

THE "FAIRY GOLD" SERIES.



FAIRY GOLD

A BOOK OF NURSERY TALES



NISTER & CO.

N° 3938

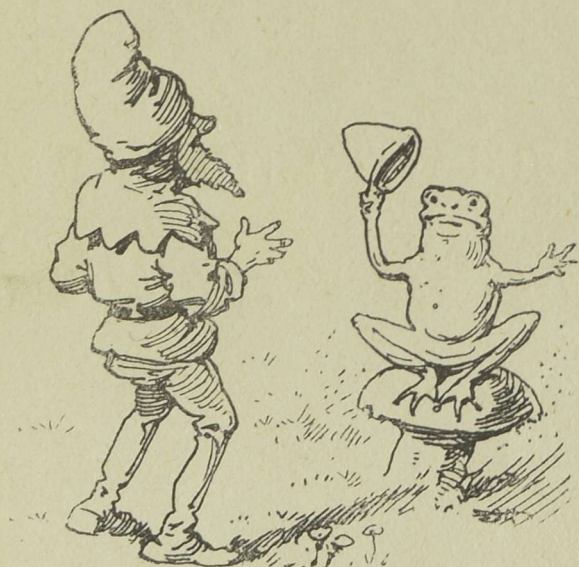
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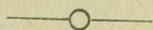


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Fairy Gold

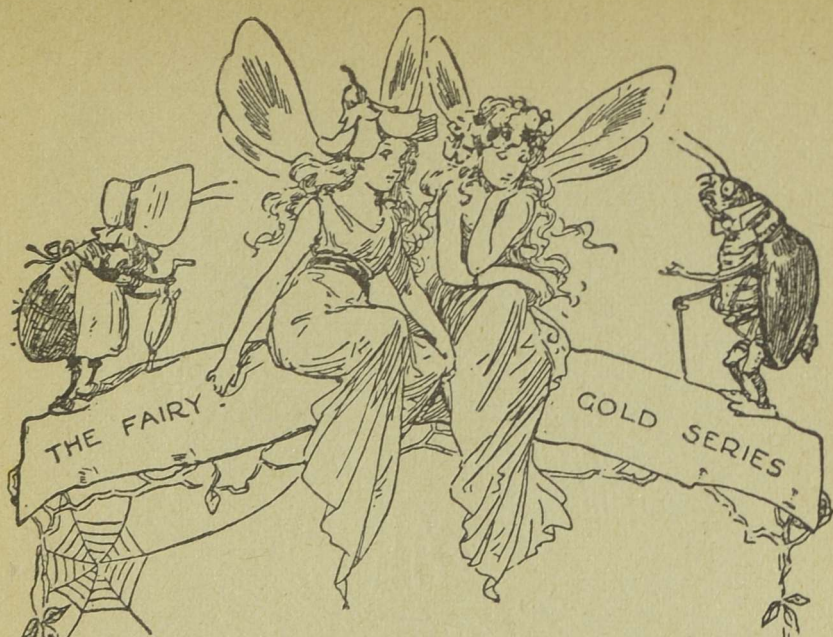


UNIFORM WITH THIS VOLUME



NURSERY JINGLES





FAIRY GOLD

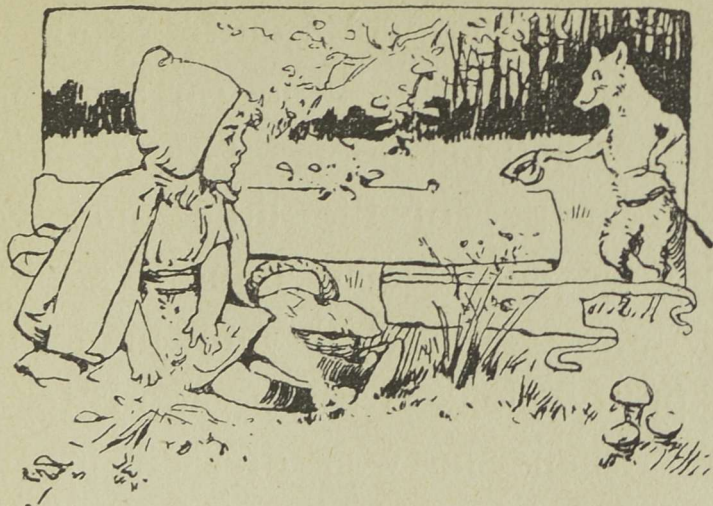
A Book of
NURSERY TALES

Illustrated by
E. STUART HARDY
and others.

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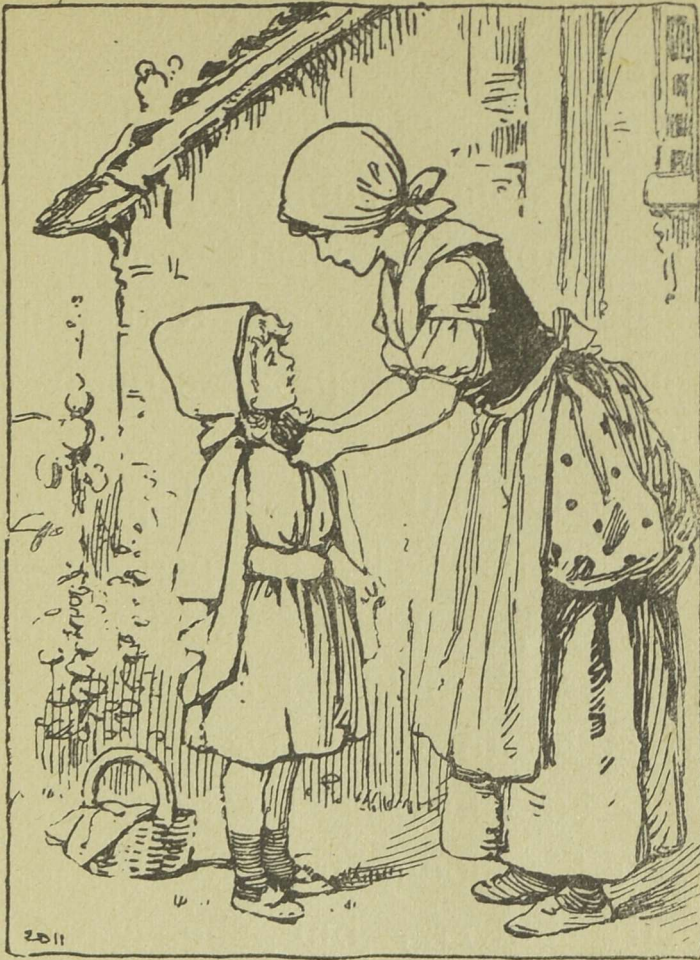
Little Red Riding Hood

THERE was once a wood-cutter and his wife who had a dear little daughter. This little girl had blue eyes and curly golden hair, and was as sweet-tempered as she was pretty, so that all the neighbours loved her.

In the village next to the one

in which the wood-cutter and his family lived the little girl's grandmother had her home. Granny made a great pet of the little one, you may be sure. She bought a piece of fine scarlet cloth and made her a pretty cloak with a hood to it, and when she was dressed in this the folks called her "Little Red Riding Hood," and by this name she soon came to be known all round the countryside.

One day Red Riding Hood's mother said to her, "Granny is ill, my pet, so put on your hood and trot away to her cottage and ask how she is feeling now. Take this basket with you, and carry it carefully, for I have put into it a pat of



butter, some eggs, a pot of honey, and a few cakes.”

So Red Riding Hood put on her

hood, kissed her mother, and set out upon her way. Now, there were two paths leading to Granny's home; one lay along a sunny road and the other through a shady wood, and as the day was warm Red Riding Hood chose the path through the wood.

As the little girl had plenty of time to spare she stopped by the way to pick a posy of sweet-smelling flowers and a handful of wild strawberries, all to please her Granny. A wasp came buzzing by and stopped to sip the honey from Red Riding Hood's flowers, but she was not afraid. "Sip away, dear wispy waspy," said she; and the wasp took his fill of honey and then followed



the little girl's path through the wood to see that no harm came to her.

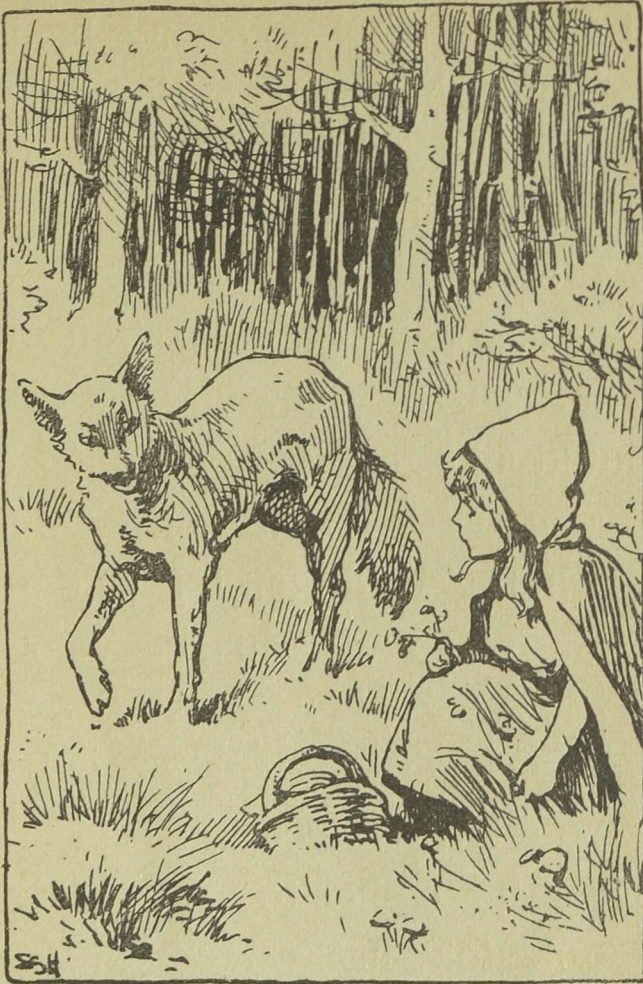
Next she met a poor old woman, who looked so thin and hungry that kind Little Red Riding Hood gave her half the cake which her mother had given her to eat by the way.

"Thank you, my pretty dear," said the old woman. "If you should chance to meet the Green Huntsman by and by tell him I said 'There's game in the wind.'"

Red Riding Hood promised and went on.

And now what do you think happened next?

Why, Red Riding Hood met a great big ugly wolf. She was not a bit afraid, though, not she. She



said "Good morning, Mr. Wolf," as politely as could be, and when he asked her where she was going she

told him all about Granny being ill and how she was on her way to enquire after her health, and to take her a few dainties to tempt her appetite.

“Dear me,” said the crafty wolf, “I am sorry your Granny is ill; I should like to go and see her also. Suppose we have a race; you go through the wood and I will go by the road, and we will see who gets there first?”

Red Riding Hood agreed, and the wolf disappeared and ran as fast as ever he could to poor Granny's cottage, for he was a naughty, wicked wolf and meant to gobble Granny up first and Red Riding Hood after her.

He reached the cottage and tapped at the door.

“Who is there?” cried Granny.

“Little Red Riding Hood,” replied the wolf.

“Pull the bobbin and the latch will lift,” cried the poor old woman, and the wolf opened the door, made one spring at Granny, and before you could count three he had eaten her up.

Then he dressed himself in her nightgown and nightcap and crept into bed, taking care to pull the bedclothes as far up as he could. Meanwhile Red Riding Hood was trotting along through the pleasant wood. She met a man dressed all in green and carrying a big bow

and arrows, and, guessing him to be the Green Huntsman of whom the old woman had spoken, she gave her message.

The huntsman nodded and fitted a sharp arrow to his bow; but he never spoke. So Red Riding Hood bade him good-bye, and soon afterwards she was standing on tiptoe outside Granny's door, tapping to be let in.

“Who's there?” cried the wolf.

“Little Red Riding Hood, Granny, dear,” said the child.

“Then pull the bobbin and the latch will lift, and come in,” he said.

Red Riding Hood did as the wolf



bade her; but when she went up to the bed to kiss her Granny, she started back in alarm.

"Oh, Granny, dear, what long arms you have!" said she.

"All the better to hug you with," answered the wolf.

"But Granny, what great ears you have!"

"All the better to hear you with," was the reply.

"And what great, fierce eyes you have, Granny!"

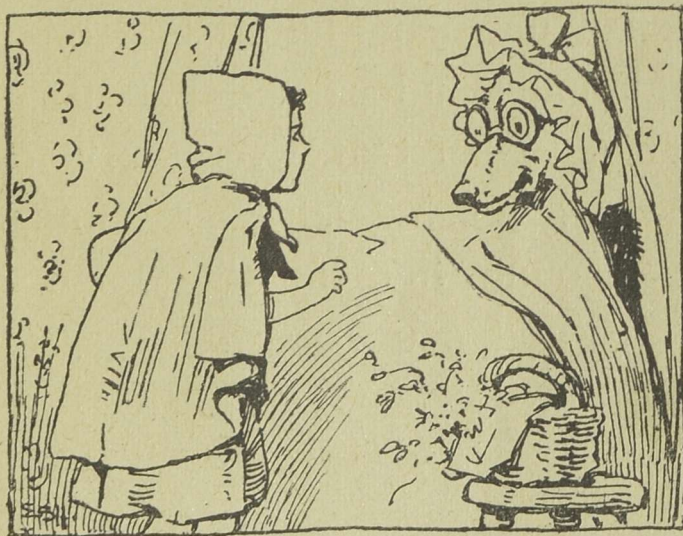
"All the better to see you with," answered the wolf.

"And what sharp teeth you have, Granny!"

"All the better to eat you with," growled the wolf, and out of bed he came with a bound.

Red Riding Hood was much too frightened to call for help, but

the good little wasp, which had followed her all the way and flown into the cottage after her, stung the wicked wolf on the nose, so that he howled with pain and rage.



Then the Green Huntsman, who had his arrow all ready, let it fly, and it pierced the wicked wolf's heart, so that he fell down dead, and there was an end of him.

Then Red Riding Hood burst out crying, not because the wicked wolf was dead, but because she was so frightened and wanted her mother to comfort her. So the Green Huntsman lifted her on to his shoulder and carried her straight home, and her tears were very soon dried when she felt her mother's arms around her, for she knew no wicked wolf could harm her there.



Cinderella

ONCE upon a time there lived a gentleman who had one dear little daughter named Ella. Ella's mother was dead and her father had married a second wife, thinking she would be a kind mother to his little one. But, alas! the stepmother had two daughters of her own, proud, ugly, and ill-tempered girls, who were jealous of Ella's pretty face, and who would not let her be treated

as a daughter, but sent her to live in the kitchen and work hard all day long.

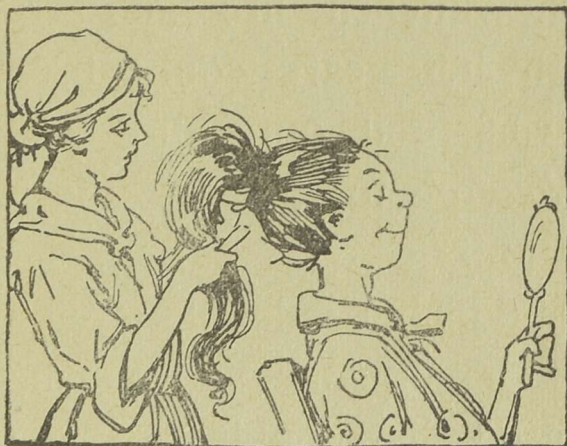
At night she had no little cosy bed into which to creep, but she lay on the hard floor close to the hearth for warmth, and for this reason she came to be called Cinderella, instead of Ella, and by this name she was always known.

Poor little Cinderella, many a bitter tear she shed when her unkind stepsisters went out to balls and parties and left her at home!

One day there came an invitation to a grand ball at the King's palace. Oh, how excited the two proud sisters were, to be sure! For days they could talk of nothing but the

clothes they would wear and the people they would meet.

“It has been rumoured that the King’s son is to choose his bride at the ball,” said one.



“Maybe he will choose one of us,” replied the other.

When the great day arrived Cinderella was kept running to and fro from morning until night. She had to deck her stepsisters in their

beautiful gowns and dress their scanty locks for them.

It was no wonder that, when at length they had driven away to the ball, she sank down on a stool by the kitchen fire and cried as though her heart would break, for she was tired out, and, oh! how she *longed* to go to the King's ball too.

Suddenly Cinderella gave a great start, for someone had touched her lightly on the shoulder. She turned round, and, to her surprise, saw a beautiful fairy.

“What are you crying for, my child?” the fairy asked.

“I want to go to the King's ball,” sobbed Cinderella.

“And so you shall,” said the fairy. Cinderella stared at the fairy, as though she could not believe her ears, but the fairy smiled at her kindly. “It is quite true, dear,” said she. “I am your fairy godmother. I have watched you for a long time past and seen what a good, patient little maid you are, and now I mean to give you your reward. Run quickly to the garden and bring me the largest pumpkin you can find.”



Away went Cinderella, and soon

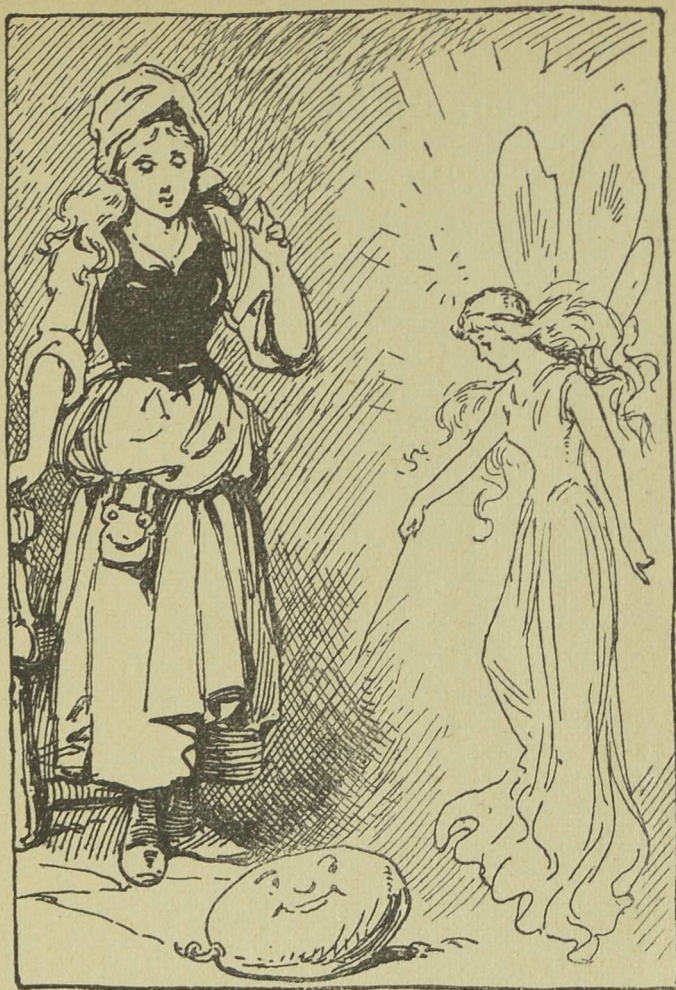
returned with a large yellow pump-kin. One wave of the fairy's wand and this was transformed into a golden coach.

Six mice from the mouse-trap speedily became six prancing steeds, and a large grey rat made a fine fat coachman, dressed in a laced coat and powdered wig.

Six green lizards became six tall footmen in liveries of green and gold.

"Oh, godmother; how *lovely!*" said Cinderella; "but my frock—I cannot go to the King's ball in a ragged gown!"

"Shut your eyes," cried the fairy, merrily, and a moment later added, "Now open them."



And when Cinderella obeyed, she saw that her rags had fallen from her and she was dressed in a

gleaming satin gown. On her feet were a pair of crystal glass slippers, and diamonds and pearls glittered in her pretty hair and on her neck and arms.

“Now jump into the coach and away you go,” said the fairy; “but, remember, before the clock begins to strike the hour of midnight you must hasten home, for at that hour all your fine clothes, your coach and horses, will vanish, and you will be the little cinder maid once more.”

Cinderella kissed her godmother gratefully and promised to obey, then she stepped into her coach and was off like the wind.

It was a *splendid* ball, but of

all the beautiful and gaily-dressed ladies there, Cinderella was the most beautiful and her satin gown the loveliest frock by far.

The Prince no sooner set eyes



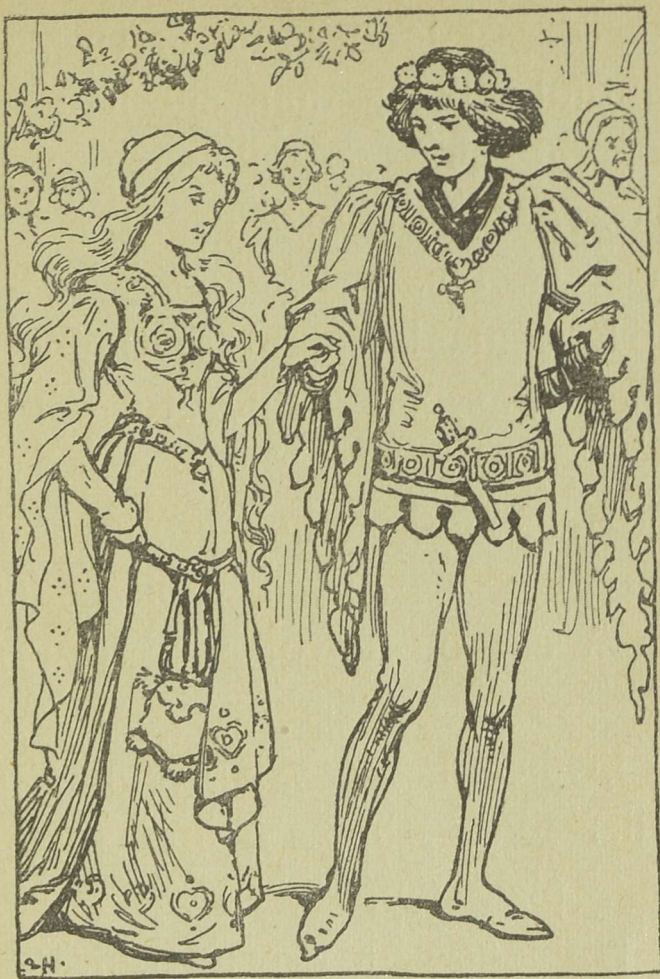
on her than he fell in love with her and would dance with no one else.

The hours flew so swiftly that Cinderella gave a start of surprise when she saw the hands of the clock pointing to five minutes to

twelve. She flew down the stairs in a trice, jumped into her coach, and was soon back by her own fireside again, all her rich clothing having disappeared.

When the stepsisters came home from the ball they told her all about the beautiful Princess with whom the Prince had fallen in love and how she had mysteriously disappeared at midnight. "The Prince was so disappointed that the King has promised to give another ball to-morrow night," said one of the proud sisters, "and if the strange Princess goes to it the Prince will most certainly ask her to be his bride."

The next night the two sisters



went off to the ball, and soon afterwards Cinderella followed them, for the kind fairy godmother appeared

and dressed her in even more beautiful clothes than she had worn the night before. Again she promised to leave the ball before the clock struck twelve.

But, alas! just at that time the Prince was beginning to tell her how dearly he loved her, and Cinderella forgot her promise until the clock began to strike. Then with a cry of horror she rose and fled.

In her haste she dropped one of her glass slippers, and this the Prince picked up.

He followed her as quickly as he could, but by the time the clock ceased striking twelve, Cinderella had changed into the little kitchen-

maid once more, and he did not recognise her.

However, he did not mean to



lose his lovely bride, and so the next day he searched the land for a maiden whose foot would fit the little glass slipper he carried. At

length he came to Cinderella, and the moment her foot was in the slipper all her fine clothes were



restored to her and she was the lovely Princess once more.

The Prince could not bear to part from his little love again, so

he took her back to the palace, and they were married that very day, and lived happily ever after.



The Three Bears

ONCE upon a time a pretty little girl, called Goldilocks, was walking in a wood when she came to a house she had never seen before. Now it chanced that this house belonged to three Bears, a Great Big Papa Bear, a Middling-sized Mamma Bear, and a Little Teeny Tiny Boy Bear. Goldilocks went into the house, but found it empty, for the three Bears had gone for a walk, leaving the broth they were going to have for dinner to cool upon the table.

The little girl was feeling rather hungry, so she just helped herself.

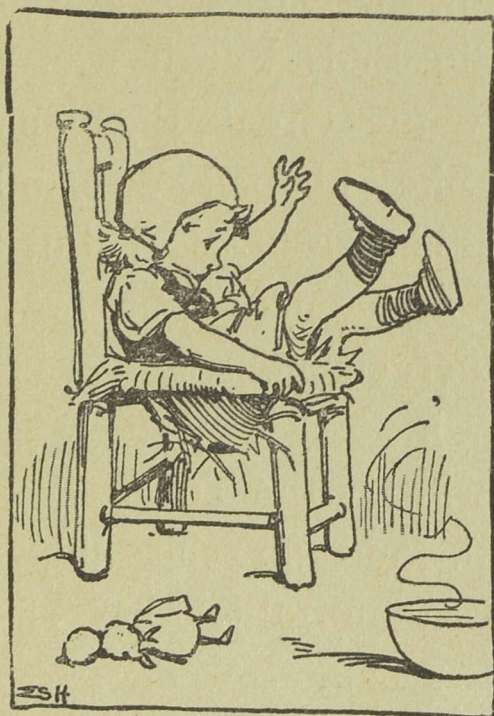
The broth was in three bowls, and beside each bowl lay a spoon. Goldilocks took up a spoon, and first took a sup of broth from the



Great Big Bowl, which belonged to the Great Big Bear; but it was so hot with pepper that she passed on to the Middling-sized Bowl, which belonged to the Middling-sized Bear,

and that was too salt. Next she tasted the broth that was intended for the Teeny Tiny Bear, and it was just as she liked it, so she ate it all up without thinking twice about it. When she had finished her dinner she noticed three chairs standing by the wall. One was a Great Big Chair, and she climbed upon that and sat down. Oh, dear! how hard it was! She jumped down quickly and sat on the Middling-sized Chair, but that was too soft, so she went on to the Teeny Tiny Chair, and that suited her exactly. It was so comfortable that she sat on and on until, if you'll believe it, she actually sat the bottom out.

Then, of course, it was comfortable no longer, and so she got up and went upstairs to the



bedroom. In the middle of the room was a Great Big Bed; on one side of it was a Middling-

sized Bed and on the other side there was a Teeny Tiny Bed.

Goldilocks was sleepy by this time, so she lay down upon the Great Big Bed, but it was just as hard as the Great Big Chair had been. She jumped off and tried the Middling-sized Bed, but it was so soft she sank right down into the feather cushions and was nearly smothered.

“I will try the Teeny Tiny Bed,” she said, and so she did, and it was so comfortable that she soon fell fast asleep.

Whilst she lay there, dreaming all sorts of pleasant things, the three Bears came home from their walk, very hungry and quite ready for

their dinners. But, oh, dear me! how cross the Big Bear looked when he saw his spoon had been used and thrown under the table!

“Who has been tasting my



broth?” he cried, in a Great Big Voice.

“And who has been tasting my broth?” cried the Middling-sized Bear, in a Middling-sized Voice.

“But who has been tasting mine and tasted it all up?” cried the poor little Teeny Tiny Bear, in a Teeny Tiny Voice, with the tears running down his Teeny Tiny Face.

When the Great Big Bear went to sit down in his Great Big Chair, he cried out, in his Great Big Voice: “Who has been sitting on my chair?”

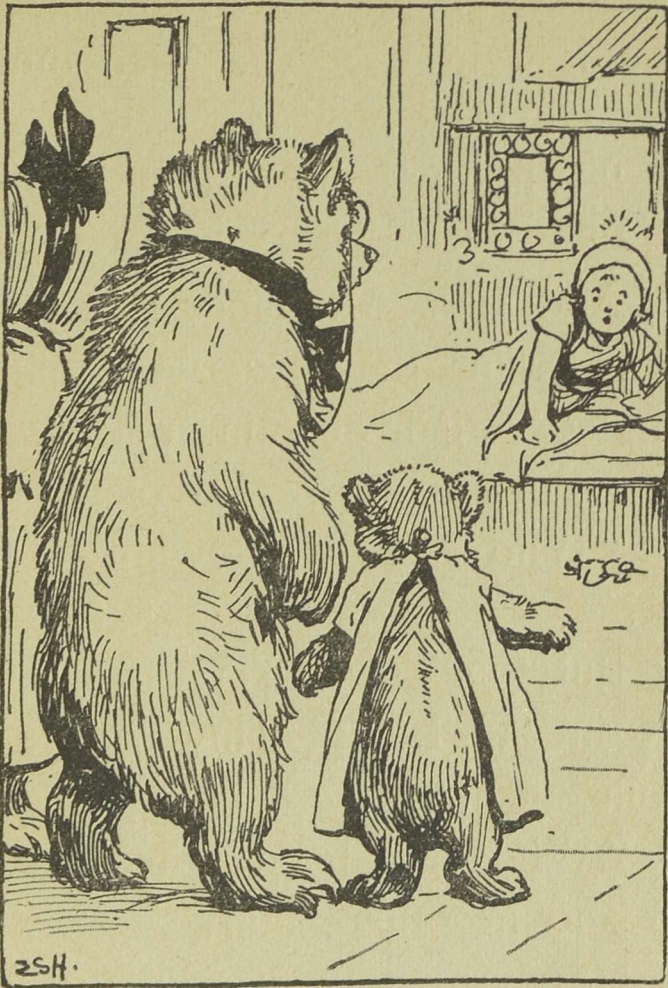
And the Middling-sized Bear cried, in a Middling-sized Voice:

“Who has been sitting on my chair?”

But the Teeny Tiny Bear cried out, in a Teeny Tiny Voice of anger:

“Who has been sitting on my chair and sat the bottom out?”

There was certainly no one



downstairs, so they went up to their bedroom.

As soon as the Great Big Bear looked at his bed, he cried out, in his Great Big Voice:

“Who has been lying on my bed?”

And the Middling-sized Bear, seeing that the coverlet was all rumpled, cried out, in a Middling-sized Voice:

“Who has been lying on my bed?”

But the Teeny Tiny Bear cried out in a Teeny Tiny Voice of astonishment:

“Who has been lying on my bed and lies there still?”

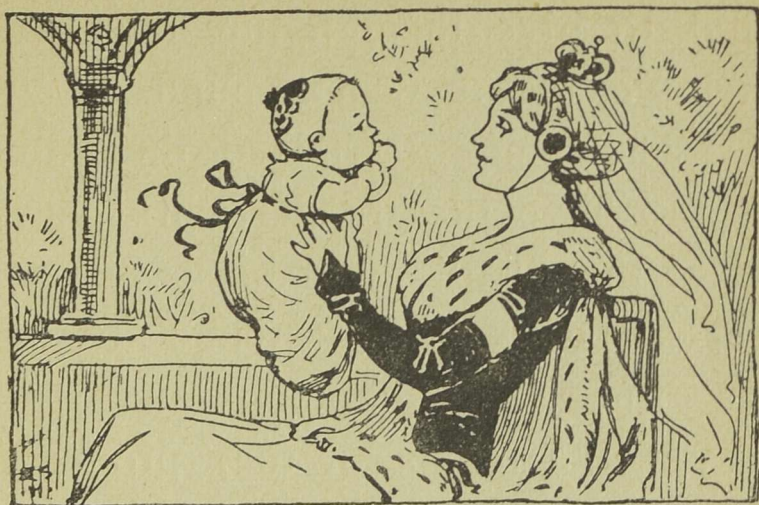
Now, when the Great Big Bear began to speak, Goldilocks dreamt that there was a bee buzzing in the

room, and when the Middling-sized Bear began to speak she dreamt it was flying out of the window; but



when the Teeny Tiny Bear began to speak she dreamt that the bee had come back and stung her on the ear, and up she jumped.

Oh, how frightened she was when she saw the three Bears standing beside her! She hopped out of bed, and in a second was through the open window. Never stopping to wonder if the fall had hurt her, she got up and ran and ran and ran until she could go no farther, always thinking that the Bears were close behind her. And when at length she fell down in a heap on the ground, because she was too tired to run any more, it was her own mother who picked her up, for in her fright she had run straight home without knowing it.



The Sleeping Beauty

LONG, long ago, in the days of the fairies, there lived a King and Queen who had everything in the world they could wish for except one thing. This one thing was a little baby, and the poor King and Queen longed very much for a little one, so when at length it pleased

God to give them a tiny daughter their delight knew no bounds.

The King determined the baby should have the grandest christening feast that had ever been known. Seven fairies were invited to be the Princess's godmothers, and when they wrote to accept they promised that each of them would bestow a good gift upon their godchild. The day of the christening arrived, and after the ceremony the guests went into the great hall where the feast was spread. Before each of the seven fairies a beautiful cover of pure gold was placed. Just as the first course was being served, in walked an ugly old fairy, whom no one had heard of for the last fifty



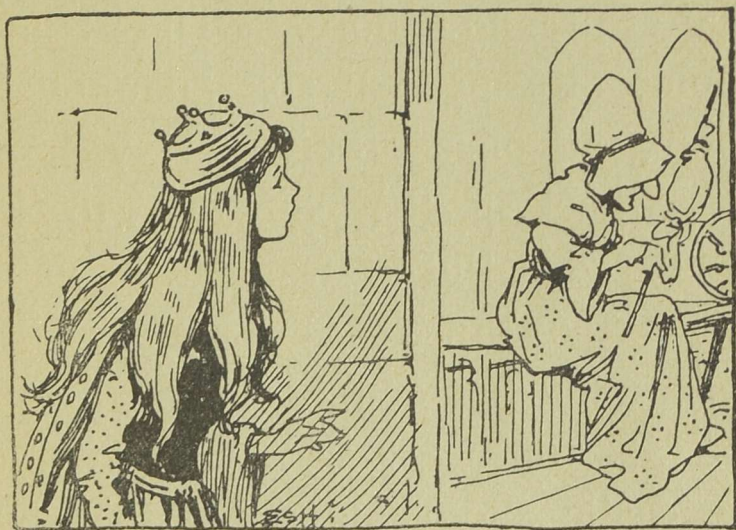
years, and whom everyone supposed to be dead.

The King ordered a cover to

be laid for her, but as only seven gold covers had been made for the seven fairies, she was given a silver one, and this made her very angry. When the feast was over the good fairies came forward and bestowed their beautiful gifts upon the baby. The first gave her beauty, the second sweet temper, the third grace, the fourth a lovely voice, the fifth willed her to dance as lightly as the thistle-down, and the sixth gave her every accomplishment under the sun. Then the cross old fairy could contain her anger no longer. "I will," she shrieked, "that when she grows to be a maiden she shall prick her hand with a spindle and die of the wound.



Oh, what an outcry there was! I don't know what would have happened if the seventh good fairy had not stepped forward then. "I have yet my gift to bestow," she



said. "I cannot prevent part of the ill wish being fulfilled; but my gift to the Princess shall be that instead of dying of the spindle prick, she shall fall into a deep

sleep that will last a hundred years. At the end of that time a King's son shall awaken her with a kiss. As she ceased speaking the fairies vanished and for several years were heard of no more. The King, hoping to prevent his daughter's doom, at once ordered every spinning-wheel in the kingdom to be destroyed. But it was all in vain. When the Princess grew up to be a beautiful maiden of fifteen years, she was one day wandering about the castle and came upon a narrow staircase leading to a tower. She had never been up this tower, and so up she went at once to see who lived there. She found a very old woman spinning. This old woman

was so deaf that she had never heard the King's command about the spinning-wheels, and so she was busy at hers when the Princess came in.

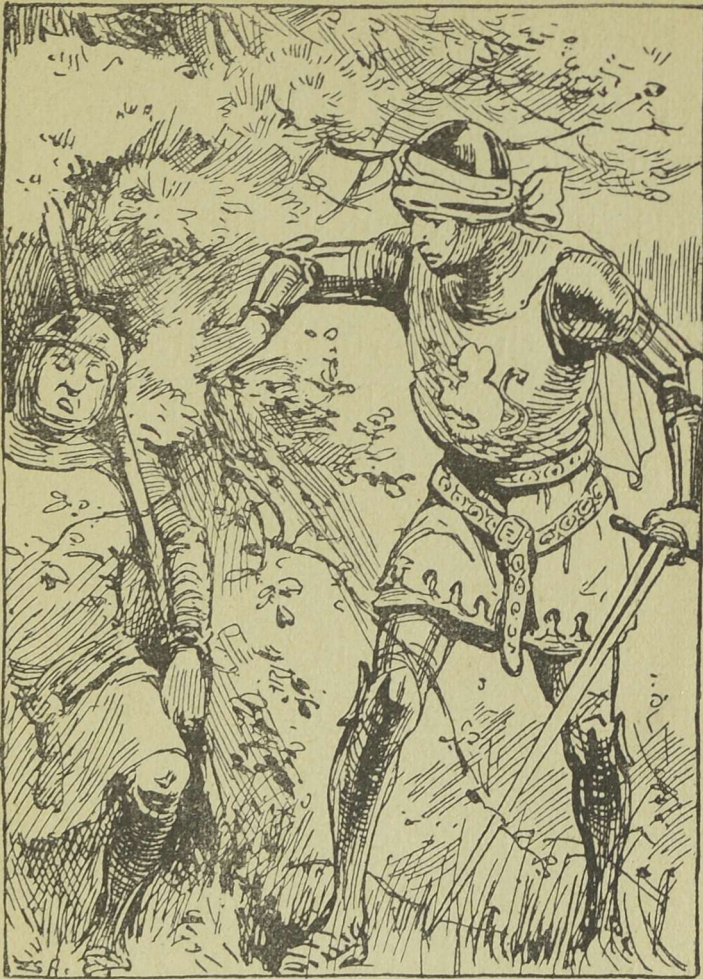
Of course, the little maiden was interested in watching the strange whirring of the wheel, and at length nothing would content her but that she should try her skill at it. Alas! no sooner did she take the spindle in her hand than she pricked her rosy palm and fell swooning to the floor. The poor old woman called loudly for assistance, and soon the King and Queen and all the ladies-in-waiting and courtiers came running to see what had happened.

They knew at once that the

doom had fallen upon their darling, and so they carried her down from the tower and laid her upon a golden bed in a bower of roses. No sooner had this been done than the King began to yawn, then the Queen followed suit, and it was evident that the courtiers and ladies-in-waiting could scarcely keep awake.

The secret of this was that the good little fairy, when she willed the Princess to fall asleep for a hundred years, willed the entire household at the palace to fall asleep also, in order that when the Princess was at length awakened she might find all her friends around her.

And so half an hour after the



Princess had pricked her hand with the spindle there was no one, from the King to the scullion boy, awake

in the castle. As the years passed by people began to forget the story of the poor Sleeping Beauty. The roses which formed the bower in which she slept grew so thick and fast that they formed quite a forest around the castle, and the thorns were so sharp that no one cared to try to penetrate the forest.

But when the hundred years had passed away a King's son was out riding one day when he came to the forest of roses.

His squire begged him to turn back, assuring him that the rose thorns would tear him to pieces. But on rode the gallant Prince, and to his surprise the branches gave way of their own accord before him,

and he passed through to the castle without a scratch.

Then what a curious sight met his gaze! The courtyard and the castle seemed peopled with figures of stone. On and on he went until he came to a bower, where, lying on a golden couch, he saw a maiden, fairer than the day.

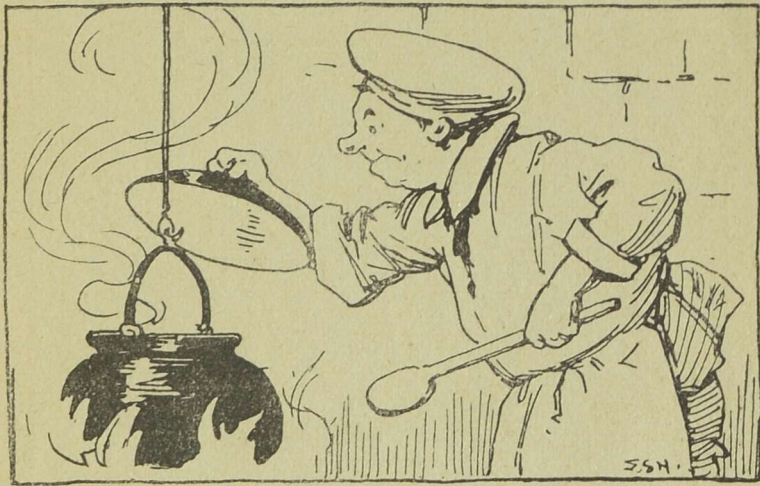
A smile parted her rosy lips, and she looked so sweet and lovely that the Prince was unable to resist the temptation and stooped and kissed her. In a moment the spell was broken. The Princess sat up and held out her hand to the Prince, for she had been dreaming of him all the long, long years she had been asleep, so he was no stranger to her.

With the Princess all the other inhabitants of the castle had awakened, and, oh, what a commotion there was, to be sure! Everyone



talked at once, the King and Queen embraced their daughter, and all the ladies-in-waiting and the courtiers begged to be allowed to kiss her hand.

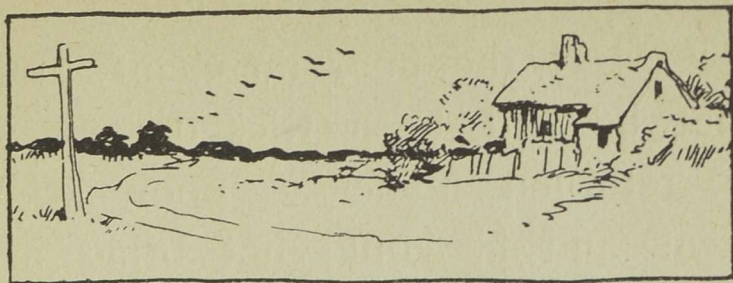
It was a fortunate thing the cook announced that the meal he had begun to cook a hundred years previously was just served up, for all the folks remembered then they were very



hungry, and trooped away to the dining-hall, so that the Prince was left alone with the Princess, and was able to tell her how dearly he loved her and to ask her to be his bride.

As the Princess consented, and the King and Queen were willing, the two were married immediately, and I have always heard that they lived happily ever after.



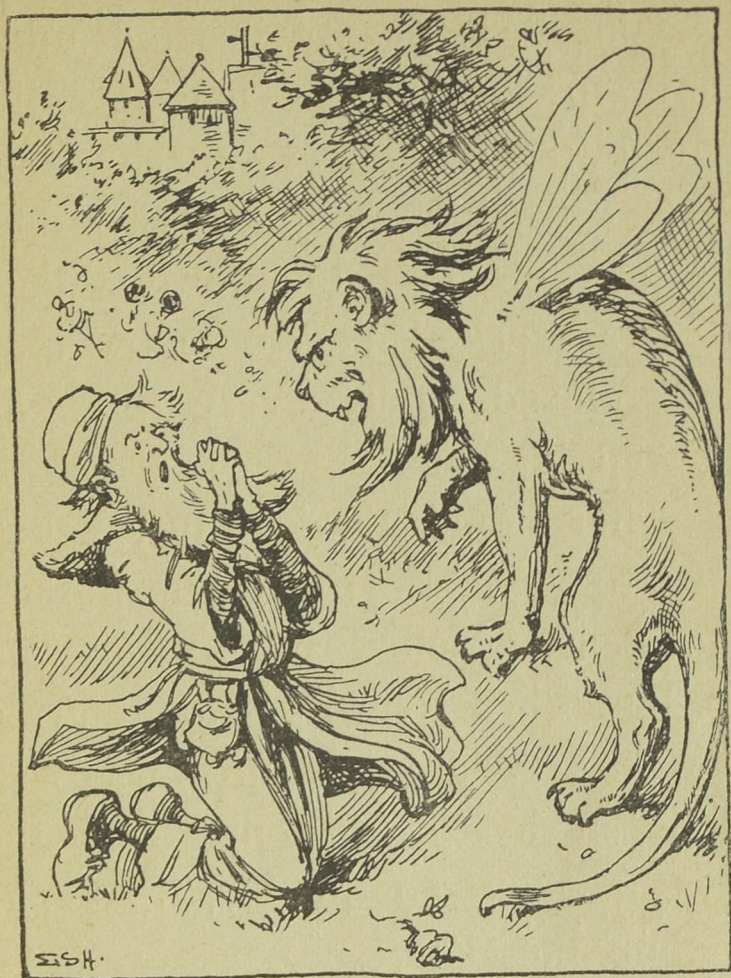


Beauty and the Beast

THERE was once a merchant who lost all his money, but one day news came to him that one of his ships had been saved, so he made ready at once to go and see if the news were true. He promised to bring each of his three daughters a present when he came back. The two elder ones asked for jewels and silks and satins, but the youngest, who was called Beauty, asked only for a rose.

Alas! the poor merchant found that he had been tricked, and so he returned home as poor as he went, and he could not bring any rich gifts to his children, but passing a beautiful garden, which seemed deserted, he entered and plucked a beautiful rose for his little daughter. Scarcely had he done so than a terrible beast sprang out upon him, saying that as he had stolen his roses he should be punished by death. The poor man tried to explain why he had taken the rose, and at length the beast seemed to relent.

“Go home,” said he, “and send Beauty to me in your place, and I will perhaps spare both her life and yours.”



The merchant went home, meaning to bid his daughters good-bye and to return at once, but dear

little unselfish Beauty insisted upon going to the Beast's palace. She arrived there without mishap and was very well treated. To her surprise, at the end of the first day, the Beast asked her to marry him. She refused, but every day he renewed his offer.

After some time Beauty asked leave to go home to see her father. The Beast granted her permission, but bade her return at the end of a week. Alas! Beauty was so happy in her own home, and the days flew by so quickly, that she mistook the date.

When she realised what she had done she hastened back, but, alas! the poor Beast was dying of grief.



Beauty fell on her knees beside him and kissed him on his shaggy brow. "Come back to me, dear Beast,

and I will marry you at once," she said. Instantly the spell was broken. The Beast's skin fell away, and a handsome young prince, who had been enchanted into a beast's form, stood up. He and Beauty were married that very day, and they lived happily ever after.



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FAIRY GOLD
[between 1888
and 1914]



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