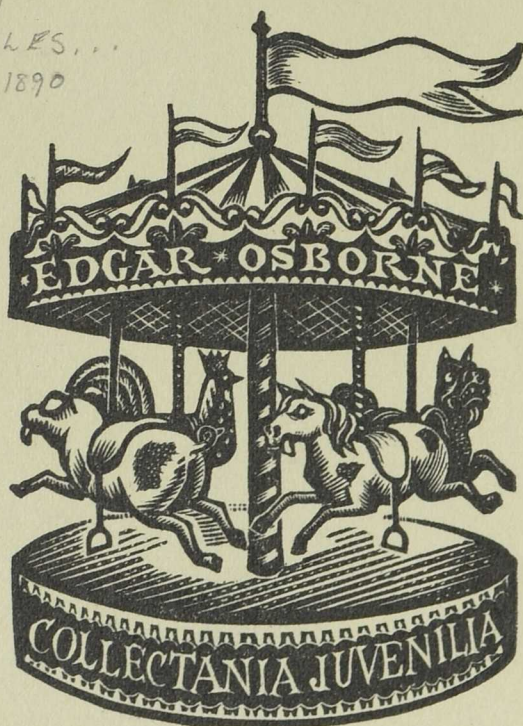




LONDON—FREDERICK WARNE & CO.—& NEW YORK.



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TALES...  
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Tales  
from



Nursery  
Land





CINDERELLA AND THE PRINCE.



# Tales from Nursery Land.

Illustrated  
by  
Constance Haslewood.



LONDON  
FREDERICK WARNE & CO  
AND NEW YORK



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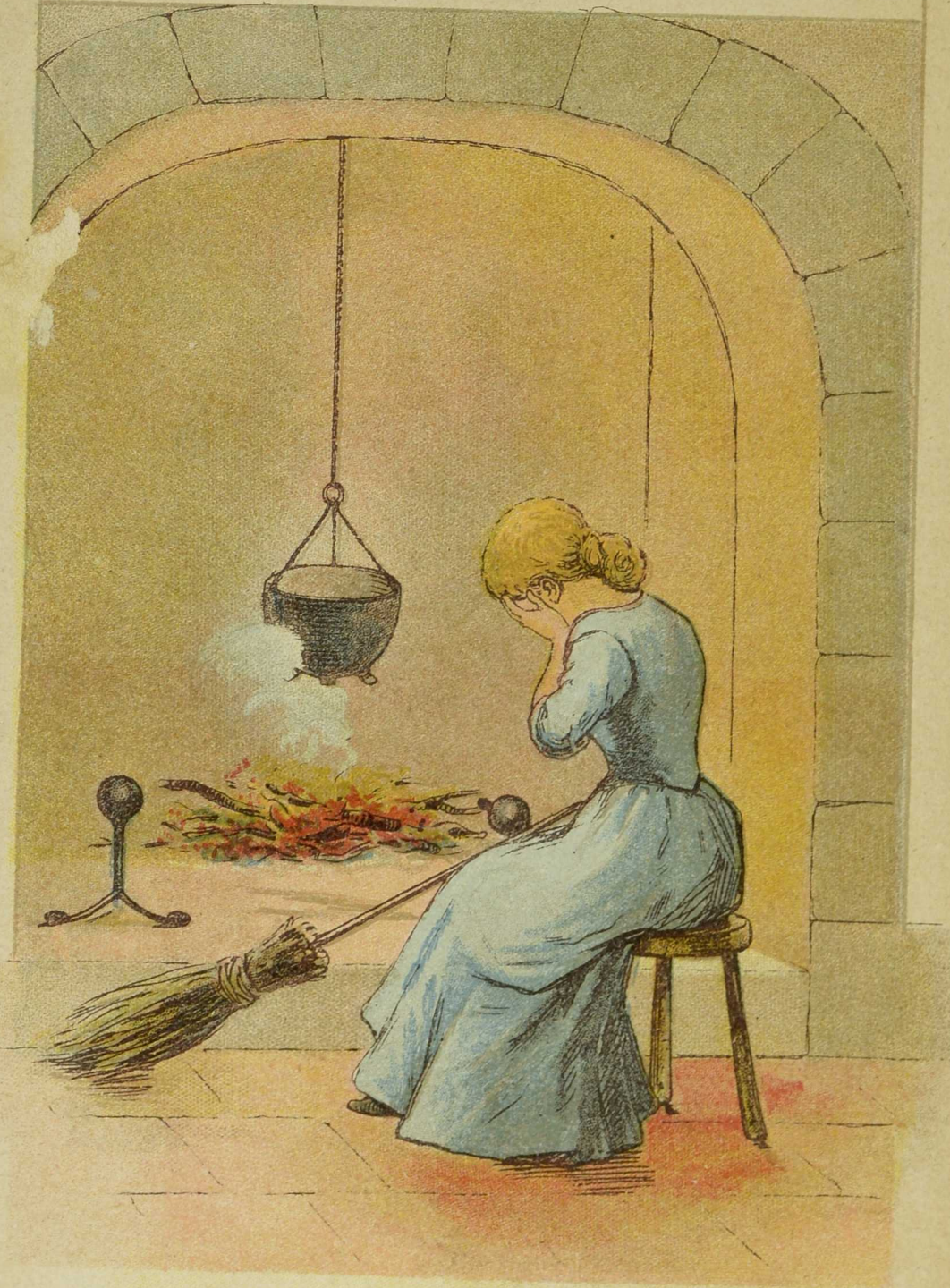
# CINDERELLA.

5



POOR CINDERELLA'S mother was dead, and her father had married again. His second wife had two grown-up daughters, and these girls were very cruel, and made Cinderella do all the hard work of the house. When they were invited to the grand balls the King gave, they made her dress them, but would not let her go with them. They told her she was too ragged and dirty; but that was not her fault, for they did not give her nice clothes to wear. So they went to the ball very grandly dressed, and left her





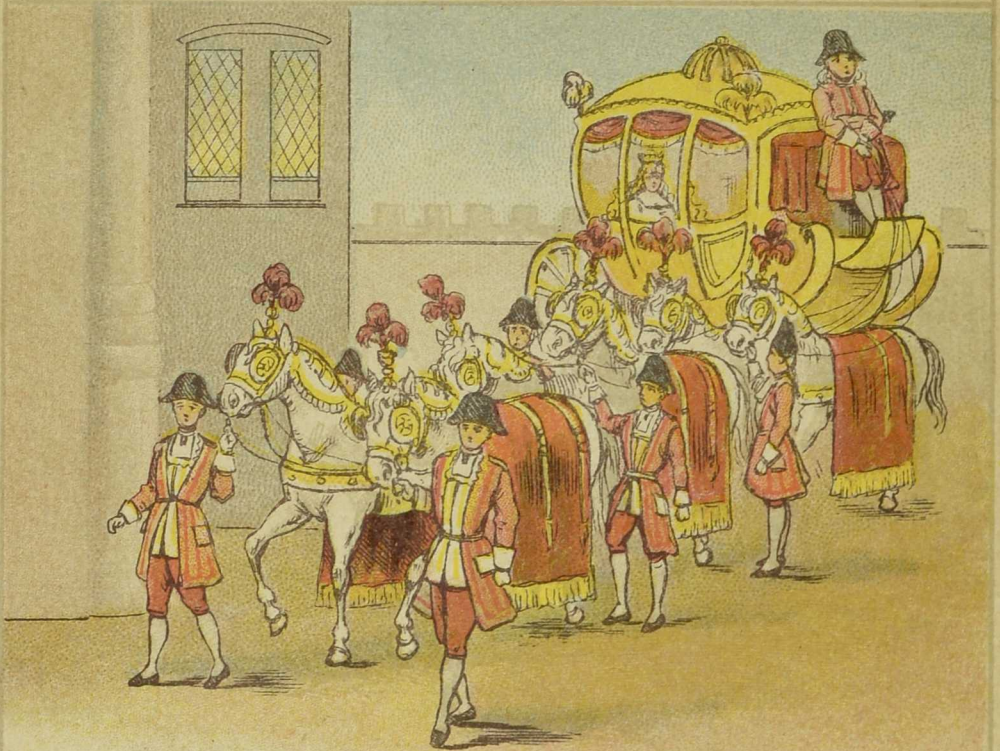
CINDERELLA AT HOME.



all alone. She sat down by the fire, and cried bitterly. "Cinderella, don't cry; you shall go to the ball," said a voice, and looking up she saw her fairy godmother. "Go and get me a pumpkin," said the fairy. Cinderella brought it; the fairy touched it and turned it into a fine gold coach. Then she made the girl bring her the mouse and rat traps, and she turned six mice into horses, and a rat into a coachman. Next she sent for six lizards, and turned them into footmen, and changed Cinderella's dress into white satin and diamonds, and her old boots into glass slippers; telling her that she must take care not to stay at the ball after it had struck twelve, or all the things transformed would change back again to their own shapes. So Cinderella went to the ball. She looked like a Princess, and the Prince fell in love with her; but she obeyed the fairy, and left before the clock struck twelve.







When Cinderella's sisters came home they told her that there had been a lovely Princess at the ball, so finely dressed. They did not know Cinderella in her fine clothes. The King gave a second ball, and Cinderella again danced with the Prince. But she had grown careless, and listening to the Prince she forgot her promise to the fairy. It struck TWELVE, and Cinderella ran away at once, but before she reached the palace doors her fine clothes had all turned to rags, and as she ran in her hurry she left one of her slippers behind her on the stairs. There was no coach waiting for her when she reached the door; only a pumpkin lay on the ground, and some mice ran away from her. Cinderella went home in her rags alone. But the Prince

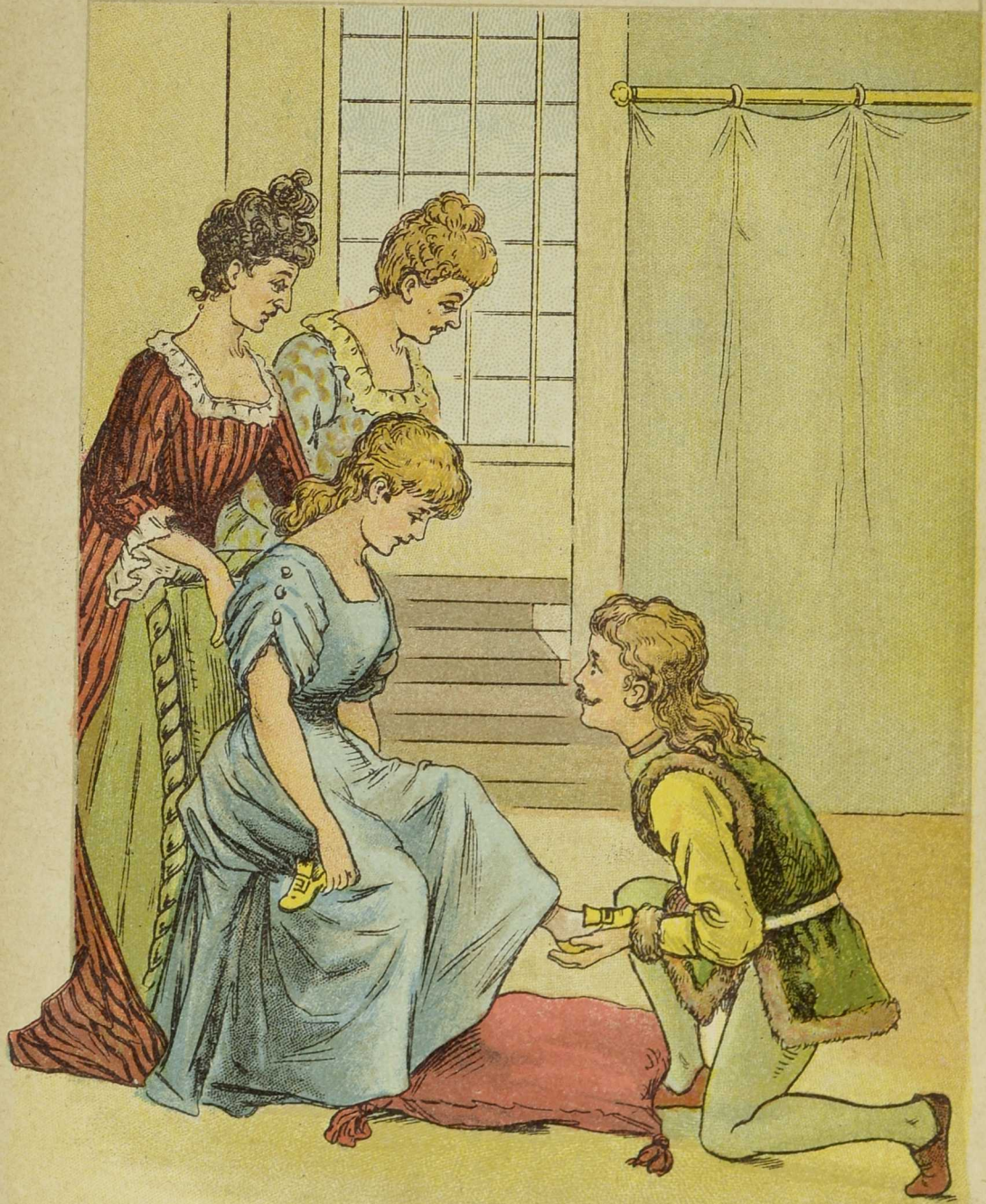




had picked up her lost slipper on the stairs, and as he knew it belonged to his Princess, who had run away in such a strange hurry, he kept it, and said that he would never marry anyone but the lady who could put on that slipper. He asked the guards at the palace door if they had seen the Princess go by, but they said "No"; they had only seen a ragged beggar girl run out of the door.

Then the Prince sent out a herald to proclaim that whoever could put on the glass slipper should be the Prince's wife. The ladies at the court at once began to try on the slipper. The princesses, duchesses—all tried, but it was no use; they could not get it on. At last the gentleman who was the Prince's agent came to the house





TRYING ON THE SLIPPER.



of the cruel sisters, and they each tried to squeeze their foot in, but it was impossible. Then Cinderella, who was in the room, said, "Pray, Sir, allow me to try it on." Her sisters laughed scornfully at her, but the gentleman said that the Prince wished everyone to try it on; so Cinderella sat down, and he drew it easily on her foot. But he was much surprised when the poor girl took the other slipper from her pocket. At that moment the fairy godmother appeared, touched Cinderella's dress and changed it into a more magnificent one than she had ever worn. Then her sisters saw that she was the Princess who had been at the ball, and they threw themselves at her feet and begged her to forgive them. Cinderella told them to stand up, and kissed them and forgave them. She was then conducted, dressed as she was, to the palace. The young Prince knew her at once, and instantly asked her to be his wife. They were married soon afterwards, and lived very happily. Cinderella was good to the poor, and to those who had no mothers, because she knew how unhappy they were, and every body loved her, she was so kind and gentle.







PUSS AND THE MILLER'S SON.



# Puss in Boots.

13



THERE was once upon a time a miller who, when he died, left all he had to his three sons. To the eldest he gave his mill; to the second his ass; to the third his cat. The owner of the cat was very unhappy. "I cannot keep myself," he said, "and I have to keep poor Puss also." But the cat said, "Do not fear, my dear master; give me a bag

and a pair of boots, and I will keep us both." Then the miller's son bought a pair of boots and a bag for the cat, and when he had them he strutted about very proudly as Puss in Boots. Then Puss put the bag round his neck, took the strings in his fore paws, and went to a rabbit warren. He put some bran and thistles in the bag, and leaving the top of it open, stretched himself out as if he were dead. By and bye a silly young rabbit ran into the bag; Puss pulled the strings, and at once killed it. Proud of his prey, he went to the palace and asked to speak to the king. He was shown into the room where the monarch was sitting with his fair daughter.



Puss made a low bow and said, "Here, sire, is a rabbit that I have brought you from the warren of my master, the Marquis of Carabas, with the assurance of his loyalty and respects." "Tell your master," said the king, "that I accept his gift, and am much obliged to him."

Next day Puss hid himself in a corn field, leaving his bag open, and two partridges ran into it. He drew the strings, caught and killed them, and again presented them to the king. He continued thus to carry the king presents for two or three months; taking home, also, enough to feed his master and himself. One day, hearing that the king was going for a drive by the river-side, he said to his master, "Go and swim in the river, and I will make your fortune." His master, seeing how clever Puss was, obeyed. Then the king's carriage appeared, and Puss ran towards it, and cried with all his might: "Help! help! or the Marquis of Carabas will be drowned!" On hearing this, the king put his head out of the window, and recognising the cat, ordered his footmen to go and help the marquis. And Puss told the king, that while the







marquis was bathing, some thieves had come and carried off his clothes; but the truth was, the cunning cat had hidden them under a large stone. Then the king sent for some of his own clothes; the young man was dressed in them, and his majesty insisted that the marquis should take a drive with him. Puss ran on



*THE MARQUIS OF CARABAS.*





before, and coming to a meadow where mowers were cutting the grass, he said to them, "If you do not tell the king, when he asks you, that these meadows belong to the Marquis of Carabas, you shall be chopped as small as mincemeat." The king did ask to whom those meadows belonged; and the mowers, afraid of the cat, said, "To my Lord Marquis of Carabas." "You have a fine estate, my lord," said the king. Still Puss ran on, and came to corn fields and reapers. "Now mind," said the cat to them, "if the king comes by, and asks whose fields are these, you are to say that they belong to the Marquis of Carabas; if you do not, you shall all be cut as small as mincemeat." So when the king came by the reapers, and asked them whose corn fields these were, they answered—because they were frightened at seeing a cat in boots—"They belong, sire, to the Marquis of Carabas." This made the king think the marquis must be a very rich man, and as the miller's son looked very handsome in the royal clothes, his

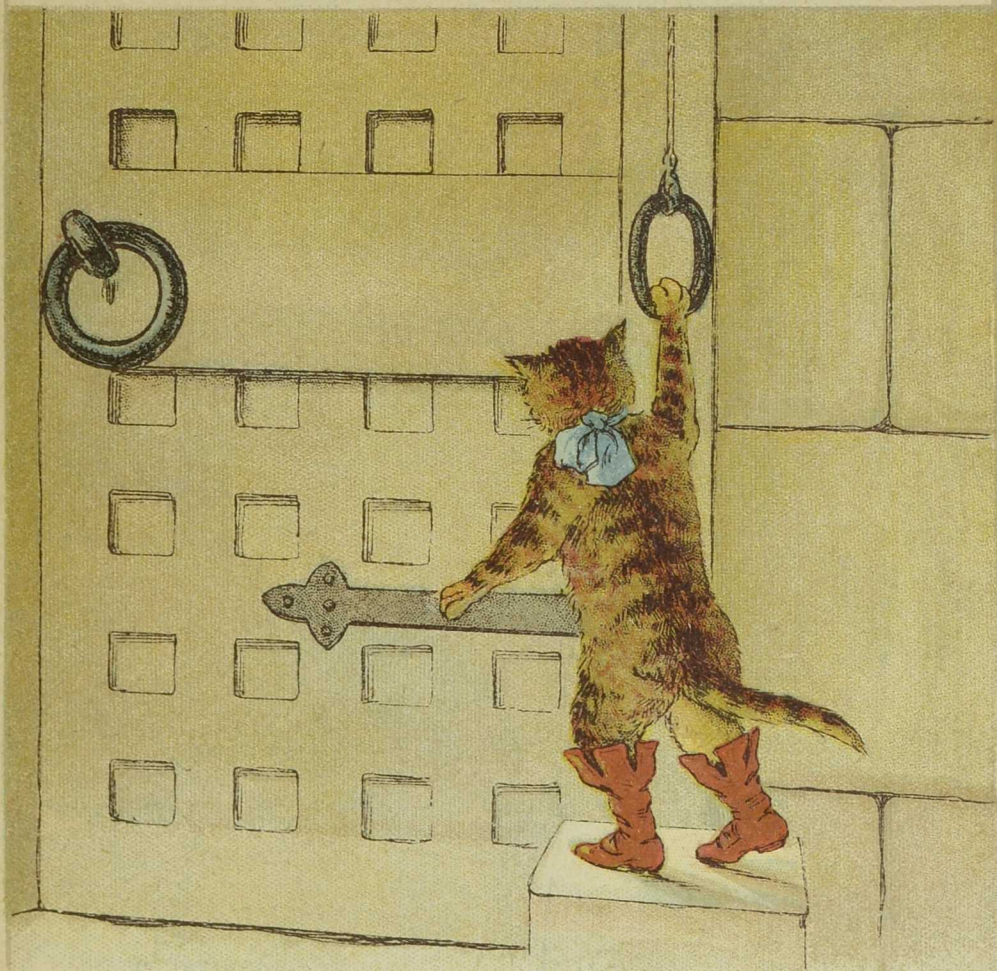




majesty thought that he would make a good husband for his daughter.

Now all these fields really belonged to a terrible ogre, who eat men and children, and lived at a great castle near the lands. Puss resolved to call on him. So walking very fast he reached at last the ogre's castle, and knocked at the door. It was opened at once by the giant, who held in his hand a large spiked club. He told Puss to come in, and Puss entered and complimented the ogre on his fine castle, telling him that he





could not pass without telling him how much he admired it. "I hear, also," he said, "that you can turn yourself into any animal you please." "I can," said the ogre, and instantly turned into a lion. Puss was so frightened that he ran up nearly to the ceiling out of the lion's way, but in a moment the lion changed back to the ogre. Puss came down again, and said, "Your majesty really frightened me; but can you also change into a very small creature, as a rat or a mouse? That I think must be impossible." "See," said the ogre, and





AND THE OGRE.



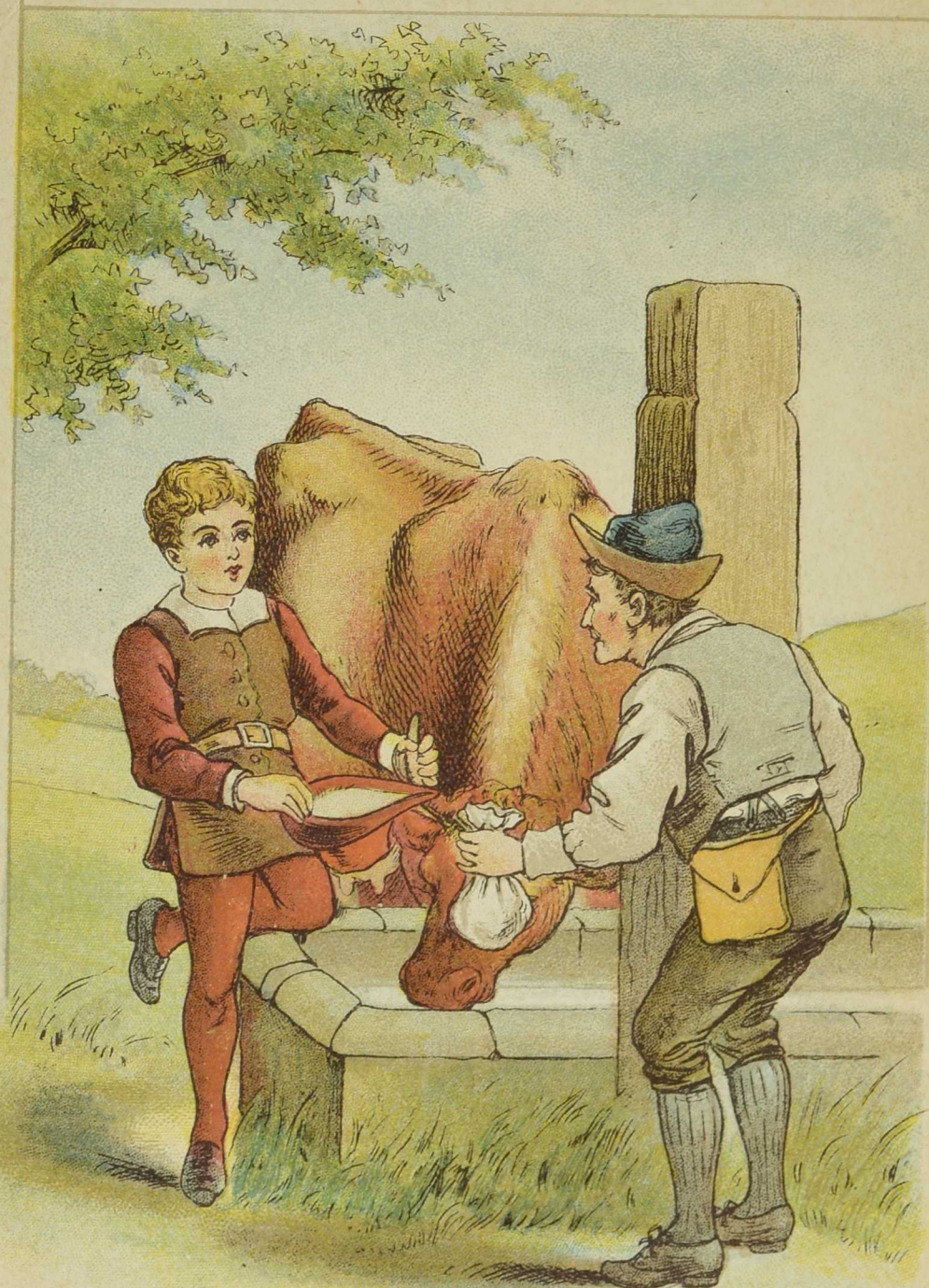
changed at once into a mouse. Directly the cat saw this, he sprang on him and ate him up.

In the meantime the king drove by the castle, and thought he would like to go into it. Puss, hearing the carriage drive up, ran to the door, and opening it, said to the king, "Your majesty is welcome to the castle of the Marquis of Carabas." "What, my lord marquis," said the king, "is this splendid castle yours? Pray allow me to see the interior." The marquis gave his hand to the young princess, and following the king, they entered a large hall, where a fine collation was laid out, which the ogre had prepared for some friends he expected to visit him, but who on learning the king was there dared not enter. The king was so pleased with the feast that he ate and drank of everything, and enjoyed himself very much. He then invited the marquis to the court, and as his daughter liked the young man very much, his majesty soon after proposed a marriage between them, and thus the miller's son became the king's son-in-law.

The marquis made Puss a nobleman, and he never afterwards had to catch mice except for his own diversion; while with both king, princess, and prince (for the king made the marquis a prince) the greatest favourite was Puss in Boots.





*JACK AND THE BEANSTALK.**JACK AND THE BUTCHER.*



# JACK & THE BEANSTALK.

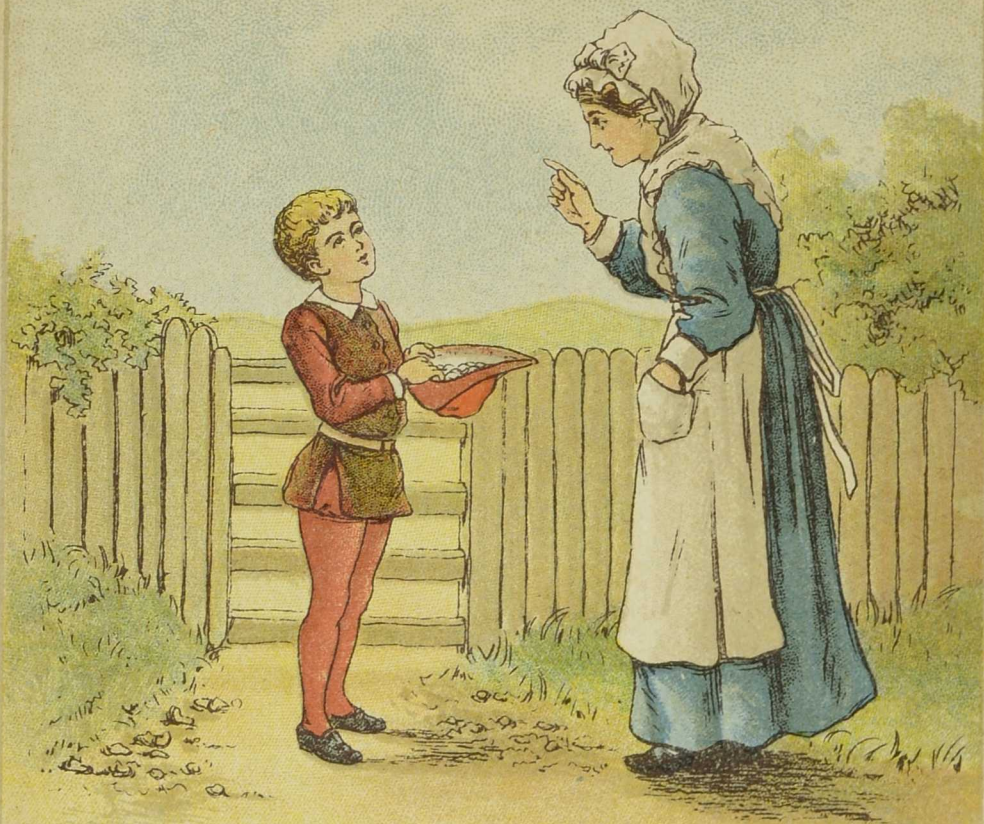
23



JACK and his mother lived in a little cottage that had a garden and a small field attached to it; but they grew poorer every year, for Jack was an idle boy, and did nothing to earn money for the widow, who quite spoilt him. One day, however, she told him that she had no money, and that he must take their cow—the last thing they possessed—and sell it at the market. On his road Jack met a butcher, who had a bag and some pretty beans in his hand. Jack thought the beans lovely, and had no doubt that they were very valuable; the butcher told him he should have the bagful in exchange for the cow, and Jack sold the cow for a bag of beans.

Then he made haste home, called to his mother, and showed her the beans. She was very angry, and snatching up the beans she threw them out of the window. They fell into the garden. Jack was sorry when he saw how he





had vexed his mother, and, besides, he had to go supperless to bed. Next morning, when Jack went out in the garden, he found that the beans had taken root, and their stalks, very thick, formed a ladder like a chain that went so high up that he could not see where it ended. Jack called his mother, showed her the bean ladder, and told her that he would go up it and seek his fortune in order to help her. The poor woman begged that he would not; he would be killed, and she should break her heart. But Jack would have his



way, and soon was climbing up, up the shaky ladder. By and by he reached the top, and found himself in a new country; it was a great waste land. Jack began to be very sorry that he had disobeyed his mother, and as he was walking sadly along he met a very old woman. She stopped him. "Jack," she said, "do you remember your father?" "No," replied Jack, "and my mother never will tell me anything about him. Did you know him?" "Yes," said the old woman, "he was my godson. I am a fairy. I will tell you of his sad fate. He was a private gentleman, but as rich as a prince, and he spent his life doing good. A wicked giant resolved to get his treasures.

He persuaded your father to take him into his house to live, by a pitiful tale of misfortune, and one day (when all the servants had been sent to help some shipwrecked people) he murdered your father, and stole all his treasures. He only spared your mother's life and yours when she swore that she would never tell you this story. He told her if she ever did, he would be sure







to kill you. Now you must punish this cruel giant. You will have to go through great dangers, but if you are brave you will succeed. Remember, all the giant has is rightfully yours, and you may honestly take it. Go, and obey me." And she disappeared. Jack, wondering greatly, walked on. By and by he saw a castle, and a woman standing at the door. He went up to her, told her he was very tired and hungry, and asked her to give him food and a night's lodging. She told him that he had better go away, for her husband was a giant and a cannibal. But Jack said





he must risk it, or he should die of hunger and cold. So she took him in, gave him food, and when her husband was heard coming she hid him in the oven. The giant, as he came in, said in a voice of thunder, "I smell fresh meat." "It is only the prisoners that you are fattening," said his wife; for (as Jack had seen when he went through the castle) behind iron bars unhappy men were being fattened for a giant's feast. The woman brought her husband's supper. He ate an immense quantity, then he said, "Now bring me my hen, and you can go to bed."



She brought a hen and set it on the table by him. The giant said "Lay," and the hen laid an egg of solid gold as often as he spoke the word. Then he fell asleep. Jack got quietly out of the oven, seized the hen and ran off, never stopping till he reached the head of the beanstalk, down which he ran. His mother knew the hen at once ; and when he told her his story, she begged him not to go there again. But Jack knew he must obey the fairy, so leaving his mother, again he disguised himself, went up once more, and asked the kind woman to take him in. She did so very





unwillingly, for she said a thief had got in lately. But she gave him food, and this time hid him in the closet. After supper the giant had his money-bag brought, and counted his money till he grew sleepy and snored ; then Jack crept out and seized the bag. A little dog barked at him, but he threw it a piece of meat, and then made off with his father's treasure, with which he got safely home. A third time Jack got into the giant's castle, and in another disguise, and this time after supper the giant had a harp brought and ordered it to play ; it did so. As soon as Jack heard the giant snore he got out of the copper and, seizing the harp, ran away. But it was a fairy, and called out "Master, Master!" The giant woke, and rushed after Jack : but Jack could run much faster, and was at the foot of the beanstalk when the giant was on the top. Still, he saw he had no time to lose, so he got an axe, and as soon as the giant was a little way down he cut the ladder through, and the monster fell to the earth and broke his neck. The fairy again appeared, and bade Jack be a good and obedient son for the future ; he promised, and kept his word.



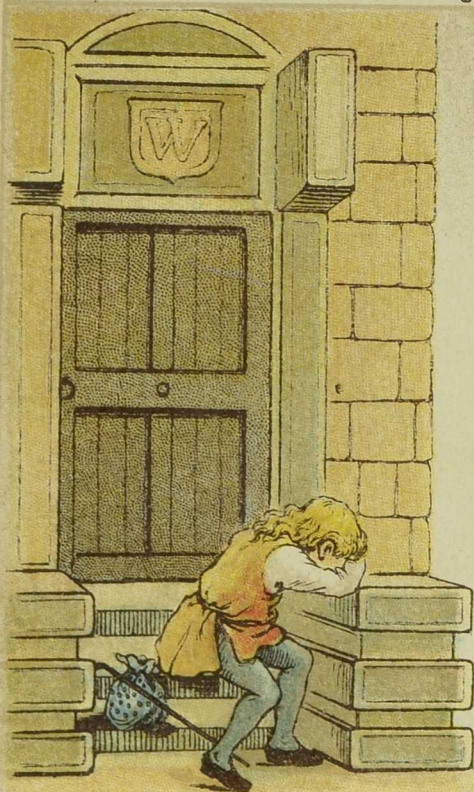




WHITTINGTON AND THE WAGGONER.



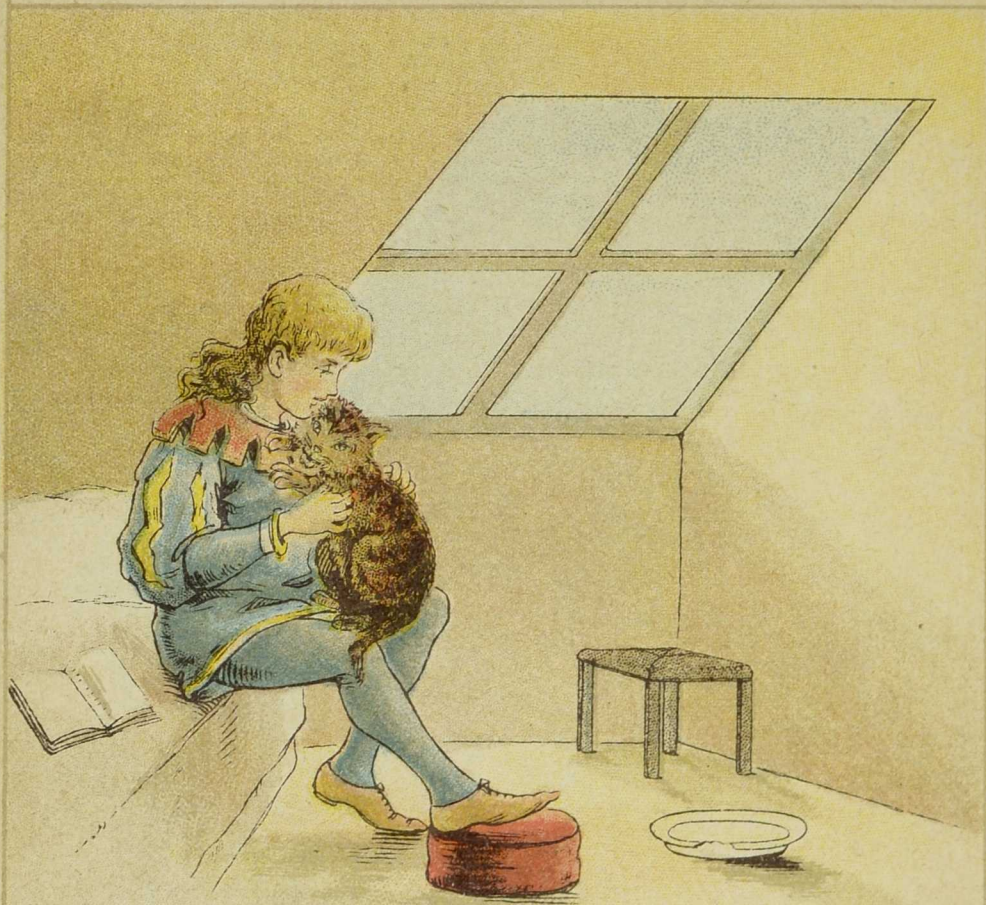
# DICK WHITTINGTON. <sup>31</sup>



DICK WHITTINGTON was a very poor boy. His father and mother were dead, and as he had heard people say that London streets were paved with gold, he thought he would go there to find some. So one day, when he met Ben the waggoner, who went all the way to the great City, he asked him to let him make the journey with him. Ben was good-natured, and very sorry for the poor child, so he let

Dick get in amidst the hay, and shared his bread and onions with him on the way. When Dick reached London he did not know where to go, so he sat down on a doorstep and cried. Now, it chanced that the cook at that house wanted a boy to turn the spit for her, and when she saw Dick she thought he was just the little lad she required, and she took him in and made him turnspit. But she was a very cruel woman, and she made the



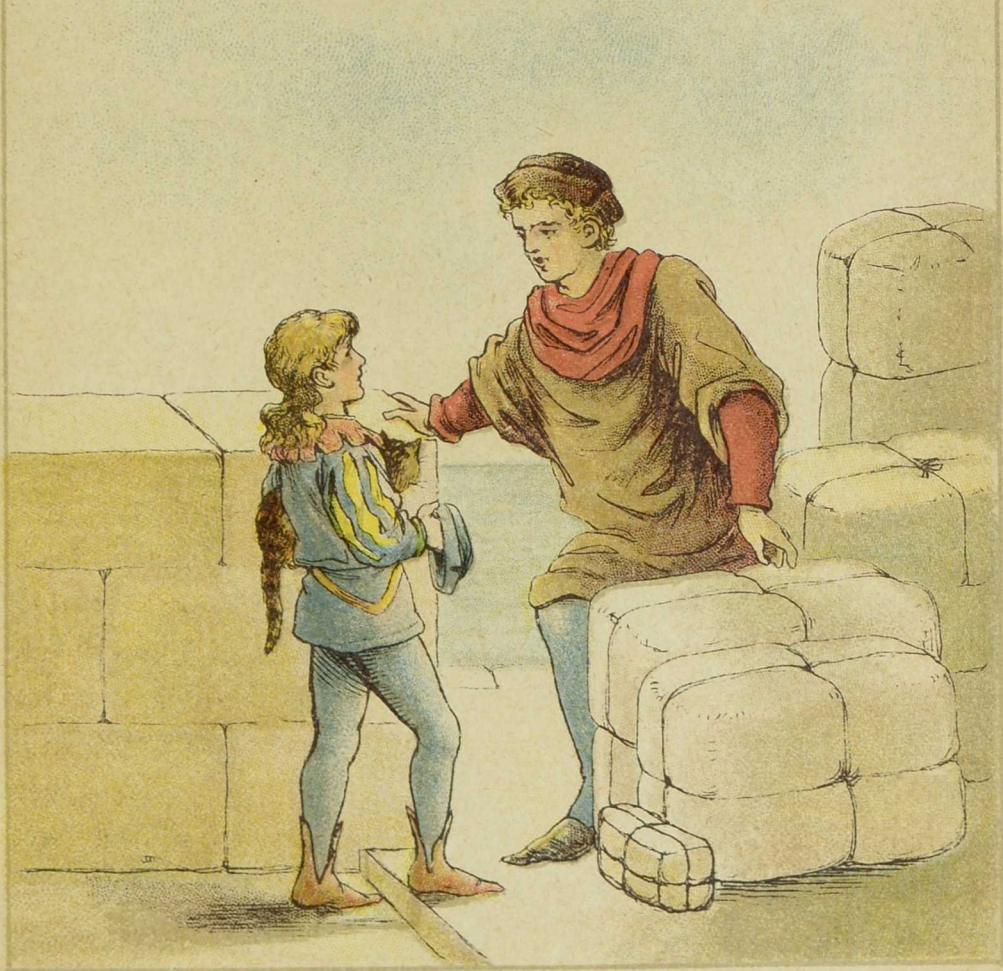


poor boy sleep in a garret that was overrun by rats, and gave him little to eat, and often beat him. Dick was very unhappy; but one day he saw a poor cat that looked so starved he gave it half his small dinner, and pussy would not go away from him, so he took her to his garret, and she soon found enough food in the dreadful rats he had been so afraid of. He grew to love her because she loved him and kept the rats away from his pillow. One day the merchant in whose house he lived was sending out a ship to trade, and he said all his ser-



vants must send something in her to sell also. Poor Dick had only his cat; and Miss Alice, his master's daughter, said, "You must send her, she will sell well"; and Dick, very unwillingly, sent his cat.

When she was gone, he was more unhappy than at first. He could not sleep for the rats, and cook was more cruel and spiteful than ever, so he resolved to run away and get back to the country. Early one morning he rose early, made up his poor little bundle, and set out. But on Highgate







"TURN AGAIN WHITTINGTON".



Hill he stopped to rest for a little while, just as the sun rose. Suddenly he heard the City bells ring out, and, as he listened, they seemed to say—

“Turn again, Whittington,  
Lord Mayor of London Town,  
Turn again, Whittington.”

He was so struck by this song that he turned back, and bore the cook's cruel temper for many a day, patiently.

But what had become of the cat? She was on board the good ship “Trade of London,” that sailed gallantly over the great seas; and she left no rats in the vessel, unless they hid very closely.







At length the good ship reached the land of the Moors, and the captain went to see what he could sell to them. They were glad of all he offered, and when the trading was done, the king invited the captain, his mate and supercargo to dinner. Of course they went, and a very good dinner it was; but before they could taste it, there came on the table with a rush a whole army of rats, and they attacked everything, getting into the dishes, and eating and upsetting the glasses or cups, and making it impossible to dine.

"Why, this is dreadful," said the captain; "Have you no

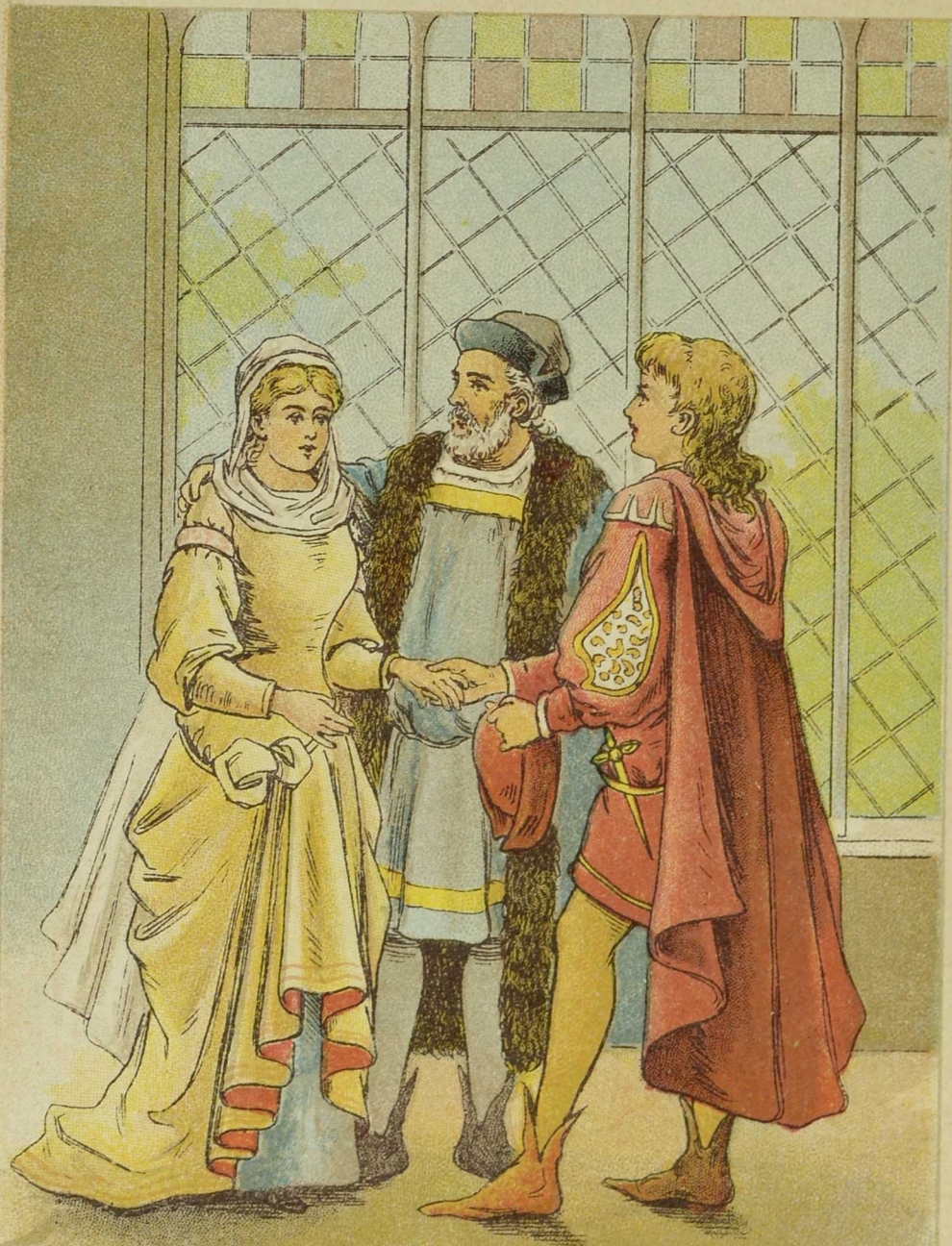


cats?" "Never heard of cats," said the king, mournfully; "we are devoured by these creatures that you see."

So the captain whispered to his mate, and the mate went on board, and they waited. Presently he came back with a basket; he opened it, and out jumped Puss. You should have seen her rush at the rats and mice! They were so frightened at only seeing her, that they hurried and scurried away, and soon the king and his friends were able to have fresh dishes sent up and to eat them in peace. The king was so delighted that he insisted on buying puss; and the kind captain, seeing her value here, asked a great sum for her, in bars of gold.

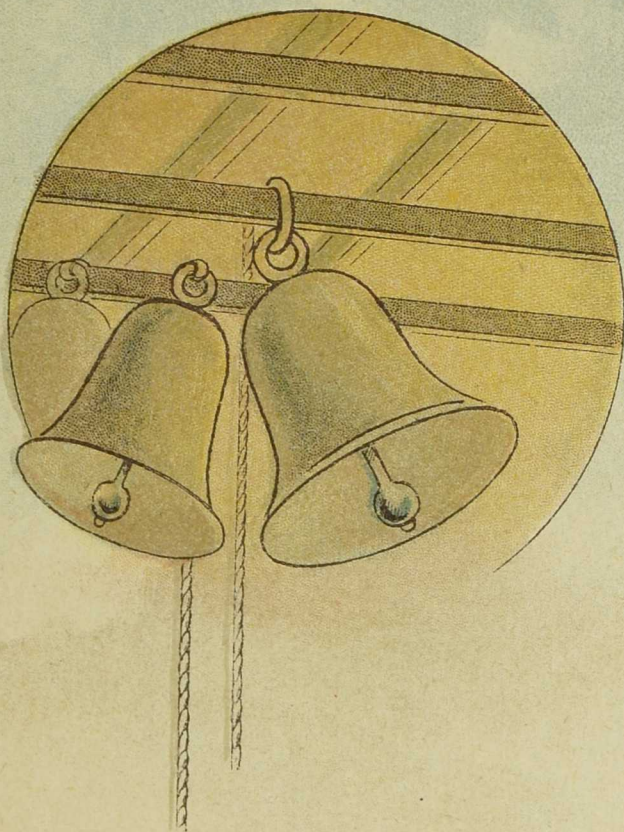






WHITTINGTON AND THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER.





So when the ship came back to London, poor Dick was the richest of all. Pussy had sent him a great fortune. He became a citizen; spent his money well, helping the poor; and as Alice's advice had made him rich, he asked her to be his wife, and she said "Yes" at once, for she loved him. He was made Lord Mayor of London, and he was very glad that he had minded the sweet voices of the London bells.



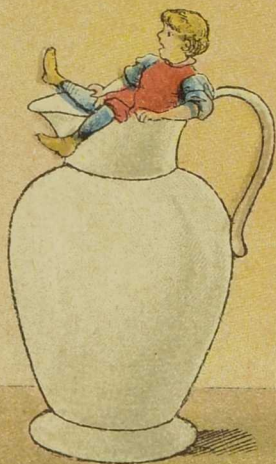


THE PLOUGHMAN AND HIS WIFE.



# TOM THUMB.

41



IN the days of King Arthur there lived a ploughman and his wife who wished very much to have a son ; so the man went to Merlin and asked him to let them have a child, even if it were "no bigger than his thumb." Merlin said, "Go home, and you will find one." The man went home and found his wife nursing a baby that was only as long as the ploughman's thumb. The fairy queen came to his christening, and named him Tom Thumb.

Tom never grew any bigger, but he was a bright, active boy. One day, while his mother was making a plum pudding, Tom stood on the top of the bowl with a lighted candle, that she might see better ; but while she went out of the kitchen for a minute he fell in. She did not see him, but stirred him up in the pudding, and put him into the pot. Tom no sooner felt the hot water than he danced about like mad, and his mother was much frightened when she





saw the pudding jump out of the pot, and dance about on the floor. She thought it was bewitched, and gave it to a tinker who was passing by. The tinker was pleased with his present; but, when getting over a stile he happened to sneeze, Tom, in the pudding, called out: "Hallo, Pickens!" And the tinker was so frightened that he threw the pudding





into the field, and ran away. The pudding broke in the fall, and Tom came out and went home to his mother, who was looking for him, and was glad to see him safe.

One day he climbed into the milk jug, and was nearly drowned in it, but his mother heard his cry, and came and saved him.





HIS MISHAP WITH A COW.





Another time he was lost, and she was seeking him everywhere, when she saw his head peep out of the great wooden salt box that hung on the wall.

A few days afterwards he went with his mother to milk the cows; the wind was high, and she tied him to a thistle

with a piece of thread, for fear he should be blown away. Soon afterwards a cow came by, and, eating the thistle, swallowed Tom. His mother cried out in despair; but Tom kicked and scratched the cow's throat so hard, that she was glad to throw him out of her mouth.

One day Tom went ploughing with his father, who gave him a whip made of a straw to drive the oxen with, and while he was playing at being a ploughman, a great eagle swooped down on him and carried him to the top of a giant's castle. Here the giant found him, and would have eaten him up, but Tom scratched and



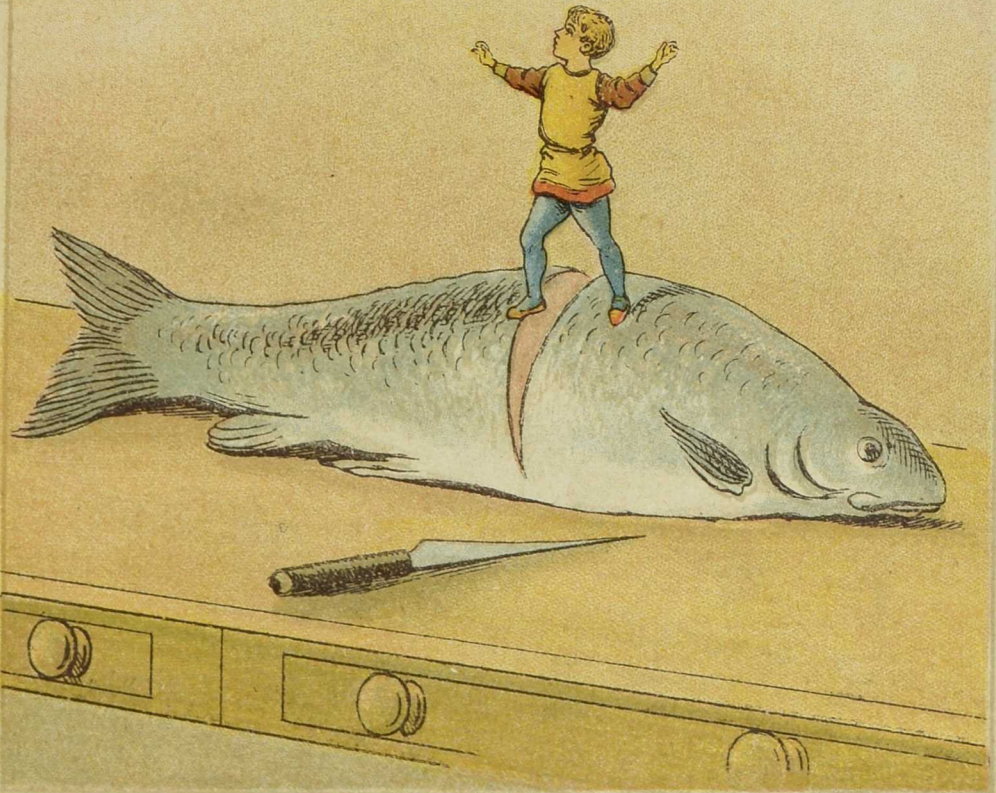




kicked, and held on by his tongue, till the giant in a rage took him out of his mouth and threw him into the sea, where a large fish swallowed him at once. Tom was very uncomfortable inside the fish, but he had been there only a few moments before the creature bit at some bait on a hook, and was caught.



The fisherman who took it thought that he had never seen such a large fish, and resolved to make it a present to the king. Arthur thanked him, and sent it to the cook to dress for dinner; but when the man cut it open, out walked Tom Thumb! The cook was very much surprised, and hastened to tell the king, who sent for the little fellow,





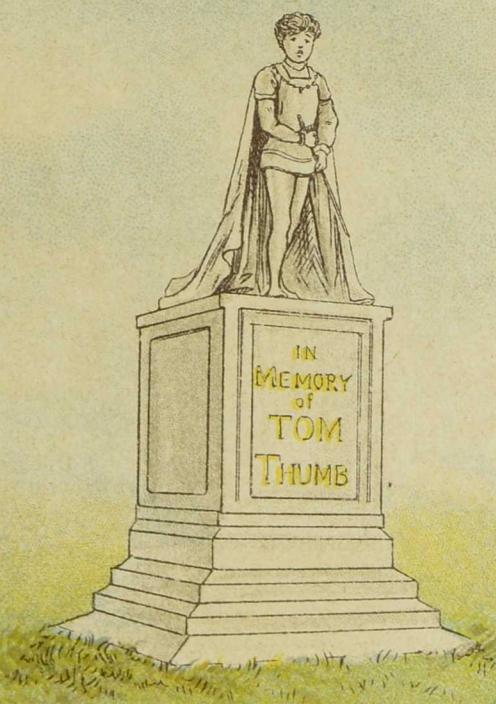


HIS VISIT TO THE QUEEN.



and put him on his hand. Arthur was so much pleased with the small man that, he took him to the queen, and Tom danced on her hand. The king made him a knight, and gave him wealth, so that he was able to help his parents in their old age.

But at length he left the earth and went back to fairy land. King Arthur and his knights were very sorry, and mourned for him forty days. Then the king built a monument of grey marble on which he had engraved the name of TOM THUMB.







AND THE SEVEN DWARFS.



# LITTLE SNOWDROP.

51



ONE day, when snow was on the ground, a certain Queen, sitting at the window, pricked her finger; red drops fell, and the Queen wished that she might have a daughter as white as snow, as red as blood, and as black as the ebony window-frame. Her wish was granted, and she called her child Snowdrop. But this Queen died, and the King married again. The new Queen was very beautiful,

and could not bear to think that anyone equalled her. She had a magic mirror that answered when she spoke to it.

When Snowdrop was seven years old, the Queen asked the mirror her usual question:

“ Say, glass that hangest on the wall,  
Who is fairest of beauties all? ”

And the mirror, that had always said before that the Queen was, replied:

“ Fair and lovely though the Queen,  
Snowdrop’s lovelier far I ween.”





The Queen was so angry and jealous that she told a servant to take Snowdrop into a wild wood and kill her. But the man had pity on her, and spared her life ; and she wandered alone till she saw a small cottage, and went in to rest herself. She found seven little beds there, seven loaves, and seven little glasses of wine. She eat and drank, said her prayers, and lay down to sleep. When it was quite dark, the owners of the cottage came in : seven dwarfs, who dug for gold. They lighted their seven lamps, and saw Snowdrop, and they said, "Oh, what a lovely child !" Next day, when she woke, and





had told them her story, they were very kind, and said that she should live with them, and get ready their food; but they added, "Do not open the door while we are away, for the cruel Queen will soon find you out."

And so she did, for the mirror told her, saying :

"Fair and lovely though the Queen,  
Snowdrop over the hills, I ween,  
Where the dwarfs are,  
Is fairer far."

The Queen was very angry. So she painted her face, and dressed herself as an old huckster, and went to the dwarfs'





AND THE DISGUISED QUEEN.



house, crying, "Fine wares to sell!" Snowdrop was so foolish that she disobeyed the dwarfs, opened the door, and let her in.

And the Queen persuaded her to buy a poisoned comb; the moment it touched her head, she fell down as if dead. Luckily, the dwarfs came home early, and seeing what had happened, took out the comb, and she recovered. She told them all that had passed, and they warned her again not to open the door to anyone. But the Queen knew when she was alone, and she disguised herself as a peasant, and came again to Snowdrop. The little girl would not open the door, yet she accepted a lovely apple the peasant gave her, through the window. But it was half-poisoned. The side the Queen ate was good, but that which Snowdrop took was poisoned, and she fell down dead as she ate a mouthful.

The dwarfs could not bring her to life this time, so they made a glass coffin, and put her in it, and there were gold letters on it, saying that she was a King's daughter. The coffin was set on a hill, and a prince saw it, and wanted to buy it to carry away. At first the dwarfs refused; but at last they gave it to him. As his servants lifted the coffin to carry it home, they stumbled, and shook it so that the piece of poisoned apple fell out of Snowdrop's mouth,





and she revived and sat up. Then the Prince asked her to marry him, and she said "Yes."

So he went home to prepare the bridal feast, and the seven kind dwarfs promised to bring his bride to the palace. They set off at midnight, and travelled on, till at last they were beyond the mountains and out of the wood. By and bye the Prince met them with his attendants; so the dwarfs went back to their own home across the mountains, after Snowdrop had bidden them farewell and thanked them for all their kindness. The poor little men were very sorry to lose her, for she had brightened their lives by her pretty merry ways; still they hoped she would be safer with the Prince than with them from her cruel enemy, the Queen.

For a long time that wicked woman had been delighted at being the most beautiful woman in the world, for when she asked her mirror her usual question:

"Tell me, glass upon the wall,  
Who is fairest of beauties all?"

it had answered:

"Thou, Queen, art the fairest of  
beauties all."

So she thought that Snowdrop must be dead, and left off questioning the magic mirror.

Meantime, the Prince married Snowdrop with great pomp and magnificence, and took her to his palace, which was





one of the finest in the world. The walls were of crystal, and the furniture of all kinds of costly wood, inlaid with gold and silver. Snowdrop now had beautiful dresses and lovely jewels, diamonds, and pearls, and rubies, and she looked more beautiful than ever ; but she never lost her simple ways, and the Prince loved her better and better every day.

Of course, after the wedding, there were great rejoicings, and as Snowdrop's father and stepmother were Sovereigns of the neighbouring kingdom, the Prince was obliged to invite them to the entertainments. The Queen loved to display her





beauty in public, so she accepted the invitation, and ordered a most splendid dress for the occasion. When she had put it on, she went to the magic mirror, and asked :

“ Tell me, glass upon the wall,  
Who is the fairest of beauties all ? ”

And the glass answered :

‘ Here, lady, I ween thou’rt the brightest star,  
But the new-crowned queen is brighter far. ’

The Queen was quite frightened ; but she had to go to the Prince’s court, and she nearly fainted when she saw Snowdrop was the Queen. She was taken very ill—had to return home, and died shortly afterwards. The Prince and Snowdrop lived many happy years. The dwarfs often came to see them, and always went away sad at having to say good-bye to their dear Snowdrop.





# LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD.

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ON the edge of a great forest lived a woodman and his wife who had a sweet little daughter. Her mother made her a crimson cloak with a hood to it, and the neighbours called her Little Red Riding Hood. One day her mother called her and told her to take a basket, in which she had put some nice cakes and eggs and fresh butter, to her grandmother, who lived in the midst of the wood. Little Red Riding Hood was pleased to go, and set out

merrily. It was so sweet and pleasant in the forest under the green trees, and now and then she gathered a wild flower, as she went, or watched a butterfly; and there were such sweet sounds: the coo of the wood pigeon, the hum of the bees, and the wind singing through the trees. By and by there was a rustling of boughs, and a great animal came up to Little Red Riding Hood's side. It was a wolf. "Good morning, Red Riding Hood," he said, "where are you going to-day?" "I am taking a present from my mother to





IN THE WOOD.





grandmamma," said the child. "Does she live in the wood?" asked the wolf. "Yes, all by herself, in a little cottage." Just then came the sound of axes ringing on the trees. "Those are the faggot makers at work," said the child.

"Ah, yes, I hear them; good bye," said the wolf quickly, and he turned and ran away.

Soon after, Red Riding Hood came where the woodmen were making faggots; they asked her, as the wolf had done, where she was going. "To grandmamma's, with a present," she said; and laughing and nodding, she stood and chatted with them before she ran on, patting Hugh, the woodman's dog, who fawned on her.

Meantime, the wolf ran on, by another and shorter way,





till he reached grandmother's cottage ; here he knocked at the door with his paw. "Who is there?" asked a feeble voice inside. "Little Red Riding Hood," squeaked the wolf, trying to speak like the child. "Pull the string, and the latch will come up," said granny ; and the wolf did as she told him, came in, and eat the poor old woman up. Then, like the wicked creature he was, he put on her night-gown and cap, and got into her bed, to wait for Red Riding Hood. After Red Riding Hood was gone the

faggot makers stood looking after her awhile. "It is not safe to send that child through the wood," said one, shaking his head. "There are wolves about."

"Yes," said Hugh, "I'll go that way by and by."

Red Riding Hood went merrily on, now chasing a butterfly, now gathering a flower ; so it was rather a long time before she reached her grandmother's house. When she knocked at the door, the wolf squeaked, "Who is there?"

"Little Red Riding Hood, Granny, with a present for you."

"Pull the string, and the latch will come up," said the wolf.





Red Riding Hood came in and walked up to the bed and gave her message. "Put the basket on the table, and come and lie down by me," said the wolf.

Red Riding Hood obeyed at once, and lay down by the wolf's side, looking in great surprise at her supposed grandmother. By and by she said, "Grandmamma, what large ears you have." "All the better to hear with," growled the wolf, "And what great eyes you have, Grandmamma," said the child. "All the better to see with, my dear." "And what a large nose." "All the better to smell with," said the wolf. "Oh! and what *very* large teeth you have," said the innocent child. "All the better to eat you with," snapped the wolf, and rose to eat her; but Red Riding Hood slipped out of bed,





and ran away. Luckily, she had not shut the door. The wolf soon tore off poor granny's dress, and ran after her, but her screams had brought help. Hugh had come with his axe. He dashed forward, struck the wolf on the head, and at once killed it; comforted her, took her in his arms, and carried her towards her home. Her father was just coming in search of her, and met them. He took her from Hugh's arms, and heard the whole story, and could not thank Hugh enough for saving his dear little Red Riding Hood from the wolf.

THE END.

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