




GRANNY'S
STORIES



Father
Tuck's
"GOLDEN
GIFT"
Series



OSB
SA
GRANNY'S
[ca. 1907]

fol



THE
JOHN SULLIVAN HAYES
COLLECTION

A Bequest to
THE OSBORNE COLLECTION - TORONTO PUBLIC LIBRARY
in memory of
JOHN SULLIVAN HAYES & JO ANN ELLIOTT HAYES
from their children
ANN ALYCIN AND ELLIOTT HAYES

99E14506/37131 054875406

To Beril /

With love

from

Hellie +

Clara

Wishing you many happy
returns of the day

front
but to use
forms
+ notes
Cata

also listed now heard included
number of the day



THROUGH THE CORNFIELD.

Granny's Stories



Edited by
EDRIC
VREDENBURG

By NORA · CHESSON ,
MARGERY · WILLIAMS ,
GRACE · C · FLOYD ,
etc. , etc. . .

Pictured by
T · NOYES · LEWIS ,
FRANCES · BRUNDAGE ,
etc. , etc. . .

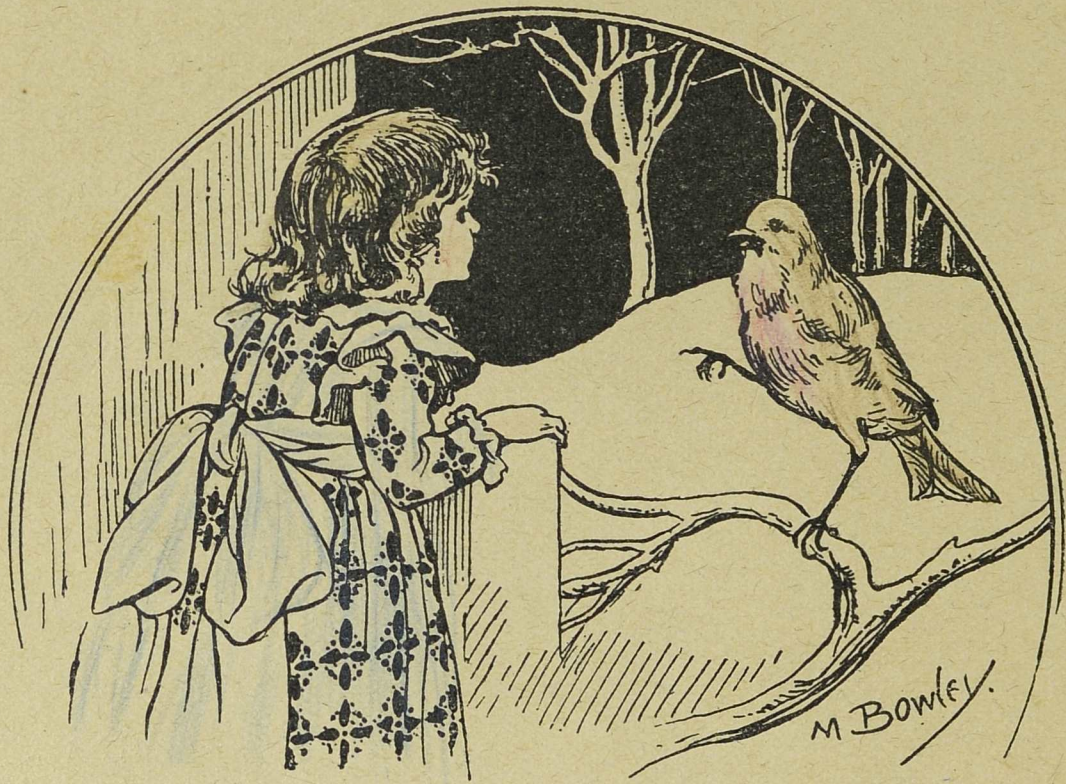


Raphael Tuck & Sons, Ltd.
London · Paris · Berlin · New York · Montreal

No. 801.

Designed & Printed in England

Publishers to Their Majesties
The King & Queen,
& T.R.H. The Prince & Princess of Wales.





GRANNY'S STORIES.

GRANDMAMMA tells the best fairy stories in the world. Whenever we fall upon her and demand a story she has one ready; she just thinks a little bit, looks at the rings on her fingers, and then begins.

Dear me, how we have wondered where all these lovely fairy tales came from, and one day we determined to find out the secret.

“Granny,” we cried in chorus, “you must first tell us how it is you know all these beautiful stories, and when you have told us that, then you must tell us some more.”

Granny shook her dear grey head with difficulty—it is difficult to shake a head when any number of pairs of arms are hugging you round the neck—and, smiling, she looked at her rings.

“Why, Granny, do you always look at your rings?” we asked together.

“Because of my Magic Ruby,” she answered, looking ever so mysterious.

“Magic Ruby! oh!” we whispered, and opening our eyes very wide. We could say no more—it was too deliciously wonderful—Magic Ruby!

Granny took her ruby ring off her finger and held it before the fire, and we could see it sparkle and glitter in the dancing light, but we could see no fairies in it, no, not one.

“This precious stone comes from the mines in Burmah,” said Granny, as she turned it first this way and then that, “and it was given to me by your Grandpapa years and years ago, and he told me then that it had once belonged to the Queen of the Fairies, and now it was going to belong to his Queen. I was his Queen, you know.” Granny was silent for a little time, and then put on the ring again.

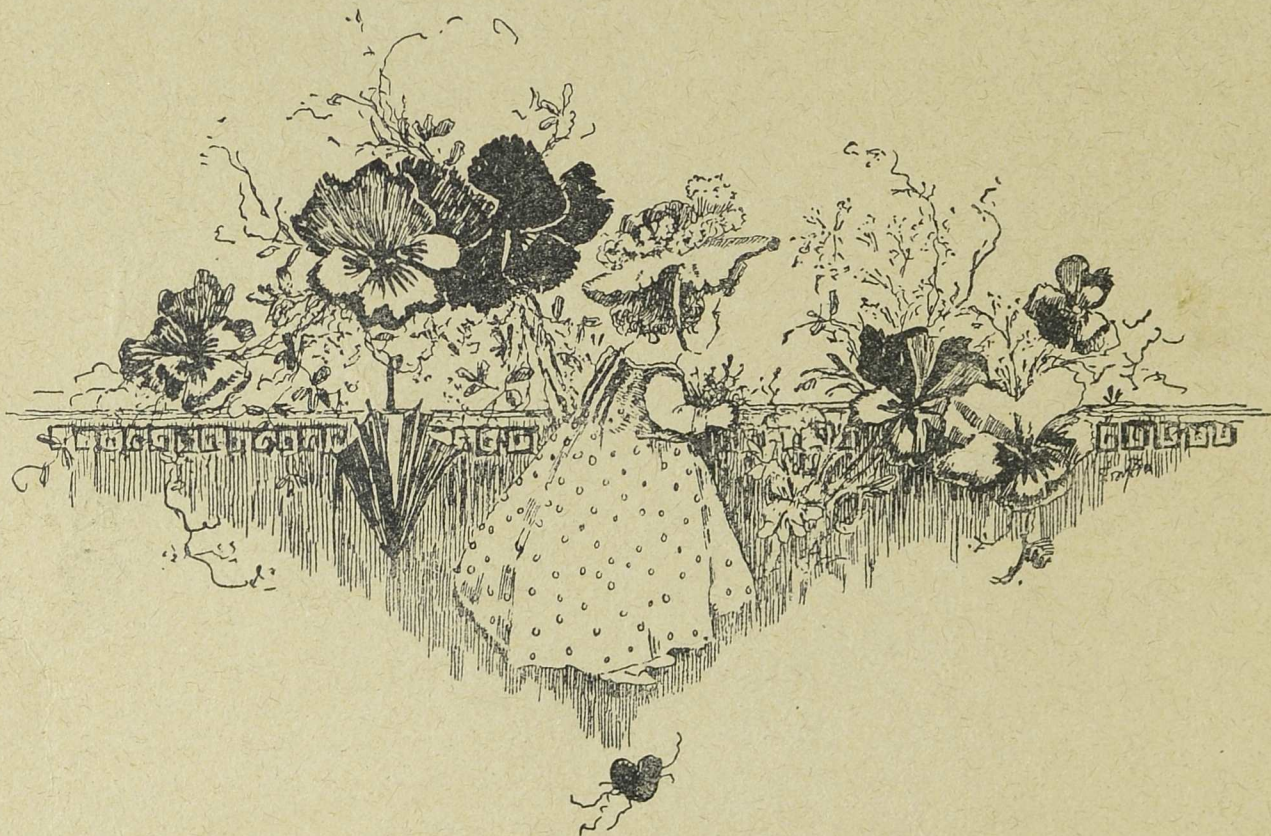
“And do you see fairies in it, Granny?” we asked.

“I think of all sorts of things, more than I can tell you, when I look at it,” she answered, smiling again; “but there, don’t let us talk any more about it. I will tell you a story instead.”

“Ah, do!” we cried, and then we were as silent as when we are asleep, and Granny began—

These are some of the stories Granny told after she had looked at the Magic Ruby.

Edric Vredenburg.



A DREAM OF SANTA CLAUS



E.M. Taylor

WHAT WE FOUND WHEN WE AWOKE.



ONCE upon a time there was a poor boy named Hans, who was so often beaten and starved by his stepfather, that he went in daily terror of his life.

A thousand times Hans would have run away from home, had it not been for love of his mother, whose fate was even worse than her son's, since she was kept locked up in a cellar.

Hans once expostulated about this harsh treatment, to which his stepfather replied : "Women talk too much ; her tongue hath injured me with the King already. If thou dost meddle in my business or prattle any more, I will lock thee up also."

This frightened the boy so much that he said no more, but he secretly loosened a brick in the wall, through which he would smuggle any scraps of food to his mother he could spare from his own wretched meals ; or he would whisper any news of the village that might interest the unhappy woman.

Of late there had been much excitement over the King's only

daughter, a lovely girl of Hans' age, who had been stolen or spirited away. Nearly every one in the kingdom was searching for her, but without success.

The King had offered such a magnificent ransom, that it had tempted the young nobles to try and discover her away in distant lands.

One day, the stepfather came home in a fine passion, and when he found that Hans had neglected some work he had set him to do, he beat the boy so unmercifully that a neighbour, hearing his screams, rushed in terror to the house; but she was powerless to protect him.

However, the good woman waited outside for Hans, until he crept out of the house, more dead than alive, and gave him a good dinner, which she tied up in a little cloth.

"Thou must not eat it here, Hans; for if thy stepfather should find thee in my house, trouble would come to me and mine."

"But," faltered he, "whither can I go?"

"I know not," said the dame, "but go! eat it where thou wilt, anywhere but in my house."

So Hans took his dinner away with him to the





PICTURE-BOOKS
IN WINTER

HOW AM I TO
SING YOUR PRAISE
HAPPY CHIMNEY
CORNER DAYS?
SITTING SAFE IN
NURSERY NOOKS
READING PICTURE
STORY-BOOKS.

R. L. Stevenson.

Celia Levetus.

READING PICTURE STORY-BOOKS.

solitude of the forest, where, underneath the shade of a mighty oak, he spread the repast on the velvety turf so temptingly that he felt like an Emperor, with so many good things to eat. Just as Hans was about to take the first mouthful, he heard the sound of footsteps, and looking round, he saw a very old man tottering along with the aid of a long staff, and whose ragged cloak proclaimed his great poverty.

On seeing Hans surrounded with such good cheer, the old man halted and looked wistfully on the banquet lying on the cool grass.

“Thou art in luck, good youth!” said the old man, with a sigh.

Hans looked up at him quickly, and not being either greedy or ill-mannered, he rose to his feet, saying: “Come hither, rest thee here, and share my good fortune, the gift of a good neighbour; for my step-father gives me more blows than bread.”

“There is scarce enough for two,” grumbled the old man.



Nevertheless, he sat down and ate more than half the boy's meal with great relish. Hans had been secretly hoping to save some for his mother, but not a crumb was left, even for the birds now singing in the green branches overhead.

"Thou art strange in these parts," said the boy, trying to hide his disappointment. "I do not know thy face. What art thou? That thou art poor, I can see by thy clothes."

"Nay," replied the old man, "thou art mistaken; but it is an error older and wiser heads than thine make when they see me." So saying, he threw aside his ragged mantle, and there, underneath, glittered a richly-made robe embroidered with gold and precious stones, such as the great nobles wore. "Who art thou?" cried Hans, trembling, for he feared he knew not what.

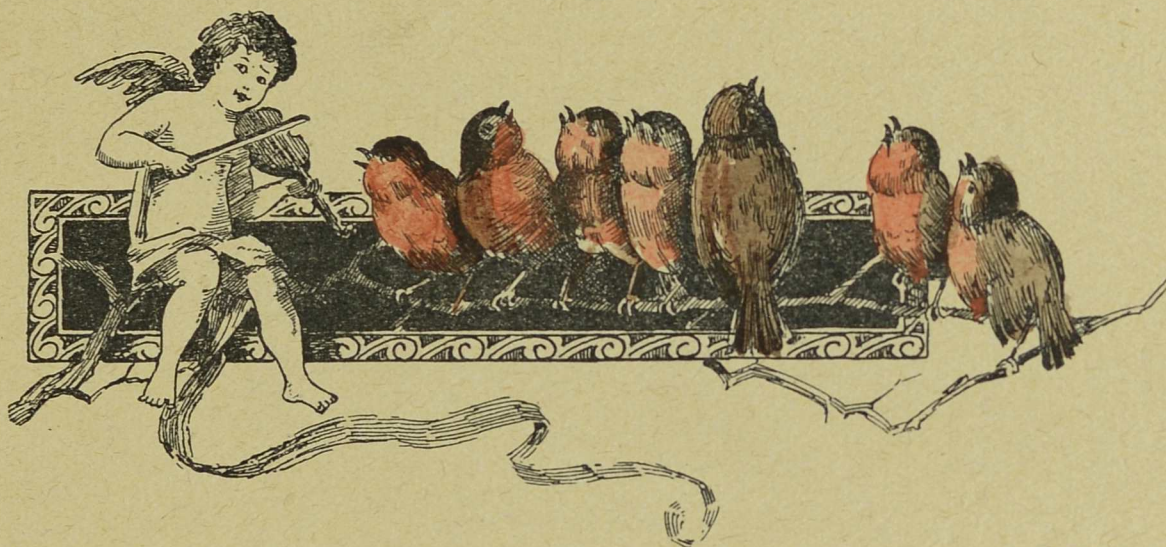
"I am a Wizard," answered his companion, raising his staff high in the air.

Hans became alarmed, and jumped to his feet. He had heard of sorcerers and their dreadful spells, from his mother.

"Fear not, Hans! Thou hast a generous heart, and I will befriend thee. Ask of me what thou wilt, and it is thine."

A cloud seemed to pass over the boy's brain, he was so bewildered with joy.





He thought of all his past dreams of freedom, and then he spoke of his own wild desire to sail away to foreign shores.

“But hast thou considered it well?” said the old Wizard, gravely, making circles with his staff upon the forest path.

“Thou wilt find many hardships at sea, many struggles with foreign foes. Youths of mettle are searching for the King’s daughter that hath been spirited away.”

“Alas, Sir, I have sought to find her, but how could a poor boy succeed where strong men fail?”

“Gentleness may sometimes prosper where strength is unavailing,” answered the Wizard.

“But I may not indulge, even in thought, in my wish for the sea; my duty is towards my injured mother. I know not how she hath angered the King against my stepfather, nor what his grudge may be; but she hath prayed that I might find the Princess, in the hope that deliverance would come to her. My heart’s desire is to rescue her, and to escape with her away from her tyrant; so, Sir, grant me my wish!” cried Hans, eagerly.

The old Wizard drew a ring from his finger, and seemed



much affected by the boy's appeal. "Look!" said he, "look at this ring. I give it thee. The secret is known only to one person; and all that I can advise thee to do is to go to the Palace of the King. Upon thine own judgment will rest the success of thy future life and the happiness of thy mother. Farewell! Heaven be with thee."

With these words the Wizard disappeared, and Hans found himself upon a strange road, with the blue

mountains rising before him. He rubbed his eyes; he was not dreaming, for the little ring was on his finger, and his bruised body had ceased to give him pain.

"How strangely happy I feel!" cried Hans in his newly-found sense of freedom, and he began to walk quickly, so elated was he with hope. Imagine, too, his delight when he found he had a sword at his side, which had come by some enchantment!

Hans drew the sword from its scabbard and looked at its glittering blade, thinking, "Now, I fear nothing, not the King himself!" In this brave spirit he walked for nearly two hours, until he came to the great gates of the Royal Palace. There Hans stopped, and demanded admission of the drowsy porter, who refused it.

"But I must see the King!" said the boy, masterfully, beginning to draw his sword.

"Softly, softly!" said the porter, now wide awake.

"I will not show him the ring; he is too stupid," thought Hans.

At that moment some soldiers were crossing the sunny courtyard, so Hans cried: "I would speak with the King, gentlemen!"

"Would'st thou indeed, my cock sparrow?" said an officer, disdainfully.

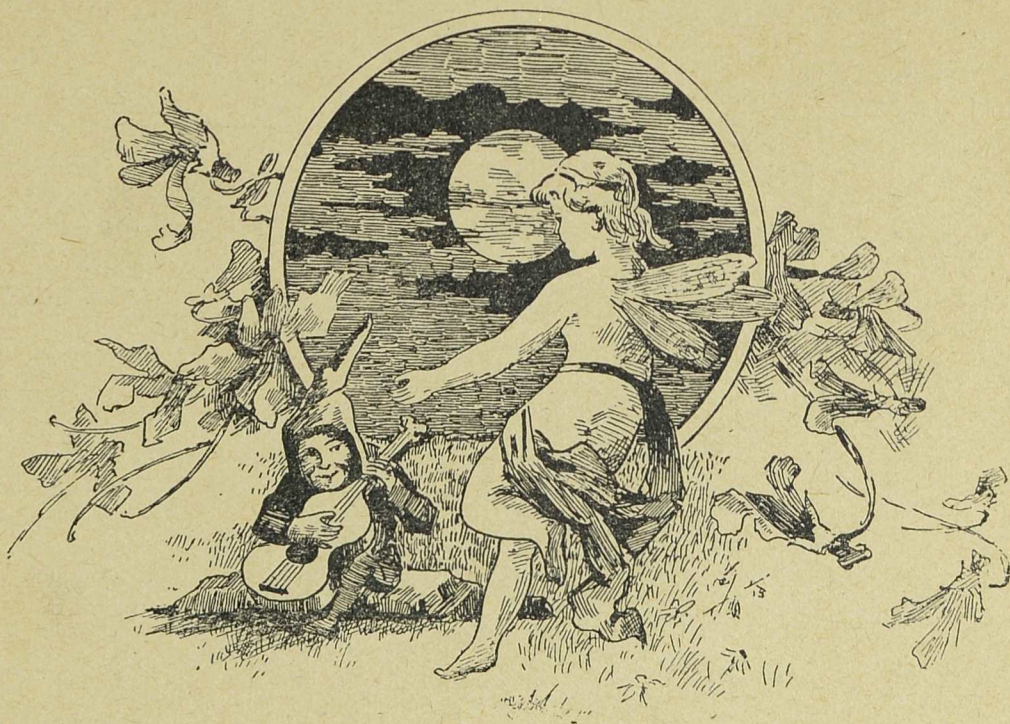
"Nor will I to *this* man; he is a bully," thought Hans.

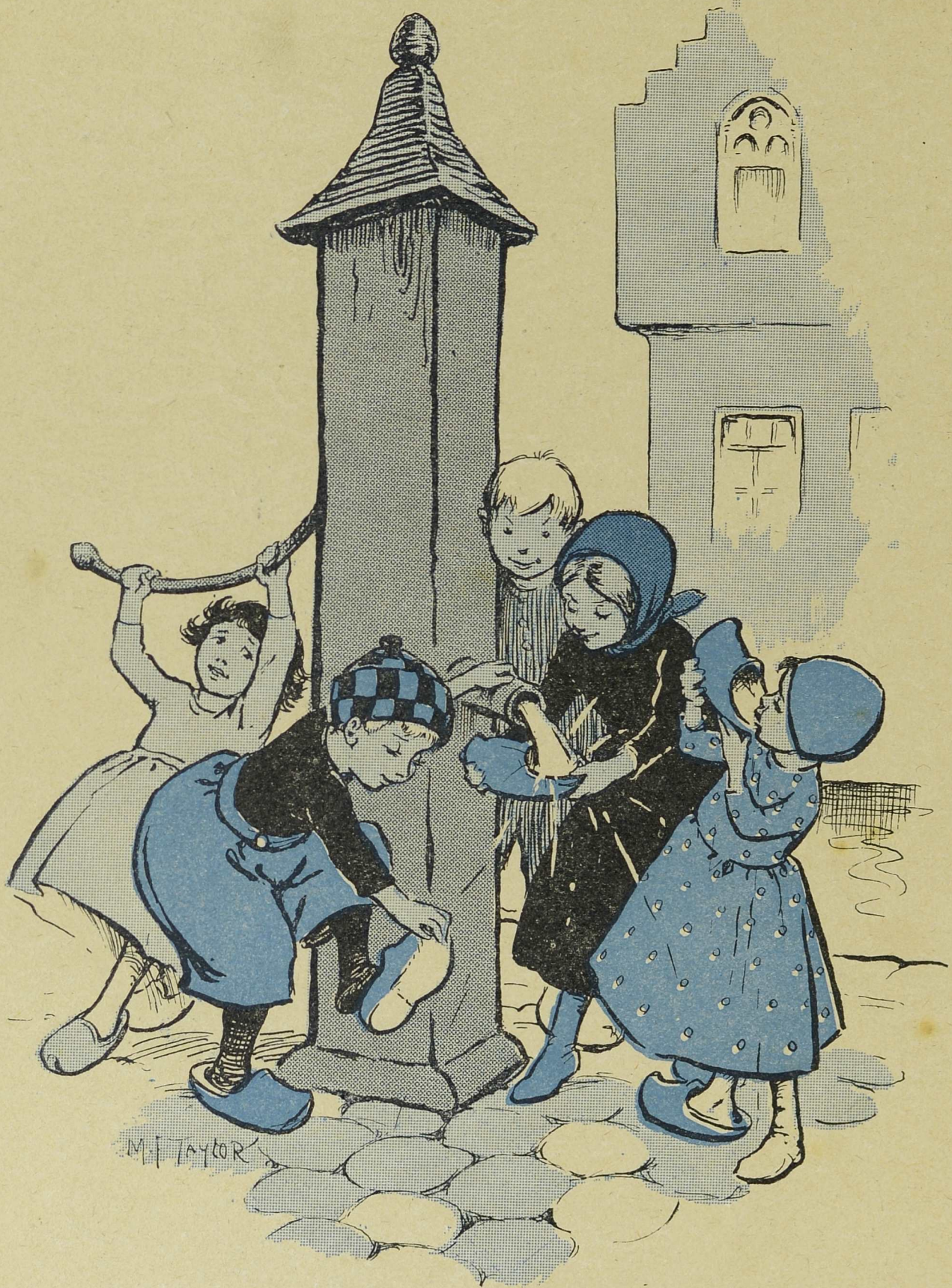
"Upon what business?" inquired an elderly man, who carried a wand.

"Upon His Majesty's," said the boy, stoutly, although he did not know in the least what that business was. All he knew was, that he was obeying the kind old Wizard in going to the King.

"Let him enter!" said this man, who was the Chamberlain. He led Hans through great halls and many magnificent rooms, until he came to a door before which two pages were standing, dressed in black.

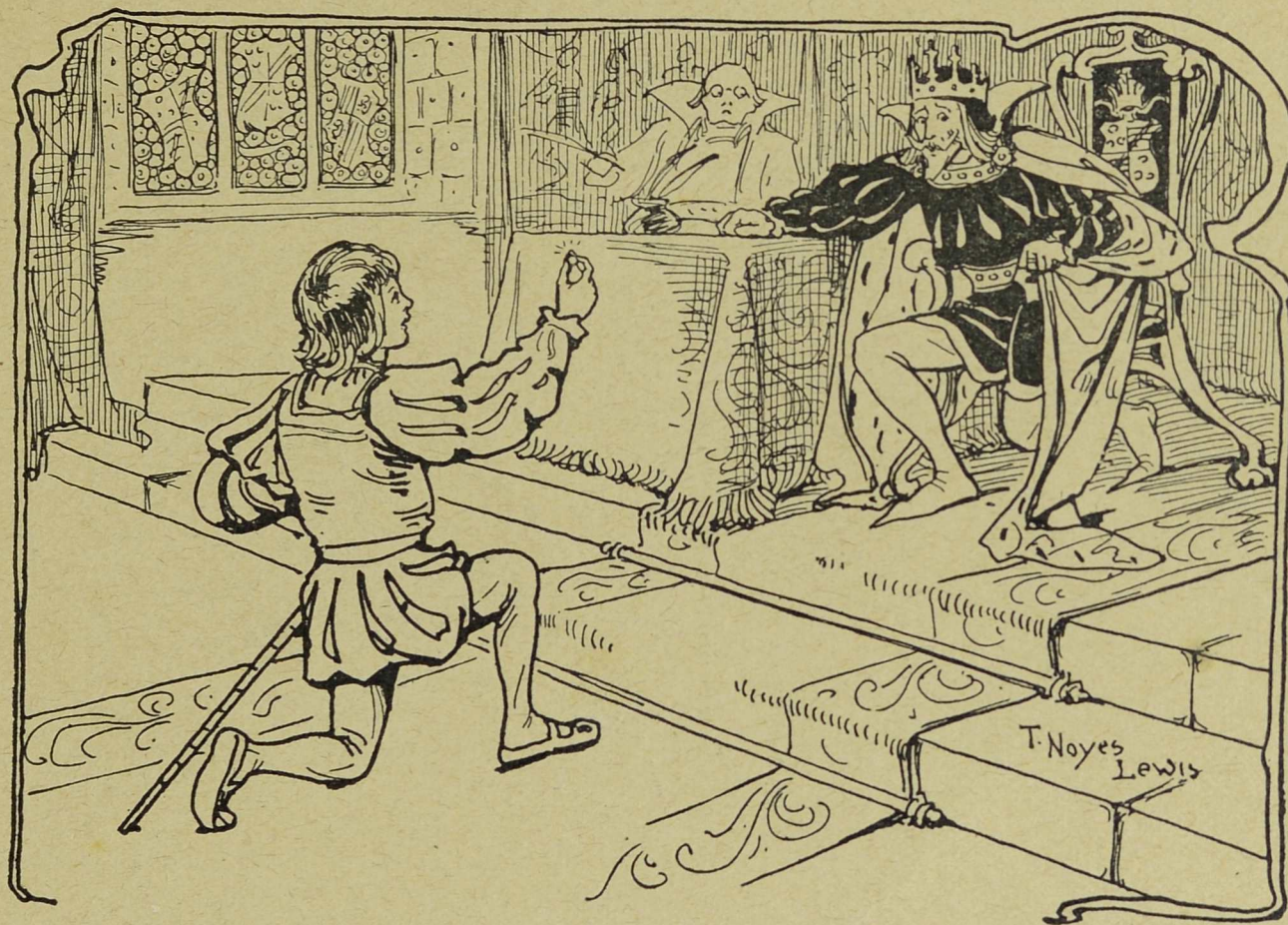
"I will not show my ring to





AT THE PUMP.

At the village pump we love to meet,
At the village pump in the village street;
It is true sometimes that we forget
That our mothers scold if we get wet.



this man, he is crafty; nor to these pages who are insolent," thought Hans

"Your name, sirrah!" said they.

"His Majesty will know," replied Hans; so they ushered him in.

The King was sitting by a table, dictating something to his Secretary.

"I have a kingdom, I have riches, I have knowledge, but this poor youth may yet know more than I," murmured the heartbroken Monarch to himself. "How now? What would'st thou?" said the King. "Hast thou news of my dear daughter? else, why art thou here?"

The King's face was so noble, and his voice so indulgent, that Hans knelt timidly before him, and held up the ring with trembling fingers.



“Is the secret of this ring known to your Majesty?” said he.

No sooner did the King see it than he uttered a piercing cry, which caused the pages to rush into the room and seize Hans.

“Touch him not!” commanded the King, “but let all my armed men follow this poor lad and me.”

Whereupon, Hans was placed on a splendid horse with trappings of gold, and he rode to his home in the village, leading the King and his body-guard of soldiers.

All the villagers stared with astonishment at the sight of this cavalcade, led by their neighbour's ill-used boy, and waited to see what would happen, with breathless curiosity.

“Break down every door in the house!” commanded the King to the soldiers.

They obeyed him, and in a very few minutes Hans saw, with amazement, his mother leading the lovely Princess by the hand out of the cellar!

“Alas! Sire,” cried she, “I cannot explain why thy daughter hath been imprisoned here. I was, indeed, as ignorant of it as my dear son.”

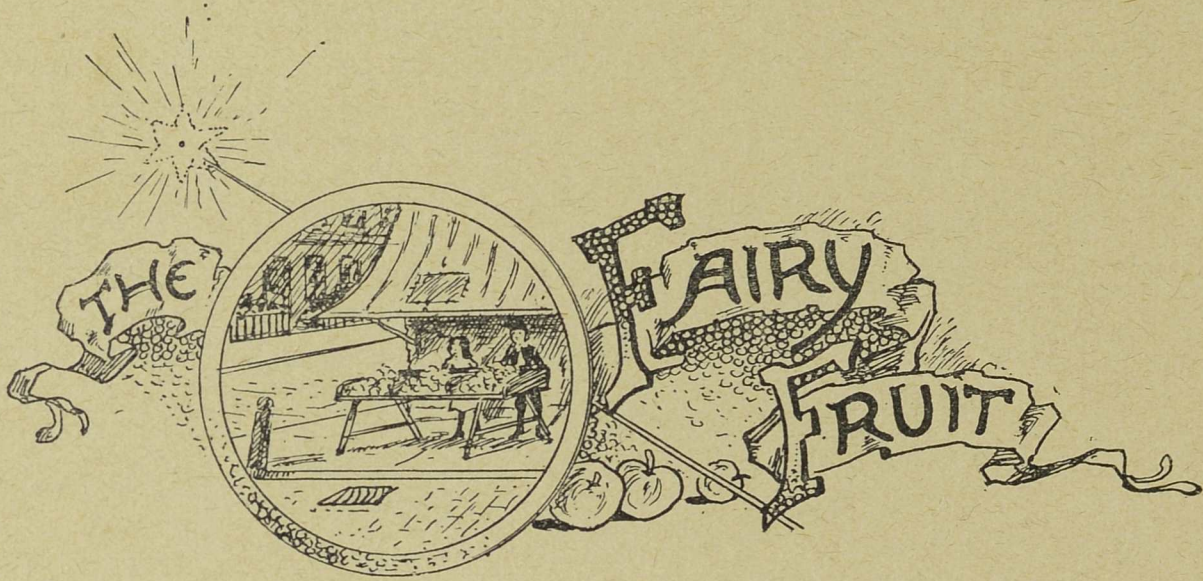
“Thou speakest truly,” replied the King, clasping his child to his heart, “for I have the secret of the ring, which is that my daughter was to be kept prisoner here until I offered my crown and my kingdom to her rescuer! A fine and a noble King you would have had, my people, in the stepfather of this starved and beaten boy, now fainting in the saddle.”

There was a yell of fury, and the crowd rushed into the house. But the wicked stepfather was nowhere to be found, nor was he ever seen again.

Hans received the King's ransom, so he and his mother lived happily ever after; in fact they all did, for Hans married the lovely Princess he had rescued by The Wizard's Ring.

S. Emily Bennett.





“GOOD-BYE, mother.” “Good-bye, dearies.”

And mother leaned over the balusters smiling and waving her hand; then, as the children shouted a last good-bye and disappeared down the stairs, she turned away, and, with a little sigh, went back to her everlasting sewing. For times were hard, and many stitches had to be made to keep the wolf of hunger from her door.

Down the stairs went Phyllis and Godfrey, talking at the top of their voices and as fast as their tongues would go, about the happy day they were going to have. For this was a holiday, and for weeks and weeks they had been saving up their pennies to go down into the country to spend the whole long hours in the fields.

They loved the country so much, and there was one special farmhouse that they always gazed at with great interest, for it had been their home when they were quite babies, before the trouble came and father lost his money.

But on the lowest landing the children paused. From one of the doors came the sound of a voice—of a very woeful voice. “Oh dear! oh dear!” it



The apples O! the apples O!
 See they come tumbling
 down below
 Climb the ladder and shake the tree!
 One for baby, and one for me,
 And one for Dick
 Who climbs the tree,
 And shakes the apples
 And that makes three.

Sweet apples in the orchard grow, sweet apples ripe and rosy,
 But in the flower beds, you know, we find a pretty posy.



said, "whatever shall I do?" These words were repeated several times, and each time in a more miserable tone. "We must see what it is," said Godfrey, and he tapped at the door. "Lift up the latch and walk in," said the voice.

This sounded so much like the wolf in Red Riding Hood's story, that Phyllis clung very tightly to Godfrey's hand as they entered the room. But they saw no wolf, only an old woman rocking herself to and fro and repeating the words they had heard from outside.

The children begged to know what was the matter, and it was told in a few sentences. The poor old woman was suffering from an attack of rheumatism, such a bad attack that she could not get about. Her stall stood ready in the square, but no fruit upon it, and she could go neither to buy nor sell.

Phyllis looked at Godfrey, and Godfrey looked at Phyllis. "Please excuse us while we think," said Phyllis, who was a very polite little girl, and

she and Godfrey went into a corner of the room and whispered together. Their consultation did not take long ; and then Phyllis spoke.

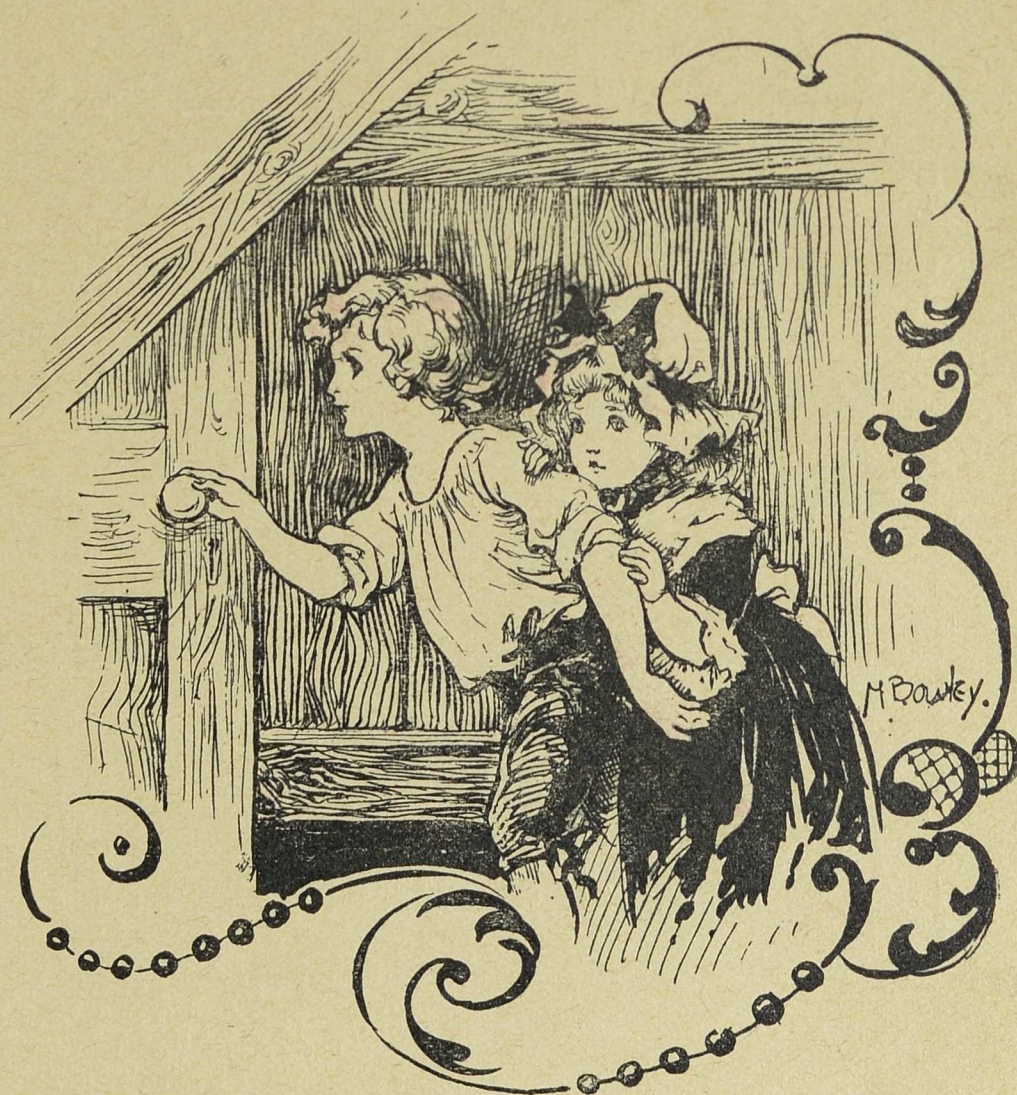
“ Poor dear,” she said, “ we are so sorry for you ; and is it not fortunate, to-day is a holiday, and we have a little money. So we will buy some fruit and sell it on your stall, and bring you every bit of money we get ; and we will leave you one of our packets of sandwiches.”

The old woman thanked them most gratefully, and the children left her, promising to come back when the sun set.

It was a rather sober little couple who went out into the street. They had so looked forward to this holiday, and now they must spend it in the town after all. They quite ran past the railway station for fear they should be tempted to turn in there, and Phyllis stopped up her ears so that she should not hear the rattle and rumble of the trains ; and Godfrey shut his eyes, for he did not want to see even the steam from the engine.

They hurried to the market and bought apples with all their money, but it was only a small number ; and Godfrey hoped that the stall was small too, or they would hardly be noticed.

But it was quite a big stall they found, very clean, but oh, so



CHRISTMAS PLEASURES



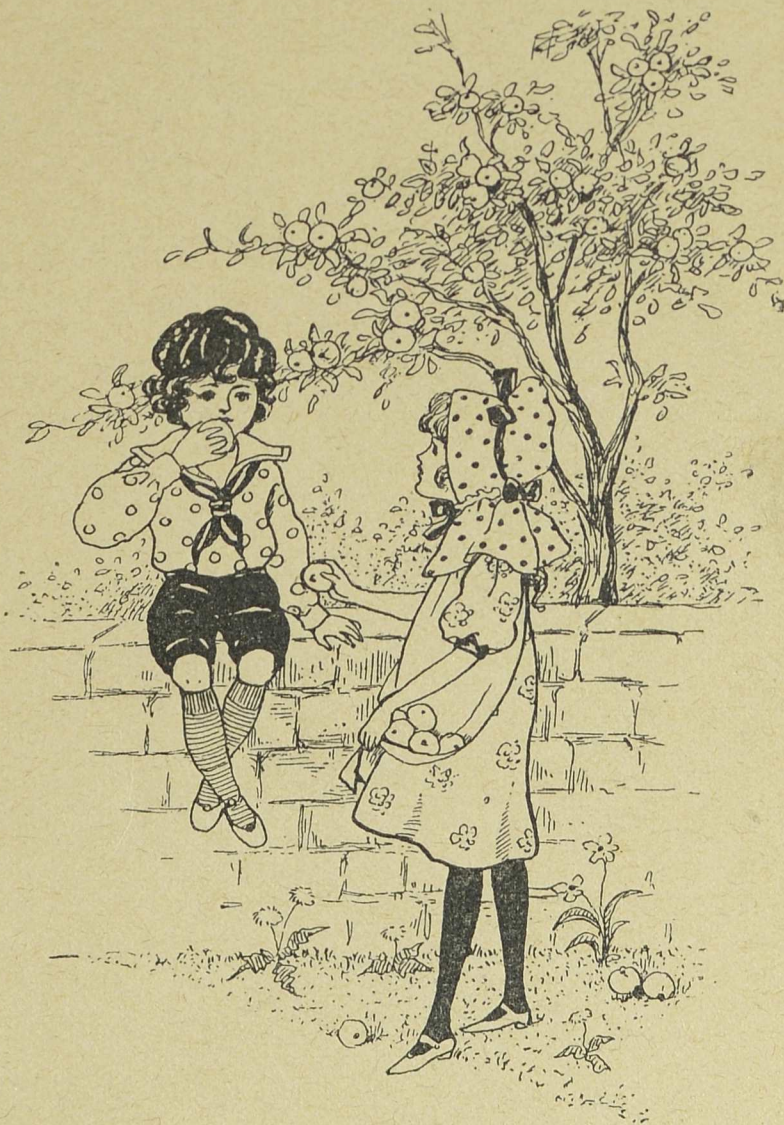
Christmas is a merry time, in cottage and in hall,
Pretty gifts and happy words, and loving smiles for all.

bare it looked when their apples were put upon it. "Never mind," said Phyllis, cheerfully, though she did not feel at all bright, "we will hope that people will think we have sold all the rest;" and she and Godfrey turned away to see if any customers were coming.

"Norange, pease," said a little voice close by, and there was a tiny mite of a child holding a halfpenny in her hand and pointing to the stall.

"Very sorry, Madam," began Godfrey, in the tone he had heard shopmen talking to ladies, "but to-day I have no oranges; a nice apple now," and he faced round. He almost gave a scream, and Phyllis did quite; for instead of the stall, all bare except for the few little apples, there before them it stood, full of splendid fruit of every kind. Never was such trade done at a single stall before. Why, everyone seemed to want fruit, and everyone wanted it off that particular stall, for never were such golden oranges, such rosy apples, such luscious grapes; it was indeed a sight. And behind the stall was Phyllis looking as rosy as the apples, and in front stood Godfrey as brown as the nuts, and they were so smiling and polite, that everyone said the children were as much of a treat as the fruit.

And another wonderful thing was, that the stall was

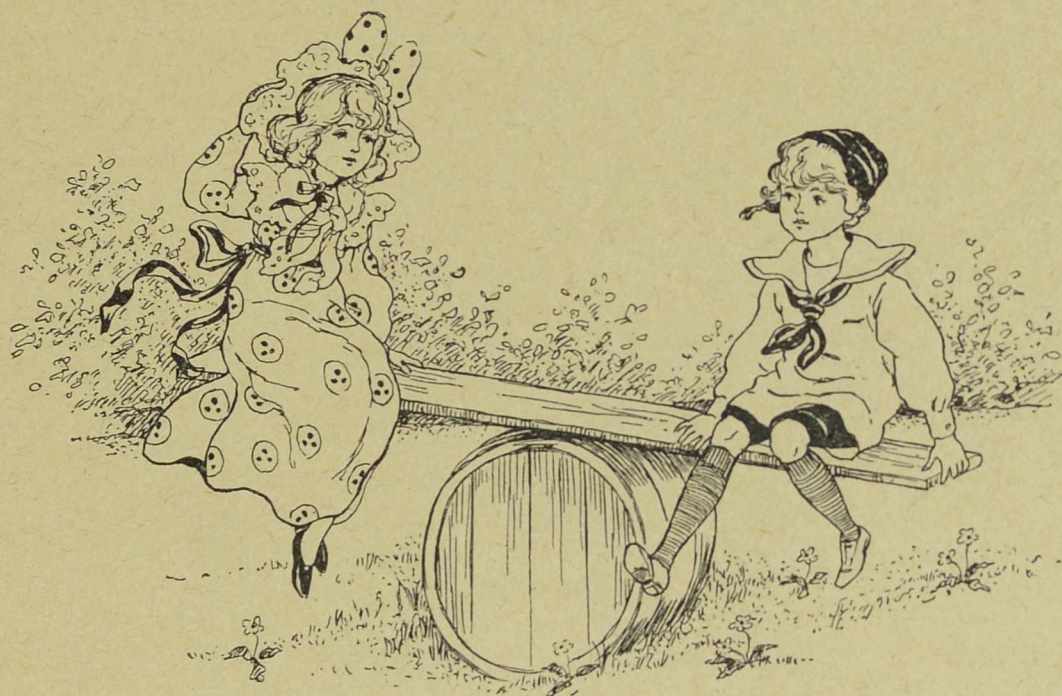


full all the time ; for as soon as they sold some, it filled up again. Oh, it was truly extraordinary ! But, although both the children and fruit were so sweet, people could not go on buying for ever ; and just as the sun began to hide behind the houses, the last customer turned away.

“ Look at the sun ! ” said Godfrey, “ we promised to be home when he set. We must hurry, or the old woman will be disappointed. But what shall we do with the fruit ? ” As he spoke, oranges, grapes, nuts, all, everything, disappeared, except the few small apples the children had bought that morning.

“ We will take these, ” said Phyllis, “ and if the old woman does not want them, we will give them to mother and father, they *do* like apples so ;





because they remind them of the orchard at the Farm." With their pockets full of money, and their eyes bright with excitement, the children ran towards home at the top of their speed. They knocked at the door of the room on the lowest landing; but no answer came, and they peeped in. It was empty; the old woman had gone.

"She must have been a fairy," said the children; and mother and father said so too, when they told their tale.

For many days Phyllis and Godfrey stood at that wonderful stall, and every day that wonderful fruit appeared and disappeared, and every night they said: "Father, can you buy back the Farm yet?" and the father, as he counted the money, shook his head and said, "Not yet."

But one happy evening, instead of shaking his head, he nodded it and said, "Yes."

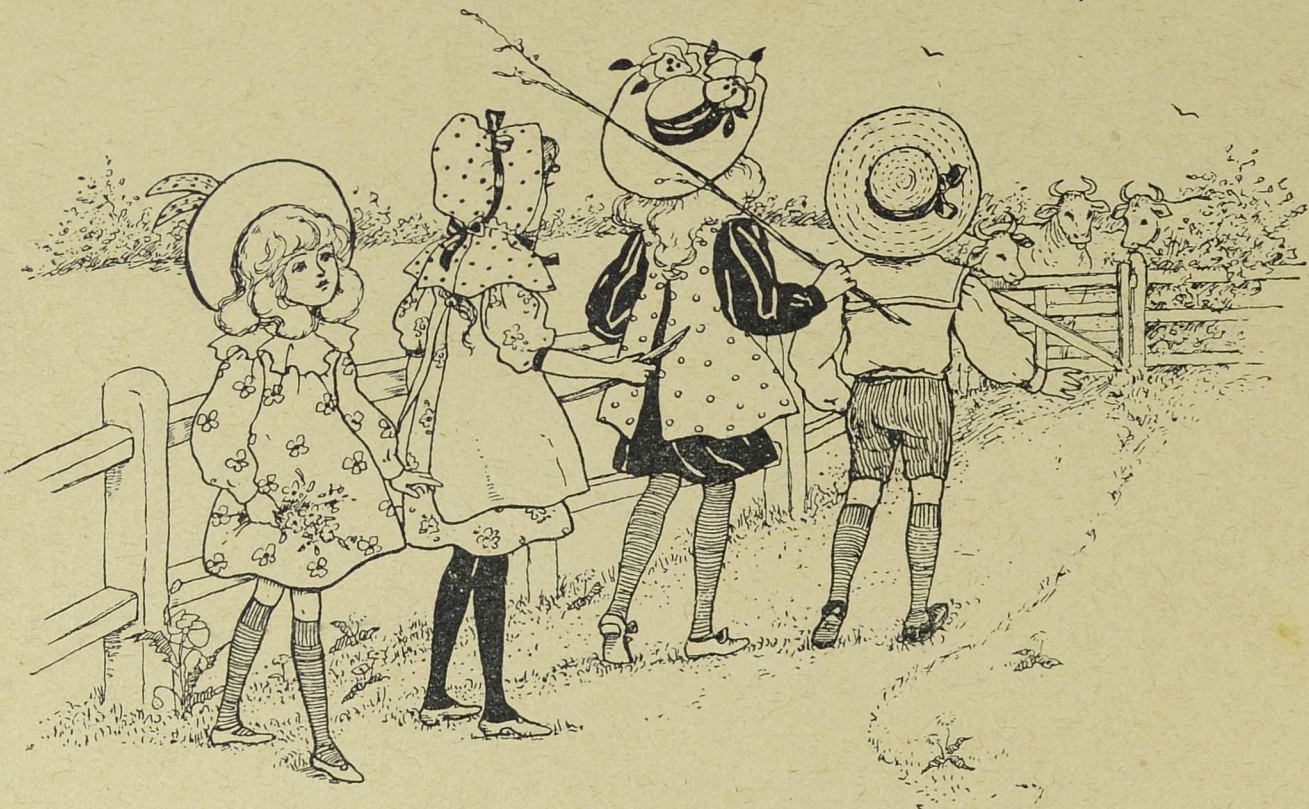
Oh, how delighted they all were! They kissed one another, and the children danced for joy.

THE FAIRY FRUIT.

In the morning, when Godfrey and Phyllis went to the square, no stall stood there, but in its place a beautiful rose-tree.

Often and often, when they were living once more in the country, the children visited that rose-tree, always hoping to see the fairy old woman, to thank her, and tell her how happy they were. They are still hoping to see her ; and, who knows, perhaps they may some day ?

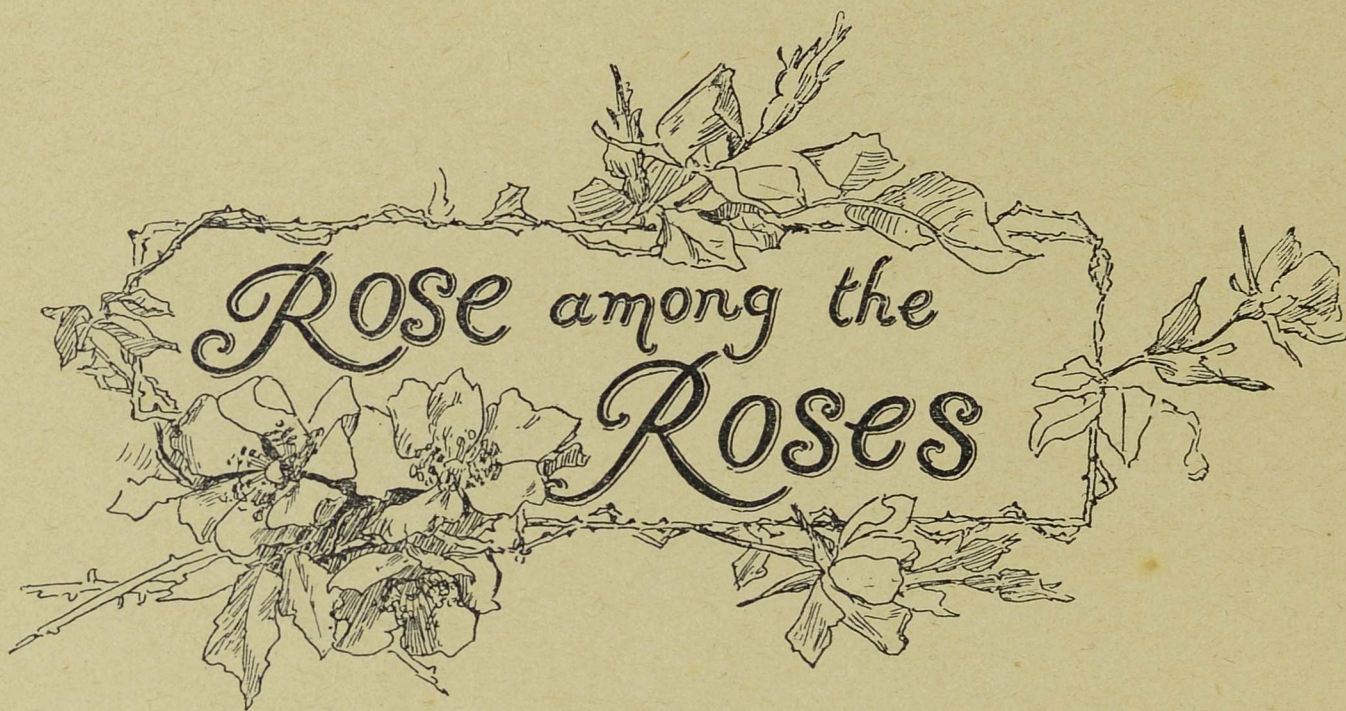
Grace C. Floyd.





THEY MET IN THE MEADOW.

They met in the meadow where buttercups blow,
And great scarlet poppies and moon-daisies grow ;
Although she was shy, before long they were racing
Over the grasses the butterflies chasing.



ROSE among the roses
 Stands on tiptoe here,

Rose herself a rosebud,
 Red and fresh and dear.

Roses like a curtain
 Down the doorway fall ;

Rose, the gardener's daughter,
 Sweetest rose of all.

Rose, the gardener's daughter,
 Has the bluest eyes :

Round her mouth that dimples
 Lovely laughter lies.

In her violet girdle
 Rose a rose has tied

(No, you cannot see it,
 'Tis the other side).

Gardener Adam found it,
 White upon its tree :

Whitest of white roses,
 This *Felicity*.

Gardener Adam found it,
 Gave it to his girl,

Set it in her girdle
 Like a petalled pearl.

Rose, the gardener's
 daughter,
 Wears upon her cheek
 Red rose and a white
 rose,
 Playing hide-and-seek.

Roses fain would garland
 Rose's curls of brown,
 Fain would make a posy
 For her snowy gown.



Rose was born in rose-time,
 When the fairies go
 Blessing every garden
 Where the rose-trees grow.

Fifteen times have roses
 Flowered since Rose was born;
 She has drunk their sweetness,
 Never felt a thorn.



Red and white and yellow,
 All the roses vie,
 One sweet with another,
 When Rose passes by.

If she plucks a red rose,
 White rose flames with spite;
 If she plucks a white rose,
 Red roses turn white.



See the Water Babies are fast asleep,
Under the waves so green and so deep.



Rose, the gardener's daughter,
Rises ere the dew

Dries from off the roses,
When the dawn is new

She must tend the roses,
Gather them and tie

Bunches for the market,
Ere the sun be high.

Rose among her roses
Like an angel goes ;

All the roses know her,
Every rose she knows.

Crimson Cheshunt Glories,
Crimson Ramblers tall,

D'Arblay, sweet and thorny,
Stella, quick to fall.

Rose among her roses
Has sweet work to do,
Shaking clear the roses
Weighed with rain and dew.

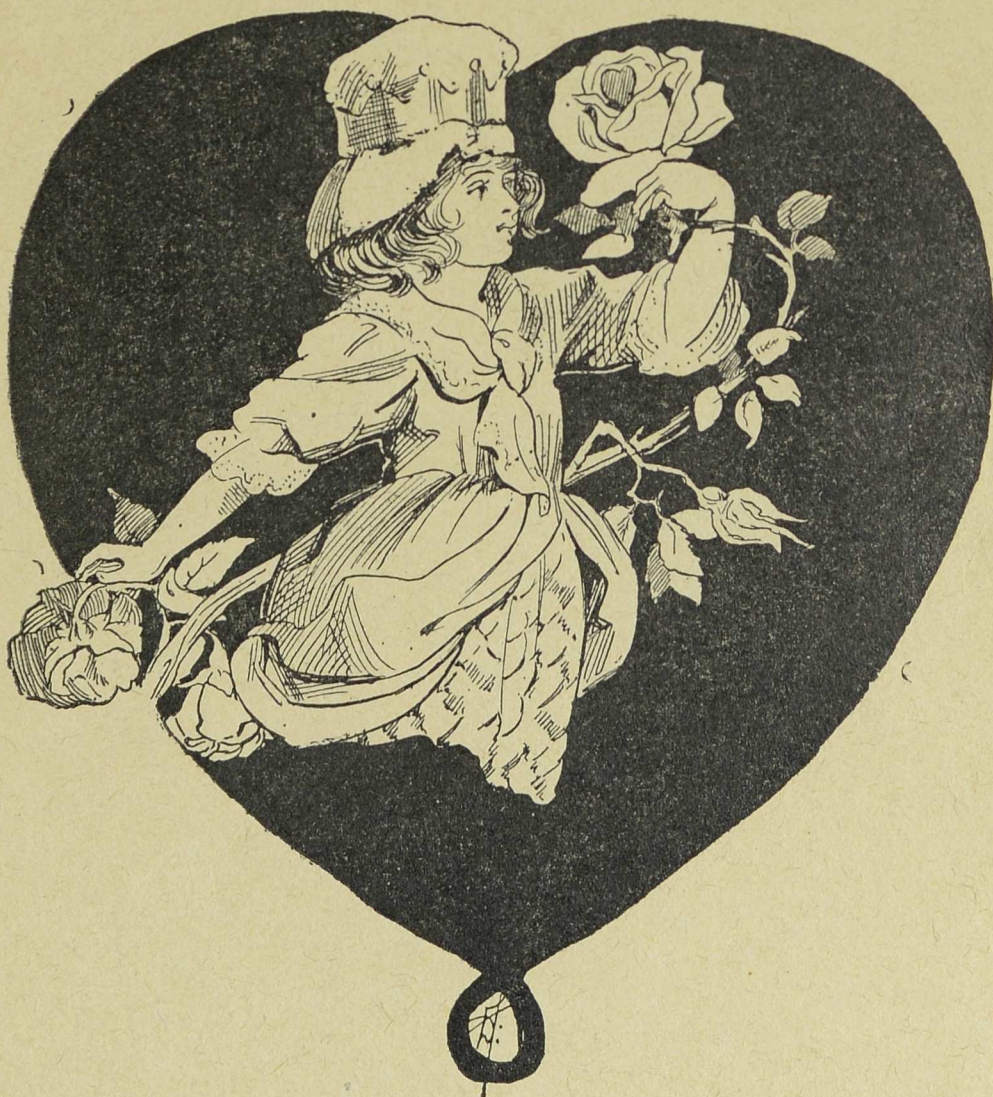
Propping up the tall rose
That the wind has bent,
Coaxing out the shy rose
From her leafy tent.

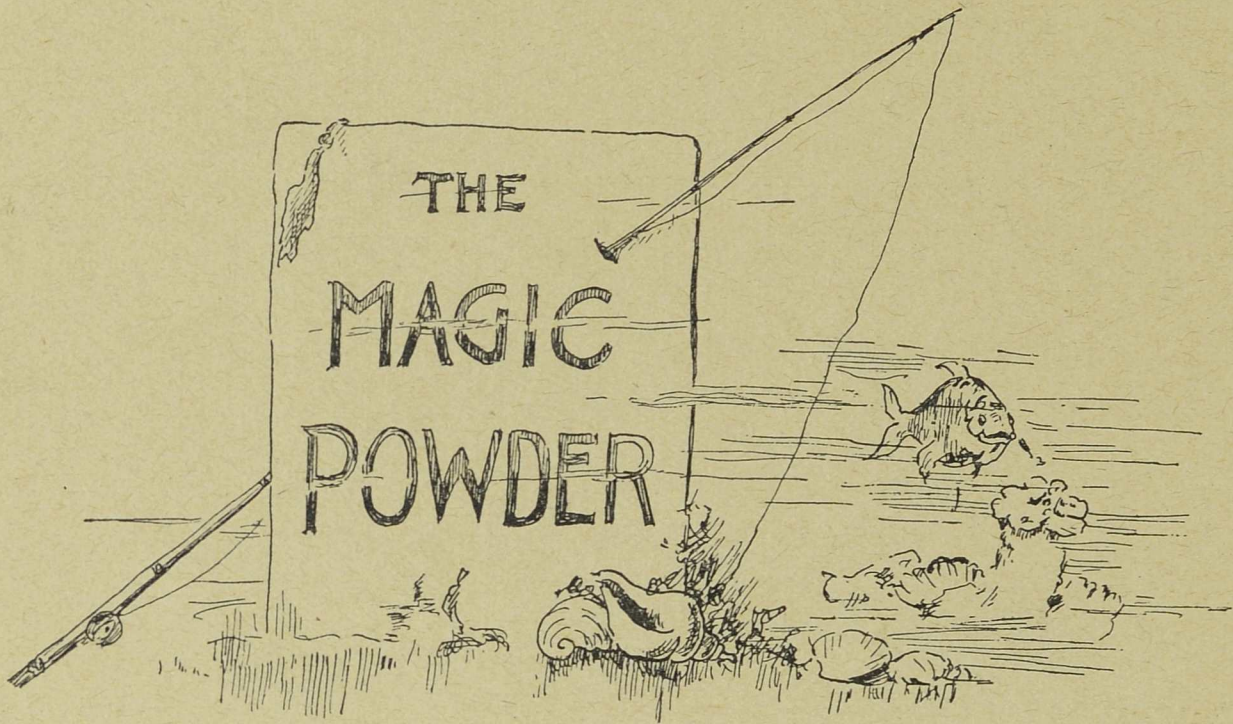
Rose among her roses
Like a blessing goes,
Watering them and tending
Leaf and bud and rose.

Not a rose is sorry
At her foot to fall :

Rose, among her roses,
Sweetest flower of all.

Nora Hopper.





ONCE upon a time there was a King who had a very horrid wife. I know this has happened more than once upon a time, but this particular Queen was really more horrid than any others, and did so many wicked things that she has to be put into a story-book, so that other Queens can read about her and take warning by her, for wicked ways are never prosperous in the end.

Now it so happened that both the King and the Queen had been married before, and the King had a lovely daughter, while the Queen had a handsome son.

It is very nice to be able to say that the young Prince did not take after his mother, for he was not only good-looking, but he was good-mannered, and good-hearted.

NURSERY SECRETS

BY NIGHT.

How
THE
ANIMALS
LIVE.



When the moon is shining brightly,
When the children are asleep,
Then the little elves come nightly
And their merry revels keep.

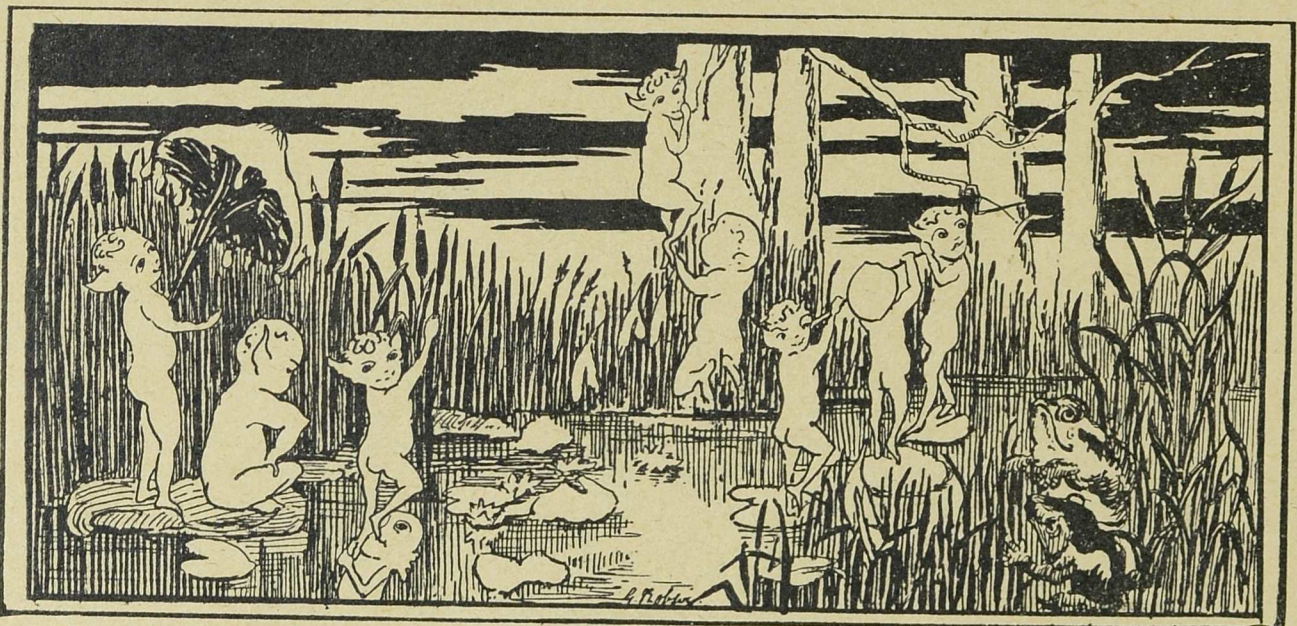
The Princess also was all that a Princess should be, for she was beautiful and clever, good, loving, and gentle.

Well, there was no reason whatever why these four people should not have lived happily together, for they resided in a lovely country, and had everything that money could buy them. But, alas! money could not buy a good heart for the Queen in place of her bad one, and it so happened that she upset the whole household, nay, even more—the whole country.

She was jealous of the little Princess—jealous because the King loved his daughter so much, jealous because the Princess was more powerful than the young Prince, for one day the Princess would rule in the King's stead and be Queen over this beautiful country.

So this wicked woman determined to get rid of the Princess, and as she happened to have gone through a course of lessons in witchcraft with a very celebrated witch, she found it rather easy.

This is what the Queen did. She got up in the middle of the night, when the moon was at the full, for three nights, and, going into the by-ways and lanes, she gathered certain herbs, which she boiled together in a copper saucepan. Then she dried the herbs

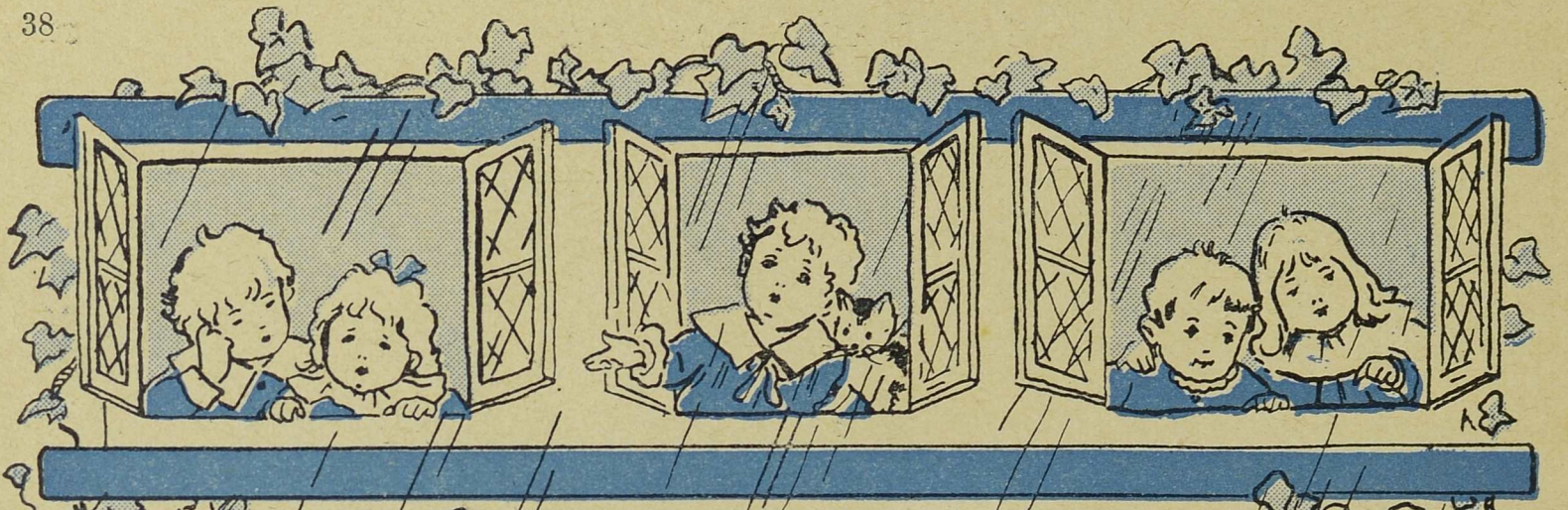




and ground them down to powder, and in the powder she drew some strange figures with her finger, at the same time singing a peculiar song she had learnt from her friend the witch.

Then she put the powder in an old pill-box, the box in her pocket, and went off to seek her step-daughter.

Now, the power of this powder was very wonderful; when sprinkled over anybody, that person had only to wish to become some other living thing, and the wish would be immediately gratified. If you had a little of that powder you could become a horse, or a dog, or a cat, or a lion, or a bird, or anything else; but there was one thing rather against it, and that was, you could not wish yourself back again; a horse, or a dog, or a cat, or a lion, or a bird, or anything else you had to remain until somebody who loved



A RAINY DAY

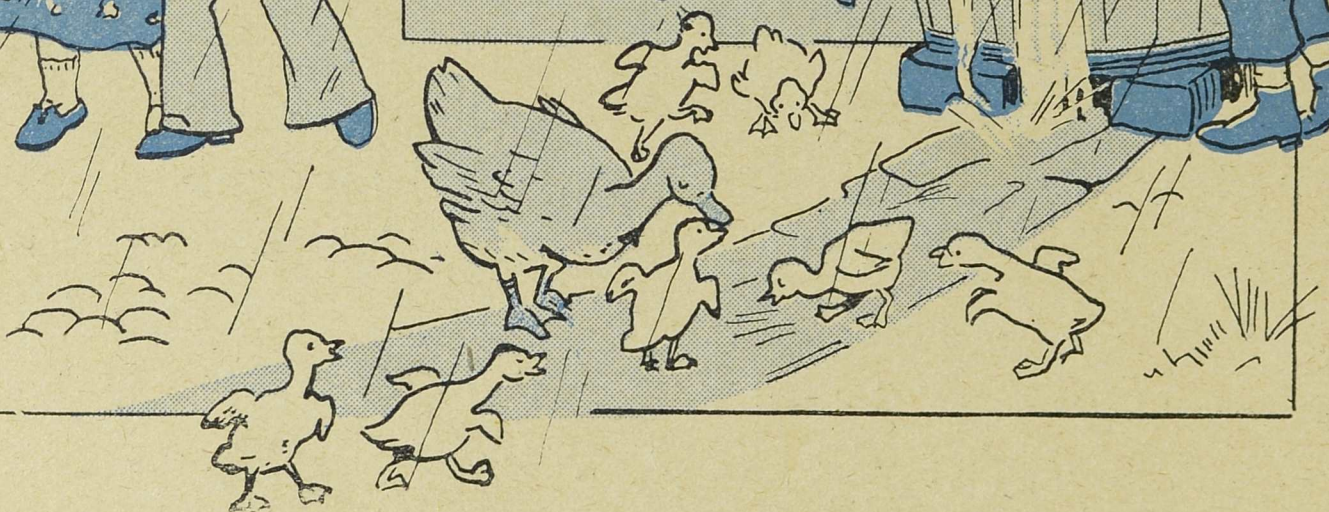
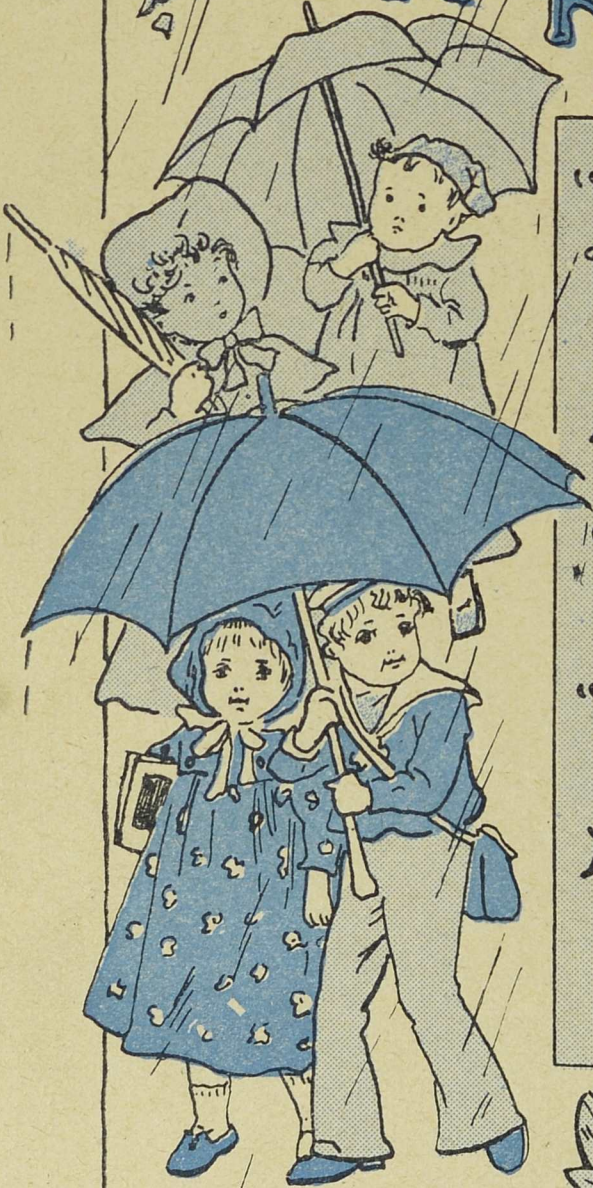
"Rain, rain, go away!"
The Children at the window
say.

Splash, splash, through
many a pool

The small folk make their
way to school.

"Hip! hip! hurrah!" cries
Jack,
And all the ducklings
answer

"QUACK"



LOVELY WEATHER FOR THE DUCKS.

you came and cut off your head ; and this, of course, was most disagreeable.

Well, the Princess was on the verandah of the Palace, fanning herself and trying to keep cool, for the day was very hot, when the Queen came to her all smiles and honeyed words.

“ My dear, isn't it fearfully warm ? Look at those little fishes playing in the water ; I really would like to be a little fish this weather—wouldn't you, my dear ? ”

As the Queen spoke she pointed to the blue waters of the canal that flowed by the walls of the Palace, and to the fish that darted to and fro.

“ Wouldn't you like to be one of those little fishes ? ” said the Queen again playfully, and tapping the girl with her fan, and at the same time sprinkling the Magic Powder over her as she looked down into the canal.

The Princess laughed ; it was so pleasant to find the Queen agreeable, and she rather liked the idea of being in the cool water.



“Indeed, yes, your Majesty,” she replied; “I think it would be perfectly de—”

Whether she was going to say “delicious” or “delightful” I did not know then, but she hadn’t time to say either.

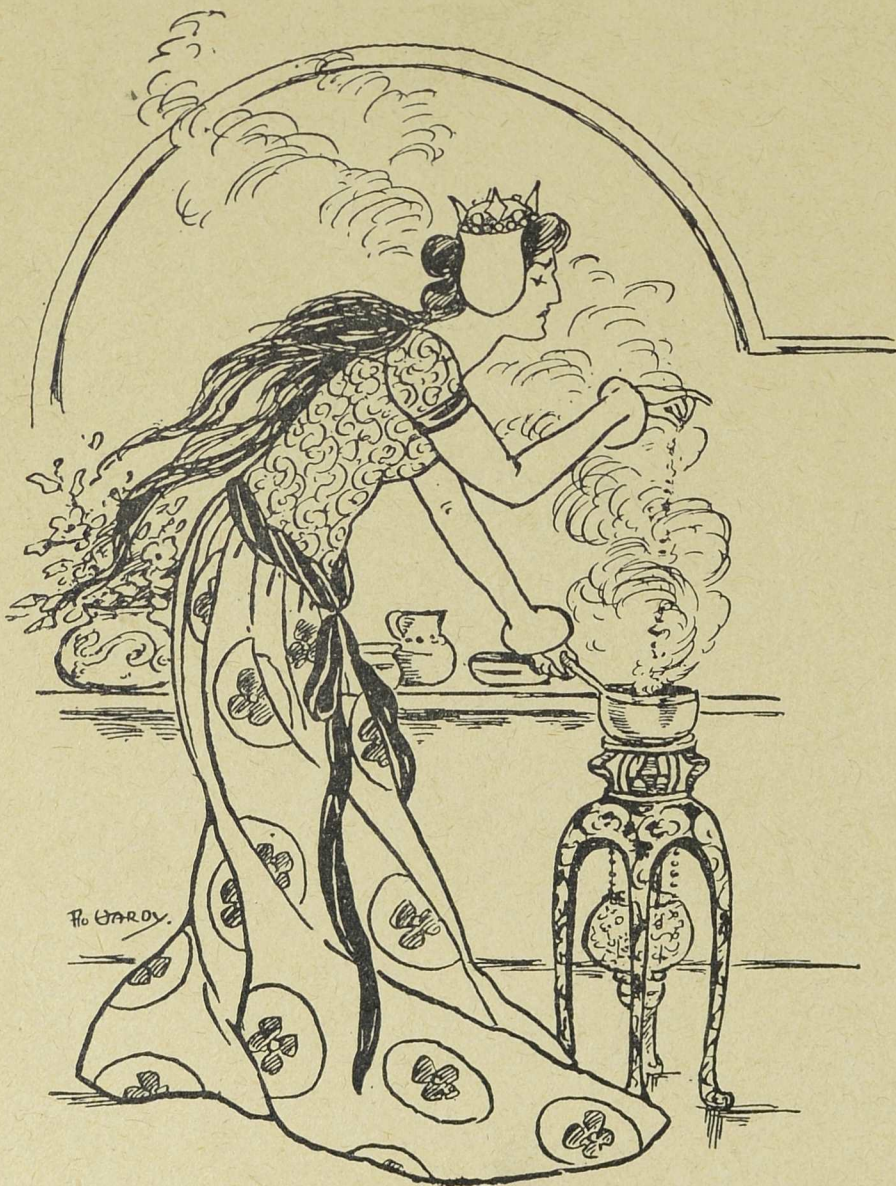
The Magic Powder did its work too quickly; before she could finish the sentence she had turned into a little gold-fish, and was flopping about on the floor of the verandah.

“Horrid thing!” said the Queen, and with the tip of her shoe she kicked the poor little gold-fish into the canal. “I don’t think it’s very likely that anybody will ever be found to love you and cut your head off.”

So saying, she walked into the Palace and told the King and the young Prince what she had done.

The King raved, and stamped, and tore his hair, and swore he would cut the Queen’s head off; but he did not do this, for in reality he was very much afraid of the Queen, and she could do very much as she pleased with him.

As to the young Prince, he was so



miserable that he could not speak, and could not bear even the sight of his mother. It was useless for her to tell him that one day he would be King.

He did not wish to be King; he wanted the Princess back again, for he loved her dearly.

Then the courtiers and ladies of the Court and the whole country heard what the Queen had done, and they all abused her so much, and said she ought to be burned alive, that she became frightened, and went away and lived alone in a castle.

In the meantime all the male population took to fishing for gold-fish. Old men, middle-aged men, young men and boys all bought fishing-rods and lines, or made them out of sticks and cotton and bent pins.

All the men gave up their various employments, and fought for the best places on the banks of the canals in the city; worms for bait went up to a fearful price, no less than one and ninepence each was paid in many instances. Fancy fishing for a Princess with a worm!

They were not successful; not a soul caught a gold-fish. Every



CHRISTMAS PLEASURES.



Hang up the holly, with bright, ruddy berry,
Ivy and mistletoe—let's all be merry!

other fish you can think of was pulled out of the canal, and the inhabitants lived on fish for a fortnight.

Nevertheless, they went on fishing patiently, for the prize to be caught was a great one.

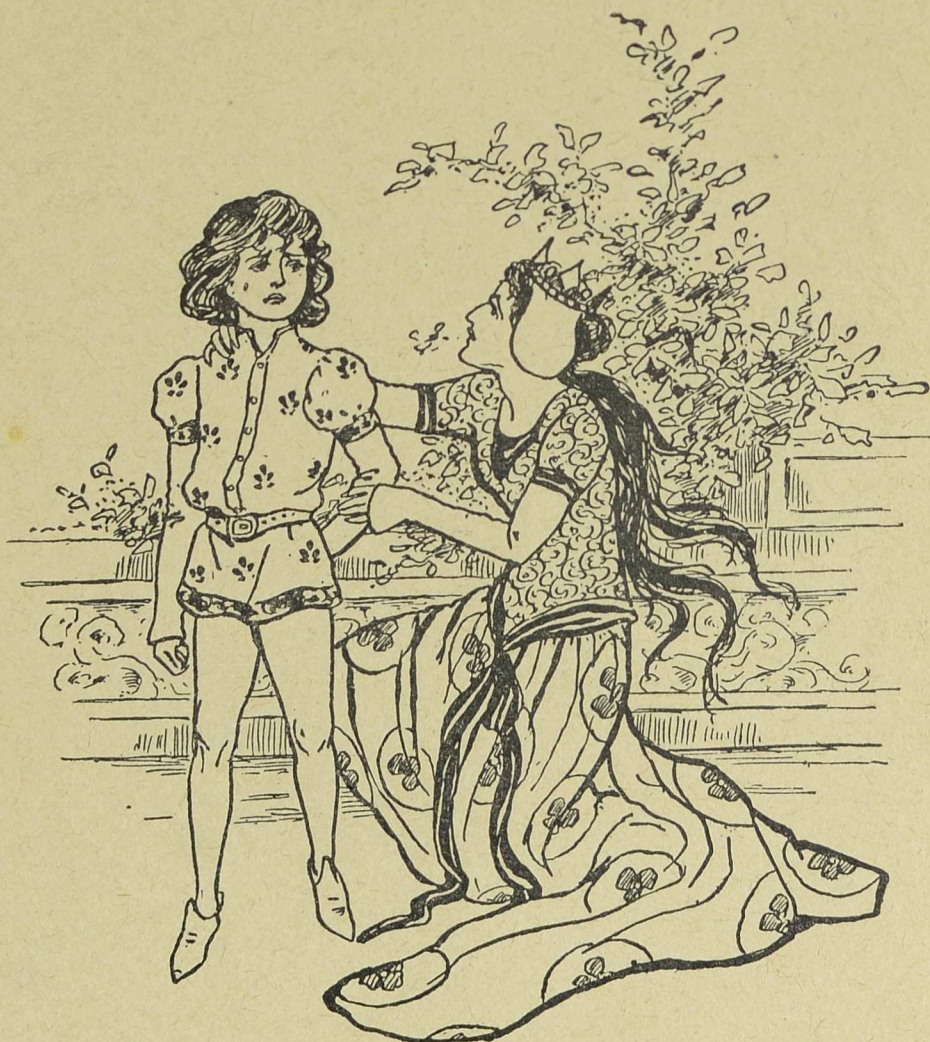
Then the Prince made himself a rod of silver and a line he plaited of his own brown hair, and at the end of the line he twisted a little noose, for he would not use such things as hooks and worms to catch his Princess.

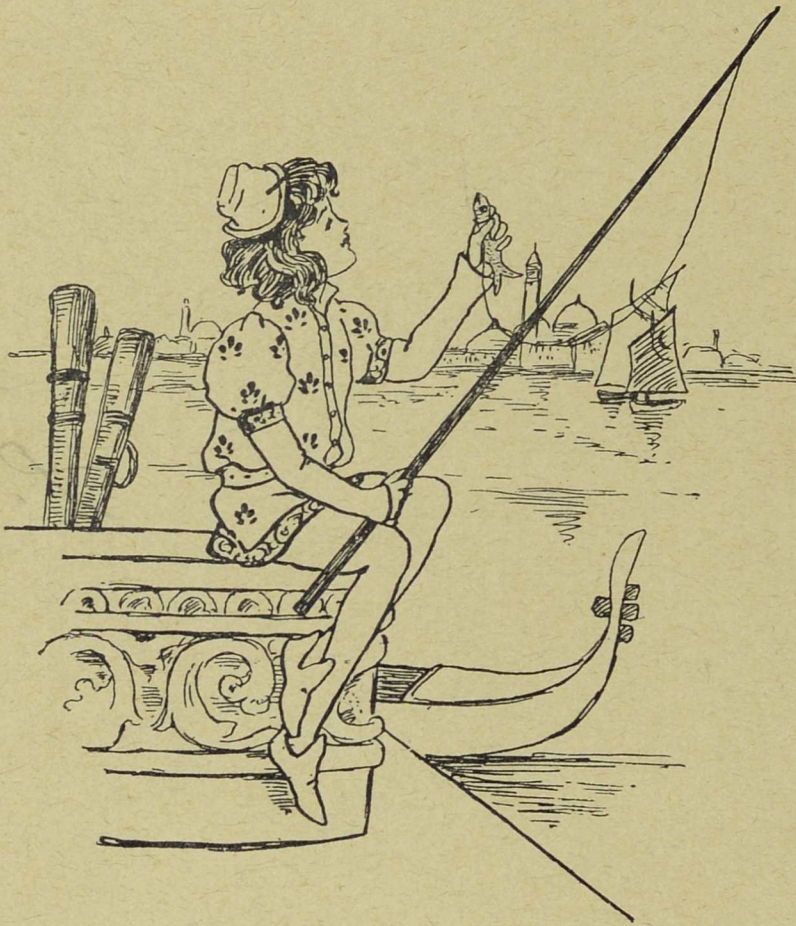
He had not fished long from the verandah when he drew up a little gold-fish, the most beautiful little fish he had ever seen. But he had not the heart to cut off its head.

“Suppose I should kill my Princess, it would be too fearful!” and he threw the fish back into the water.

But the next day he fished again, and once more he pulled up the little gold-fish, and again he threw it into the water. And yet again the next day did he catch the fish.

“Truly,” he said to himself, “this means that I must even do as I have been told”;



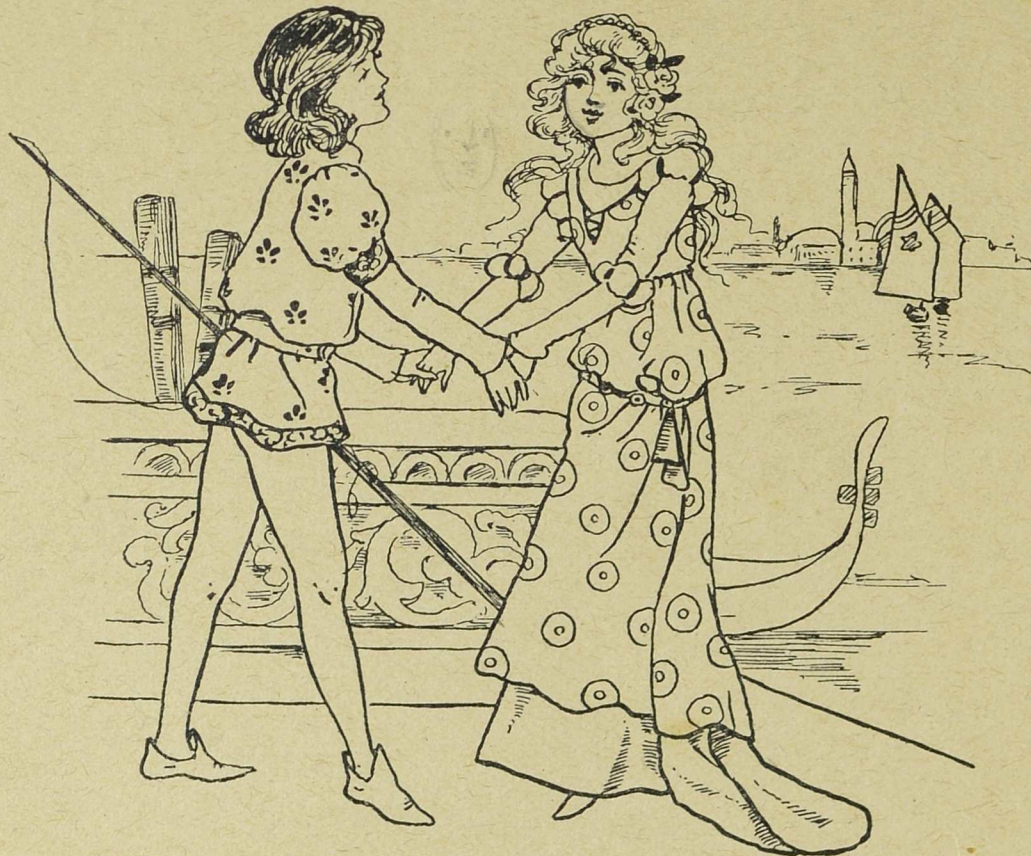


and so saying, he took a silver knife and cut off the fish's head.

"Delightful!" said the Princess, who stood before him, and finishing the sentence she was speaking when the Queen turned her into a fish — "Delightful!"

So the Prince kissed her and also said, "Delightful!"

Well, there was rejoicing in that city. Everybody was happy, from the King down to the poorest little baby; everybody, except that wretched Queen.



CHRISTMAS PLEASURES

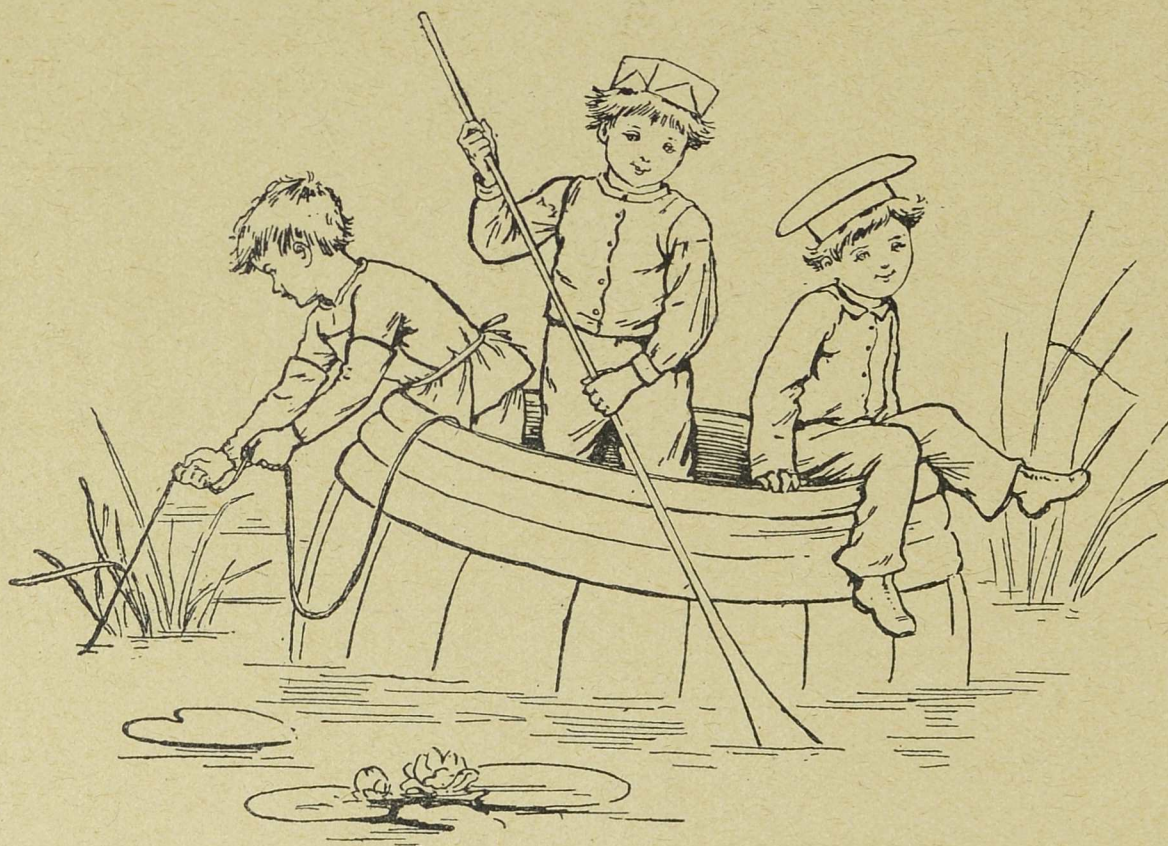


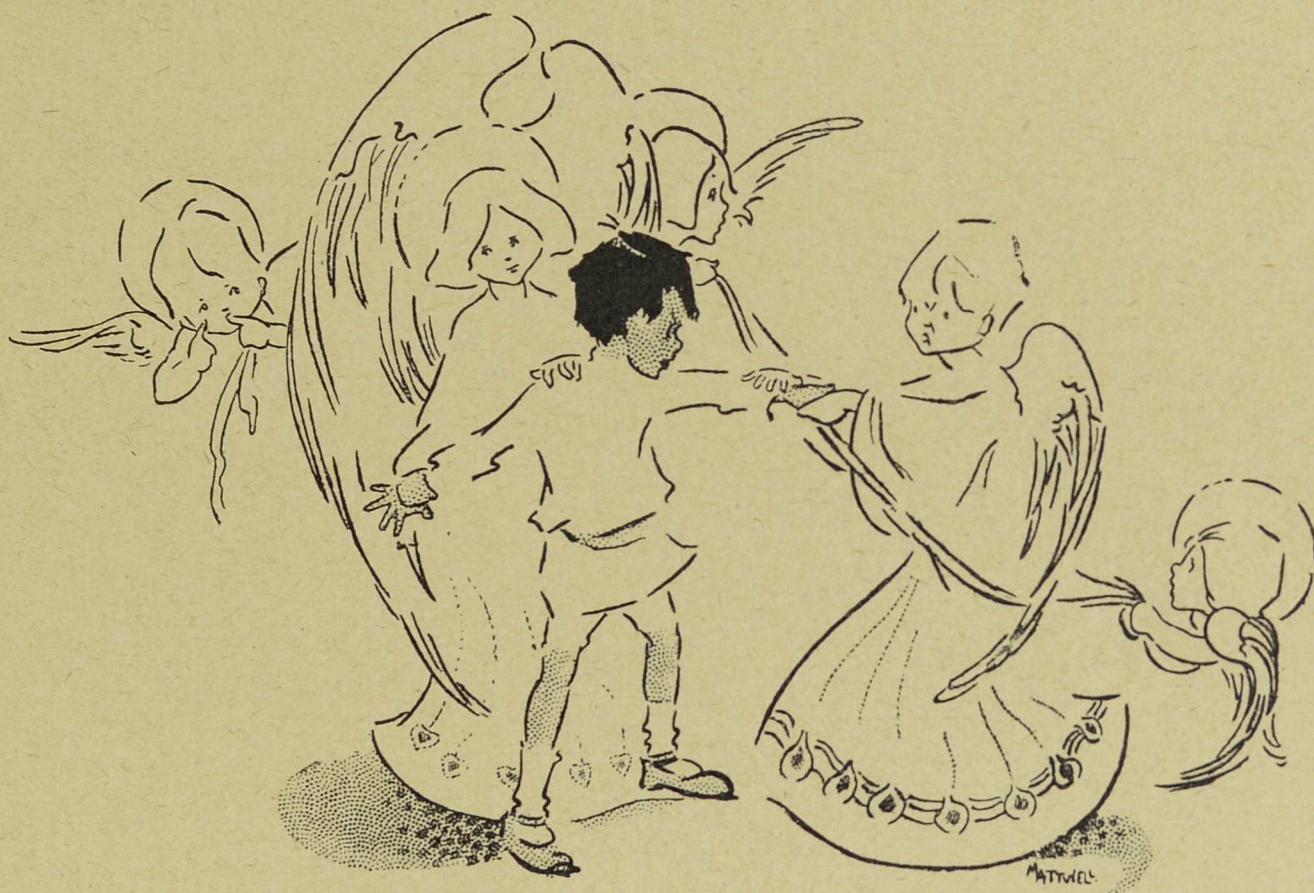
Kind Santa Claus comes with his sack of delight
And fills all our stockings on Christmas Eve night.

She was so much disgusted at what had happened, and the way she was abused by everybody, that she sprinkled herself with the remainder of the Magic Powder, and, turning herself into a vulture, flew out of the Castle window, and was never seen or heard of again.

For a long time after all this happened, fish were very dear in that part of the world, but second-hand fishing rods were remarkably cheap.

Edric Vredenburg.





THE VICTORY

There has been a dreadful battle—
 Quite the fiercest kind of battle
 Ever won for tiny boys.

It was fought without a murmur,
 It was fought without a noise.

It was fought by two small angels—
 One—"the Good," and one—"the Bad,"
 Who control the words and actions
 Of a tiny little lad.
 And I think, 'tween you and me,
 The "Good" has gained the victory.



THE Royal Palace was built upon a hill which overlooked the harbour. When the Princess was little she used to lean out of her nursery window and watch the ocean, and the tall masts of ships that stood out black against the sunset. When she held a strand of her hair up to the window-pane, and half-closed her eyes, it looked just the same colour as the sky.

Once or twice she had told her Nurse about it, but the Nurse always looked exactly over the top of the Princess's curly head, and said, "Your Royal Highness's hair is golden."

A great many years before the Princess was born, the Court magician had happened to say, one day, in a fit of absent-mindedness, that when the reigning Princess had red hair the kingdom would be without a ruler.

Now, what a magician says about the future is always true, whether he says it accidentally or not ; so when the King heard of it he paid the magician a quarter's salary in advance and discharged him, and the prophecy was locked up in the State chest, and everyone was ordered to forget all about it.

The Princess had never heard of this, so she didn't understand why the courtiers and ladies-in-waiting always took such pains to tell her that her hair was golden.

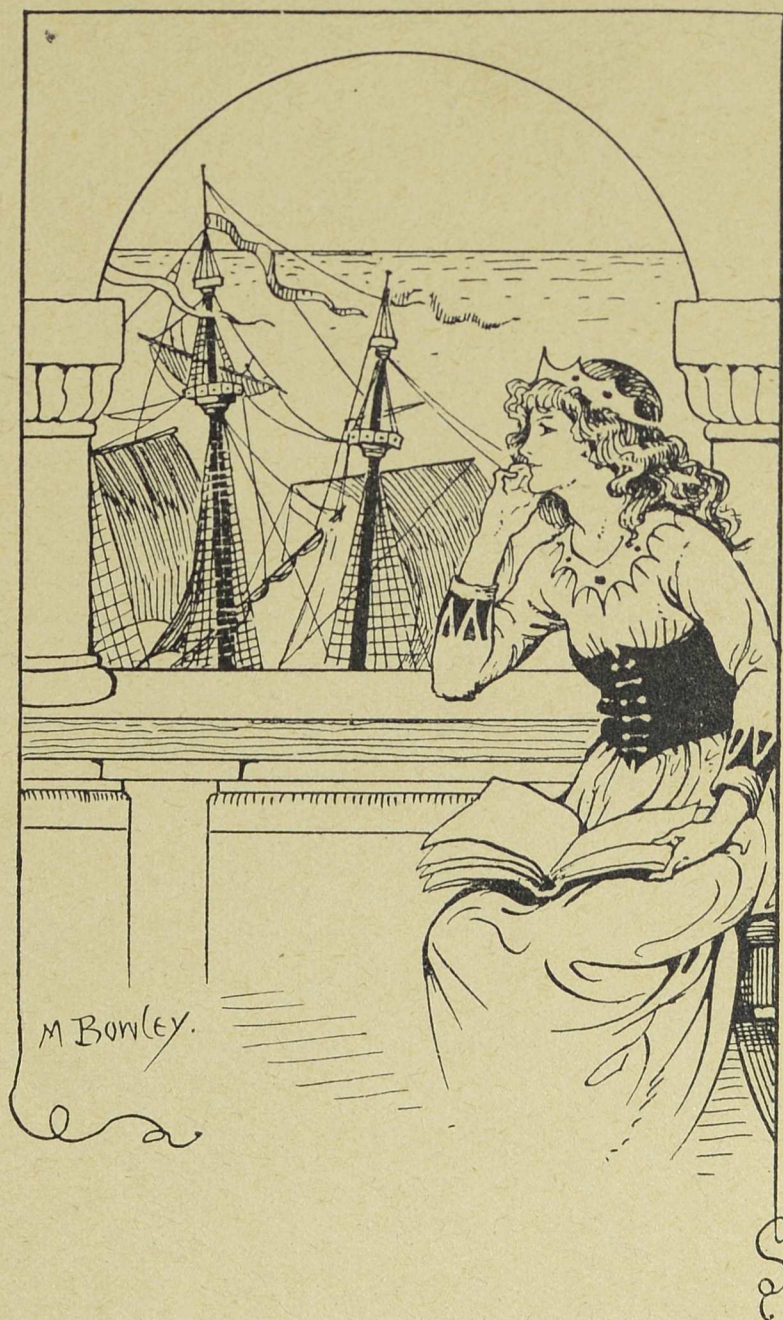
When the Royal barber came each morning to brush it, he always said, "Your Highness's hair is the colour of ripe corn."

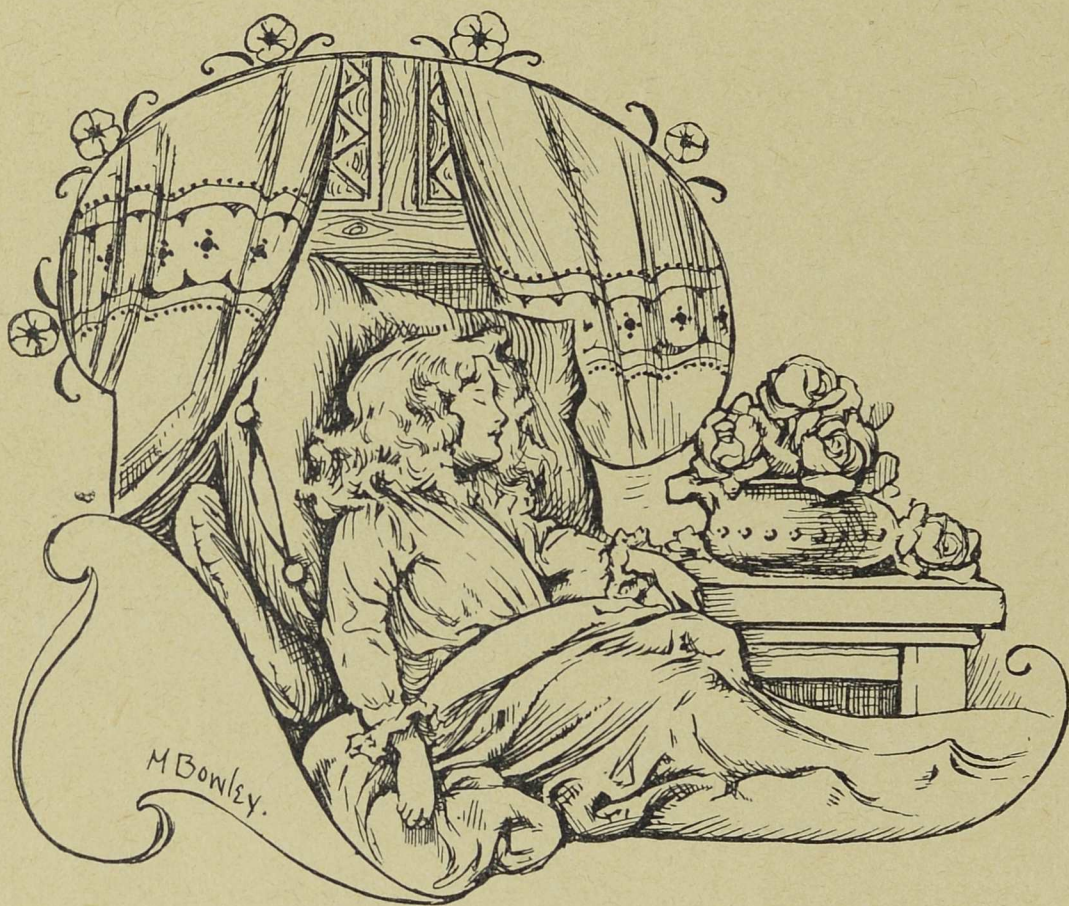
If he forgot this, the head lady-in-waiting pinched him as he came out, and he had to go back again and say it.

One day, when the Princess was seventeen, she wandered out by herself through the Palace gardens. There was a high wall round three-quarters of the Royal grounds, but in one spot was only a fence dividing them from the public highway.

As the Princess walked through groves of quaintly-clipped laurel bushes, the gravel path at last led her out by this fence; and on the top rail she saw a man sitting. He was shabbily dressed, and was carving a piece of wood with a pocket-knife. He whistled as he worked, and held his head on one side.

The Princess stood still with her hands clasped behind her back, and watched him. Presently she said, "What are you doing?" Perhaps the stranger didn't know she was a Princess.





At all events, he merely went on with his carving, and never looked up.

The Princess tapped her little gold slipper on the gravel. "What are you doing?" she repeated.

This time the man lifted his head

and looked at her with curiosity. At last he said, "Why, your hair's red!"

The Princess gasped.

"It isn't at all!" she said, instantly. "It can't be! Only quite common people have red hair. How dare you say my hair is red?"

"It *is* red," said the stranger. Then he put his head on one side, and stared at his carving again, and whistled.

"I think you're a rude man," said the Princess, indignantly. She turned her back on him, and walked up the gravel path with her head in the air.

When she reached the end she looked back over her shoulder, but he wasn't taking any notice. So she ran up to the Palace, and went to her room and banged the door.

A silver-framed mirror hung on the wall. Presently the Princess went over and turned the key in the lock, and came and stood in front of the mirror and stared into it.

CHRISTMAS PLEASURES



Celia Levitus

Christmas comes with frolicking, with frolicking,
 with rollicking.
 Christmas comes with frolicking, the best time
 of the year!

"Oh, it's golden!" she cried; "everyone says so! It couldn't be red."

She looked again. "Certainly it isn't red!" she said. "He's a rude man." After a while she sighed. "Well, perhaps——" she said.

The next day she walked down the gravel path again, but the stranger wasn't there. The second day he was there, but she walked straight past him in a very dignified way, and he never even looked up. The third morning she stood still by the fence, and put her hands behind her back.



"Well?" said the man.

He was still carving.

"I'm sorry I said you were rude," said the Princess, stiffly, "because it wasn't a right thing for a Princess to say. But you shouldn't have told me my hair was red."

"Well, but it is red, you know!" said the man.

"We won't talk about my hair," said the Princess, more stiffly than ever.

"All right," said the man. He looked at his carving critically. "So you're a Princess?" he added.

"I am," she replied; "and I'm going to marry

the Prince of Aluria. He dresses in pink satin."

"Oh!" said the stranger. "Well, I don't mind."

There was a pause. The Princess said presently, "His hair is golden, too."

"Like yours?" asked the stranger. His own hair was dark, and didn't curl at all. "How nice!"

The Princess knew he was making fun of her, and she lifted her chin a tiny bit higher.

"Good-bye," she remarked; "I don't think that thing is a bit pretty that you are doing."

"Good-bye," said the stranger, without looking up.

That night there was a grand ball at the Palace. The Princess and the Prince of Aluria danced together under the coloured lamps, which had been invented especially for the occasion.

When there was a pause in the music, the Princess asked him, "What colour is my hair?"

The Prince had been well taught, so he looked over the top of her head, and replied at once, "Your Highness's hair is like spun gold."

And the Princess turned away very rudely, and left him standing there in the middle of the ball-room floor in his pink satin suit, staring after her in great surprise. When she didn't come back, he went and danced with the head lady-in-waiting instead.





There once were two little Princesses
Who had such magnificent Tresses
When they walked, as you see,
It required two or three
Little Pages to carry those Tresses

E.M. Taylor

THE PRINCESSES' TRESSES.

When next the Princess came down the path between the laurel bushes, the stranger was still sitting there, with his head on one side, whistling.

It was bright sunshine, and the tame thrushes of the Palace sang in chorus. The sky was like blue velvet.

“It’s a nice morning!” said the stranger.

“Yes,” said the Princess. He looked at her and smiled. “Have you found out anything new about me?” she asked.

“Yes,” said the stranger, “I—er—yes. Your nose turns up at the tip.”

This time the Princess only laughed. “I’m going to marry the Prince of Aluria to-morrow month,” she said.

“Are you?” asked the stranger. She nodded her head.

The stranger put his carving into his pocket, and jumped down from the fence. He took hold of her wrists, and the Princess bent her head and looked down at the gravel.

“Are you?” he repeated.

“Yes,” said the Princess.

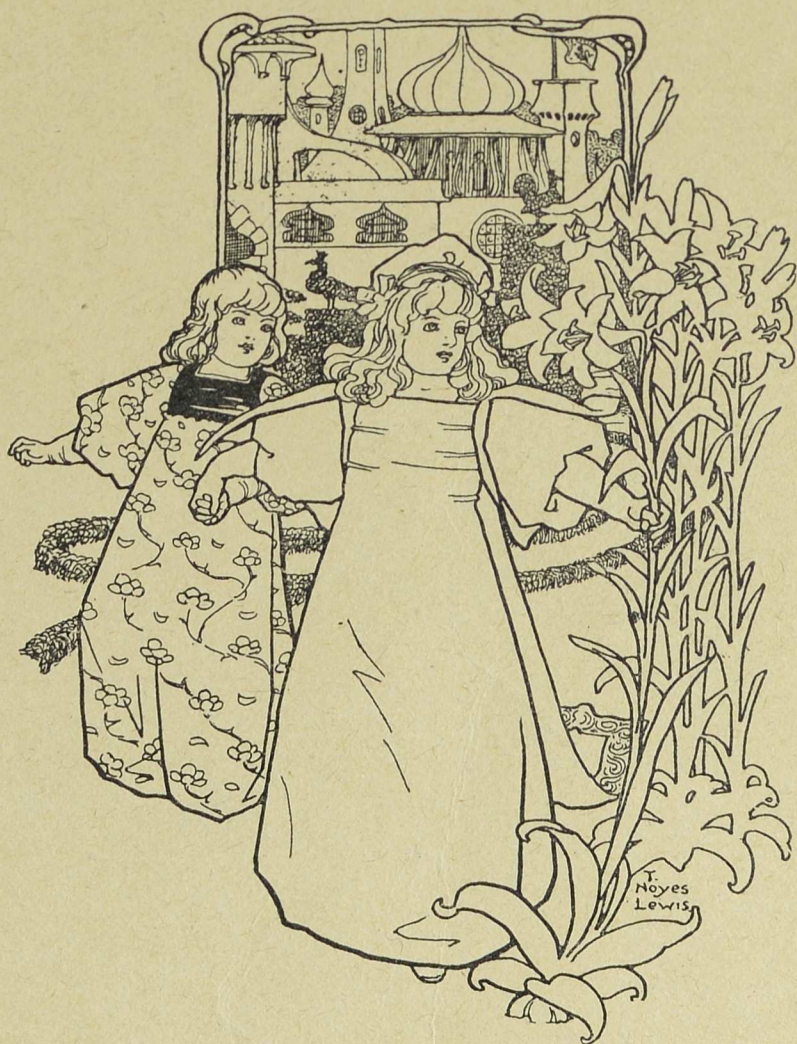
“Let go, please.”

But the stranger said, “Are you quite certain?”

* * *

Later, the Princess said, “But you did say my hair was red, just the same.”

There was a stone lion who





lived at the gates of the Royal garden.

As the gates swung aside that morning, to let them pass, the Princess took off her diamond crown, and laid it across the lion's paws.

"You may keep that for me," she said, "till I come back again."

The lion grinned. It was a carved stone grin, and very expressive.

"Till we come back," said the stranger.

So they passed, hand-in-hand, down to where great ships from far-off lands lay sleeping in the harbour, and tall masts stood black against the sunset, just as the Princess had watched them of old, from her nursery window.

The next morning the County Council advertised in the newspapers for a stolen Princess. But as they described a Princess with golden hair, no one ever brought her back.

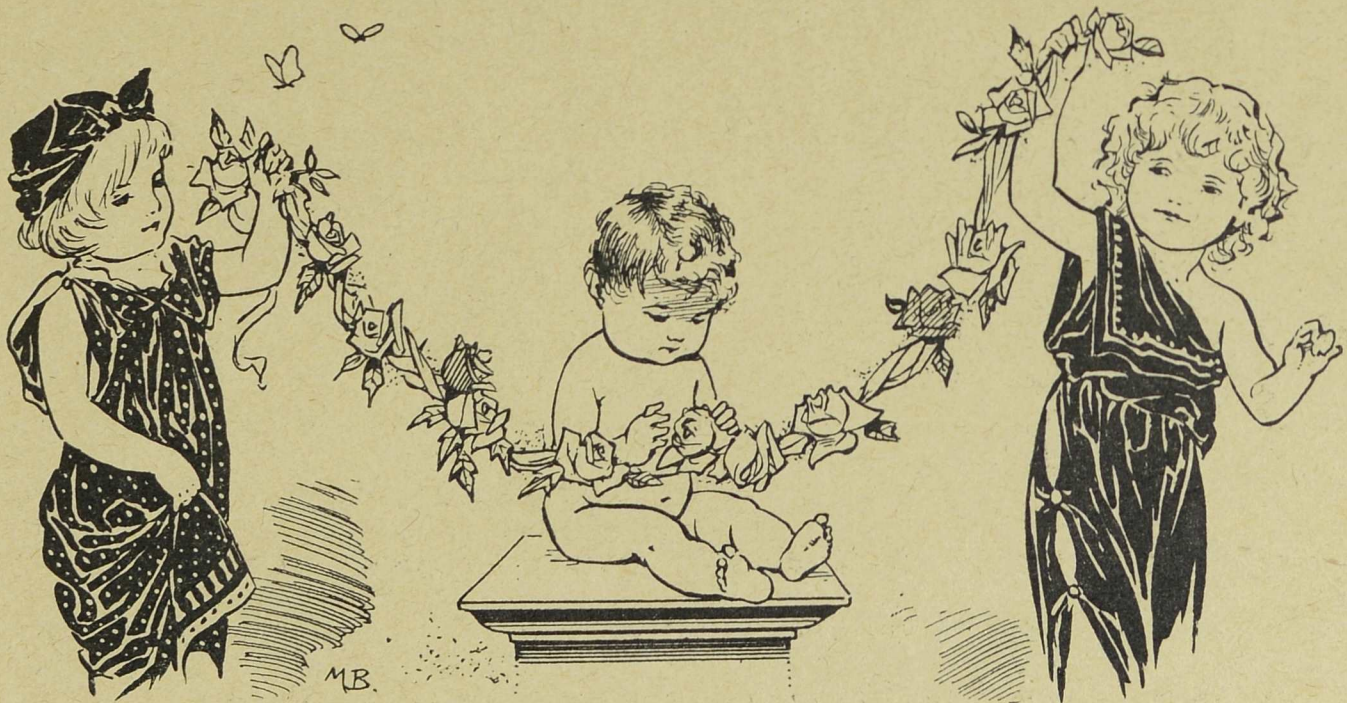
So they recalled the Court magician, and made him President of the State.

And the Prince of Aluria married the head lady-in-waiting, and they were very happy.

The stone lion still watches across the harbour, where the Princess went away with the man who told her that her hair was red.

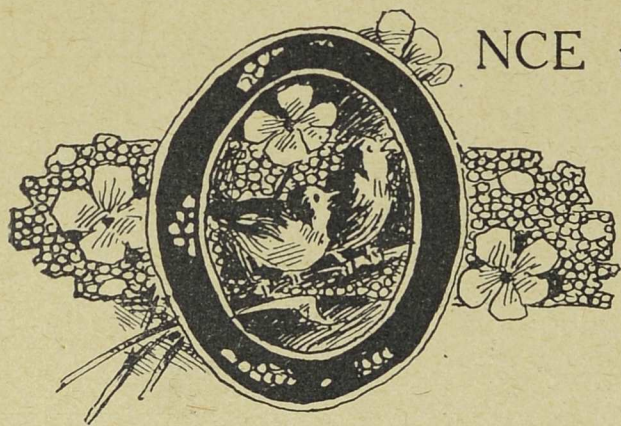
He offered no objections when they took away the diamond crown from his paws; perhaps he knew she would never come back to ask for it. At any rate, if ever you meet him, and ask him which way the Princess went, he will only smile.

Margery Williams.





The Seven Plaits of Nettles



ONCE upon a time there was a very bad King who ruled over a very good country.

It was a good country because the land was rich, and things grew well, and because the people worked hard and were thrifty and intelligent. The King was bad

because he was terribly extravagant, because he spent fortunes upon fortunes on pleasure, because he gambled all the money in his mint away, and, with all this fearful spending, he never thought of giving anything to the poor. He was a very bad King indeed—just the meanest, poorest thing in kings that ever sat upon a throne!

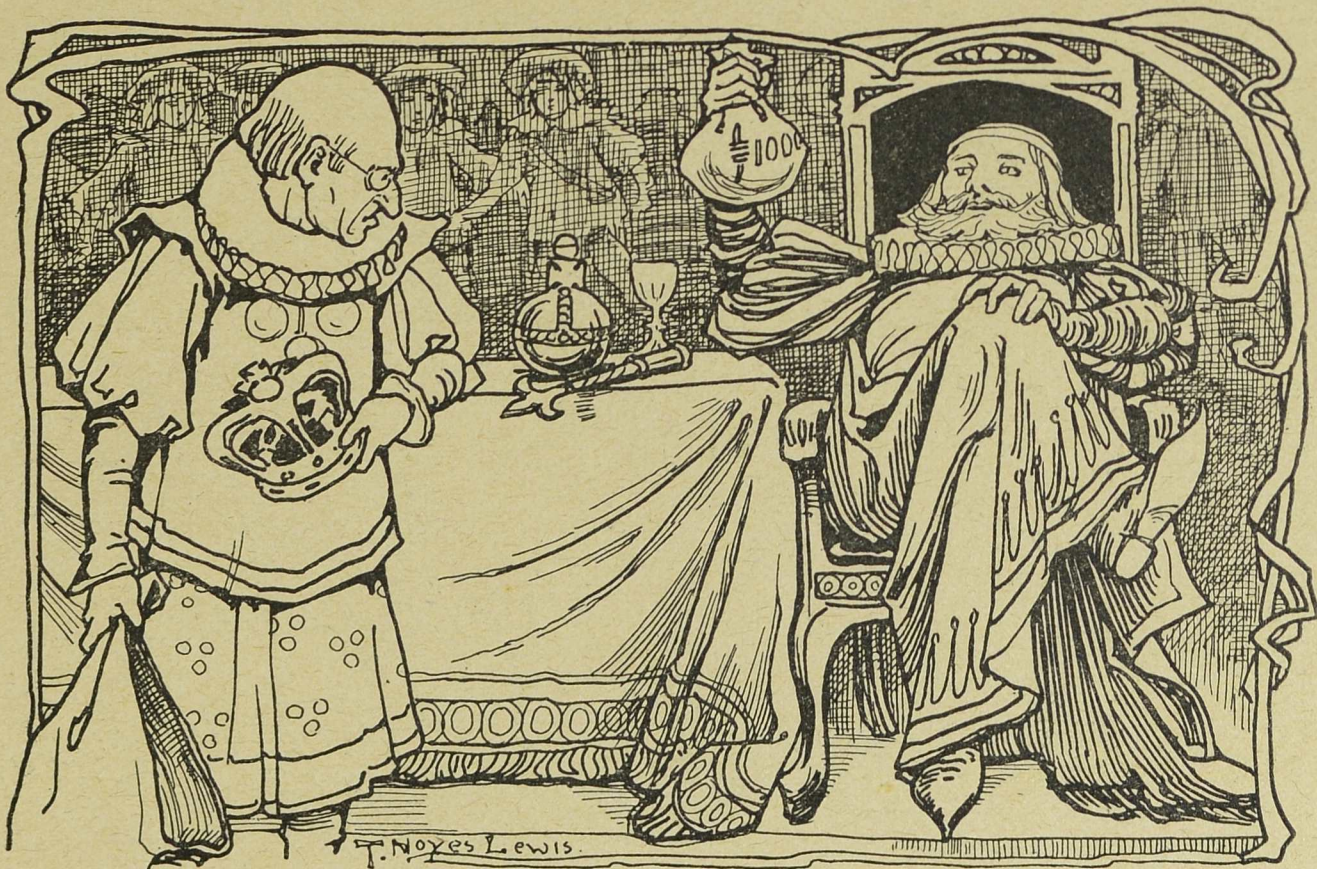
When the King's pockets were empty, and the treasury chest and mint were also empty, the only thing His Majesty could do was to increase the taxes. This he did on an average about every other fortnight, and the consequence was that his thrifty, hard-working people had to give all their money to pay the King's debts.

This the people did not in the least like doing, and the King was very unpopular indeed ; in fact, matters went to such a pitch that his subjects would not bow to him when they met him in the streets of his capital.

But the King did not seem to mind this one bit ; he continued his extravagances and his wicked gambling, he cleared out the treasury chest more often than ever, and he taxed the people harder and harder every day.

But everything must come to an end sooner or later, you know, and it really seemed as if the end of that country had almost arrived, for the people began to starve, and such things as fires were only known in the houses of the richest. But the King borrowed money on his crown, sceptre, and family jewels, and went on anyhow, as usual.

Now it so happened that there lived in a suburb of the King's city a very beautiful girl, whose name was Ellaleen. She lived in a nice



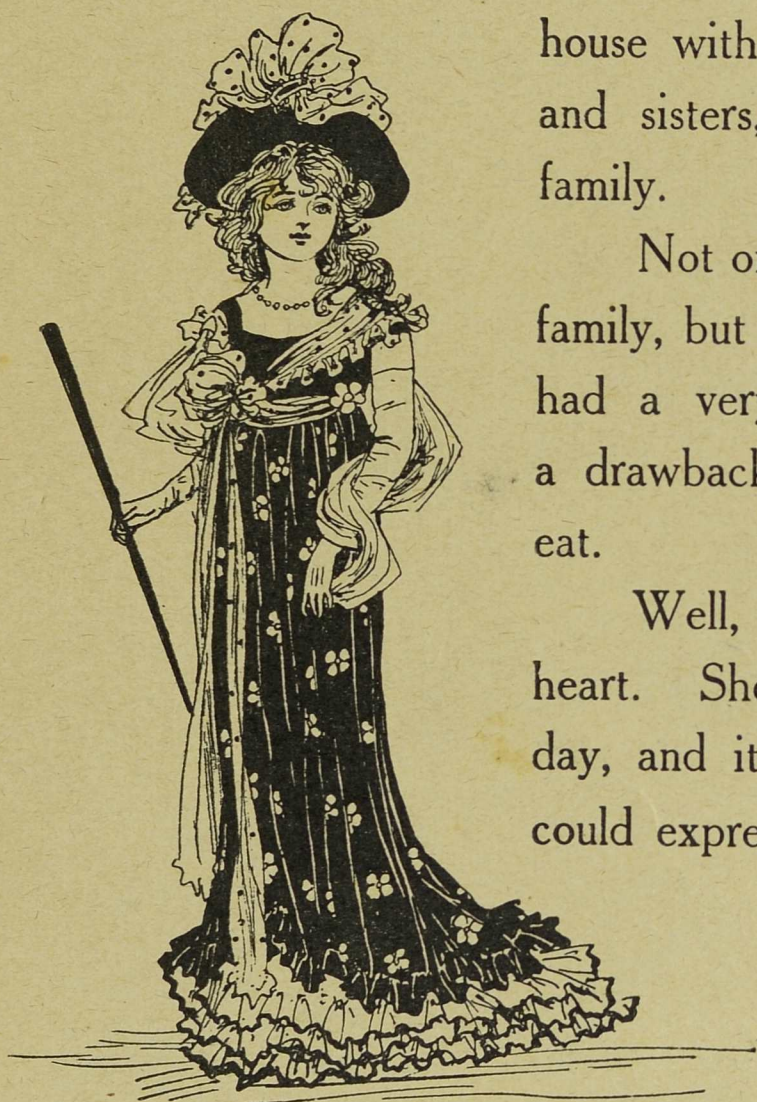
T. Noyes Lewis.

THE GAP IN THE HEDGE.

There's a gap in the hedge at Kilmare
With a seat just contrived for a pair,
A charming cool spot, when the weather is hot
And the couples who don't like the glare go there
To sit down in the gap at Kilmare.



When the sun shines down with hot glare,
I'll sit in that seat at Kildare.



house with her father and mother and brothers and sisters, and it was altogether a very nice family.

Not only was it a good-looking, well-behaved family, but it was also a very healthy one, and had a very healthy appetite, which is perhaps a drawback when there is next to nothing to eat.

Well, Ellaleen took matters very much to heart. She objected to growing thinner every day, and it made her more miserable than she could express to see her father and her mother and her brothers and sisters all growing thinner, while each one pretended that he or she was not a bit hungry, so that others could have more.

It made her wretched to see her suffering neighbours and the poor peasants who soon became too sickly to work ; and, indeed, what was the use of working when all the profits were taken away ? Ellaleen felt as if she would have given her life to save her country !

Now this beautiful and tender-hearted girl had a dream one night, a strange dream, because it was so wonderfully vivid.

She dreamt that a funny old





woman, all dressed in red, came to her bedside, and said in a clear voice :
“ Ellaleen, if thou wilt journey alone to the willow copse, on the south side of the Blue Mountain that lies to the south of the city, thou shalt there find the means to save thy country.”

This sentence the little old woman repeated three times, and Ellaleen, when she woke in the morning, felt like a second Joan of Arc, for, of course, you know that Joan of Arc was told in a dream that she was to save her country.

Ellaleen did not wait for breakfast—not that it would have made the least difference if she had, for there was no breakfast to wait for (the King’s-taxes had called the day before)—but having obtained permission from her father and mother, whom she had told about her dream, she started off for the willow copse, on the south side of the Blue Mountain.

It was late by the time she arrived there—quite dusk, in fact—and it was very much further than she expected. As she entered the copse her heart beat high with excitement, for there, on a fallen tree, sat the

old woman of her dream. As soon as the old woman saw her she rose and came quickly forward.

“Ellaleen, I am glad thou hast come,” she said, in a kindly voice, and taking the girl by her hands; “and art thou prepared to suffer much to save the people from their fearful affliction?”

“Indeed, indeed I am!” replied Ellaleen with all her heart.

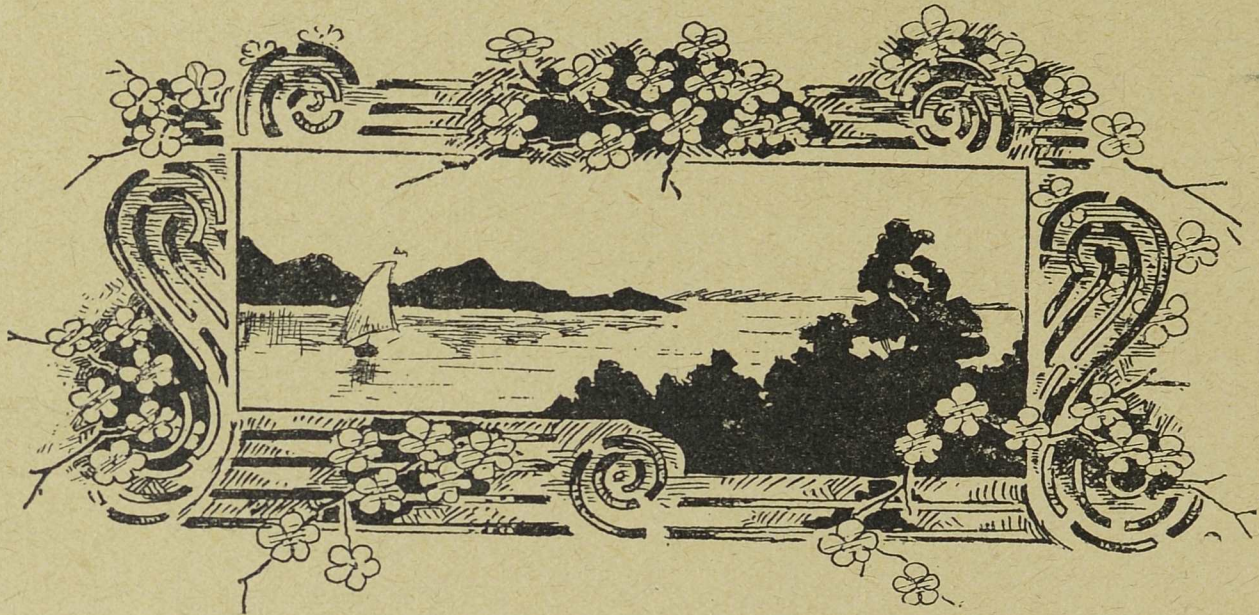
“Then come with me,” said the little old woman, and she led the way to the edge of the copse.

“See, there is the Yellow Mountain,” she continued, pointing south.

They could not help seeing the Yellow Mountain, for the setting sun reflected its glory upon it and made it shine like red and liquid gold.

“Thou must travel there through the night,” went on the little old woman. “After the sun has set, the moon will rise and shine upon the mountain, and it will be no longer yellow, but like molten silver; and when thou hast arrived at the mountain, which will be about dawn, thou wilt climb its steeps and descend the other side to fields upon fields of nettles. And when thou hast come





to the fields of nettles, thou must take off thy shoes and stockings, and bare thine arms, and then thou must pluck the longest nettles at the root, and with them make seven plaits, each plait two yards long. And all the time thou workest thou must not grumble, but sing cheerily, although thou art ready to cry out with pain and fatigue. Thinkest thou, Ellaleen, that thou canst do all this ?”

“ I will try,” answered the girl. “ And when I have made the seven plaits, what am I to do with them ? ”

“ Thou art to return the way thou wentest, bare-footed and bare-armed, bringing with thee the seven plaits of nettles. And when thou art come to the lake on the top of the mountain, the lake that supplies the country, thou art to throw the plaits one by one into the water ; and having done so, thou art to return home.”

“ And then ? ” asked Ellaleen.

“ And then thou must wait and see what will happen,” replied the little old woman. “ And now, Ellaleen, thou must set out on thy hard task, and thou hast indeed my blessing.”

With that the old woman left the girl, with the shadow of evening falling on her.

Ellaleen did as she had been told. She journeyed to the Yellow



But poor Baby's still too young,
For he has not found his tongue!

To make known he's hungry, why,
He must cry, and cry, and cry!



Mountain, which shone in the moonlight like a pillar of burnished silver, and she arrived at its summit as the day dawned. Then she descended the other side, and soon came to the fields of nettles.

Such nettles ! such fearful nettles ! with prickles as large as needles. But Ella-leen did not hesitate ; she took off her shoes and stockings, and bared her white arms, and singing, stepped into the mass of horrid weeds.

How loudly she sang ! If she had not

done so she must have cried out in agony, for the cruel nettles tore her poor arms and legs and feet. She had never known such nettles as these ; nobody had ever known such nettles as these ! She thought that she must really give up in despair, but she did not. She sang on, and she worked on, and she gathered those nettles near the roots, and wove them, with her poor hands, into seven plaits. Then wearily and slowly, but indeed

happily, she went back the way she came, and to the Blue Mountain, and to the lake on its summit.

Ellaleen threw the plaits of nettles one by one into the lake, and as each one touched the water great waves arose, and there were sounds like peals of terrific thunder.

As the last rumble died away, Ellaleen turned her back upon the lake, and dragged her poor body home, and waited to see what was going to happen next.

* * * * *

“Dear me, isn’t it wonderful? Isn’t it delicious?” everybody exclaimed. Then everybody had some more.

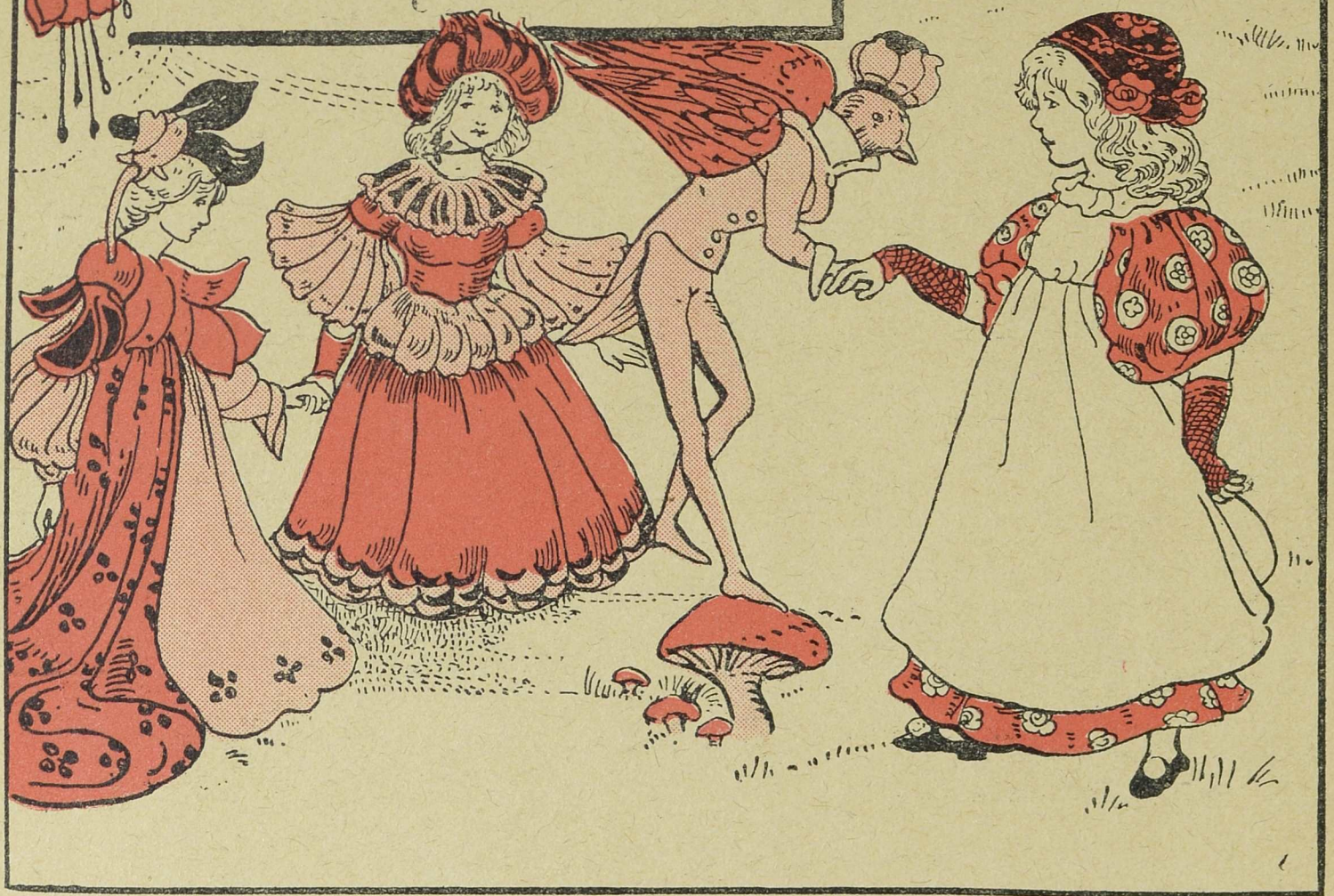
It was the water they were talking about. It had suddenly acquired the most exquisite flavour. Everybody, including the King, drank it, and nothing else. Even at the village inn water was asked for, and only water. It was really more than marvellous.

Then something still more marvellous happened.

Everybody began to feel very drowsy, and before twenty-four hours had



Miss Nelly Macarty
 gave a grand party
 And who do you think
 were there?
 Marigold Mary and
 Viscount Canary
 Red Tiger Lily and
 Joe Daffodilly
 And Violet fragrant
 and fair.



And they all sat down to a supper nice
 Of lemon squash and strawberry ice.

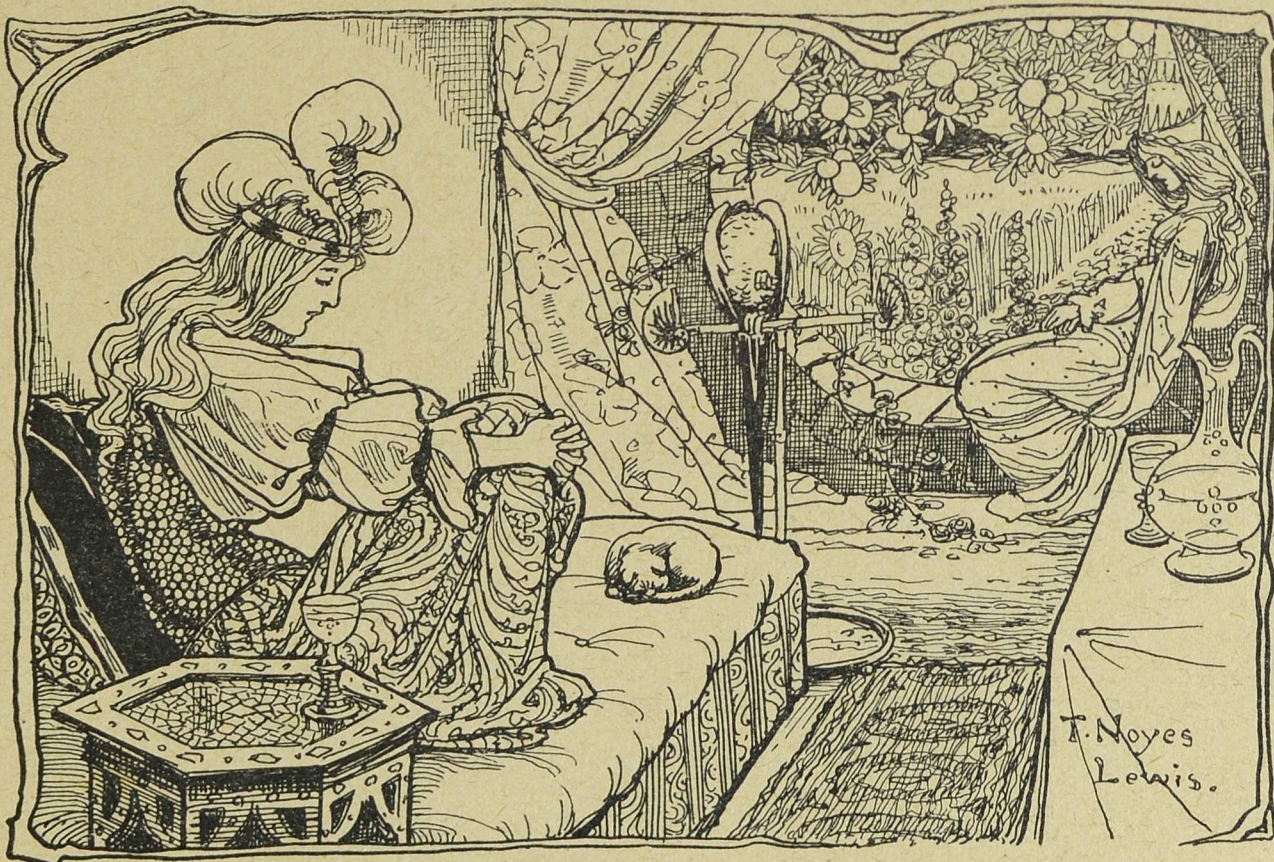
passed, everybody fell fast asleep, not only every living soul in the country, but every animal, just as in the Sleeping Beauty story.

And they slept on and on and on, during the spring, the summer, autumn, and the winter, through another spring and through another summer.

And while they slept there appeared to everyone in Dreamland a little old woman dressed in red, who told them what Ellaleen had done, and how she suffered for her country's good.

Then everybody woke up suddenly, and rubbing their eyes, stared at each other and the country. The country was worth staring at. Never before had been seen such harvest fields with their rich golden corn; never before had the fruit trees borne such splendid fruit. The vineyards were heavy with grapes; and every garden, palace garden and cottage garden, was filled with magnificent vegetables and beautiful flowers. The country was as rich as it possibly could be.

And the King? Well, the King had his sleep and his dream as well





as the others, and when he woke up and rubbed his eyes he was not a bit like the same King.

He called his courtiers and his people together, and in their presence he journeyed to the Blue Mountain, and thence to the Yellow Mountain, and he climbed its steeps and descended to the other side. And when he came to the fields of nettles, he took off his shoes and stockings and bared his hands, and then he stepped into the cruel weeds singing all the time.

And he made not seven plaits, but seventy,

and he could make no more because he was exhausted.

“Thus,” he said to his people, “do I try to punish myself.”

From that day forth he turned into a good King, and taxed his people only justly. And by degrees he paid off his debts and got back his crown and sceptre and family jewels, and so was respectable and presentable once more.

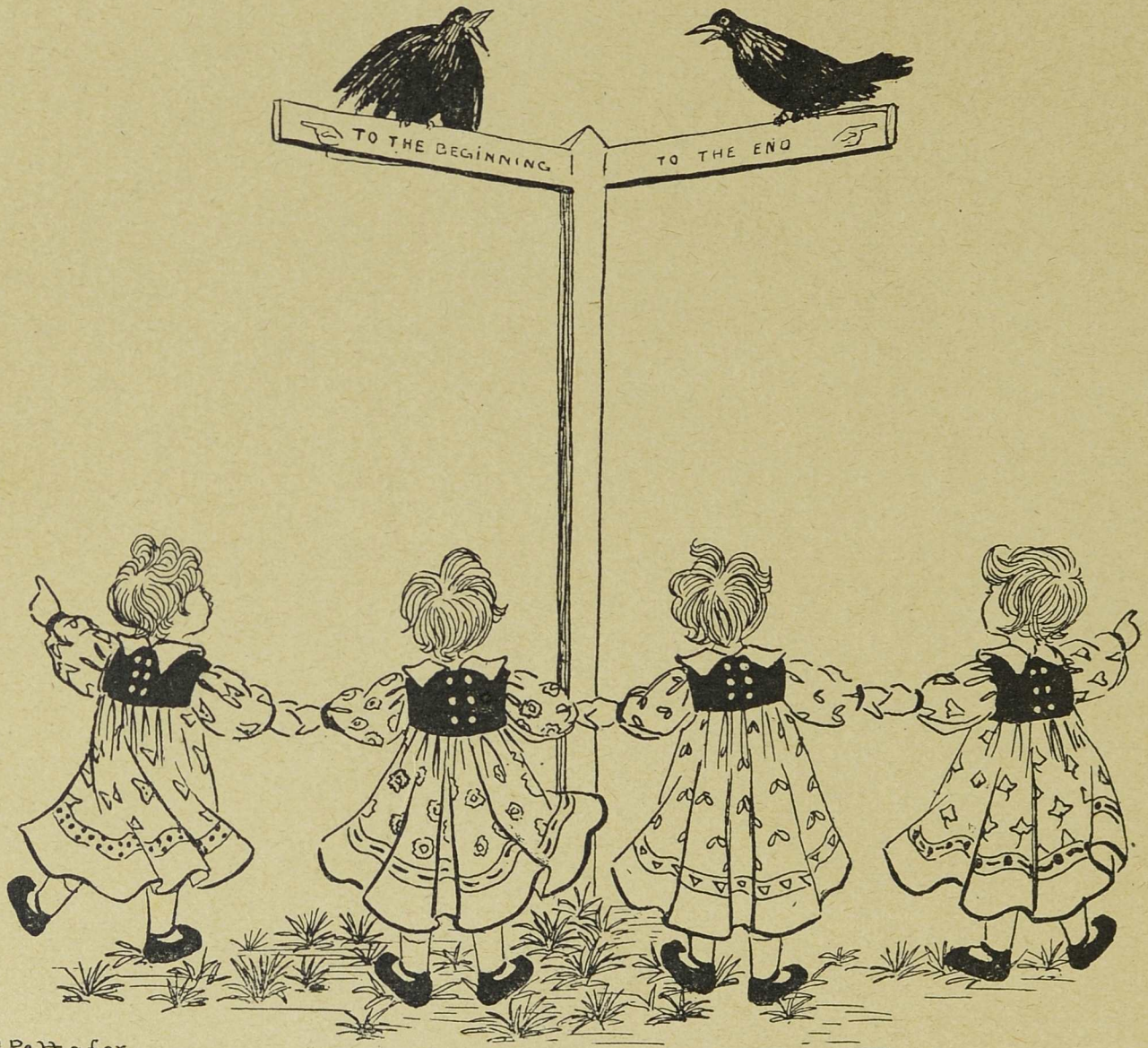
And the water in the lake? Well, it turned again into ordinary water.

And Ellaleen? I suppose you think she married the King and lived happily ever after; but she did nothing of the sort.

She stayed at home, and looked after her father and mother and brothers and sisters. And she went out, too, and looked after the poor who were in trouble and the rich who were in trouble; and she was loved and adored by one and all.

Edric Vredenburg.





M. M. Pettafor.

“GOOD-DAY!”

