

THE RED RIDING HOOD ISSUE—ONE SHILLING.

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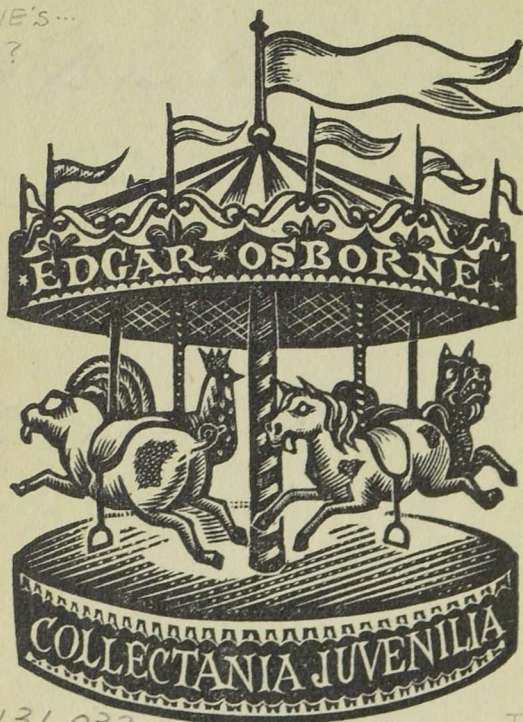


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WITH LETTERPRESS DESCRIPTIONS.

LONDON. Frederick Warne & Co.  
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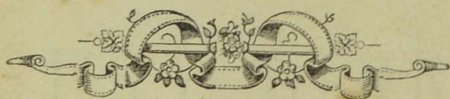
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COMPRISING

RED RIDING-HOOD.

PUSS-IN-BOOTS.

MOTHER HUBBARD.

COCK ROBIN'S DEATH.

JACK AND BEAN-STALK.

TOM THUMB.

WITH

*FORTY-EIGHT PAGES OF COLOURED ILLUSTRATIONS.*

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London:

FREDERICK WARNE & CO.,

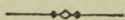
BEDFORD STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

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## *PREFACE.*



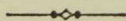
THE Publishers, in this volume of the NATIONAL NURSERY LIBRARY, offer their young readers "Red Riding-Hood," "Puss in Boots," "Mother Hubbard," "Cock Robin's Death," "Jack and the Bean-stalk," and "Tom Thumb," with new pictures, believing that the tales which have delighted the children of all ages will be equally welcome in nurseries of the present day.







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RED RIDING-HOOD.

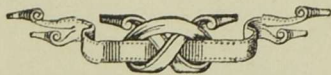
PUSS-IN-BOOTS.

MOTHER HUBBARD.

COCK ROBIN'S DEATH.

JACK AND THE BEAN STALK.

TOM THUMB.





## RED RIDING-HOOD.

---

ONCE upon a time there lived on the borders of a great forest a woodman and his wife who had one little daughter, a sweet, kind child, whom every one loved. She was the joy of her mother's heart, and to please her, the good woman made her a little scarlet cloak and hood, and the child looked so pretty in it that everybody called her Little Red Riding-Hood.

One day her mother told her she meant to send her to her grandmother—a very old woman who lived in the heart of the wood—to take her some fresh butter and new-laid eggs and a nice cake. Little Red Riding-Hood was very pleased to be sent on this errand, for she liked to do kind things,





RED RIDING HOOD PREPARING FOR HER JOURNEY.





LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD GATHERING FLOWERS.

## *Red Riding-Hood.*

and it was so very long since she had seen her grandmother that she had almost forgotten what the dame looked like.

### *THE WOLF.*

THE sun was shining brightly, but it was not too warm under the shade of the old trees, and Red Riding-Hood sang with glee as she gathered a great bunch of wild flowers to give to her grandmother. She sang so sweetly that a cushat dove flew down from a tree and followed her. Now, it happened that a wolf, a very cruel, greedy creature, heard her song also, and longed to eat her for his breakfast, but he knew Hugh, the woodman, was at work very near, with his great dog, and he feared they might hear Red Riding-Hood cry out, if he frightened her, and then they would kill him. So he came up to her very gently and said, "Good day, Little Red Riding-Hood; where are you going?"



## *Red Riding-Hood.*

"To see my grandmother," said the child, "and take her a present from mother of eggs and butter and cake."

"Where does your grandmamma live?" asked the wolf.

"Quite in the middle of the wood," she replied.

"Oh! I think I know the house. Good day, Red Riding-Hood." And the wolf ran off as fast as he could go.

### *AT PLAY IN THE WOOD.*

LITTLE Red Riding-Hood was not in a hurry, and there were many things to amuse her in the wood. She ran after the white and yellow butterflies that danced before her, and sometimes she caught one, but she always let it go again, for she never liked to hurt any creature.

And then there were the merry, cunning little squirrels to watch, cracking nuts on the branches of the old trees, and every now and then a rabbit





THE WOLF FOLLOWS LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.



LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD CATCHING BUTTERFLIES.



## *Red Riding-Hood.*

would hurry away through the tall ferns, or a great bee come buzzing near her, and she would stop to watch it gathering honey from the flowers, and wild thyme. So she went on very slowly. By-and-by she saw Hugh, the woodman. "Where are you going, Little Red Riding-Hood," said he, "all alone?"

"I am going to my grandmamma's," said the child. "Good day; I must make haste now, for it grows late."

## *GRANDMOTHER AND THE WOLF.*

WHILE Little Red Riding-Hood was at play in the wood, the great wolf galloped on as fast as he could to the old woman's house. Grandmother lived all by herself, but once or twice a-day a neighbour's child came to tidy her house and get her food. Now, grandmother was very feeble, and often kept her bed; and it happened that she was in bed the day Little Red Riding-Hood

## *Red Riding-Hood.*

went to see her. When the wolf reached the cottage door he tapped.

"Who is there?" asked the old dame.

"Little Red-Riding Hood, granny," said the wolf, trying to speak like the child.

"Come in, my dear," said the old lady, who was a little deaf. "Pull the string and the latch will come up."

The wolf did as she told him, went in, and you may think how frightened poor grandmother was when she saw him standing by her bed instead of Little Red Riding-Hood.

## *RED RIDING-HOOD AT THE DOOR.*

VERY soon the wolf, who was quite hungry after his run, eat up poor grandmother. Indeed, she was not enough for his breakfast, and so he thought he would like to eat sweet Red Riding-Hood also. Therefore he dressed himself in granny's nightcap and got into





THE WOLF AT THE GRANDMOTHER'S COTTAGE.





RED RIDING HOOD AT HER GRANDMOTHER'S DOOR.

## *Red Riding-Hood.*

bed, and waited for the child to knock at the door. But he waited a long time.

By and by Little Red Riding-Hood reached her grandmother's house, and tapped at the door.

"Come in," said the wolf, in a squeaking voice. "Pull the string, and the latch will come up."

Red Riding-Hood thought grandmother must have a cold, she spoke so hoarsely ; but she went in at once, and there lay her granny, as she thought, in bed.

"If you please, grandmamma, mother sends you some butter and eggs," she said.

"Come here, dear," said the wicked wolf, "and let me kiss you," and Red Riding-Hood obeyed.

## *THE WOLF AND THE CHILD.*

BUT when Red Riding-Hood saw the wolf she felt frightened. She had nearly forgotten grandmother, but she did not think she had been so ugly.



## *Red Riding-Hood.*

“Grandmamma,” she said, “what a great nose you have.”

“All the better to smell with, my dear,” said the wolf.

“And, grandmamma, what large ears you have.”

“All the better to hear with, my dear.”

“Ah! grandmamma, and what large eyes you have.”

“All the better to see with, my dear,” said the wolf, showing his teeth, for he longed to eat the child up.

“Oh, grandmamma, and what great teeth you have!” said Red Riding-Hood.

“All the better to eat you up with,” growled the wolf, and, jumping out of bed, he rushed at Red Riding-Hood and would have eaten her up, but just at that minute the door flew open and a great dog tore him down. The wolf and the dog were still fighting when Hugh, the woodman, came in and killed the wicked wolf with his axe.



LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD DISCOVERS THE WOLF.





DEATH OF THE WOLF.



## *Red Riding Hood.*

### *DEATH OF THE WOLF.*

LITTLE Red Riding-Hood threw her arms round the woodman Hugh's neck and kissed him, and thanked him again and again.

"Oh, you good, kind Hugh," she said, "how did you know the wolf was here, in time to save me?"

"Well," said Hugh, "when you were gone by, I remembered that a wolf had been seen about the wood lately, and I thought I would just come after you and see if you were safe. When we came near grandmother's house Trim sniffed and ran to the door and whined, and then he pushed it open—you had not shut it close—and rushed in, and I followed him, and between us we have killed the wolf."

Then Hugh took the child home, and her mother and father could not thank him enough for saving Little Red Riding-Hood.



## PUSS IN BOOTS.

---

ONCE upon a time there was a miller who had three sons. When he died he left his mill to the eldest son, his ass to the second son, and his cat to the youngest, who had always been his favourite.

The two eldest sons resolved to live together; but they would not let their brother live with them, because he had only a cat. So the poor lad was very sorrowful, and wondered what he should do to get his bread. While he was sitting thinking about it, Puss jumped up on the table, and touched him with her paw.

“My dear master,” she said, “do not fret. I will get your living for you. Only you must buy me a pair of boots and give me a bag.”





PUSS CONSOLING THE MILLER'S SON.





PUSS CATCHING THE RABBITS.

## *Puss in Boots.*

The miller's son had very little money, but he thought it such a wonderful thing to hear a cat talk that he could not refuse her request. So he took Puss to the shoemaker's, and got him to make her a very smart pair of boots, and then he gave her a nice large bag.

### *THE RABBIT WARREN.*

Now, not far from the mill there was a rabbit warren, and Puss resolved to catch some rabbits for dinner. So she put some lettuce leaves and fine parsley into her bag, went into the warren, and held the bag very quietly open, hiding herself behind it. And little greedy rabbits, who knew no better, ran into it, to have a feast. Directly they were safe in, Puss pulled the string of the bag, and carried them off to her master. The miller's son killed them, and cooked one for dinner; but Puss took away the other, which was a very fine one, and hung it up for their next day's meal.



## *Puss in Boots.*

But although their larder was thus provided, early the next day Puss took her bag and went again into the warren, and in the same manner caught two more fine young rabbits. But instead of carrying them home she walked to the king's palace and knocked at the door.

### *PUSS AT THE PALACE.*

THE king's porter asked who was there. "I have brought a present to the king," said Puss. "Please let me see his majesty."

The porter let her in, and when Puss came into the king's presence she made a low bow, and, taking a fine rabbit out of her bag, said, "My Lord Marquis of Carrabas sends this rabbit to your majesty with his respects."

"I am much obliged to the marquis," said the king, and he ordered his head cook to dress the rabbit for dinner.

By the king's side sat his daughter, a very beautiful lady. She ordered one





PUSS MAKES A PRESENT TO THE KING.





PUSS CALLS ON THE OGRE.



## *Puss in Boots.*

of the attendants to give Puss a good cup of cream, which she liked very much ; and she went home and told her master all she had done. The miller's son laughed ; but every morning Puss caught a rabbit, and carried it to the palace with the same message.

## *THE OGRE.*

Now, in that country there lived a cruel ogre, who used to eat children, so everybody was afraid of him ; but nobody could kill him, he was such a giant. One day Puss went to call on him. He received her civilly, for he did not care to eat cats, so Puss sat down, and began to talk :—" I hear," she said, " great Ogre, that you are so clever, that you can turn yourself into any creature you please."

" Yes, so I can," said the ogre.

" Dear me," said Puss, " how much I should like to see your ogreship do it."

Then the ogre, who liked to show

## *Puss in Boots.*

how clever he was, turned himself into a lion, and roared so loudly that Puss was quite frightened, and jumped out of the way. Then he changed back into an ogre again. Puss praised him a great deal, and then said, "Can your ogreship become a small animal as well as a large one?"

"Oh, yes," said the vain ogre; and he changed himself into a little mouse. Directly Puss saw him in this form she jumped at him and killed him on the spot.

## *THE MARQUIS OF CARRABAS.*

THEN Puss ran home and bade her master go and bathe in the river, and he should see what she would do for him. The miller's son obeyed; and while he was in the water, Puss took away all his clothes, and hid them under a large stone. Now, the king's carriage came in sight soon after, just as Puss had expected, for he always drove in that direction, and directly she





PUSS ASKS HELP FOR HIS MASTER.





PUSS THREATENS THE REAPERS.



## *Puss in Boots.*

saw it, she began to cry very loudly, "Help, help, for my Lord the Marquis of Carrabas." The king put his head out, and asked what was the matter.

"Oh, your majesty," said Puss, "my master the marquis was bathing, and some one has taken away his clothes. He will catch the cramp and be drowned."

Then the king ordered one of his attendants to ride back to the palace and get a suit of his own clothes for the marquis, "who had so often sent him gifts," he said. And when they were brought, Puss took them to her master, and helped him to dress in them.

## *PUSS FRIGHTENS THE REAPERS.*

THE miller's son looked quite like a gentleman in the king's clothes, and when he went to thank his majesty for them, the king asked him to get into the coach and he would drive him home. Then Puss told the coachman

## *Puss in Boots.*

where to go, and ran on before and came to some reapers. "Reapers," said she, "if the king asks you whose field this is, say it belongs to the Marquis of Carrabas; if you don't say so, you shall be chopped up as small as mince-meat."

The reapers were so frightened that they promised to obey her. And she ran on and told all the other labourers on the road to say the same. So when the king asked "To whom do these fine fields belong?" the reapers answered, "To the Marquis of Carrabas." The herdsmen said the same of the cattle, and the king, turning to the miller's son, said, "My lord, you have a fine property." But all had belonged really to the ogre, for it was to his castle the cunning cat had told the coachman to drive.

## *THE CASTLE.*

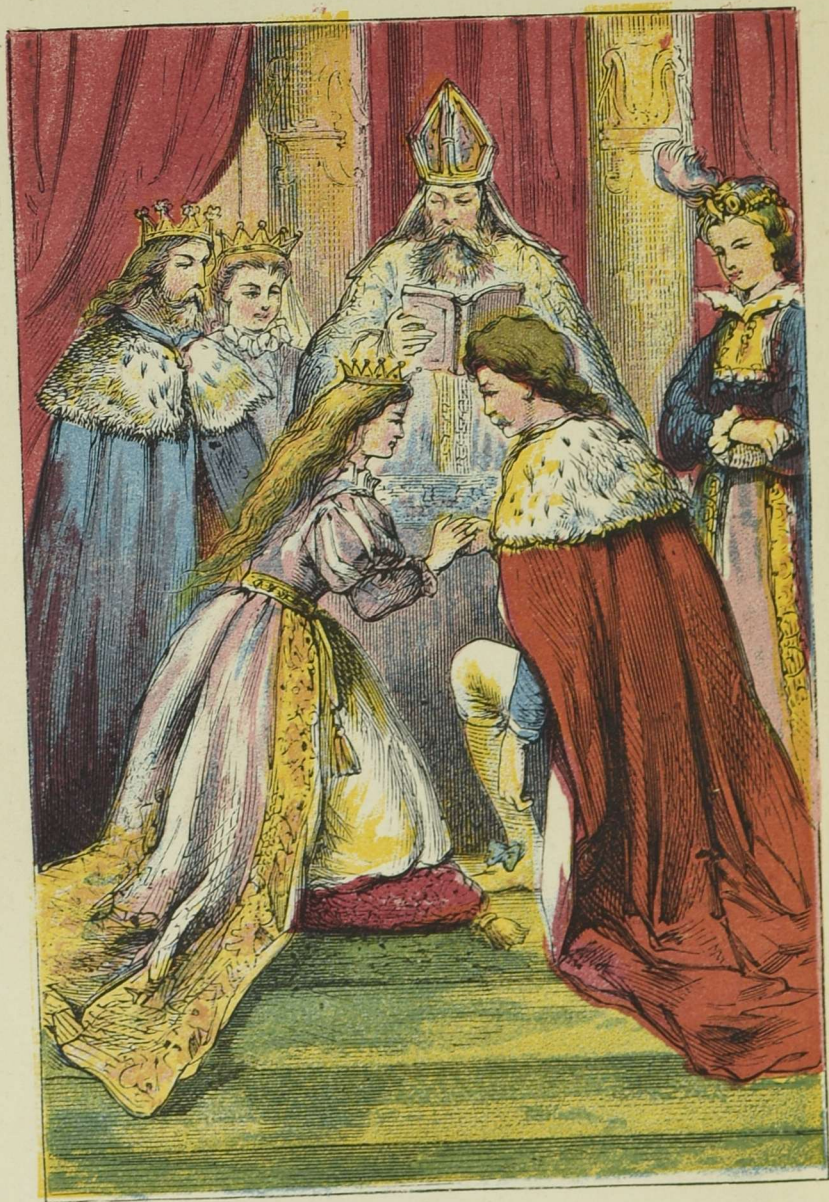
At last the coach stopped at the Ogre's castle, and Puss came out, and bowing





THE KING AND PRINCESS VISIT THE MARQUIS.





MARRIAGE OF THE MARQUIS AND PRINCESS.



## *Puss in Boots.*

very low, said, "Your majesty and the princess are welcome to the castle of my Lord Marquis of Carrabas."

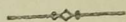
The king was delighted, for it was indeed a very nice castle, full of riches. They sat down to a great feast, which Puss ordered to be served, and the king was so pleased with the miller's son and thought him such a good match for the princess, that he invited him to court, and in a little while gave him his daughter for his wife, and made him a prince.

You may be quite sure that the miller's son was very grateful to Puss for his good fortune, and she never had to catch mice for her dinner any more, for dainty meat and the best cream were every day given to Puss in Boots.





## OLD MOTHER HUBBARD.

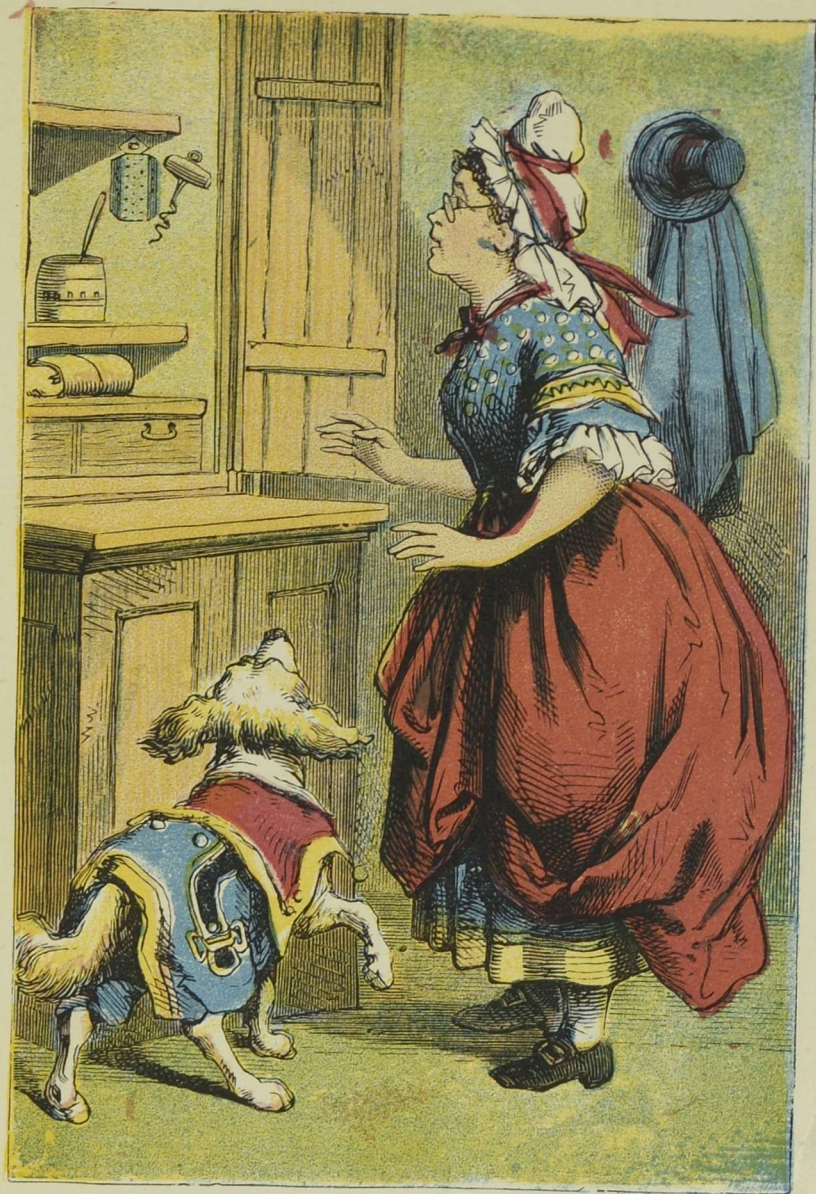


Old Mother Hubbard  
Went to the cupboard  
To get her poor Dog a bone ;  
But when she came there  
The cupboard was bare,  
And so the poor Dog had none.

She went to the baker's  
To buy him some bread,  
But when she came back  
The poor Dog looked dead.







OLD MOTHER HUBBARD AND HER DOG.



THE DOG LOOKING DEAD.



*Old Mother Hubbard.*



She went to the hatter's  
To buy him a hat,  
But when she came back  
He was feeding the cat.

She went to the barber's  
To buy him a wig,  
But when she came back  
He was dancing a jig.



*Old Mother Hubbard.*



She went to the joiner's  
To buy him a coffin,  
But when she came back  
The poor Dog was laughing.

She took a clean dish  
To get him some tripe,  
But when she came back  
He was smoking a pipe.







THE DOG SMOKING A PIPE.





THE DOG STANDING ON HIS HEAD.



*Old Mother Hubbard.*



She went to the ale-house  
To get him some beer,  
But when she came back  
The Dog sat in a chair.

She went to the tavern  
For white wine and red,  
But when she came back  
The Dog stood on his head.



*Old Mother Hubbard.*



She went to the fruiterer's  
To buy him some fruit,  
But when she came back  
He was playing the flute.

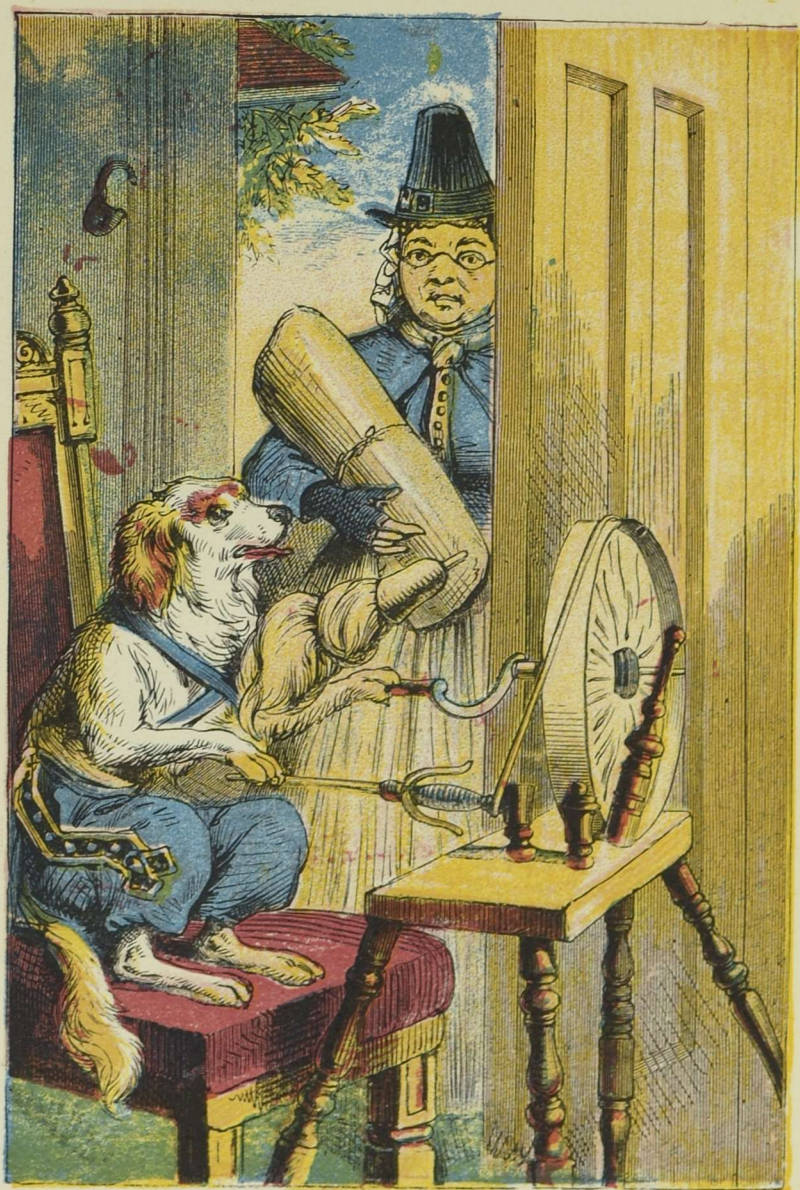
She went to the tailor's,  
To buy him a coat,  
But when she came back  
He was riding a goat.







THE DOG PLAYING THE FLUTE.



THE DOG SPINNING.



*Old Mother Hubbard*

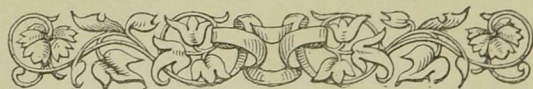


She went to the sempstress  
To buy him some linen,  
But when she came back  
The Dog was a-spinning.

She went to the hosier's  
To buy him some hose,  
But when she came back  
He was dressed in his clothes.



*Old Mother Hubbard.*

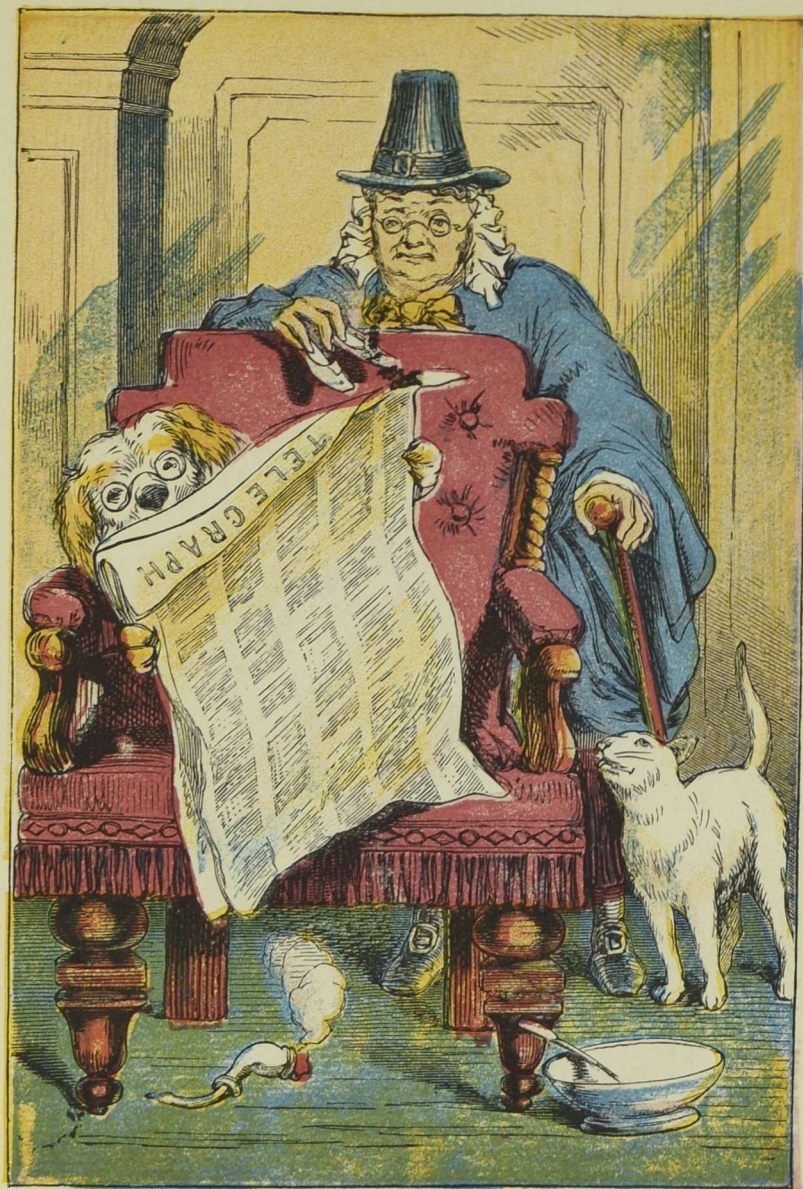


She went to the cobbler's  
To buy him some shoes,  
But when she came back  
He was reading the news.

The Dame made a curtsey,  
The Dog made a bow ;  
The Dame said, " Your servant ; "  
The Dog said, " Bow-wow ! "







THE DOG READING THE NEWS.



THE DOG MADE A BOW.



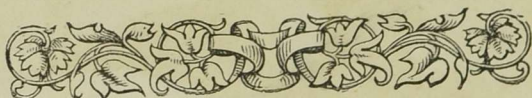
*Old Mother Hubbard.*



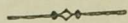
This wonderful Dog  
Was Dame Hubbard's delight ;  
He could sing, he could dance,  
He could read, he could write.

So she gave him rich dainties  
Whenever he fed,  
And erected a monument  
When he was dead.





## COCK ROBIN.



Who killed Cock Robin?  
I, said the Sparrow,  
With my bow and arrow.  
I killed Cock Robin.







THE SPARROW, COCK ROBIN, AND THE FISH.





THE LINNET, THE DOVE, AND COCK ROBIN.



*Cock Robin.*



Who saw him die?

I, said the Fly,

With my little eye.

I saw him die.

Who caught his blood?

I, said the Fish,

With my little dish.

I caught his blood.



*Cock Robin.*



Who'll carry him to the grave?

I, said the Kite,

If it's not in the night.

I'll carry him to the grave.

Who'll carry the link?

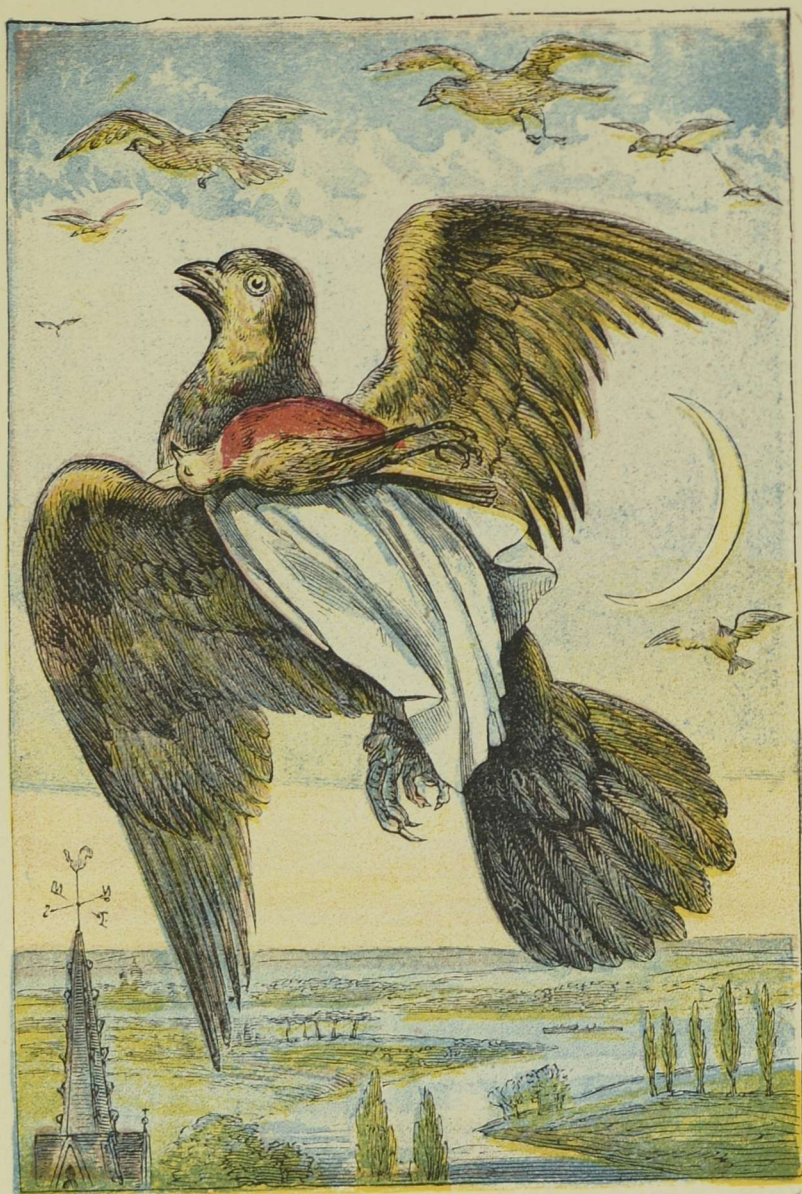
I, said the Linnet,

I'll fetch it in a minute.

I'll carry the link.







THE KITE AND COCK ROBIN.



THE OWL, THE BEETLE, AND COCK ROBIN.



*Cock Robin.*



Who'll make his shroud?  
I, said the Beetle,  
With my thread and needle.  
I'll make his shroud.

Who'll dig his grave?  
I, said the Owl,  
With my spade and shovel.  
I'll dig his grave.



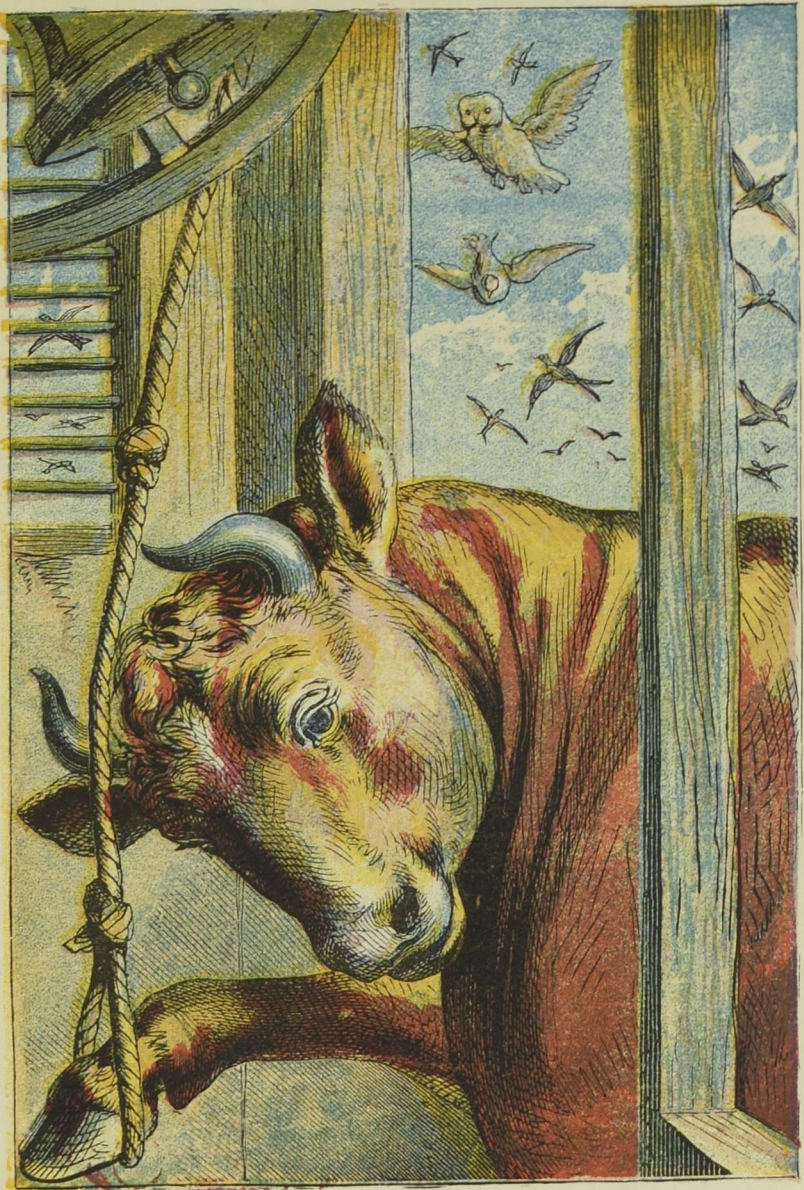
*Cock Robin.*



Who'll toll the bell?  
I, said the Bull,  
Because I can pull.  
I'll pull the bell.







THE BULL TOLLING THE BELL



THE ROOK AND THE LARK.



*Cock Robin.*



Who'll be the Parson ?

I, said the Rook,

With my little book.

I'll be the Parson.

Who'll be the Clerk ?

I, said the Lark,

If it's not in the dark.

I'll be the Clerk.



*Cock Robin.*

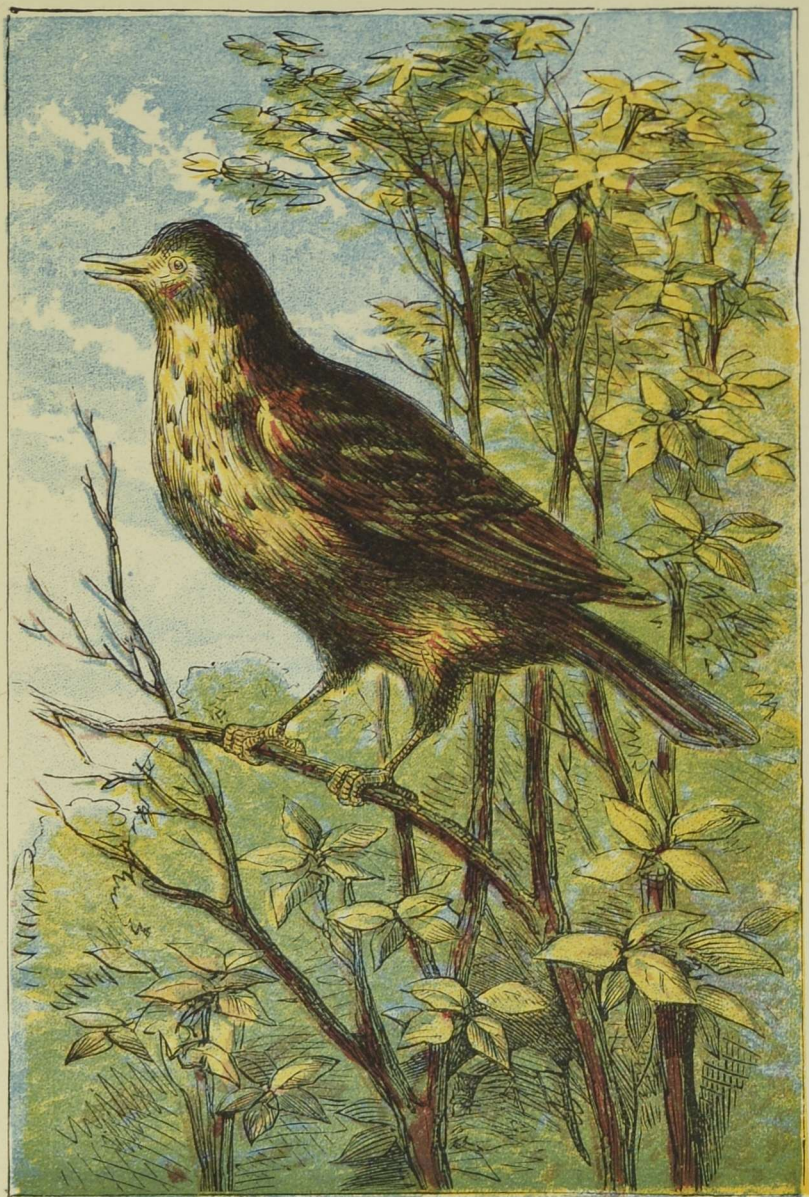


Who'll be chief mourner?  
I, said the Dove,  
For I mourn for my love.  
I'll be chief mourner.

Who'll sing a psalm?  
I, said the Thrush,  
As she sat in a bush.  
I'll sing a psalm.







THE THRUSH.



## JACK & THE BEAN-STALK.

---

ONCE upon a time there was a poor widow who lived in a little cottage with her only son Jack.

Jack was a giddy, thoughtless boy, but very kind-hearted and affectionate. There had been a hard winter, and after it the poor woman had suffered from fever and ague. Jack did no work as yet, and by degrees they grew dreadfully poor. The widow saw that there was no means of keeping Jack and herself from starvation but by selling her cow ; so one morning she said to her son, " I am too weak to go myself, Jack, so you must take the cow to market for me, and sell her." Jack liked going to market to sell the cow very much ; but as he was on the way, he met a butcher who had some beautiful beans in his hand. Jack stopped to look at them, and the butcher told the boy that they were of great value, and persuaded him to sell the





JACK SELLS A COW FOR SOME BEANS.



THE BEAN-STALK GROWS OUT OF SIGHT IN  
A NIGHT.



## *Jack and the Bean-stalk.*

cow for them ! And Jack was so silly as to consent to this foolish bargain.

When he brought them home to his mother instead of the money she expected for her nice cow, she was very vexed and shed many tears, scolding Jack for his folly. He was very sorry ; but, he said, he might as well make the best of his bargain, so he put the seed-beans into the ground close by the side of the steep hill under shelter of which their cottage was built, and went to bed. The next morning when he got up, he found that the beans had grown, till the bean-stalks reached right over the top of the hill, and were lost to his sight. Greatly surprised, he called his mother, and they both gazed in silent wonder at the bean-stalk, which was not only of great height, but was thick enough to bear Jack's weight.

"I wonder where it goes ?" said Jack to his mother ; "I think I will climb up and see."

His mother wished him not to venture up this strange ladder, but Jack coaxed her to give her consent to the attempt, for he was certain there must be something wonderful in the bean-stalk.

Jack instantly began to climb, and went

## *Jack and the Bean-stalk.*

up and up on the ladder-like bean till everything he had left behind him, the cottage, the village, and even the tall church tower, looked quite little, and still he did not see the top of the bean-stalk.

Jack felt a little tired, and thought for a moment that he would go back again; but he was a very persevering boy, and he knew that the way to succeed in anything is not to give up. So after resting for a moment he went on, and at last reached the top of the bean, and found himself in a beautiful country, finely wooded; and not far from the place where he had got off the bean-stalk stood a fine and strong castle.

Jack wondered very much that he had never heard of or seen this castle before; but when he reflected on the subject, he saw that it was as much separated from the village by the perpendicular rock on which it stood as if it were in another land.

While Jack was standing looking at the castle, a very strange-looking woman came out of the wood and advanced towards him.

Jack took off his hat to the old lady, and she said, pointing to the castle, "Boy, that castle belongs to you. A wicked giant killed your father, and took it from your mother;





JACK CLIMBS THE BEAN-STALK.



JACK ASKS ABOUT THE CASTLE.



## *Jack and the Bean-stalk.*

try and win it back from the monster who now has it." As she ceased speaking she suddenly disappeared, and of course Jack knew she was a fairy.

He was much surprised ; however, he walked up to the castle door and knocked, and an old giantess came out. She did not wait till he spoke, but pulled him in at once, for she thought he would make a nice supper for her when her husband was asleep. Just at that moment, however, she heard the giant's step approaching, so she put Jack into a press, and told him to hide there, or the giant would eat him. As soon as the Ogre came in, he cried in a terrible voice :

"Fee, fa, fie, fo, fum,

I smell the breath of an Englishman."

"Oh !" said his wife, "there is nobody here. You only smell a crow that is flying over the chimney." Then the giant sat down to dinner, which was quite ready, and when he had eaten a whole sheep, he said, "Bring me my hen."

The giantess brought a hen, and put it on the table before him, and then she went away. "Lay," said the giant to the hen, and she laid a golden egg. Jack could see quite plainly through a little hole which he had

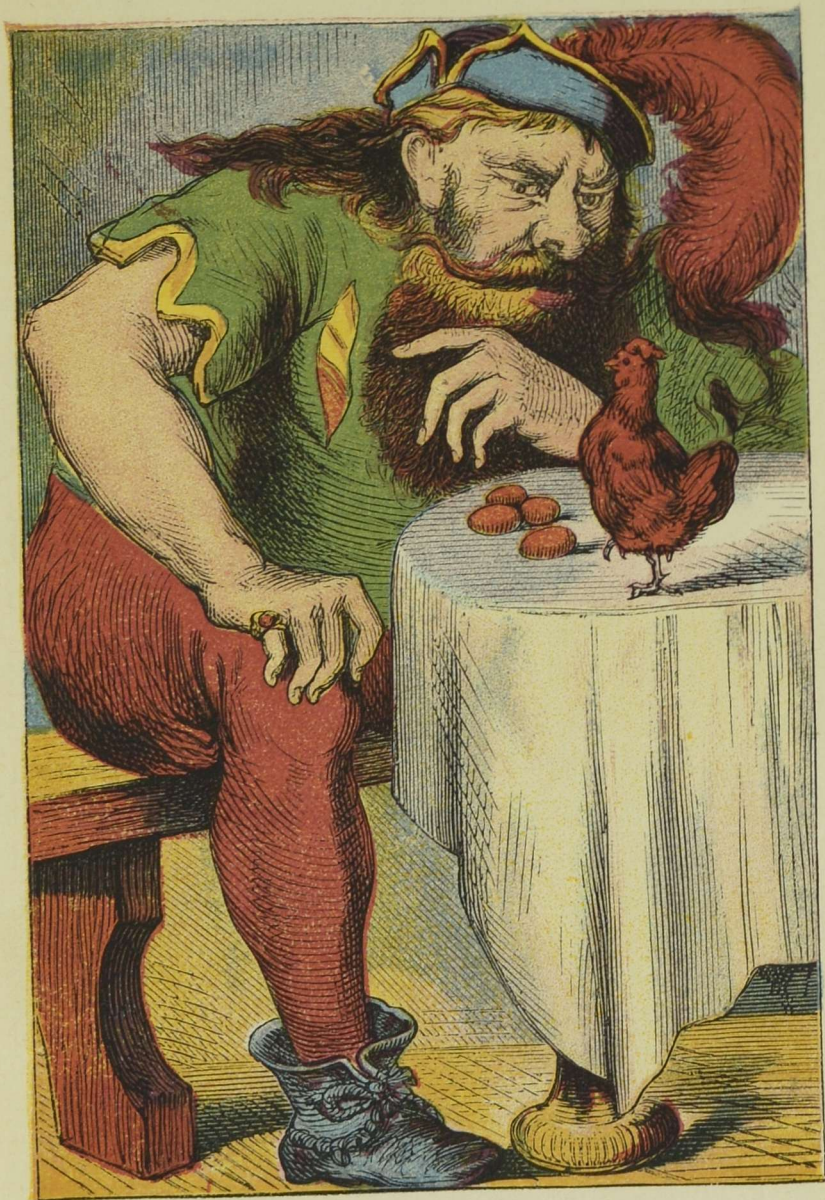
## *Jack and the Bean-stalk.*

bored in the door. Three times the giant said "Lay," and each time the hen laid a solid gold egg. Then the Ogre, being drowsy, shut his eyes, and soon snored very loudly. Directly Jack found that the giant was asleep, he stole out of the press, caught up the hen, ran out of the room, opened the door of the castle, which the giant had left ajar, and descended the bean-stalk as fast as he could go. His mother was glad to see him again, and much surprised at seeing the hen, which laid them three gold eggs every day. Jack's mother took them to the next town and sold them, and soon grew quite rich. Some time afterwards Jack made another journey up the bean-stalk to the giant's castle; but first he dyed his hair and disguised himself. The old woman did not know him again, and dragged him in as she had done before to eat him by-and-by; but once more she heard her husband coming and hid him in the press, not thinking that it was the same boy who had stolen the hen. She put him into the same press, and bade him stay quite still there, or the giant would eat him.

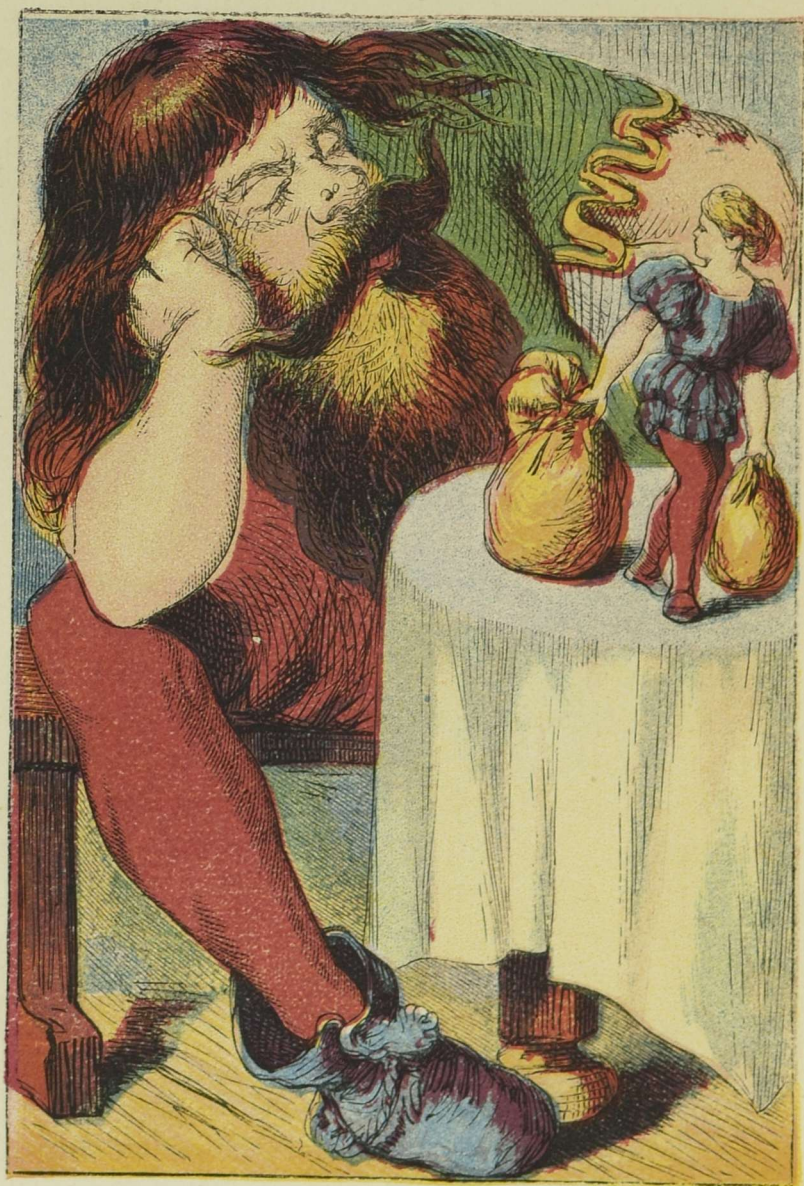
Then the giant came in, saying :

"Fee, fa, fie, fo, fum,  
I smell the breath of an Englishman."





THE HEN THAT LAYS GOLDEN EGGS.



JACK TAKES THE GIANT'S MONEY BAGS.



## *Jack and the Bean-stalk.*

“ Oh ! ” said his wife, “ it is only the cow-herd, who has just been here. We cannot spare him for your dinner.”

Then the giant sat down, and when he had eaten half an ox, he told his wife to bring his money-bags to him. She instantly went and fetched two large bags full of gold ; and then left him to go about her usual house-work.

The Ogre counted out the gold twice over, and then put it into the bags and tied them up. In a few minutes Jack heard him snore. He directly crept out of the press, seized the bags, and hurrying out of the castle, carried them home quite safely. Jack’s mother was glad to see him safe at home again, and for a long time she would not let him go up the bean-stalk ; but Jack knew he had not yet obeyed the fairy’s command to win back the castle, so after a time he set off once more on this adventure, and tapped again at the castle door.

The giantess, who was very stupid, did not know him again, but she stopped a minute before she took him in. She feared another robbery ; but Jack’s fresh cheeks looked so tempting that she could not resist him, and so she bade him come in.

## *Jack and the Bean-stalk.*

But at that moment she heard her husband's step approaching.

Afraid of losing her supper, the Ogress at once shut Jack in the press; and she had hardly hidden him when the giant came in, saying as usual,

“Fee, fa, fie, fo, fum,  
I smell the blood of an Englishman.”

“Oh no!” said his wife, “it is only the shepherd, who has been up with a sheep for your dinner.”

The giant sat down, and when he had eaten a whole sheep he said, “I should like some music; bring me my harp.”

The Ogress went and brought a golden harp to him, set it on the table, and went away. Then the Ogre said, “Play,” to the harp, and it played so delightfully that Jack was charmed.

By-and-by, however, the giant snored so loud that he could not hear the music; and Jack quickly stole out, and seizing the harp, ran away with it. But the harp was a fairy belonging to the giant, and as Jack ran, it cried out, “Master! Master!” The giant woke up slowly and rushed after Jack, but the boy was very nimble and outran him. You may imagine how fast Jack went down





JACK TAKES THE TALKING HARP.





THE GIANT BREAKS HIS NECK.



## *Jack and the Bean-stalk.*

the bean-stalk this time, hearing all the while the tramp of the giant's feet behind him.

Just as he reached the bottom he saw the Ogre looking down on him.

The next moment his great feet were on the bean-stalk.

"Mother, mother ! bring me the axe," cried Jack.

His mother hastened with it, and just as the giant was half way down the bean-stalk, Jack succeeded in chopping it in halves ; the lower half fell ; the upper half swung away, and the giant, losing his hold, fell heavily to the ground on his head and broke his neck.

The same moment the fairy again stood beside Jack, and touching the broken bean-stalk, it turned into a flight of broad, easy steps.

"Go up," she said, "and take possession of your own home, so long kept from you. The Ogress is dead, and there is no more danger. You have been brave and good. May you be happy."

Jack thanked the fairy very warmly for her aid, and she again departed to Fairyland, after explaining to Jack that she had been the butcher who sold him the beans.



## TOM THUMB.



IN the days of good king Arthur there lived a countryman and his wife who, though they had plenty to eat and to drink, and a very comfortable cottage to live in, were not at all happy.

They had no children, and they both wished very much for a baby. The wife was often in tears when her husband was out at work and she was all alone, because she had not an infant to take care of and nurse. One day, as she sat weeping by herself, more than usually sad, she said aloud, "If I only had a dear little baby, I should not care what it was like. I should be thankful for one if it were *no bigger than my husband's thumb.*"





THE FARMER'S WIFE CRYING BECAUSE SHE  
HAS NO BABY,





THE FAIRY QUEEN BRINGING TOM THUMB TO  
HIS MOTHER.



## *Tom Thumb.*

Now it happened that the Queen of the Fairies was passing by, though the poor woman could not see her, and as she knew the farmer's wife was kind to the poor and likely to be a good mother, she thought she would grant her wish.

So about an hour or two afterwards the woman was much surprised to see standing by the table a very beautiful lady, dressed splendidly, with a glittering star on her forehead and a wand in her right hand, with a gem of great brilliancy at the top of it. But what delighted the woman most of all was a tiny cradle, made of a walnut shell, lined with velvet, in which lay the prettiest baby ever seen, but it was only just as large as a man's thumb. "See," said the fairy, "your wish is granted. Here is a baby for you. Take care of it; it is your own." The woman did not know how to thank the fairy enough; she was so delighted, and the queen went away quite pleased at having given so much happiness.

Before the fairy went away, however, she

## *Tom Thumb.*

gave the woman a little shirt of spider's web and a doublet of thistle-down for the baby.

When the farmer came home he was very much pleased. He invited all his friends to the christening, and the child was named "Tom," after him, and "Thumb," because he was no bigger than one.

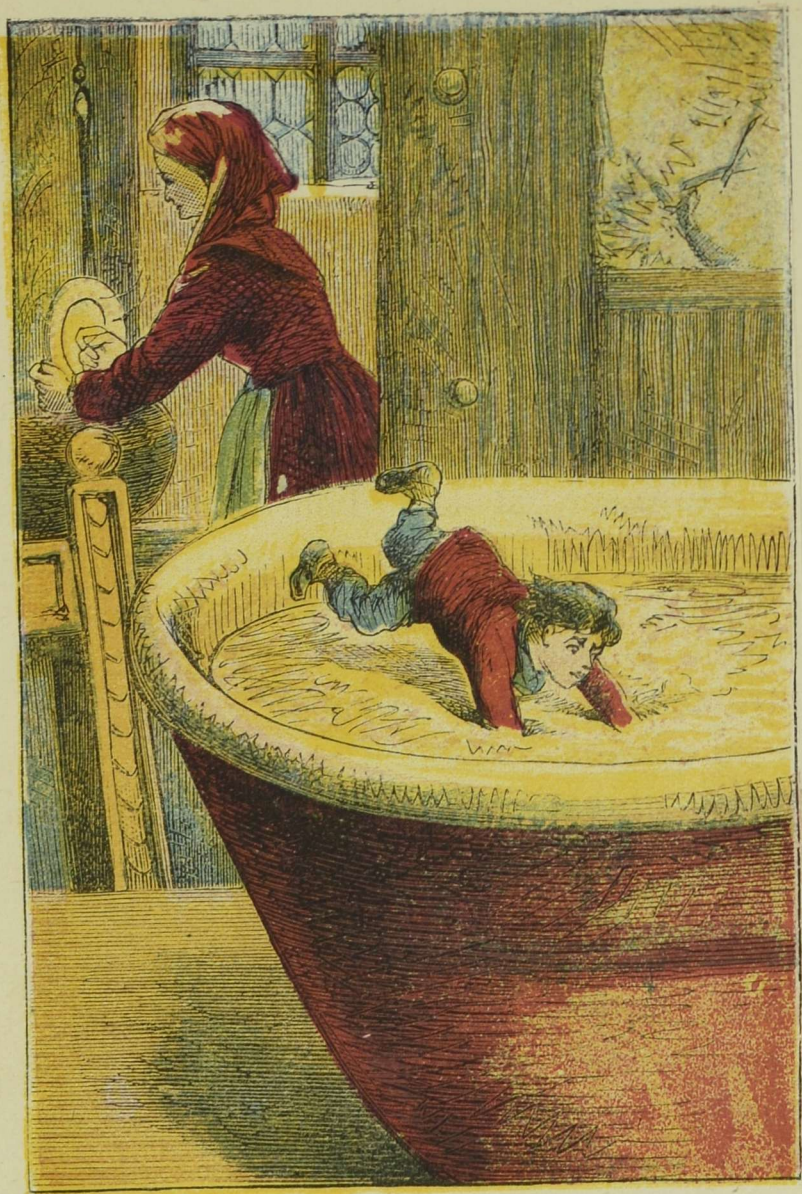
The baby was very well, and merry, and grew, of course; but still it was very small.

However, at last Tom thought himself quite a great boy, and begged his mother to make him a little suit of clothes, and she made him one; but with a great deal of trouble, they were so small.

Tom was very often in mischief. He was so small that his mother used to put him on the table to play; and once she found him in the salt-box.

One day she was making a plum-pudding, and Tom stood by the side of the basin, and peeped over the edge; but he could not see into it very well, and while his mother was gone for some more flour, he drew himself up on the edge of the basin. Alas! he fell in and





TOM FALLS INTO THE PUDDING.





THE FALL OF THE PUDDING.



## *Tom Thumb.*

disappeared in the wet pudding, which for poor Tom was a huge morass.

Tom would have cried out, but the pudding stuck his lips together, and his mother not missing him, stirred him up in the mixture, and put it and him into the pot. Tom no sooner felt the hot water than he danced about like mad; the woman was nearly frightened out of her wits to see the pudding come out of the pot and jump about, and she was glad to give it to a tinker who was passing that way. The tinker took the pudding and put it into a cloth, to carry it home to his family, who seldom tasted such a good dish.

But by-and-by, as he was climbing over a stile, he happened to squeeze it, and Tom, who had made quite an arch over his own head in the dry pudding by this time, cried out from the middle of it, "Hallo, Pickens!" which so terrified the tinker that he let the pudding drop in the field and scampered off as fast as he could. The pudding fell to pieces in the fall, and Tom, creeping out, went

## *Tom Thumb.*

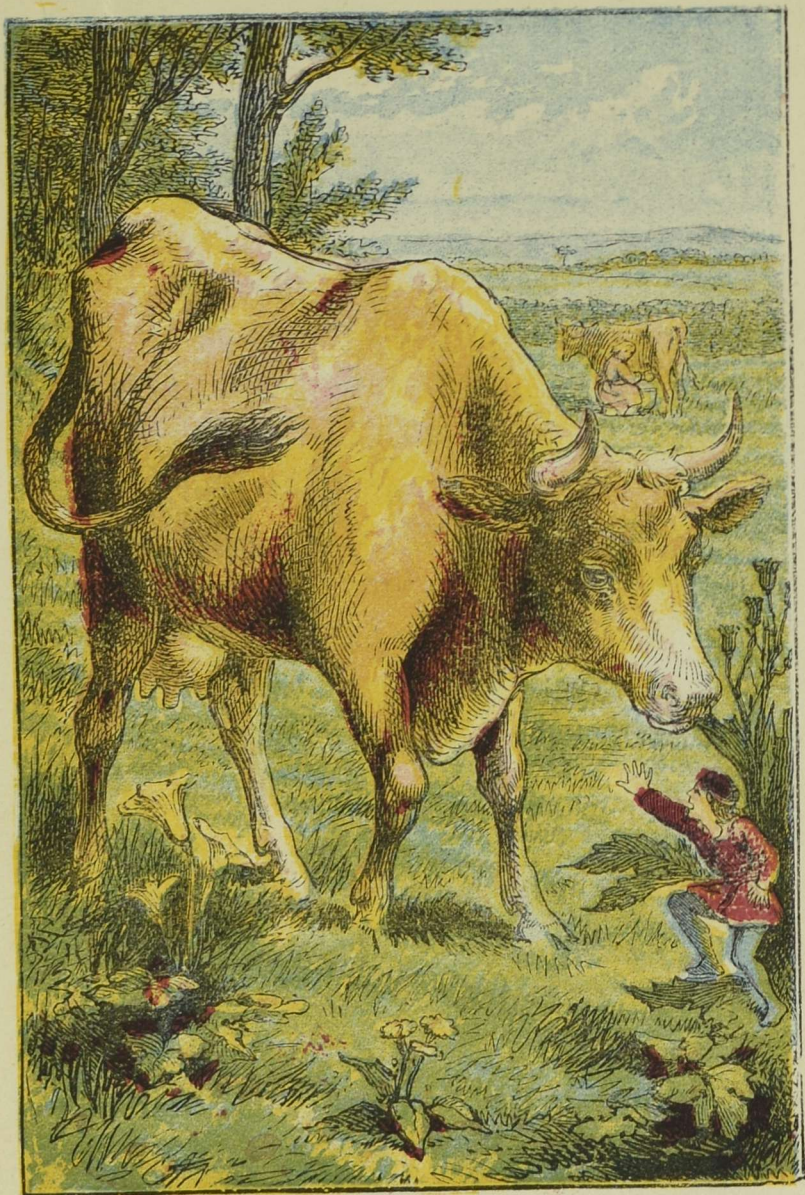
home to his mother, whom he found in great trouble, because she could not find him.

After this accident, Tom's mother never let him stay near her while she was cooking, but she was obliged to take him with her when she went out milking, for she dared not trust the little man in the house alone.

A few days after his escape from the pudding, Tom went, with his mother, into the fields to milk the cows, and for fear he should be blown away by the wind, she tied him to a thistle with a small piece of thread.

Very soon after, a cow eat up the thistle and swallowed Tom Thumb. His mother was in sad grief again ; but Tom scratched and kicked in the cow's throat till she was glad to throw him out of her mouth again, and he was not at all hurt ; but his mother became very anxious about her small son, who now gave her a great deal of trouble. Sometimes he fell into the milk-pail and was nearly drowned in the milk ; once he was nearly killed by an angry chicken, and another time had a narrow escape from a cat.





THE COW EATS TOM.





THE EAGLE FLIES AWAY WITH TOM.



## *Tom Thumb.*

One day Tom went ploughing with his father, who gave him a whip made of a barley straw, to drive the oxen with ; but an eagle, flying by, caught him up in his beak, and carried him to the top of a great giant's castle, and dropped him on the leads. The giant was walking on the battlements and thought at first that it was a foreign bird which lay at his feet, but soon seeing that it was a small man, he picked Tom up with his finger and thumb, and put the poor little creature into his great mouth, but the fairy dwarf scratched the roof of the giant's mouth, and bit his great tongue, and held on by his teeth till the ogre, in a passion, took him out again and threw him over into the sea, which ran beneath the castle walls. Here a very large fish swallowed him up directly.

Tom did not at all like swimming about in the fish, but by-and-by he felt it drawn upwards, and guessed at once that it was caught. And so it was ; and being a very large fish, the fisherman thought it would

## *Tom Thumb.*

make a good present for his beloved King Arthur. So he took it to the palace and begged the king to accept it.

King Arthur was pleased with the poor man's affection, and ordered the fish to be carried to the kitchen and cooked for his own dinner. The fisherman took it to the cook, who admired it very much, but said it was very heavy. Then he laid it on a table and began to cut it open. You may imagine how he jumped with fear and wonder when Tom Thumb slipped out of the fish!

The cook's cries bought the other servants, and soon everybody near ran to behold this wonder—the tiny man who came out of the fish.

Tom begged for some water to wash himself, and when he was clean, the courtiers thought him so pretty and such a marvel that they ran to tell the king about him.

Arthur was very much surprised; but he desired them to send the little man up after dinner to see him, and the Court tailor made haste at once to get ready a Court suit





TOM COMES OUT OF THE FISH.





KING ARTHUR RECEIVING TOM THUMB.



## *Tom Thumb.*

for Tom, which did not take him long to make ; there were so few stitches in it !

As soon as the king's great punch-bowl was set on the royal table, Tom Thumb was carried to see the monarch, who was delighted with the little man. Tom walked on the King's hand, and danced on the Queen's. He became a great favourite with Arthur, who made him a knight. Such is the wonderful history of Tom Thumb, who did much good when he grew older, and thus proved that however small people are, they may be of use in the world. He was good and kind to his parents, and to everybody ; and the old ballad says,—

“Such were his deeds and noble acts

In Arthur's court there shone,

As like in all the world beside

Was hardly seen or known.”









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