pendar, the farmer's wife, called her loudly to know why she had not brought the milk, if there was any.

At the first sound of Dame Pendar's voice, all the Fairies pointed their fingers at Molly, and made such wry faces that she was frightened almost to death. Then—*whisk!* and they were gone!

Molly hurried to the house, and told her mistress, and her master, too, all that she had seen.

"Surely," said Dame Pendar, "you must have a Four-leaved Clover somewhere about you. Give me the wad of grass in your hat."

Molly took it out, and gave it to her; and sure enough there was the Four-leaved Clover which had opened Molly's eyes on that May Day.

As for Rosy, she kicked up her heels, and, bellowing like mad, galloped away. Over meadows and moors she went racing and roaring, and was never seen again.

THE GILLIE DHU

From Scotland

Once upon a time a little girl, named Jessie, was wandering in the wood, and lost her way. It was summertime, and the air was warm. She wandered on and on, trying to find her way home, but she could not find the path out of the wood. Twilight came, and weary and footsore she sat down under a fir tree, and began to cry.

"Why are you crying, little girl?" said a voice behind her.

Jessie looked around, and saw a pretty little man dressed in moss and green leaves. His eyes were dark as dark, and his hair was black as black, and his mouth was large and showed a hundred white teeth as small as seed pearls. He was smiling merrily, and his cream-yellow cheeks were dimpled, and his eyes soft and kindly. Indeed, he seemed so friendly that Jessie quite forgot to be afraid.

"Why are you crying, little girl?" he asked again. "Your teardrops are falling like dew on the blue flowers at your feet!"

"I've lost my way," sobbed Jessie, "and it is nearly dark."

"Do not cry, little girl," said he gently. "I will lead you through the wood. I know every path—the rabbit's path, the

hare's path, the fox's path, the goat's path, the path of the deer, and the path of men."

"Oh, thank you! Thank you!" exclaimed Jessie, as she looked the tiny man up and down, and wondered to see his strange clothes.

"Where do you dwell, little girl?" asked he.

So Jessie told him, and he said: "You have been walking every way but the right way. Follow me, and you'll reach home before the stars come out to peep at us through the trees."

Then he turned around, and began to trip lightly in front of her, and she followed on. He went so fast that she feared she might lose sight of him, but he turned around again and again and smiled and beckoned. And when he saw that she was still far behind, he danced and twirled about until she came up. Then he scampered on as before.

At length Jessie reached the edge of the wood, and, oh, joy! there was her father's house beside the blue lake. Then the little man, smiling, bade her goodbye.

"Have I not led you well?" said he. "Do not forget me. I am the Gillie Dhu from Fairyland. I love little girls and boys. If you are ever lost in the wood again, I will come and help you! Goodbye, little girl! Goodbye!"

And laughing merrily, he trotted away, and was soon lost to sight among the trees.

HOW KAHUKURA LEARNED TO MAKE NETS

From New Zealand

Once upon a time there lived a man named Kahukura. One evening, when he was on his way to a distant village, he came to a lonely spot on the seashore. As he was walking slowly along, he saw a large pile of the heads and tails of fishes lying on the beach. Now, in those days men had no nets and were obliged to catch fish with spears and hooks; and when Kahukura saw the pile he was very much astonished.

"Who has had such luck!" he exclaimed. "It is hard to catch one fish! Here must be the heads and tails of a thousand!"

Then he looked closely at the footprints in the sand. "No mortals have been fishing here!" he cried. "Fairies must have done this! I will watch tonight and see what they do."

So when darkness came, he returned to the spot, and hid behind a rock. He waited a long time, and at last he saw a fleet of tiny canoes come spinning over the waves. They ranged themselves in a line at a distance from the shore, and Kahukura could see many little figures in them bending and pulling. He could even hear small voices shouting: "The net

here! The net there!" Then the little figures dropped something overboard, and began to haul it toward the shore, singing very sweetly the while.

When the canoes drew near land, Kahukura saw that each was crowded with Fairies. They all sprang out upon the beach, and began to drag ashore a great net filled with fishes.

While the Fairies were struggling with the net Kahukura joined them, and hauled away at a rope. He was a very fair man, so that his skin seemed almost as white as the Fairies', and they did not notice him. So he pulled away, and pulled away, and soon the net was landed.

The Fairies ran forward to divide the catch. It was just at the peep of dawn, and they hurried to take all the fish they could carry, each Fairy stringing his share by running a twig through the gills. And as they strung the fish they kept calling out to one another:—

"Hurry! hurry! We must finish before the sun rises."

Kahukura had a short string with a knot in the end, and he strung his share on it, until it was filled. But when he lifted the string the knot gave way, and all the fish slid to the ground. Then some of the Fairies ran forward to help him, and tied the knot. Again he filled the string and all the fish slid off, and again the Fairies tied the knot.

Meanwhile day began to break over the sea, and the sun to

rise. Then the Fairies saw Kahukura's face, and knew that he was a man. They gave little cries of terror. They ran this way and that in confusion. They left their fish and canoes, they abandoned their net. And shrieking they all vanished over the sea.

Kahukura, seeing that he was alone, made haste to examine the canoes. They were only the stems of flax! He lifted the net. It was woven of rushes curiously tied. He carried it home, and made some like it for his neighbours. After that he taught his children how to weave nets. And so, say the Maori folk, they all learned to make nets. And from that day to this they have caught many fish.

THE SMITH AND THE FAIRIES

From Scotland

Years ago there lived in Scotland an honest, hard-working smith. He had only one child, a boy, fourteen years of age, cheerful, strong, and healthy.

Suddenly the boy fell ill. He took to his bed, and moped away whole days. No one could tell what was the matter with him. Although he had a tremendous appetite, he wasted away, getting thin, yellow, and old.

At last one morning, while the smith was standing idly at his forge, with no heart for work, he was surprised to see a Wise-man, who lived at some distance, enter his shop. The smith hastened to tell him about his son, and to ask for his advice.

The Wise-man listened gravely, then said: "The boy has been carried away by the Little People, and they have left a Changeling in his place."

"Alas! And what am I to do?" asked the smith. "How am I ever to see my own son again?"

"I will tell you how," answered the Wise-man. "But first, to make sure that it is not your own son you have, gather to-

THE SMITH AND THE FAIRIES

gether all the egg-shells you can get. Go into the room where the boy is, and spread them out carefully before him. Then pour water in them, and carry them carefully in your hands, two by two. Carry them as though they were very heavy, and arrange them around the fireplace."

The smith, accordingly, collected as many egg-shells as he could find. He went into the room, and did as the Wise-man had said.

He had not been long at work, before there came from the bed where the boy lay, a great shout of laughter, and the boy cried out:—

"I am now eight hundred years old, and I have never seen the like of that before!"

The smith hurried back, and told this to the Wise-man.

"Did I not assure you," said the Wise-man, "that it is not your son whom you have? Your son is in a Fairy Mound not far from here. Get rid as soon as possible of this Changeling, and I think I may promise you your son again.

"You must light a very great and bright fire before the bed on which this stranger is lying. He will ask you why you are doing so. Answer him at once: 'You shall see presently when I lay you upon it.' If you do this, the Changeling will become frightened and fly through the roof."

The smith again followed the Wise-man's advice; kindled

a blazing fire, and answered as he had been told to do. And, just as he was going to seize the Changeling and fling him on the fire, the thing gave an awful yell, and sprang through the roof.

The smith, overjoyed, returned to the Wise-man, and told this to him.

"On Midsummer Night," said the Wise-man, "the Fairy Mound, where your boy is kept, will open. You must provide yourself with a dirk and a crowing cock. Go to the Mound. You will hear singing and dancing and much merriment going on. At twelve o'clock a door in the Mound will open. Advance boldly. Enter this door, but first stick the dirk in the ground before it, to prevent the Mound from closing. You will find yourself in a spacious apartment, beautifully clean; and there working at a forge, you will see your son. The Fairies will then question you, and you must answer that you have come for your son, and will not go without him. Do this, and see what happens!"

Midsummer Night came, and the smith provided himself with a dirk and a crowing cock. He went to the Fairy Mound, and all happened as the Wise-man had said.

The Fairies came crowding around him, buzzing and pinching his legs; and when he said that he had come for his son, and would not go away without him, they all gave a loud

laugh. At the same minute the cock, that was dozing in the smith's arms, woke up. It leaped to his shoulder, and, clapping its wings, crowed loud and long.

At that the Fairies were furious. They seized the smith and his son and threw them out of the Mound, and pulled up the dirk and flung it after them. And in an instant all was dark.

For a year and a day the boy never spoke, nor would he do a turn of work. At last one morning as he was watching his father finish a sword, he exclaimed:—

"That's not the way to do it!"

And taking the tools from his father's hands, he set to work, and soon fashioned a glittering sharp sword, the like of which had never been seen before.

From that day on, the boy helped his father, and showed him how to make Fairy swords, and in a few years they both became rich and famous. And they always lived together contentedly and happily.

THE COAL-BLACK STEED

From England

Late one night—a bright, quiet, moonlit night—old Dame Moll lay snugly sleeping in her bed, when suddenly she was wakened by a noise like a rushing storm. The next minute there came a loud *rap! rap! rap!* at her cottage door.

Startled and frightened she sprang out of bed, and opened the door on a crack.

“Don’t be afraid, good woman,” said a squeaky voice. “Open wide! Open wide!”

So she opened a bit wider, and saw a strange, squint-eyed, ugly little fellow standing on the door-stone. Somehow the look in his eyes seemed to cast a spell over her, and made her, willy-nilly, open the door very wide.

“My wife has sent for you, good woman,” said he. “You must come with me at once and bathe and dress our newborn child.”

“Your wife!” thought the poor Dame. “Heaven defend me! Sure as I live I am going to care for a little Imp!”

But she could not refuse to go, for the spell in the little man’s eyes drew her, and she was forced to walk toward a

THE COAL-BLACK STEED

coal-black steed that stood snorting before the door. Its eyes were red-hot balls, and its breath was like smoke.

And how Dame Moll got to the place she never could tell. But suddenly she found herself set down by a neat but poor cottage, and saw two tidy children playing before the door. In a minute she was seated in front of a roaring hearth-fire, washing and dressing a small baby. But a very active and naughty baby it was, though only an hour old; for it lifted its fist and gave the good Dame such a rousing box on her ear, that it made her head ring.

“Anoint its eyes with this salve, my good woman,” said the mother, who was lying in a neat white bed.

So Dame Moll took the box of salve, and rubbed a bit on the child’s eyes.

“Why not a drop on mine,” thought she, “since it must be Elfin ointment.” So she rubbed her finger over her right eye.

O ye powers of Fairyland! What did she see!

The neat but homely little cottage had become a great and beautiful room. The mother, dressed in white silk, lay in an ivory bed. The babe was robed in silvery gauze. The two older children, who had just come into the cottage, were seated one on either side of the mother’s pillow. But they, too, were changed! For now they were little flat-nosed Imps who, with mops and mows, and with many a grin and grimace,

were pulling the mother's ears with their long, hairy paws.

When Dame Moll saw this, she knew that she was in a place of enchantment, and without saying a word about having anointed her own eye, she made haste to finish dressing the Elfin babe.

Then the squint-eyed little old fellow once more placed her behind him on the coal-black steed, and away they went sailing through the air. And he set her down safely before her door.

On the next market-day, when Dame Moll was selling eggs, what did she see but the little old fellow himself busied, like a rogue, stealing some things from the market-stalls.

"Oh! Ho!" cried she; "I've caught you, you thief!"

"What!" exclaimed he. "Do you see me today?"

"See you! To be sure I do!—as plain as the sun in the sky! And I see you very busy stealing, into the bargain!"

"With which eye do you see me?" said he.

"With my right eye, to be sure," answered Dame Moll.

"The ointment! The ointment!" exclaimed the little man. "Take that for meddling with what did not belong to you!"

And he struck her in the eye as he spoke. And from that day to this old Dame Moll has been blind in the right eye. And surely it served her right for stealing the Fairy ointment.

THE GIRL WHO WAS STOLEN BY FAIRIES

From Ireland

Never go near an Elfin Mound on May Day. For in the month of May the Fairies are very powerful, and they wander about the meadows looking for pretty maidens to carry off to Fairyland.

One beautiful May Day in old Ireland, a young girl fell asleep at noonday on an Elfin Mound. The Fairies saw how pretty she was, so they carried her off to Fairyland, and left in her stead an image that looked exactly like her.

Evening fell, and as the girl did not return home, her mother sent the neighbours to look for her in all directions. They found the image, and, thinking that it was the girl herself, they carried it home, and laid it in her bed. But the image neither moved nor spoke, and lay there silently for two days.

On the morning of the third day an old Witch woman entered the house, and looking at the image, said:—

"Your daughter is Fairy-struck. Rub this ointment on her forehead, and see what you shall see!"

Then the old woman placed a vial of green ointment in the mother's hand, and disappeared.

The mother immediately rubbed the forehead of the image, and the girl herself sat up in bed, weeping and wringing her hands.

"Oh, mother!" she cried. "Oh, why did you bring me back! I was so happy! I was in a beautiful palace where handsome Princesses and Princes were dancing to the sweetest music. They made me dance with them, and threw a mantle of rich gold over my shoulders. Now it is all gone, and I shall never see the beautiful palace any more!"

Then the mother wept, and said: "Oh, my child, stay with me! I have no other daughter but you! And if the Fairies take you, I shall die!"

The girl wept loudly at this, and throwing her arms around her mother's neck, kissed her, and promised that she would not go near the Elfin Mound. And she kept her word, so she never saw the Fairies again.

THE GIRL WHO DANCED WITH THE FAIRIES

From Ireland

One must never wander about alone on Hallowe'en, for then the Fairies are abroad looking for mortals to trick and lead astray.

Now, there was once a girl, the prettiest girl in all Ireland, who late one Hallowe'en was going to a spring to fetch some water. Her foot slipped, and she fell. When she got up, she looked about her, and saw that she was in a very strange place. A great fire was burning near, around which a number of people, beautifully dressed, were dancing.

A handsome young man, like a Prince, with a red sash, and a golden band in his hair, left the fire, and came toward her. He greeted her kindly, and asked her to dance.

"It is a foolish thing, sir, to ask me to dance," replied she, "since there is no music."

At that the young man lifted his hand, and instantly the most delicious music sounded. Then he took her by the fingers and drew her into the dance. Around and around they whirled, and they danced and danced until the moon and stars went down. And all the time, the girl seemed to float in

the air, and she forgot everything except the sweet music and the young man.

At last the dancing ceased, and a door opened in the earth. The young man, who seemed to be the King of all, led the girl down a pair of stairs, followed by all the gay company. At the end of a long passage they came to a hall bright and beautiful with gold and silver and lights. A table was covered with every good thing to eat, and wine was poured out in golden cups.

The young man lifted a cup, and offered it to the girl; at the same moment someone whispered in her ear:—

“Do not drink! Do not eat! If you do either, you will never see your home again!”

Well, the girl, when she heard that, set the cup down and refused to drink. Immediately all the company grew angry. A great buzzing arose. The lights went out. And the girl felt something grasp her, and rush her forth from the hall and up the stairs; and in a minute she found herself beside the spring holding her pitcher in her hand.

She did not wait for anything, but ran home as fast as she could, and locked herself in tight, and crept into bed. Then she heard a great clamour of little voices outside her door, and she could hear them cry:—

“The power we had over you tonight is gone, because you

refused to drink! But wait until next Hallowe'en Night, when you dance with us on the hill! Then we shall keep you forever!—forever!”

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY IN THE WOOD

Once upon a time there lived a King and Queen who were most miserable because they had no children; but when a lovely baby girl was born to them, they were two of the happiest people in the world. And in order to make all things as propitious as possible for the little Princess, they invited seven Fairies who lived in the Kingdom, to be her Godmothers.

When the christening ceremony was over, there was a magnificent banquet given for the fairies. Before each of them was laid a plate of massive gold, and a case—also of massive gold—containing a spoon, a fork, and a knife, all of the same precious metal, and richly studded with diamonds and rubies.

But just as everybody was seated at the table, who should enter but an old Fairy, who had not been invited because for more than fifty years she had been shut up in a tower, and was supposed to be either dead or enchanted.

The King immediately commanded that a chair should be placed for her at the table, but he could not offer her a golden plate and case, for only seven had been made for the seven

Fairies. The unreasonable old creature considered herself insulted, and began to mutter frightful threats between her teeth. The youngest of the Fairies, hearing this, concealed herself behind the tapestry, in order to be the last to speak, and so perhaps prevent any harm being done to the little princess.

Meanwhile the Godmothers began to bestow their gifts.

One said: "My Godchild shall be the most beautiful girl in the whole world." The second added: "And she shall have the disposition of an angel." The third said: "I give her the gift of perfect grace and graciousness." The fourth added: "And she shall dance like a sylph." The fifth said: "She shall sing like a nightingale." The sixth added: "She shall excel in playing on every sort of musical instrument."

Then came the turn of the old Fairy, who screamed like a cockatoo, while her head shook more from rage than from age: "The Princess shall pierce her hand with a spindle, and shall die!"

These dreadful words made the whole company—everyone—shudder; and there was no one there who was not drowned in tears. At that moment the youngest Fairy appeared from behind the tapestry, and said sweetly:—

"Do not weep, Your Majesties, your daughter will not die. It is true that I have not power enough to entirely undo the

evil that my elder sister has done. The Princess will hurt her hand with a spindle, but, instead of dying, she will fall asleep for a hundred years, and then a royal Prince will come and waken her."

The King, hoping to prevent this calamity, forbade any person in the Kingdom either to spin or even to keep a spindle in the house. Anyone who disobeyed was to be punished with death.

Sixteen years after this, the King and Queen went with their Court to a castle in the country, when it happened that the young Princess, wandering curiously from room to room, mounted to the top of a tower. There she found an old woman sitting alone before her wheel. This old woman had never heard that the King had forbidden anyone to spin.

"What are you doing, my good mother?" asked the Princess kindly.

"I am spinning, my beautiful child," answered the old woman.

"Oh, how pretty it is!" exclaimed the Princess. "How do you do it? Give that to me, so I may see if I can do as well!"

And as she spoke, she took the spindle so eagerly and so quickly, that it pierced her hand, and she sank fainting to the floor. The poor old woman, in the greatest distress, cried for help. People came hurrying from all sides. They dashed wa-

ter on the Princess. They unlaced her robes. They bathed her temples with perfumes. But she did not move. Then the King, who, hearing the commotion, was come into the tower-room, remembered the malediction of the old Fairy. He perceived that the misfortune was a thing that had to come about, since the Fairies had foretold it.

He caused the Princess to be carried to the most splendid apartment in the castle, and to be laid on a couch of down and on pillows of down embroidered with gold and silver. Her eyes were closed, but her soft breathing showed that she was not dead. Then, too, her cheeks were flushed a delicate rose-colour, and her lips were like coral. She seemed a sleeping angel, she was so beautiful.

The kind Fairy, who had saved the Princess's life, was in the Kingdom of Mataquin, twelve thousand miles away, but the King instantly sent word of the misfortune, by a little dwarf, who travelled in seven-league boots—which are boots that pass over seven leagues at each step—and she arrived directly at the castle, in a chariot of fire drawn by dragons.

She approved of all that the King had done. But being exceedingly wise, she knew that the poor Princess would be in a pitiable condition when at the end of a hundred years she awoke to find herself alone in that old castle. She knew of but

one thing to do, and she did it. At a wave of her wand every one fell asleep—ladies of honour, waiting-maids, squires, pages, stewards, cooks, scullions, porters, footmen,—every breathing thing, even the horses in the stables with the grooms, the mastiffs in the courtyard, and little Pouffi, the Princess's lap dog, who was nestling beside her on the couch—all slept. The spits full of partridges over the fire, and even the fire itself, waited silently to serve their mistress when she should wake and need them.

Only the King and Queen were left to kiss their darling child, and go away from the castle. The King forbade any one to approach the place, but this command was not necessary, for within a quarter of an hour there was grown up around the castle park, such a vast wood, whose trees, great and small, were so interlaced with briars and thorns, that neither man nor beast could pass through. It was plain that the Fairy had arranged matters after Fairy fashion, taking care that the young Princess should not be disturbed while she slept.

When the hundred years were gone, a King, not of the family of the Princess, reigned over the land. One day his son was hunting near the Fairy wood, and asked what were those turrets he saw rising above the trees. People told him everything that they had heard. One said that it was an enchanted

castle. Another said that all the witches in the country held their revels there. The most common belief, however, seemed to be that it was the dwelling-place of an ogre, who carried off all the children he could catch, and devoured them at his leisure; for no one could follow him, as only he could pass through the wood.

While the Prince was lost in wonder at these tales, an old peasant approached him, and said: "Your Highness, more than fifty years ago I heard my father say that in yonder castle was the most beautiful Princess on earth, and that she would sleep a hundred years and then be awakened by the son of a King, and that she would marry him."

That was enough to set the Prince on fire for the adventure. In fact, he felt in his heart that he was the chosen one. He did not delay for an instant. No sooner had he taken a step toward the wood than the trees great and small, and the thorns and briars, disentangled themselves and opened a path.

He walked toward the castle which stood at the end of a broad avenue. He saw, with surprise, that none of his attendants had been able to follow him, for the wood had closed again behind him; but all the same he went on boldly.

He entered a spacious outer court, where a person less brave than he would have been paralysed by fear. A deathlike

silence reigned, and many dead men lay stretched upon the ground. But the Prince saw, at a second glance, that the men had only the appearance of being dead, that, indeed, they were really men-at-arms, who had fallen asleep with their half-emptied wine-glasses beside them.

He ascended the stairway. He entered an antechamber, where the guard, ranged in line, with their muskets on their shoulders, were snoring contentedly. He crossed a presence-chamber where many lords and ladies were sleeping, some standing and some sitting.

Then he found himself in a magnificent apartment where on a couch, whose curtains were lifted, slept a young Princess as lovely as if she had strayed from Paradise!

The Prince knelt beside her, and pressed his lips on her white hand that lay on the coverlet. The spell was broken! The Princess opened her eyes, and, looking at the Prince as if he was no stranger, said:—

“Is it you, my Prince! I know you, for the Fairy has sent me such happy dreams in order that I might know the one who should free me from enchantment.”

Then they talked together. Each had so much to say. The Prince forgot the flight of time, and the Princess certainly did, it was so long since she had talked with any one.

Meanwhile the whole castle had awakened when the Prin-

cess did; and all the people had returned to their regular duties. They were naturally half-starved. Dinner was prepared.

Then the maid of honour, who was as hungry as the others, and who really had difficulty to keep her voice from being as sharp as her appetite, went to the Princess's apartment, and said in a gentle tone: “Pardon, Your Highness, but dinner is served.”

The Princess was superbly dressed, and the Prince was careful not to say that her robe was like that of his great-grandmother. He did not find her any the less beautiful for all that. They dined in the Hall of Mirrors, and were served by the pages and ladies-in-waiting of the Princess. The violins and hautboys played delightfully considering that they had lain untouched for a hundred years. After dinner, the Prince and Princess were married in the chapel of the castle. And on the death of the Prince's father, which occurred soon after the marriage, the Prince and Princess reigned happily over all that land.

CHARLES PERRAULT

CINDERELLA
OR
THE LITTLE GLASS SLIPPER

Once upon a time there was a gentleman who married for his second wife a woman who was the haughtiest and proudest ever seen. She had two daughters who resembled her in temper. The husband, however, had a young daughter by his first wife, who was of a sweetness and goodness without limit. She was like her own mother, who had been the most sweet-tempered woman in the world.

The wedding was no sooner over than the stepmother began to show her bad disposition. She could not endure the young girl, whose sweetness made her own daughters seem more detestable. She forced her to do the hardest work in the house. It was she who washed the dishes and put them in their places. It was she who polished the bedroom floors for her stepmother and two sisters. She slept under the eaves in a garret, on a wretched mattress; while her sisters lay in elegant rooms where the beds were soft and white, and the walls were lined with long mirrors in which the sisters could see themselves from head to foot.

The poor girl suffered all this with patience. And she did not dare complain to her father, for he would have scolded her, as he was completely governed by his wife.

Each day, after the girl had finished her work, she sat down in the chimney-corner among the cinders—so they called her Cinderella. Nevertheless, Cinderella, in spite of her shabby clothes, was more polite and a hundred times more beautiful than her sisters, although they were magnificently dressed.

It happened one day that the King's son gave a ball, and that he invited everybody of rank. The ugly sisters were also invited, because they always made a grand figure at all Court festivities. They were very glad at the thought of attending the royal ball, and busied themselves in choosing the robes and head-dresses which should be most becoming. But, alas! it was more trouble and work for Cinderella, for it was she who did her sisters' ironing, and fluted their ruffles. Night and morning, they talked only of the clothes they would wear to the ball.

"I," said the eldest, "shall wear my red velvet robe with rich lace trimming."

"I," said the younger, "shall have only my plain skirt, but to make up for its plainness, I shall put on my cloak flowered with gold, and my tiara of diamonds."

They called in Cinderella to ask her advice, for she had excellent taste. Cinderella gave them the best counsel in the world, and even offered to do their hair, for which they were very glad. And while she was arranging their locks in two rows of puffs, they asked:—

“Cinderella, would you not be delighted to go to the ball?”

“Alas, you are mocking me!” replied she. “It would be no place for me!”

“You are right,” answered the sisters, laughing scornfully. “Everybody would laugh well to see such a scrub-girl as you at the ball!”

Any one but Cinderella would have done their hair crooked out of rage, but she was so sweet that she did her very best. They went two days without eating, so excited were they with joy. They broke a dozen lacings trying to make their waists smaller, and they spent all their time before the mirrors.

At last the happy day arrived, and as they departed for the ball, Cinderella followed them with her eyes as long as she could. Then she burst into tears.

Her Godmother, who saw her in tears, asked what was the matter.

“I wish—I wish—” and Cinderella sobbed so that she could not finish.



Cinderella

*Cinderella*

Her Godmother, who was a Fairy, said: "You wish to go to the ball, don't you?"

"Alas! Yes!" sighed Cinderella.

"Then be a good girl," said her Godmother, "and you shall go. Now, run into the garden and bring me a pumpkin."

Cinderella went, and picked the biggest she could find; and as she carried it to her Godmother, she wondered how that pumpkin could help her go to the ball.

Her Godmother scooped out all the inside, leaving only the rind which she struck with her wand. Instantly it became a golden coach. Then she went to look at the mousetrap in which she found six mice. She bade Cinderella open the trap, and, as each mouse sprang out, she touched it with her wand. And instantly it was changed into a handsome horse.

As the Godmother was wondering out of what to make a coachman, Cinderella said: "I will go and see if there is a rat in the trap—then we can make a coachman."

"That is a good thought," said her Godmother, "go and see."

Cinderella brought the trap in which were three large rats. Her Godmother chose one of the three because of his long whiskers; and when she touched him, he was instantly changed into a big coachman who had the handsomest moustaches ever seen.

Then she said to Cinderella: "Go into the garden. You will find there six lizards behind the watering-pot. Bring them to me."

Cinderella had no sooner brought them than they were changed into six footmen in gold-laced coats, who sprang up behind the coach with the air of never having done anything else in their lives.

Then the Fairy said to Cinderella: "Here is a fine coach in which to go to the ball! Are you not glad?"

"Yes," replied she, "but must I go in these ugly clothes?"

Her Godmother, in answer, touched her with her wand, and instantly her old clothes were changed into robes of gold and silver embroidered with gems. Then her Godmother presented her with a pair of glass slippers, the prettiest in the world.

Now that Cinderella was all dressed, she got into the coach; but her Godmother told her above all things not to remain a minute later than midnight. For if she remained a single minute longer, her coach would become a pumpkin; her horses, mice; her coachman, a rat; and her footmen, lizards; while all her fine clothes would change to rags.

Cinderella promised her Godmother that she would not fail to return before midnight.

She departed for the ball, so joyful that she did not know

herself. The King's son, who was informed by his servants of the arrival of a beautiful Princess whom nobody knew, ran to receive her. He assisted her to descend from the coach, and led her into the hall where the guests were assembled.

There was a great silence. People stopped dancing, and the violins ceased playing, while all crowded around to see the beauty of the unknown one. Then a confused murmur arose. "Oh, how beautiful she is!" The King even, old as he was, could not take his eyes off her, and he whispered to the Queen that it was long since he had seen such a handsome and amiable person.

All the ladies were anxious to examine her head-dress and robes, and they decided to have some made like them the very next morning, provided, of course, that they could procure beautiful enough materials and needle women sufficiently skilful.

The King's son led Cinderella to the place of honour, and asked her to dance with him. She danced with such grace that she was more admired than ever. A superb banquet was served, but the young Prince did not taste it, so much was he occupied in gazing at her. She seated herself by her sisters, and showed them a thousand attentions. She offered them a share of the oranges and lemons that the Prince had given her, which greatly surprised them, for they did not know her.

While they were chatting, Cinderella heard the clock strike a quarter to twelve. She immediately bowed to the company, and hastened away as fast as she could.

When she arrived at home, she found her Fairy Godmother, and having thanked her, told her how she longed to go again the next night, for the Prince had invited her. And while she was relating all the things that had happened at the ball, she heard the two sisters rap at the door.

Cinderella opened it. "How late you are," she said.

"If you had been at the ball," replied one of the sisters, "you would not think it late! There came the most beautiful Princess you have ever dreamed of. She was devoted to us, and gave us oranges and lemons."

Cinderella could scarcely contain herself for joy. She asked the name of the Princess.

"We do not know," they said. "Even the King's son is curious to learn who she is."

Cinderella smiled and said to the elder sister: "Was she so beautiful then! How happy you are!"

The next night the sisters went to the ball. Cinderella went, too, even more magnificently attired than the first time. The King's son was constantly by her side, and never ceased whispering sweet things. Cinderella was not at all weary, and she forgot what her Godmother had told her; so that when

she heard the first stroke of midnight, she could not believe that it was more than eleven o'clock.

She sprang up, and fled as swiftly as a deer. The Prince followed her, but could not catch her. She lost one of her glass slippers, which he tenderly picked up.

Cinderella reached home breathless, without coach or footmen, and clad in rags. Nothing remained of all her splendour but one little glass slipper, for she had dropped the other.

The Prince's attendants asked the palace guards if they had seen a Princess pass by. They said that they had seen no one except a poorly dressed girl, who looked more like a peasant than a Princess.

When her sisters returned, Cinderella asked if they had had a good time again, and if the lovely Princess had been present. They said yes, but that she had fled as soon as twelve o'clock had sounded, and that she had dropped one of her little glass slippers—it was the prettiest thing!—and that the Prince had picked it up. And that he had done nothing but look at it for the rest of the night! Assuredly he must be very much in love with the Princess to whom it belonged!

And they were right. A few days after this the King's son sent a herald who announced, by sound of a trumpet, that the Prince would marry any lady whom the glass slipper fitted.

Then commenced a great trying-on by Princesses and Duchesses and all the ladies of the Court—but it was of no use. At last they brought the glass slipper to the two sisters, who did their best to get their feet into it, but they could not do so.

Cinderella, who was looking on and recognized her slipper, said smilingly: "Let me see if it will fit me."

Her sisters began to laugh scornfully and to ridicule her; but the attendant who held the slipper, looking attentively at Cinderella, saw that she was very beautiful, and said that she had a right to do so, for he had been ordered to try the slipper on every girl in the kingdom.

He made Cinderella seat herself, and, placing the slipper on her little foot, saw that it went on easily and fitted her like wax. The amazement of the sisters was great, but was greater still when Cinderella drew the other slipper from her pocket and put it on her other foot.

Immediately the Fairy Godmother arrived, and, having touched Cinderella's clothes with her wand, changed them into garments more magnificent than those she had worn before.

Then the two sisters recognized her for the beautiful Princess whom they had seen at the ball. They threw themselves at her feet, and begged forgiveness for the cruel treatment she

had suffered. Cinderella raised and embraced them, and assured them that she pardoned them with all her heart, and that she now entreated them to love her dearly.

She was then conducted to the palace of the Prince, adorned as she was in all her magnificence. The Prince found her more beautiful than ever, and a few days after he married her with great pomp.

Cinderella, who was as good as she was beautiful, lodged her sisters in the palace, and married them on the same day to two great lords of the Court.

CHARLES PERRAULT

THE STORY OF CHILDE CHARITY

Once upon a time there lived in the west country a little girl who had neither father nor mother; they both died when she was very young, and left their daughter to the care of her uncle, who was the richest farmer in all that country. He had houses and lands, flocks and herds, many servants to work about his house and fields, a wife who had brought him a great dowry, and two fair daughters.

All their neighbours, being poor, looked up to the family—insomuch that they imagined themselves great people. The father and mother were as proud as peacocks; the daughters thought themselves the greatest beauties in the world, and not one of the family would speak civilly to anybody they thought low.

Now it happened that though she was their near relation, they had this opinion of the orphan girl, partly because she had no fortune, and partly because of her humble, kindly disposition. It was said that the more needy and despised any creature was, the more ready was she to befriend it: on which account the people of the west country called her Childe Charity, and if she had any other name, I never heard it.

THE STORY OF CHILDE CHARITY

Childe Charity was thought very mean in that proud house. Her uncle would not own her for his niece; her cousins would not keep her company; and her aunt sent her to work in the dairy, and to sleep in the back garret, where they kept all sorts of lumber and dry herbs for the winter. The servants learned the same tune, and Childe Charity had more work than rest among them. All the day she scoured pails, scrubbed dishes, and washed crockery ware. But every night she slept in the back garret as sound as a Princess could in her palace chamber.

Her uncle's house was large and white, and stood among green meadows by a river's side. In front it had a porch covered with a vine; behind, it had a farmyard and high granaries. Within, there were two parlours for the rich, and two kitchens for the poor, which the neighbours thought wonderfully grand. And one day in the harvest season, when this rich farmer's corn had been all cut down and housed, he condescended so far as to invite his neighbourhood to a harvest supper. The west country people came in their holiday clothes and best behaviour. Such heaps of cakes and cheese, such baskets of apples and barrels of ale, had never been at feast before.

They were making merry in kitchen and parlour, when a poor old woman came to the back door, begging for broken

virtuals and a night's lodging. Her clothes were coarse and ragged; her hair was scanty and grey; her back was bent; her teeth were gone. She had a squinting eye, a clubbed foot, and crooked fingers. In short, she was the poorest and ugliest old woman that ever came begging.

The first who saw her was the kitchen maid, and she ordered her to be gone for an ugly witch. The next was the herd-boy, and he threw her a bone over his shoulder. But Childe Charity, hearing the noise, came out from her seat at the foot of the lowest table, and asked the old woman to take her share of the supper, and sleep that night in her bed in the back garret.

The old woman sat down without a word of thanks. All the company laughed at Childe Charity for giving her bed and supper to a beggar. Her proud cousins said it was just like her mean spirit, but Childe Charity did not mind them. She scraped the pots for her supper that night and slept on a sack among the lumber, while the old woman rested in her warm bed.

And next morning, before the little girl awoke, the old woman was up and gone, without so much as saying "Thank you," or "Good morning."

That day all the servants were sick after the feast, and mostly cross too—so you may judge how civil they were; when, at supper time, who should come to the back door but

the old woman, again asking for broken virtuals and a night's lodging.

No one would listen to her or give her a morsel, till Childe Charity rose from her seat at the foot of the lowest table, and kindly asked her to take her supper, and sleep in her bed in the back garret. Again the old woman sat down without a word. Childe Charity scraped the pots for her supper, and slept on the sack.

In the morning the old woman was gone; but for six nights after, as sure as the supper was spread, there was she at the back door, and the little girl regularly asked her in.

Childe Charity's aunt said she would let her get enough of beggars. Her cousins made continual game of what they called her genteel visitor. Sometimes the old woman said: "Child, why don't you make this bed softer? and why are your blankets so thin?" but she never gave her a word of thanks, nor a civil good morning.

At last, on the ninth night from her first coming, when Childe Charity was getting used to scrape the pots and sleep on the sack, her accustomed knock came at the door, and there she stood with an ugly ashy-coloured dog, so stupid looking and clumsy that no herd-boy would keep him.

"Good evening, my little girl," she said when Childe Charity opened the door. "I will not have your supper and

bed tonight—I am going on a long journey to see a friend. But here is a dog of mine, whom nobody in all the west country will keep for me. He is a little cross, and not very handsome; but I leave him to your care till the shortest day in all the year. Then you and I will count for his keeping.”

When the old woman had said the last word, she set off with such speed that Childe Charity lost sight of her in a minute. The ugly dog began to fawn upon her, but he snarled at everybody else. The servants said he was a disgrace to the house. The proud cousins wanted him drowned, and it was with great trouble that Childe Charity got leave to keep him in an old ruined cow-house.

Ugly and cross as the dog was, he fawned on her, and the old woman had left him to her care. So the little girl gave him part of all her meals, and when the hard frost came, took him privately to her own back garret, because the cowhouse was damp and cold in the long nights. The dog lay quietly on some straw in a corner. Childe Charity slept soundly, but every morning the servants would say to her:—

“What great light and fine talking was that in your back garret?”

“There was no light, but the moon shining in through the shutterless window, and no talk that I heard,” said Childe Charity.

And she thought they must have been dreaming. But night after night, when any of them awoke in the dark and silent hour that comes before the morning, they saw a light brighter and clearer than the Christmas fire, and heard voices like those of lords and ladies in the back garret.

Partly from fear, and partly from laziness, none of the servants would rise to see what might be there. At length, when the winter nights were at the longest, the little parlour maid, who did least work and got most favour, because she gathered news for her mistress, crept out of bed when all the rest were sleeping, and set herself to watch at a crevice of the door.

She saw the dog lying quietly in the corner, Childe Charity sleeping soundly in her bed, and the moon shining through the shutterless window. But an hour before daybreak there came a glare of lights, and a sound of far-off bugles. The window opened, and in marched a troop of little men clothed in crimson and gold, and bearing every man a torch, till the room looked bright as day. They marched up with great reverence to the dog, where he lay on the straw, and the most richly clothed among them said:—

“Royal Prince, we have prepared the banquet hall. What will Your Highness please that we do next?”

“Ye have done well,” said the dog. “Now, prepare the

feast, and see that all things be in our first fashion: for the Princess and I mean to bring a stranger who never feasted in our halls before."

"Your Highness's commands shall be obeyed," said the little man, making another reverence; and he and his company passed out of the window.

By and by there was another glare of lights, and a sound like far-off flutes. The window opened, and there came in a company of little ladies clad in rose-coloured velvet, and carrying each a crystal lamp. They also walked with great reverence up to the dog, and the gayest among them said:—

"Royal Prince, we have prepared the tapestry. What will Your Highness please that we do next?"

"Ye have done well," said the dog. "Now, prepare the robes, and let all things be in our first fashion: for the Princess and I will bring with us a stranger who never feasted in our halls before."

"Your Highness's commands shall be obeyed," said the little lady, making a low curtsy; and she and her company passed out through the window, which closed quietly behind them.

The dog stretched himself out upon the straw, the little girl turned in her sleep, and the moon shone in on the back garret.

The parlour maid was so much amazed, and so eager to

tell this great story to her mistress, that she could not close her eyes that night, and was up before cock-crow. But when she told it, her mistress called her a silly wench to have such foolish dreams, and scolded her so that the parlour maid durst not mention what she had seen to the servants.

Nevertheless Childe Charity's aunt thought there might be something in it worth knowing; so next night, when all the house were asleep, she crept out of bed, and set herself to watch at the back garret door.

There she saw exactly what the maid told her—the little men with the torches, and the little ladies with the crystal lamps, come in making great reverence to the dog, and the same words pass, only he said to the one, "Now prepare the presents," and to the other. "Prepare the jewels."

And when they were gone the dog stretched himself on the straw, Childe Charity turned in her sleep, and the moon shone in on the back garret.

The mistress could not close her eyes any more than the maid from eagerness to tell the story. She woke up Childe Charity's rich uncle before cock-crow. But when he heard it, he laughed at her for a foolish woman, and advised her not to repeat the like before the neighbours, lest they should think she had lost her senses.

The mistress could say no more, and the day passed. But

that night the master thought he would like to see what went on in the back garret: so when all the house were asleep, he slipped out of bed, and set himself to watch at the crevice in the door.

The same thing happened again that the maid and the mistress saw: the little men in crimson with their torches, and the little ladies in rose-coloured velvet with their lamps, came in at the window, and made an humble reverence to the ugly dog, the one saying, "Royal Prince, we have prepared the presents," and the other, "Royal Prince, we have prepared the jewels."

And the dog said to them all: "Ye have done well. Tomorrow come and meet me and the Princess with horses and chariots, and let all things be in our first fashion: for we will bring a stranger from this house who has never travelled with us, nor feasted in our halls before."

The little men and the little ladies said: "Your Highness's commands shall be obeyed."

When they had gone out through the window the ugly dog stretched himself out on the straw, Childe Charity turned in her sleep, and the moon shone in on the back garret.

The master could not close his eyes any more than the maid or the mistress, for thinking of this strange sight. He remembered to have heard his grandfather say, that somewhere



The Story of Childe Charity

near his meadows there lay a path leading to the Fairies' country, and the haymakers used to see it shining through the grey summer morning as the Fairy bands went home. Nobody had heard or seen the like for many years; but the master concluded that the doings in his back garret must be a Fairy business, and the ugly dog a person of great account. His chief wonder was, however, what visitor the Fairies intended to take from his house; and after thinking the matter over he was sure it must be one of his daughters—they were so handsome, and had such fine clothes.

Accordingly, Childe Charity's rich uncle made it his first business that morning to get ready a breakfast of roast mutton for the ugly dog, and carry it to him in the old cow-house. But not a morsel would the dog taste. On the contrary, he snarled at the master, and would have bitten him if he had not run away with his mutton.

"The Fairies have strange ways," said the master to himself. But he called his daughters privately, bidding them dress themselves in their best, for he could not say which of them might be called into great company before nightfall.

Childe Charity's proud cousins, hearing this, put on the richest of their silks and laces, and strutted like peacocks from kitchen to parlour all day, waiting for the call their father spoke of, while the little girl scoured and scrubbed in the dairy.

They were in very bad humour when night fell, and nobody had come. But just as the family were sitting down to supper the ugly dog began to bark, and the old woman's knock was heard at the back door. Childe Charity opened it, and was going to offer her bed and supper as usual, when the old woman said:—

"This is the shortest day in all the year, and I am going home to hold a feast after my travels. I see you have taken good care of my dog, and now if you will come with me to my house, he and I will do our best to entertain you. Here is our company."

As the old woman spoke there was a sound of far-off flutes and bugles, then a glare of lights; and a great company, clad so grandly that they shone with gold and jewels, came in open chariots, covered with gilding, and drawn by snow-white horses.

The first and finest of the chariots was empty. The old woman led Childe Charity to it by the hand, and the ugly dog jumped in before her. The proud cousins, in all their finery, had by this time come to the door, but nobody wanted them. And no sooner was the old woman and her dog within the chariot than a marvellous change passed over them, for the ugly old woman turned at once to a beautiful young Princess, with long yellow curls and a robe of green and gold, while

the ugly dog at her side started up a fair young Prince, with nut-brown hair, and a robe of purple and silver.

"We are," said they, as the chariots drove on, and the little girl sat astonished, "a Prince and Princess of Fairyland, and there was a wager between us whether or not there were good people still to be found in these false and greedy times. One said 'Yes,' and the other said 'No'; and I have lost," said the Prince, "and must pay the feast and presents."

Some of the farmer's household, who were looking after them through the moonlight night, said the chariots had gone one way across the meadows, some said they had gone another, and till this day they cannot agree upon the direction.

But Childe Charity went with that noble company into a country such as she had never seen—for Primroses covered all the ground, and the light was always like that of a summer evening.

They took her to a royal palace, where there was nothing but feasting and dancing for seven days. She had robes of pale green velvet to wear, and slept in a chamber inlaid with ivory.

When the feast was done, the Prince and Princess gave her such heaps of gold and jewels that she could not carry them, but they gave her a chariot to go home in, drawn by six white horses. And on the seventh night, which happened to be

Christmas time, when the farmer's family had settled in their own minds that she would never come back, and were sitting down to supper, they heard the sound of her coachman's bugle, and saw her alight with all the jewels and gold at the very back door where she had brought in the ugly old woman.

The Fairy chariot drove away, and never came back to that farmhouse after. But Childe Charity scrubbed and scoured no more, for she grew a great lady, even in the eyes of her proud cousins.

FRANCES BROWNE

THE ENCHANTED WATCH

There once lived a gay young girl named Fannie, who never knew what time it was. Did she care? That I cannot say. And it is impossible for me to tell you how often she kept her father waiting, and caused him to be late for his appointments. And such a kind father as he was to Fannie, for she was his only child and he loved her very much. Indeed, he loved her so much that he overlooked her faults when he should have reproved them. Whole half-hours she used to keep the carriage waiting in front of the door, while she prinked before her mirror. And because she was never prompt, every one called her "Miss Tardy." Yet, after keeping people waiting, she would excuse herself in the sweetest manner possible, and blame herself for thoughtlessness.

One day her old Godmother wrote that she was coming the next morning to lunch with Fannie at noon. She was a Fairy so celebrated for her promptness that people called her "the Fairy Prompt," of which name she was very proud. With her, *noon* was not ten minutes after twelve, nor ten minutes before twelve, but it was *exactly twelve o'clock*.

So the next morning, at the first stroke of twelve, she set

her foot on the bottom step of Fannie's house, and, as the last stroke died away, she entered the dining-room. The table was beautifully laid, and all was ready, but Fannie was not there. Indeed, Miss Tardy had forgotten all about her Godmother, and was calling on a friend. She was trying on her friend's beautiful new clothes and having such a fine time that the Godmother was utterly forgotten, as if she had never been in the world.

But at last hunger reminded Fannie of luncheon, and she hurried home. The servants informed her that her Godmother had arrived, but as Fannie's shoes pinched her, she rushed to her room and put on a pretty little pair of slippers. Then, as her street clothes were not suitable for slippers, she changed her dress for a becoming house-gown. By this time it was two o'clock.

She found her Godmother asleep in a comfortable chair, such as is not made any more; and, I think, she was snoring a little. She awoke as Fannie opened the door hurriedly.

"My dear Godmother," said she, "I am so sorry!—so ashamed!—I am indeed a thoughtless creature to keep you waiting this way!"

"That is all right," said the Godmother, who was very kind and indulgent to Fannie. "I have slept a little, while waiting for you. That will do me no harm. What time is it?"

"Oh, please do not ask me!" begged Fannie, "you will make me die with shame!"

And like a playful child she ran and stood in front of the clock, but her Fairy Godmother, who had good eyes, saw that the hand had passed two o'clock.

The dinner, as you may well imagine, was overdone, but the Fairy, who really loved her goddaughter, took it all as good-naturedly as possible, and made many gay jokes as she tried to eat the burnt roasts and the scorched creams.

It was soon four o'clock, and Fannie's father hurriedly entered the drawing-room, where she was chatting with her Godmother.

"Well, Fannie!" he cried. "Are you ready? Are you ready?" Then he started back when he saw his daughter, in her pretty pink and blue house-gown, stretched indolently on a sofa, her feet to the fire, while she daintily sipped her coffee.

"What!" exclaimed her father. "Have you forgotten that you were to be ready at four o'clock!"

"Do you not see my Godmother with me, Papa?" said Fannie reproachfully.

"Pardon me, madame," said the father, turning to the Fairy and bowing, although his face was red with anger. "Excuse my rudeness, but my daughter will cause me to die with grief!"

"And what has the poor child done?" asked the Godmother.

"Judge for yourself," said he. "Prince Pandolph has invited us to his villa. Fannie is to sing for his guests. They are all assembled and expecting her. The Prince has sent his carriage which is now waiting before the door."

"But, Papa," said Fannie, "cannot you go without me?"

"You know that cannot be, child," said her father sadly. "It is you who are invited, and it is your fine voice that the Prince wishes for his musicale. He will now be offended for ever, since you cannot go in this dress."

"Calm yourself, my good sir," said the Godmother, seeing Fannie's confusion. "It is because of me that this dear little one has forgotten you. It is for me to repair this evil."

So saying she passed her hand over the unfortunate house-gown and it was instantly transformed into the most ravishing robe embroidered with gold and pearls. Fannie, who was naturally very pretty, shone like a star in this brilliant costume.

"Wait a minute," said the Fairy to the impatient father, who was already leading his daughter away. "Let me finish my work." and she put around the neck of her goddaughter a magnificent golden chain at the end of which hung an exquisite little watch the size of a locket, and all of chased gold studded with diamonds.

"Now, little one," said she, kissing the forehead of the spoilt child, "here is something that will aid your naughty memory. With this you will never again forget an engagement. Be sure to come home by ten o'clock."

"Oh, yes, indeed!" said Fannie, kissing her Godmother joyfully.

It is necessary to say here that it was the Fairy Prompt who invented watches in her youth. But hers were not like those sold nowadays in the shops. There was a magic virtue in each watch, for when the hour of an engagement arrived, it made so loud a ticking that the owner of it had no peace until he kept his engagement.

So it happened that while Fannie was listening to the praises of the Prince and his guests, who were saying that she had the most delightful voice in the world, she heard a gentle sound, but very distinct:—

"*Tic! Tic! Tic!*"

"It is ten o'clock!" exclaimed Fannie joyously to her father. "Oh! my dear, good, little watch, that my Godmother gave me, it has told me so! We must hurry home."

Her father, who was very much pleased because she had charmed the Prince and his guests with her sweet voice, said as they drove away:—

"My dear child, tomorrow I am going to take you to the

finest jeweller in town, and buy for you the bracelet of antique cameos that you have been begging me for. At what time do you wish to go? At ten o'clock?"

"Oh, no!" cried Fannie, her eyes sparkling with delight, "at nine o'clock, please! Ever since I saw the bracelet I have been dying to possess it!"

"Very good! At nine o'clock, then. And what shall we do with the rest of our morning?"

"At exactly ten o'clock I am to go to the dressmaker's to order some new gowns," said Fannie, "but may we not lunch together at eleven?"

"Just as you say, dear little nightingale," answered her father affectionately. "And order all the gowns and furbelows you wish, for the plumage should match the warbling. And since it suits you, I will meet you promptly at eleven, for at twelve I have an important business engagement."

"At eleven o'clock, then, dear Papa," said Fannie, "but do not forget to return in time this evening to escort me to the Baron's ball!"

"Don't worry!" said her father, smiling, "for nothing in the world would I make a pearl of a daughter like you wait for an escort!"

The next morning Fannie rose early and dressed more rapidly than usual, and was ready waiting for her father at nine.

They drove to the jeweller's. How her eyes sparkled as her father clasped the cameo bracelet on her arm! But the jeweller, who hoped to sell Fannie a necklace as well, took from his showcase such beautiful collars of pearls, rubies, amethysts, and other gems and precious stones that she forgot how the time was flying.

"Tic! Tic! Tic! Tic!"

"Thank you, dear watch, for warning me!" said Fannie gaily, "but the dressmaker must wait!"

"Tic! Tic! Tic! Tic! Tic!"

"You insupportable thing!" cried she, and taking the watch from her neck she handed it to her father, saying: "I beg you, dear Papa, to put this in your pocket. It is very annoying!"

He took the watch, and seeing a friend on the street, went to the door to speak with him.

"Toc! Toc! Toc! Toc!"

The watch raised its voice so that Fannie should hear it. The people in the shop all asked where the noise came from. And her father, mortified, said goodbye to his friend, gave back the watch to Fannie, and hurried her into the carriage.

She was soon at the dressmaker's, and her ill humour passed as she ordered a dress of pink brocade trimmed with rich lace, and a robe of garnet velvet embroidered with gold

threads, and a cloak of silver cloth trimmed with pearls. Her directions were not all given when she glanced at the clock, and saw that it was eleven.

"Oh!" thought she, "that horrid watch is going to disturb me again! But I'll finish my ordering!"

"Toc! Toc! Toc! Toc!"

The dressmaker turned her head. "What's that, Miss?" she exclaimed with fright.

"It is nothing, let us go on!" said Miss Tardy.

"Toc! Toc! Toc! Toc!" louder than before.

"It is thieves! It is thieves!" cried the dressmaker.

"It is nothing I tell you—unfold this gown."

"Toc!—Toc!—Toc!—Toc!" louder and louder!

And the poor dressmaker, half dead with fright, was in such a state that she could show no more clothes. And Fannie put on her hat and coat, and hurried away to the restaurant where she found her father walking nervously up and down.

"Ah! how thoughtful of you, dear child, to be prompt!" he said, as he led her to a table. And the delicious food soon made her forget her annoyance.

When Fannie returned home she was so fatigued that she put on a charming wrapper, and lay down to rest. Then she remembered that she had an engagement to see a poor man at two o'clock, whose want she had promised to relieve. She

took the fatal watch from her neck, and giving it to the maid, said:—

"Take this, and carry it to the cellar, so that I may be rid of it!"

Two o'clock struck, and the poor old man, who had had nothing to eat for three days, presented himself. The maid told him that Miss Fannie was sleeping and would not see him. With tears streaming down his cheeks, he bowed humbly and was turning away, when everybody in the house jumped to the ceiling.

"Paf! Paf! Paf! Paf!" It was like so many shots from a pistol.

The neighbours commenced screaming. The servants ran frantically to and fro.

Fannie sprang up from her couch.

"Paf! Paf! Paf! Paf!"

"It must be that wretched watch!" cried she.

"Paf!—Paf!—Paf!—Paf!"

"Yes! Yes! I am coming! I am coming!" And she hurried to the cellar and, picking up the watch, returned to her room in silence.

Then she called the poor old man, fed him, and comforted him, and sent him away with a full purse.

Evening arrived, and Fannie, all dressed for the Baron's

ball, shone more beautifully than ever in her magnificent gown. And just as her father was leading her to the carriage, a clumsy wagon drove up, and an old countrywoman descended from it, crying out that she must see her dear child—her Fannie—just once more before she died. It was Fannie's old nurse who had come all the way from her village miles distant to hold her dear child in her arms. When she saw that Fannie was ready to go out, she screamed loudly and would have made herself ill, if Fannie had not embraced her tenderly, and promised to return before midnight. On the strength of this promise the old woman grew calm, and Fannie and her father went away to the ball.

But as the carriage drove through the streets, Fannie regretted her promise, and slipping her little hand under her cloak, she loosened the fatal watch, and flung it into a deep ditch.

"At last! At last!" she said to herself, with a sigh of relief.

Midnight sounded, and found her breathlessly twirling around in the dance, her eyes sparkling and her cheeks glowing.

"Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!"

The orchestra stopped suddenly. The thunder-claps—for so they seemed to be—continued to follow each other without interruption.

"Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!"

All the city was awake. Women cried out that the end of the world was come.

The unfortunate Fannie knew in a minute what it was. Fright seized her, and she lost her head. Instead of returning home quietly, which would have put an end to the horrible racket, she ran out into the street, and, wild with fright, hastened with all speed to the spot where she had thrown the watch.

"Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!"

The houses were lighted. The amazed people thrust their heads out the windows. All that they saw was a young girl running through the streets, her neck and head bare, and her ball gown flying in the wind.

"Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!"—every stroke was louder and more fearful.

The firemen came hurrying up to see if there was a fire, and one of them held his lantern under Fannie's nose, and cried out: "Why, it is little Miss Tardy! She has doubtless lost the time, and is hunting for it! Ha! Ha!"

Meanwhile Fannie ran on, and arrived breathlessly at the ditch into which she had flung the watch. Guided by its thunderous blows, she quickly laid her fingers on it. In a fury she was about to dash it against a stone when she felt a hand on her arm.

It was her Fairy Godmother, who, in gentle tones of reproach, said: "What are you doing, my child? You can never succeed!"

Then she took the watch from Fannie, which instantly became quiet, and passed the chain around the neck of her goddaughter, who was trembling with penitence and shame.

"Neither violence nor trickery," said her Godmother, "have any power over my gift to you. All you can do is to take it, and obey. And then you will find yourself happy."

At the same moment Miss Tardy felt herself being transported through the air, and found herself once more in her own room, holding the hand of her old nurse, who was weeping with tenderness and joy.

I have no need to tell you that Fannie never again attempted to disobey the protecting tyrant that she wore around her neck. And as the watch no longer had to warn her with its loud ticking, she learned in time to enjoy sacrificing her whims to her duty.

JEAN MACÉ (ADAPTED)