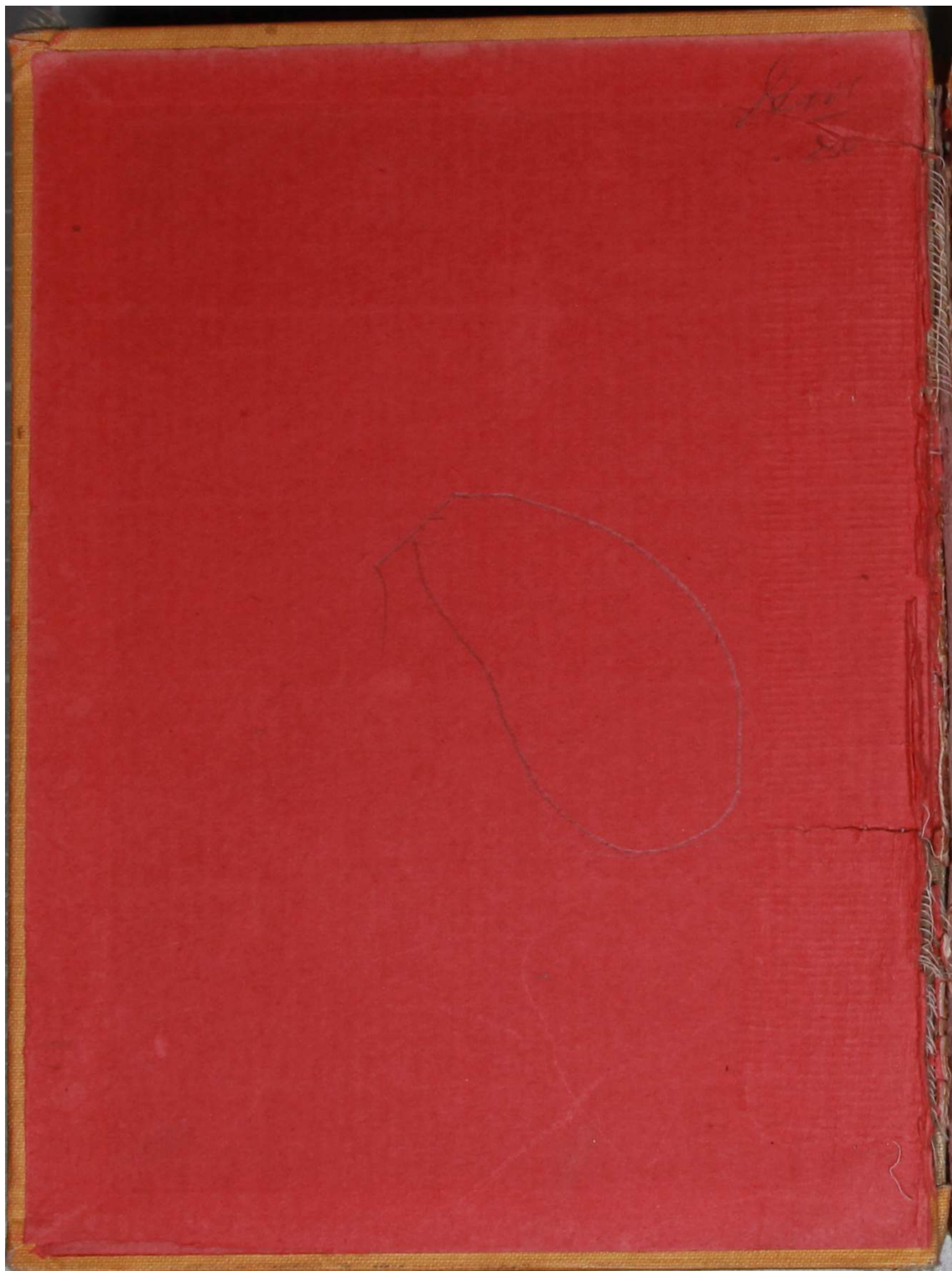




CHILDREN'S
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THAT
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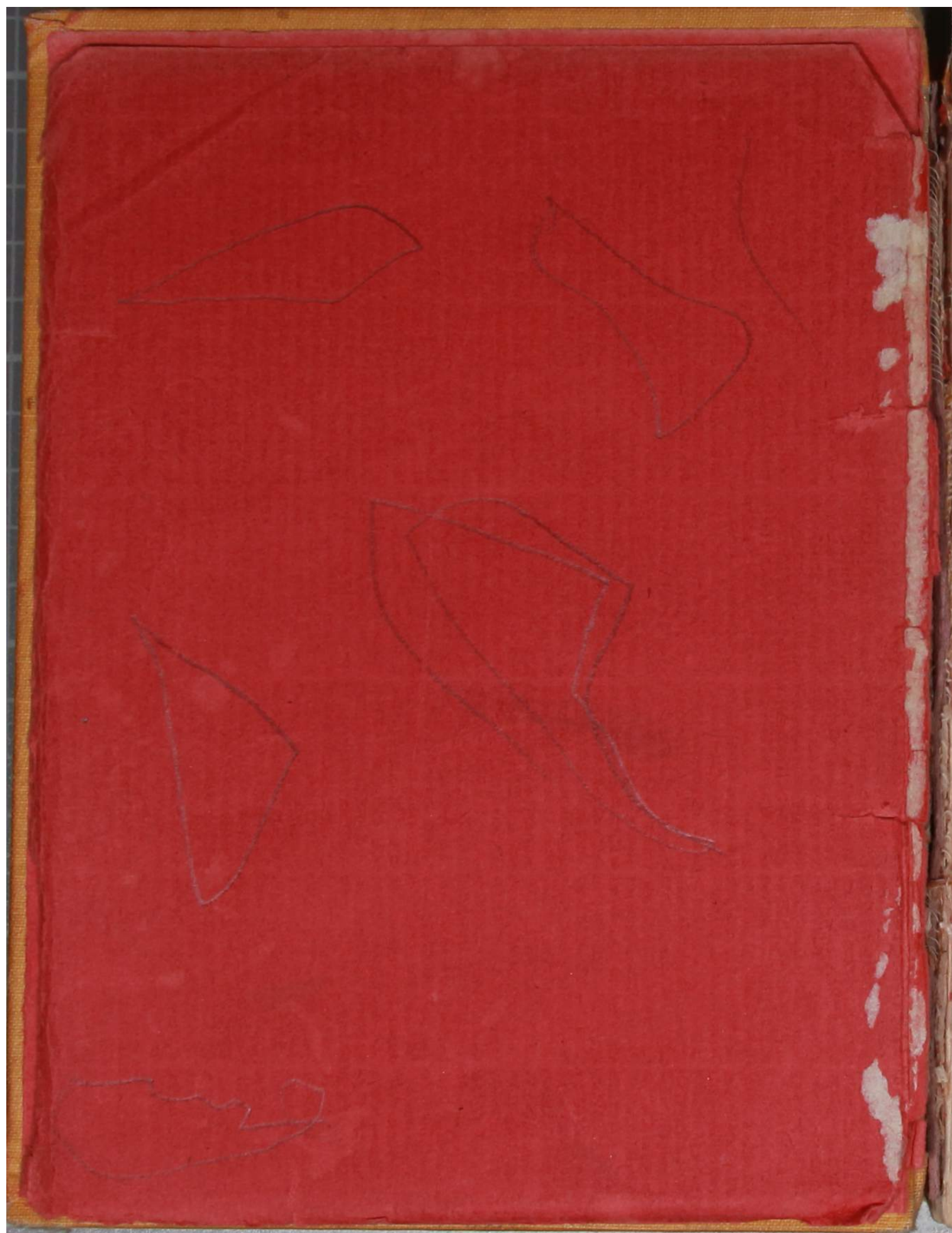
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Helen Baird

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CHILDREN'S STORIES
THAT NEVER GROW OLD

A Selection of the Best
CHILDREN'S CLASSICS

Adapted by
MARY STONE

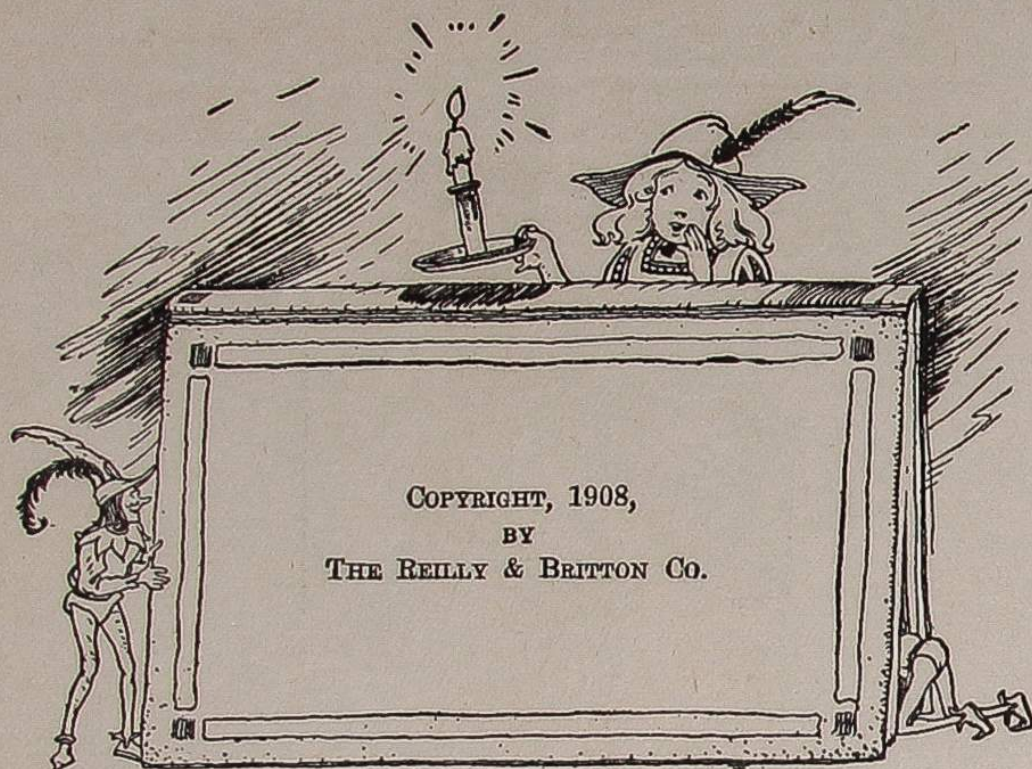


Pictured By
John R Neill



CHICAGO
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FOR THE HISTORY OF
CHILDRENS LITERATURE





Children's Stories That Never Grow Old

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LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

ONCE upon a time there lived in a cottage on the edge of a wood a forester and his wife and little daughter. The little girl was a great pet with everybody. Whenever she went out she wore a red cloak with a hood to it, and the neighbors called her "Little Red Riding Hood." She made friends not only with people, but the birds and beasts, too, and she was not afraid of anything, not even the dark.

One day her mother said to her, "My child, take this pat of butter and bottle of

Little Red Riding Hood

blackberry wine to your grandmother. Do not stay too long, for I shall be worried."

Red Riding Hood was delighted to do her mother's errand, so she put on her scarlet cloak, kissed her mother good-bye, and started off to her grandmother's house. The way led through the woods, but Red Riding Hood was not the least bit afraid, and she went on as happy as a lark.

The birds kept her company and sang their sweetest songs. The squirrels ran up and down the tall trees and made her laugh at their funny antics; and now and then a rabbit would come across her path, and sometimes Red Riding Hood

Little Red Riding Hood

would run after the bunnies, but they always managed to get out of her way.

By and by she grew hungry, and sat down on a flat stone to eat the nice lunch her mother had put up for her, and oh, how good it tasted! It was very lonely in the woods, but Red Riding Hood thought only of the wild flowers, which were so beautiful, and she went out of the path to gather some violets, honeysuckle and sweet ferns, which made a very pretty nosegay, indeed. But, dear me! When she turned to go back to the path she could not find it, and she was scared, for she felt she was surely lost in the woods.

Little Red Riding Hood

The birds knew that she was lost, and as she had been so good to them two of them flew down and called Red Riding Hood and led her out of the tangle of brushwood into the path again. While she sat resting for a few moments a wolf came up and spoke to her, which did not seem at all strange to Little Red Riding Hood, as wolves and fairies were quite common in those days.

“Good day,” said the wolf; “where are you going by yourself, little girl?”

“I am going to my grandmother’s,” said Little Red Riding Hood.

“She ought to be proud of such a lovely granddaughter,” said the wolf.

Little Red Riding Hood

"O, Granny!" cried the child, "what a great long nose you have got."

"The better to smell with, my child."

"But, Granny, what great big ears you have got."

"The better to hear with, my child."

Red Riding Hood began to be more scared than she had ever been in her life, and her voice trembled when she said:

"O, Granny, what great—big—teeth—you've—got!"

"The better to eat you up!" said the wolf in his own voice, and he was just about putting his long sharp yellow fangs in poor Little Red Riding Hood, when the

Little Red Riding Hood

door was flung open and a number of men armed with axes rushed in and made him let go his hold, and Red Riding Hood fainted in her father's arms. He was on his way home from work, with some other men, and was just in time to save his dear little daughter.

With one or two strokes of the axe the wolf's head was cut off, so that he would do no more harm in the world, and his body was tied to a pole and carried back in triumph by the foresters.

Friends from far and near came to see Little Red Riding Hood, and she had to tell over and over again just where she met



Little Red Riding Hood

the wolf, how he looked and what he said, until it seemed as if she never got out of the woods at all, not even in her dreams.

When the children were told the story it was always with this word of warning:

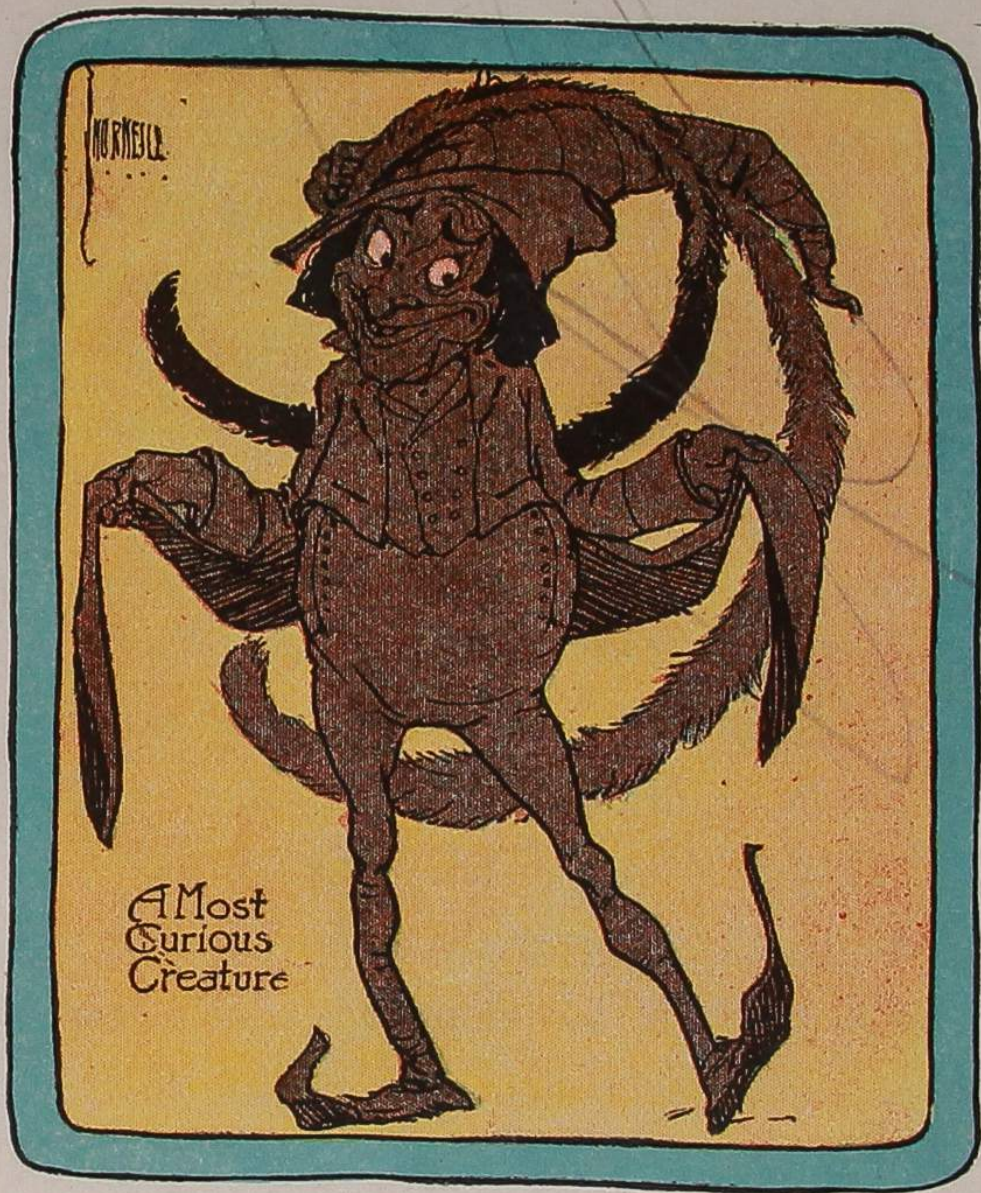
“When you are sent on an errand, go right along, and do it as quickly as you can. Do not stop to play on the road or to make friends with strangers, who may turn out to be wolves in sheep’s clothes,” and they promised to remember, and shuddered whenever they thought of what might have been the fate of dear Little Red Riding Hood.

THE ADVENTURES
OF A BROWNIE

THE ADVENTURES OF A BROWNIE

A BROWNIE is a most curious creature—a fairy, and yet not the sort of fairy who flies about on wings. He is a sober, stay-at-home household elf; nothing much to look at, even if you do see him, which you are not likely to. He is only a little old man, about a foot high, all dressed in brown, with brown face and brown hands and a brown peaked cap.

Under one particular coal in the dark corner of the cellar of an old English house there lived one of these brownies. The old cook never forgot to give Brownie his



Adventures of a Brownie

supper. But when she died the young cook disliked taking the trouble to place a bowl of milk in the same place every night. "I do not believe in brownies," she said. "I have never seen one, and seeing is believing."

Brownie woke up one night at his usual hour for getting up—10 o'clock—and looked around for his supper, but it wasn't there. He ran about the coal cellar to see what he could find.

"Hurrah! here's luck," cried Brownie, tossing his cap up in the air and jumping right through the doorway, which was open, into the kitchen. No one was there, but there was a fine supper spread on the table.

Adventures of a Brownie

"Whew!" said he, "here's a chance. What a supper I will get now!"

He jumped on to a chair and then to the table, but so quietly that Muff, the black cat, who lay in front of the fire, just opened one eye and went to sleep again. Now there was a nice clean tablecloth on the table, and it wasn't long before the cloth was covered with black coal marks from his feet. He laughed loudly and leaped on to the hearth and teased Muff. When he heard the girls getting up he scampered off to his coal cellar and fell asleep for the day.

When cook came down in the morning, lo and behold! there was nothing left of

Adventures of a Brownie

the supper which she had forgotten to put away the night before.

"Oh, my clean tablecloth! What can have been done to it?" cried she. "You nasty cat! You have eaten up all the supper and dirtied my cloth." Then she got the broom and beat poor pussy.

Next night cook put the cat in the coal cellar and locked the door.

When Brownie woke up there was no supper in the cellar, and the door was shut, so he changed himself into a mouse and gnawed a hole through the door. There was the table as before, covered with a fine supper. He ate as much as he wanted, and marked the tablecloth more than ever. As the cat was not there, after teasing



Adventures of a Brownie

the puppy for a while, he changed himself back into a mouse and crept back into the cellar. He had a narrow escape, for Muff opened one eye and was going to pounce on him just as he changed himself back into a brownie again. She was so startled that she bounded away, her tail growing into twice its natural size, and her eyes gleaming like green globes.

The cook next morning was more angry than ever, and thrashed the poor little puppy.

The kitchen maid said: "If I were you I'd put a bowl of milk in the coal cellar for the brownie."

"Nonsense," answered the cook. But

Adventures of a Brownie

afterward she thought better of it, and did as she was advised. Next morning the milk was gone, and as for supper, cook having put it away, nothing touched it, and the tablecloth, which was in the dresser drawer, came out without a single black mark on it.

Brownie teased and played tricks on the gardener, Jess, the Shetland pony, the pups, ducks and cows, and all the living things on the place. But he loved the children, and played with them, and they were the only ones who ever saw him.

Brownie never harmed anybody who did not deserve it, and he liked to see people happy. He made friends with

Adventures of a Brownie

cook, and there were no more black foot-marks on her tablecloth, for Brownie found his basin of milk waiting him every night behind the coal cellar door.

One day two men came to give the cellar a good cleaning.

"It will not take long," said the sharp voice of the gardener's wife, "for there is nothing but coal dust, except that one big lump in the corner. You can clear that out, too."

"Stop, it's Brownie's lump; better not meddle with it," whispered the little kitchen maid.

"You mind your business," said the gardener's wife. "He must be a very silly old brownie to live under a lump of coal."



Adventures of a Brownie

So the cellar was cleaned, and the gardener's wife told the men to put the lump of coal on a wheelbarrow and she would wheel it out of their way.

"I do not suppose anybody will miss the coal," she said, thinking to keep it herself. "I dare say the mistress would give it to me if I asked her for it, and as for brownies, fudge! Bless us! What's that?"

The barrow began to creak, and every creak sounded like the cry of a child, just as if the wheels were going over its legs and crushing its poor little bones.

Suddenly the barrow tilted over and the coal was tumbled out on the ground, where it broke into a thousand pieces. It

Adventures of a Brownie

was Brownie, of course, but she couldn't see him.

This was not the only trick Brownie played on the gardener's wife. When she put her clean clothes out on the line to dry they were marked all over with queer marks of fingers and toes. The children tried not to laugh when she told them about it, but it did seem so funny. Then they heard a voice say:

"The silly old woman. I washed her clothes for her last night in a way she did not expect. I did not have any soap, so I used a little coal dust, and very pretty they looked. Ha! Ha! I shall wash them for her again tonight."

Adventures of a Brownie

"Oh, please do not!" implored the children.

"Shall I starch and iron them? I will do it beautifully. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, Abracadabra, tum-tum-ti," shouted the brownie.

To the children's wonder, the basket was gone and all the clothes, too. They found the basket under a large gooseberry bush, and what do you think? All the clothes were in the basket, starched and ironed beautifully. There was not one single mark on anything. Kind little Brownie! Clever little Brownie!

The gardener's wife was very much pleased, and she thought the children had



Adventures of a Brownie

the clothes done in their laundry, and the children did not tell what they knew about it.

Later on curious sounds were heard all over the house.

"It might be rats," the elders said, but the children were sure it was a sort of weeping and wailing:

"They have stolen my coal,
And I haven't a hole
To hide in;
Not even a house
One could ask a mouse
To bide in."

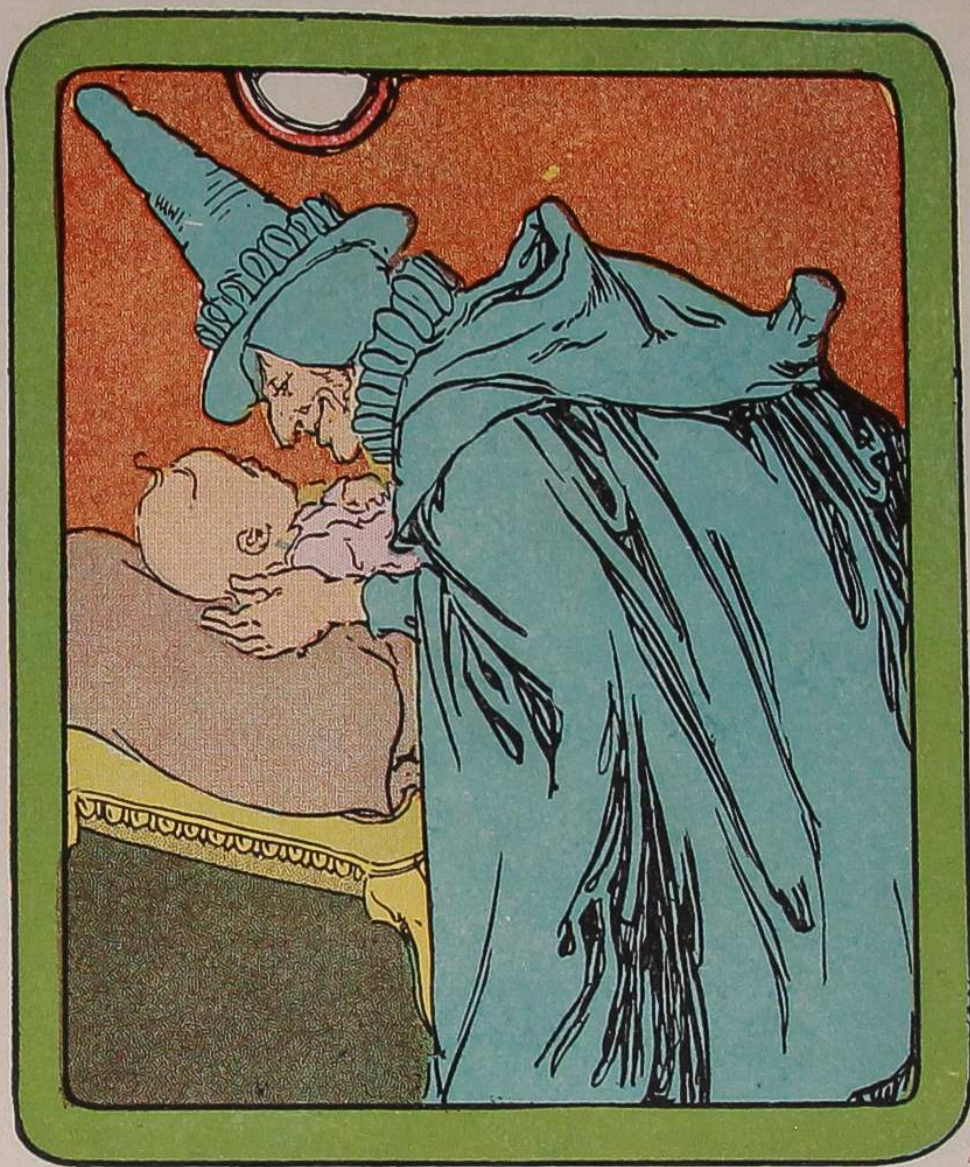
After this the brownie was never seen or heard of again.

THE LITTLE
LAME PRINCE

THE LITTLE LAME PRINCE

“**I**T IS just like Fairyland,” whispered one little girl to another; “and the only thing the Prince needs is a fairy god-mother.”

“Does he?” said a soft voice. Behind them among the gay crowd was somebody no bigger than a child; somebody whom nobody had ever seen, and who certainly had not been invited to the Prince’s christening, for she had no christening clothes on. She was a little old woman dressed all in gray. Her hair was gray, as were



The Little Lame Prince

also her eyes, but her smile was sweet and childlike.

"Take care! Do not let the baby fall again," she whispered to the nurse who was carrying the Prince. The nurse was frightened, for she had not known that any one had seen her drop the royal baby.

"I am his godmother, and I must kiss him," she said, and before any one could stop her she raised herself on tiptoe and gave the baby Prince three kisses.

"Your name shall be Prince Dolor, in memory of your mother," she said to him, and then the little old woman melted away into the air.

The Little Lame Prince

Everybody loved the little Prince, and as time went on he grew to be a fine big boy; but alas! his legs never grew. The fall had injured his spine so that he was never able to walk.

His father died when he was still very young, and his uncle said he would be King until the Prince grew to be a man. Now this uncle was wicked, and he did not want the Prince ever to be the King. He told the people that the Prince was ill, and later, that he was dead.

The people were sorry for a while, but soon forgot the little lame Prince. His wicked uncle had sent him and his nurse to

The Little Lame Prince

a high tower in the mountains far away.

As the years passed his nurse taught him to read and write; but as he grew older he yearned to see the world of which he read in his books.

One sad and lonely day he cried aloud: "Oh, I long for some one to love me!"

As he spoke he heard behind him a slight tap-tap tap, and turning, he saw—what do you think? A little old woman dressed in gray.

"My little boy," she said, "I am your godmother, and I will come to you whenever you want me, but you must not let your nurse know of my visits."

The Prince was delighted, and they talked for a long while together. She told



The Little Lame Prince

him many stories of the world and its doings. Finally she said:

"I must leave you now, but I shall give you something that will always amuse you. It is a traveling cloak, and when you want to use it you must repeat the words, 'Abracadabra, dum dum dum,' and it will take you wherever you want to go."

Just at that moment they heard his nurse coming.

"Hush," said his godmother, "she must not know," and before the Prince could speak she was gone.

"Did I hear voices?" asked his nurse, "and what is that old bundle?"

"Oh nothing," said the Prince: "give it to me."

The Little Lame Prince

The bundle was his traveling cloak. It was a queer looking thing, just like an old piece of cloth.

The Prince could not see what good this old thing could be to him, but he hid it away from his nurse, because the kind little woman had given it to him.

One day Prince Dolor took the cloak out of its hiding place, and sitting in the middle of it, his arms around his knees, with beating heart, he said: "Abracadabra, dum dum dum," and then, and then—

The cloak rose slowly, higher and higher until it came to the skylight, which Prince Dolor opened. Away he flew as if he were on a big bird's back, over hills and dales.

The Little Lame Prince

It was great fun! He sailed about for a long time, and as it was getting late he thought he would go back to his tower. But try as he would, the magic words would not come back to him.

"Dear godmother," he cried, "help me! Tell me once again."

"Abracadabra, dum dum dum," some one said, and the cloak turned, and back they flew.

Every day Prince Dolor took a long trip on his cloak.

"I wish I could see things on the ground better," he said one day, as he was sailing along high up in the sky.



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The Little Lame Prince

He had hardly said the words before he felt on his nose a pair of beautiful gold spectacles, and when he looked down through them he could see everything, even the tiny buds and flowers.

Still Prince Dolor was not content. He said:

"Oh, what lots of things I would like to do, but first I want to see the world!"

As he spoke the cloak bounded forward faster and faster.

"Gee-up, gee-up," cried the Prince in excitement: "this is as good as riding in a race."

It grew late, but Prince Dolor wished to go on.

The Little Lame Prince

"I am hungry," he said, and at once, right before him on the cloak was a lot of the most delicious food. Then he fell asleep.

When he awoke he found himself floating over a beautiful country. He heard a sound like the hum of many bees. He looked down and saw, far, far below him, a great, busy city.

"Oh, how wonderful!" he cried. "I wish I had some one to tell me about it."

"Do you? Then pray speak to me." The voice came from a great black and white bird that flew right over the cloak beside him. "I will tell you all you want to know; I am a Magpie," it said.

Prince Dolor was surprised, but pleased,

The Little Lame Prince

and he found the Magpie great company. The cloak took them to a palace, where the Magpie told the Prince a story about a wicked King who lived there, but who really was not king, for he had taken the crown from his poor little lame nephew, Dolor, and had sent this little lame Prince to live in a black tower far, far away so that he might be King.

"The wicked King is dying," she said; "and when he is dead Prince Dolor will be King."

"Let me go home," cried Prince Dolor; "I have seen and heard enough."

"Good-bye," said the Magpie, and her voice was sweet like the fairy godmother's, and away she flew.



The Little Lame Prince

The cloak turned, and in a short time he found himself back in his own room in the tower. He called his nurse, but no answer came. He called again, and still no answer; she had gone. He was in that high tower all alone. There he lay, sad and alone, when by and by, he heard voices calling, "Long live King Dolor! Long Live King Dolor!" The door opened, and in came a lot of fine soldiers and gentlemen. They went down on their knees before him, and told him that the people wanted him for their King. Prince Dolor was soon crowned King, and lived a long and happy life.

BLACK BEAUTY

BLACK BEAUTY

ONE day my mother whinnied, and said: "You are very well bred, my boy, for your grandfather won the cup two years ago at the Newmarket races. Be always gentle and good. Lift you heels high when you trot, and never kick or bite."

We were feeding in the lower part of the field, and just then I heard the baying of dogs. My mother pricked up her ears, and said: "The hounds!" We galloped together to the upper part of the field, and



B l a c k B e a u t y

saw the dogs running down the field yelping "Yo! Yo! O, O!" with their noses on the ground. A number of men in red coats sped after on galloping horses.

"They have lost the scent," said my mother. "Perhaps the hare will escape."

Presently the dogs began their "Yo! Yo! O, O!" again and the men and horses came back at full speed straight for our meadow.

"Now watch for the hare," said my mother.

Just then a poor frightened hare rushed by us towards the woods. On came the dogs pellmell, leaping the stream and dashing across the field, followed by the

B l a c k B e a u t y

huntsmen. The hare tried to get through the fence, but just then the dogs pounced upon her, and one of the hunters, whipping off the dogs, held it up.

When I was four years old my coat became glossy black, and I grew very handsome. I had a white star on my forehead and one white foot. My master sold me to Squire Gordon, who proved to be a kind master, for he broke me in without the use of a whip.

One day the Squire said: "Good-bye, Darkie; be a good horse," and I left my first home to go to Birtwick Park, where my new stable was fine and big. In the

B l a c k B e a u t y

stall next to mine there was a little fat gray pony.

"How do you do; what is your name?"

I said to him.

"My name is Merrylegs. Are you going to live here?" he replied.

"Yes," I said.

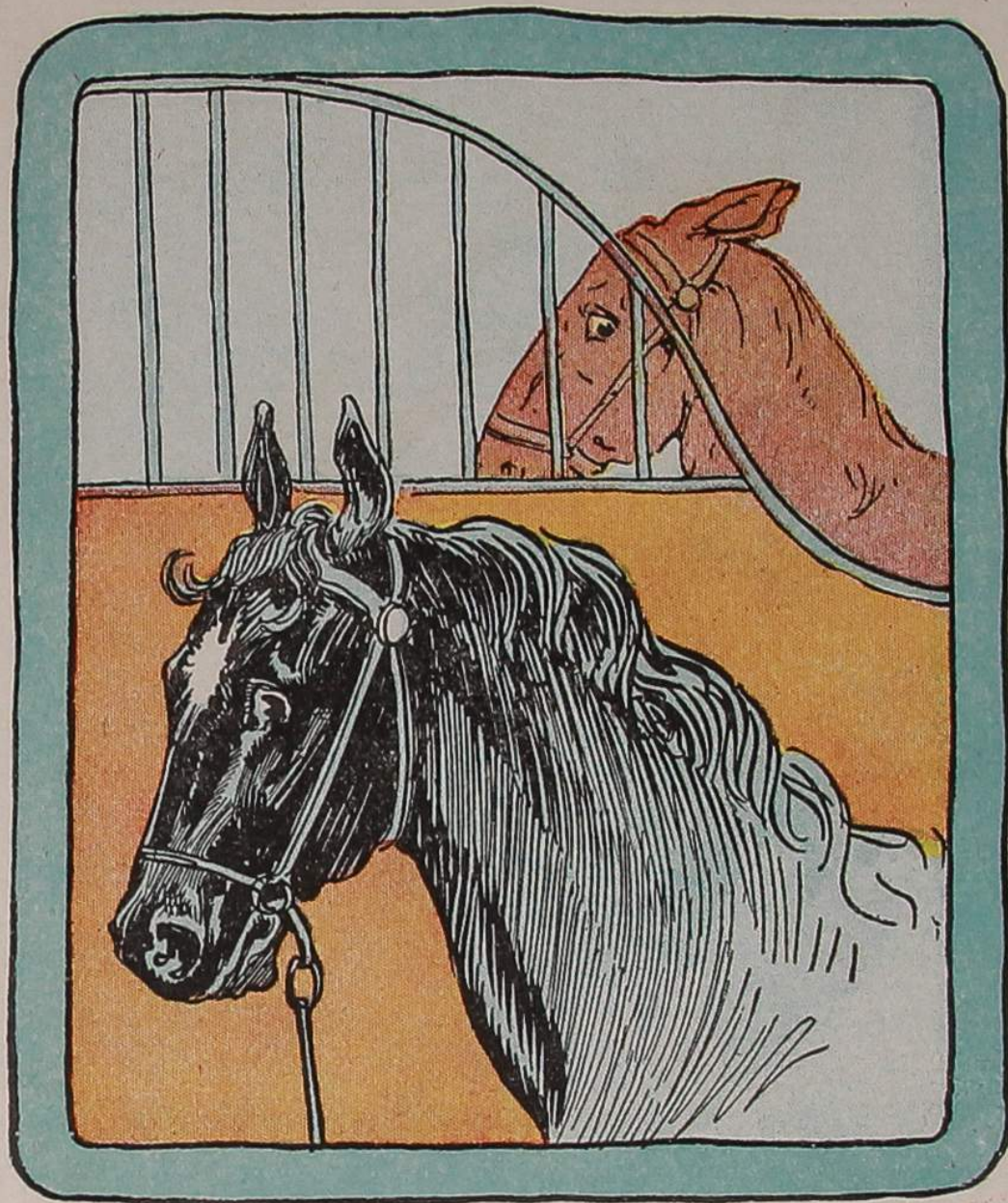
Just then a tall, ill-tempered chestnut mare said to me:

"So it's you who turned me out of my stall."

"I had nothing to do with it," I said.

"The man put me here."

When she went out in the afternoon Merrylegs told me that she was called "Ginger" because of her bad habits.



B l a c k B e a u t y

John, the coachman, took me out for a ride next morning, and we met the Squire with his wife.

"How does he go, John?" he asked.

"He is as fleet as a deer, and has a fine spirit."

"He is a perfect beauty," said the lady.

"Let us call him 'Black Beauty.'"

"Yes," said the Squire, "'Black Beauty' shall be his name."

I made fast friends with Ginger and Merrylegs, and I was very happy.

One day in the autumn my master and mistress decided to pay a visit to some friends who lived a long way off, and John was to drive them. We reached a

B l a c k B e a u t y

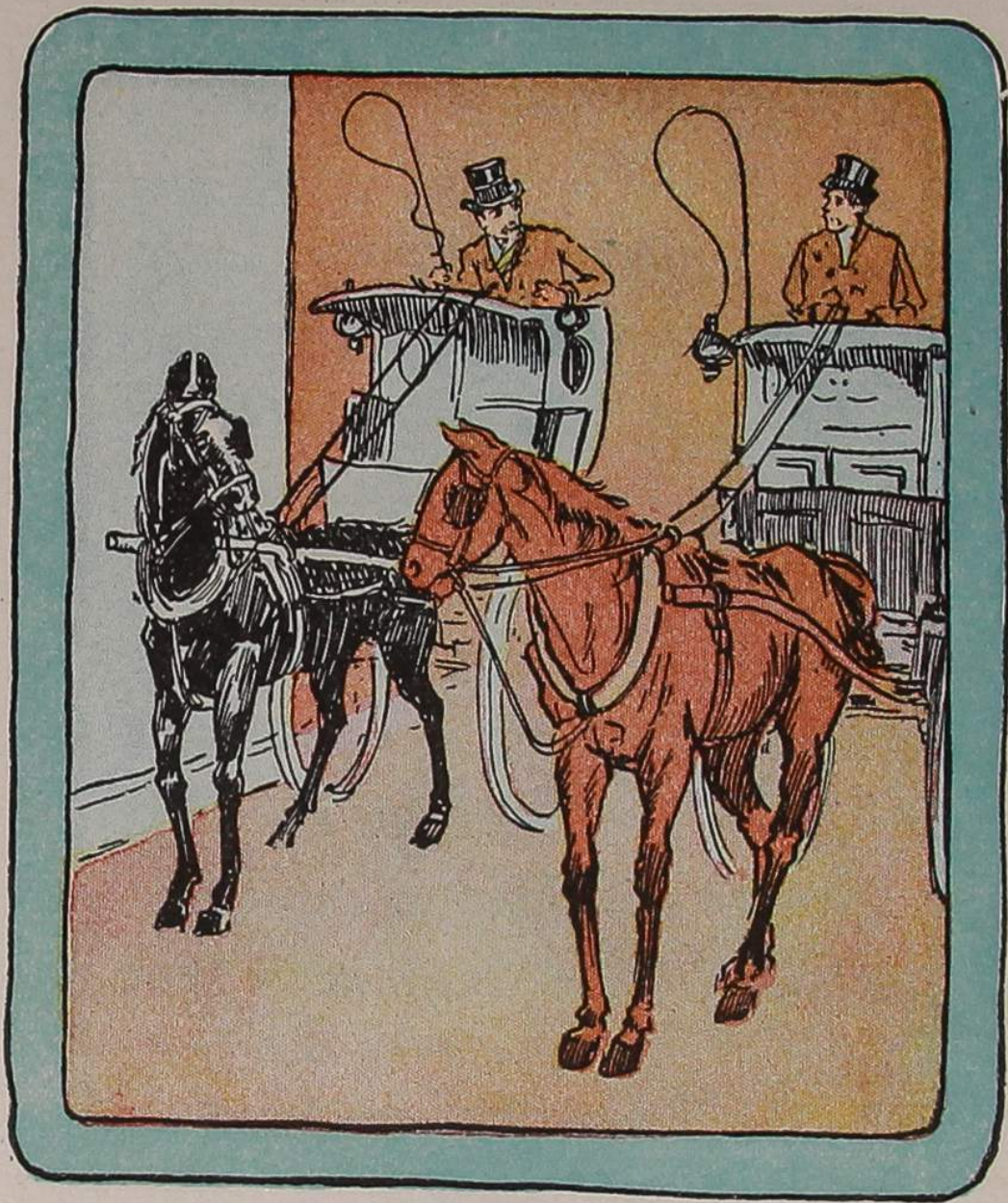
town at sundown, and they stopped at the hotel for the night. Ginger and I were taken to the stable, where there were six or eight other horses. John fed us, and we soon went to sleep, as we were very tired after our long drive.

I awoke suddenly to find the air was full of smoke. I could see nothing, and could scarcely breathe. Ginger was coughing, and the other horses seemed very restless. The trapdoor was open, and I heard something crackling and snapping. I did not know what it was, and trembled all over in fear. All the horses were now pulling at their halters and stamping. At last a man burst into the stable and

B l a c k B e a u t y

tried to lead the horses out. The first would not go with him, nor the second or third. In fact, none of us would stir a foot. No doubt we were foolish, but danger seemed all around us, and we were afraid to leave the stable. Soon a red light flickered on the wall, and some one cried "Fire!" Next thing I heard was John's voice, quiet and cheery: "Come, Beauty, on with your bridle, my boy. We will soon be out of this." He tied a scarf lightly over my eyes, and patting and coaxing, he led me out.

"Here, somebody! Take this horse, while I go back for the other!" shouted John. In a few moments John came



B l a c k B e a u t y

through the smoke leading Ginger.

We continued our journey next day without any more excitement.

Three years later Ginger and I were sold to Master's old friend, Lord W——. Early in the spring I was turned out into the meadow, for I was gone in the knees. One morning some days later the gate opened and who should come in but Ginger.

When I trotted up to her I soon saw that she, too, had been ruined by hard driving.

"And so," she said, "here we are, ruined in our youth and strength; you by a drunkard and I by a fool."

B l a c k B e a u t y

I was soon sold after this to a livery stable man as a job horse, but he did not keep me long, and I fell into the hands of a London cab driver. One day, while our cab was waiting in one of the parks, a shabby old cab, drawn by a thin, wornout horse, drove up beside us. The horse looked at me, and said: "Black Beauty, is that you?" It was Ginger, but so changed I scarcely knew her.

She told me how she had gone from bad to worse, until she wished she could die. Just then her driver came up, and, with a tug at her mouth and a lash of the whip, drove off.

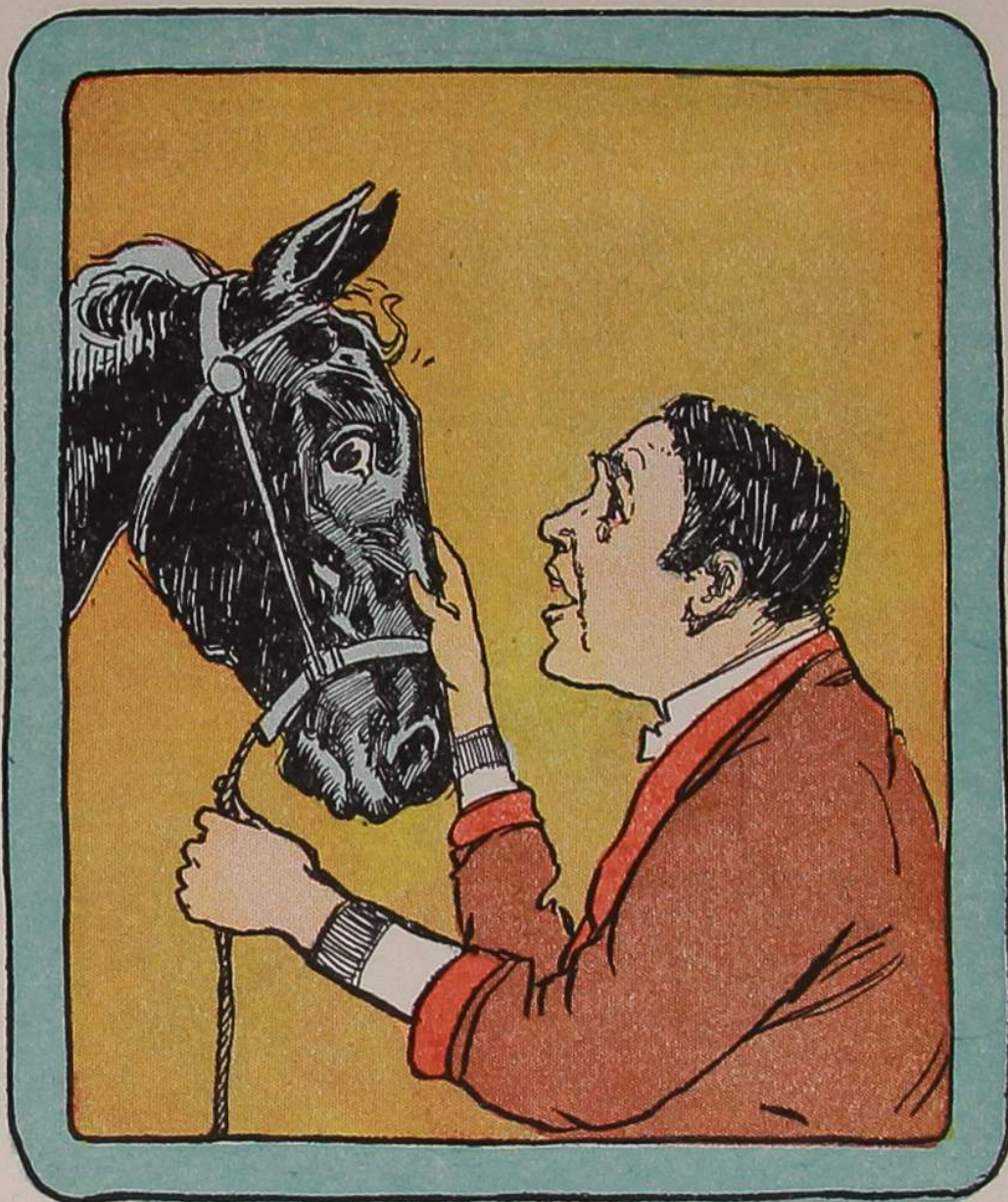
One day during the summer I was

B l a c k B e a u t y

groomed with more care than usual, and some ladies came to see me. The next day I was led to a new home and placed in a comfortable stable owned by these same ladies. When the groom was cleaning my face he said: "Why, this is just like the star Black Beauty had." He stood and looked at me, and then said, "It must be Black Beauty! Why, Beauty, do you know me? I am Joe, Squire Gordon's under groom." I put my nose up to him and whinnied.

"Well, Beauty, it will not be my fault if you haven't a good time now," said he.

Here I have lived a year in happiness,



B l a c k B e a u t y

and hope to spend the rest of my life in
the place where I am called by my own
name, "Black Beauty."

CINDERELLA
or The Little Glass Slipper

CINDERELLA

THIS is the story of a beautiful, motherless young girl whose father married, for the second time, a haughty and proud widow who had two daughters of her own, both vain and selfish. No sooner was the wedding over than the wicked woman began to show herself in her true colors. She could not bear the good qualities of her pretty stepdaughter, and the more because they made her own daughters appear the less attractive. She made her wash dishes, scrub floors and wait on her own daughters. She gave her



C i n d e r e l l a

a straw bed in the garret to sleep upon, while her own daughters' slept in fine rooms and upon soft beds.

The poor girl bore all this very patiently, and dared not tell her father, who always sided with his wife. When she had done her work she used to go into the chimney corner and sit down among the cinders. They all called her "Cinder-wench" except the youngest sister, who was less unkind than the eldest. She called her "Cinderella."

However, Cinderella, in spite of her shabby clothes, was a hundred times more beautiful than her stepsisters, in spite of the fine gowns which they always wore.

C i n d e r e l l a

One day the king's son gave a ball, and the three sisters were invited. The two selfish sisters were delighted, and talked all day long about what dresses they should wear. This made new trouble for poor little Cinderella, for it was she who had to iron her sisters' linen.

"For my part," said the eldest, "I will wear my red velvet."

"And I," said the youngest, "shall wear my golden-flowered silk and diamond belt."

"Cinderella, would you like to go to the ball?" the youngest asked.

"Alas!" said she, "you're jeering at me."

"You are right," they both said; "it

C i n d e r e l l a

would only make the people laugh to see a Cinderwench at a ball."

At last the happy day came, and the two step-sisters went to court. Cinderella followed them with her eyes as long as she could, and when she had lost sight of them she began to cry.

"What is the matter?" asked her godmother, who saw her in tears.

"I wish I could—I wish I could"—but she could not speak for sobbing.

Now, Cinderella's godmother was a fairy, and she said to her:

"Do you wish to go to the ball?"

"Yes," cried Cinderella.

"Well," said the godmother, "be a good



C i n d e r e l l a

girl, and you shall go. Run into the garden and bring me a pumpkin."

Cinderella got the biggest she could find, though she could not see how this would help her to go to the ball.

The godmother struck the pumpkin with her wand, and it was instantly turned into a fine coach, gilded all over with gold. Then she told Cinderella to bring her the mouse trap, which had six live mice in it. Cinderella did as she was told, and her godmother lifted up the trapdoor a little, and as the mice came out she tapped them with her wand, and each mouse was at once turned into a fine horse. So now there were six beautiful mouse-colored,

C i n d e r e l l a

dapple-gray horses and a magnificent coach.

"And now for a coachman," said the fairy. "Bring me the rat trap."

Cinderella brought the trap, with the three large rats in it. The biggest rat became a fat, jolly old coachman at the fairy's bidding.

"Go again into the garden and you will find six lizards behind the watering pot. Bring them to me," she said.

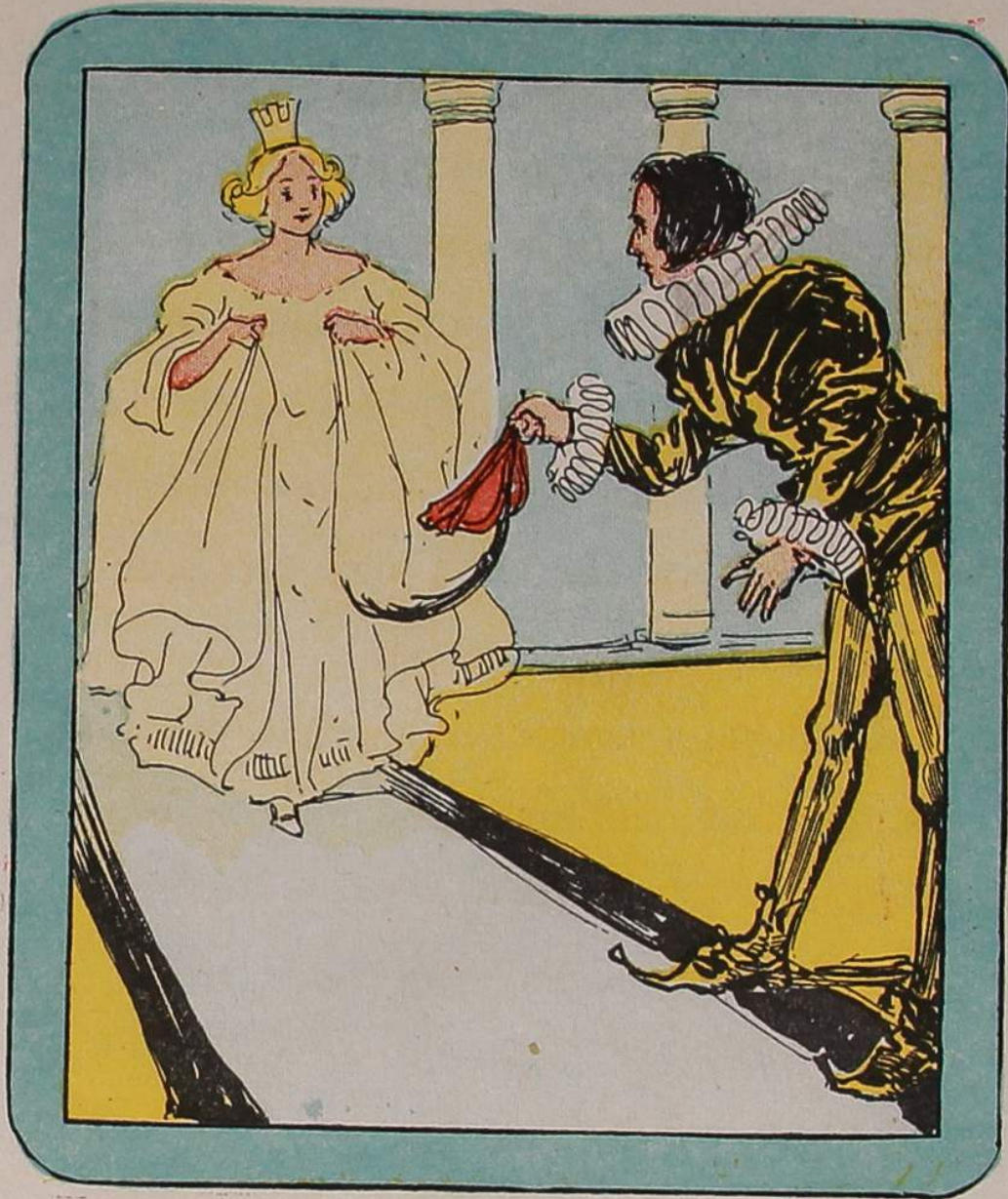
Cinderella had no sooner done so than her godmother turned them into six footmen, who jumped up behind the coach with their liveries of gold and silver. The fairy then touched Cinderella with her wand,

C i n d e r e l l a

and in an instant she was dressed in cloth of gold and silver, all set with jewels, and on her feet were a pair of glass slippers. Then Cinderella got up into her coach, and the fairy commanded her not to stay one moment after midnight, for if she did the coach would become a pumpkin again, her horses mice, her coachman a rat, her footmen lizards, and her clothes just as they were.

She promised to do as she was told, and away she drove to the ball.

The king's son was told that a great princess whom nobody knew was driving up to the palace, and he ran out to meet her. Everybody was astonished when



C i n d e r e l l a

they saw her great beauty. The prince fell in love with her at first sight, and he would dance with no one else.

When Cinderella was taking refreshments she sat down by her sisters and spoke to them, but they did not recognize her. In fact, they felt very proud to be noticed by such a princess.

Cinderella remembered what her godmother had said, and came home before 12 o'clock.

When the sisters came back from the ball later they could talk of nothing but the beautiful lady.

The next night they went again to the ball at the palace. Cinderella waited

C i n d e r e l l a

until they had gone, and then she went, too, and she looked still more beautiful than the night before.

She was having such a fine time that she forgot what time it was until she saw the hands of the clock point to five minutes of 12. She hurried off, but as she reached the door it struck twelve. The guard wondered how such a shabby little girl could have gotten in, for she was back in her rags again. In her haste, however, she dropped one of her glass slippers on the stairs, and the prince, who ran after her, picked it up.

The prince next day sent out a herald with a trumpet, and a little page boy with

C i n d e r e l l a

the glass slipper on a velvet cushion, to proclaim that any lady whom the glass slipper should fit should become his wife. All the ladies begged to try it on, but their feet were all too large.

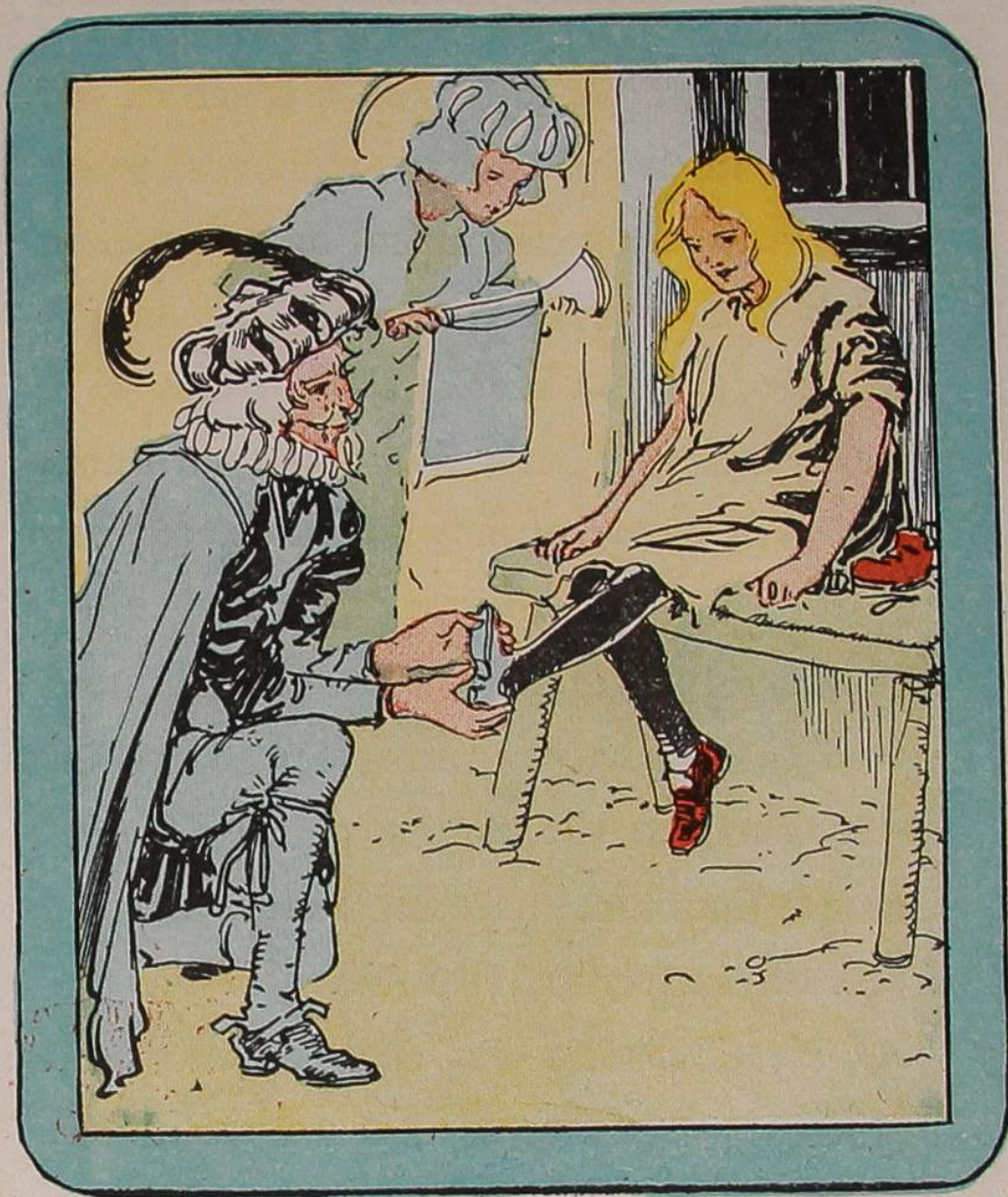
When Cinderella's sisters heard of this they tried to force their feet into the tiny slipper, but it was all in vain. As they were angrily giving it up, Cinderella said:

"Let me try, please."

"Stupid girl!" said the sisters; "fancy you trying. Go and wash dishes."

But the herald said, "Let her try."

Cinderella sat down, and without any trouble put her foot into the slipper. Then she took its mate out of her pocket and put it on. Just at that moment her



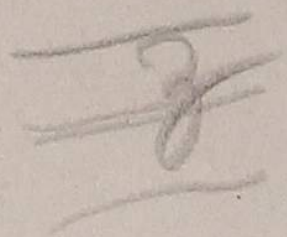
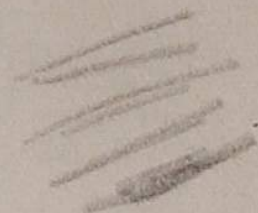
C i n d e r e l l a

godmother came, and with a touch of her wand changed her rags into the most beautiful white satin gown that had ever been seen. She was the beautiful lady of the ball once more. Her wicked sisters were frightened, and begged her on their knees to forgive them, for they knew she was soon to be queen.

Cinderella forgave them gladly, and asked them always to love her. She was then taken to the young prince, and he thought her more charming than ever, and a few days after married her.

Cinderella, who was no less good than beautiful, gave her sisters rooms in the palace, and married them to two great lords, and they all lived happy ever after.

**THE STORY OF
PETER RABBIT**



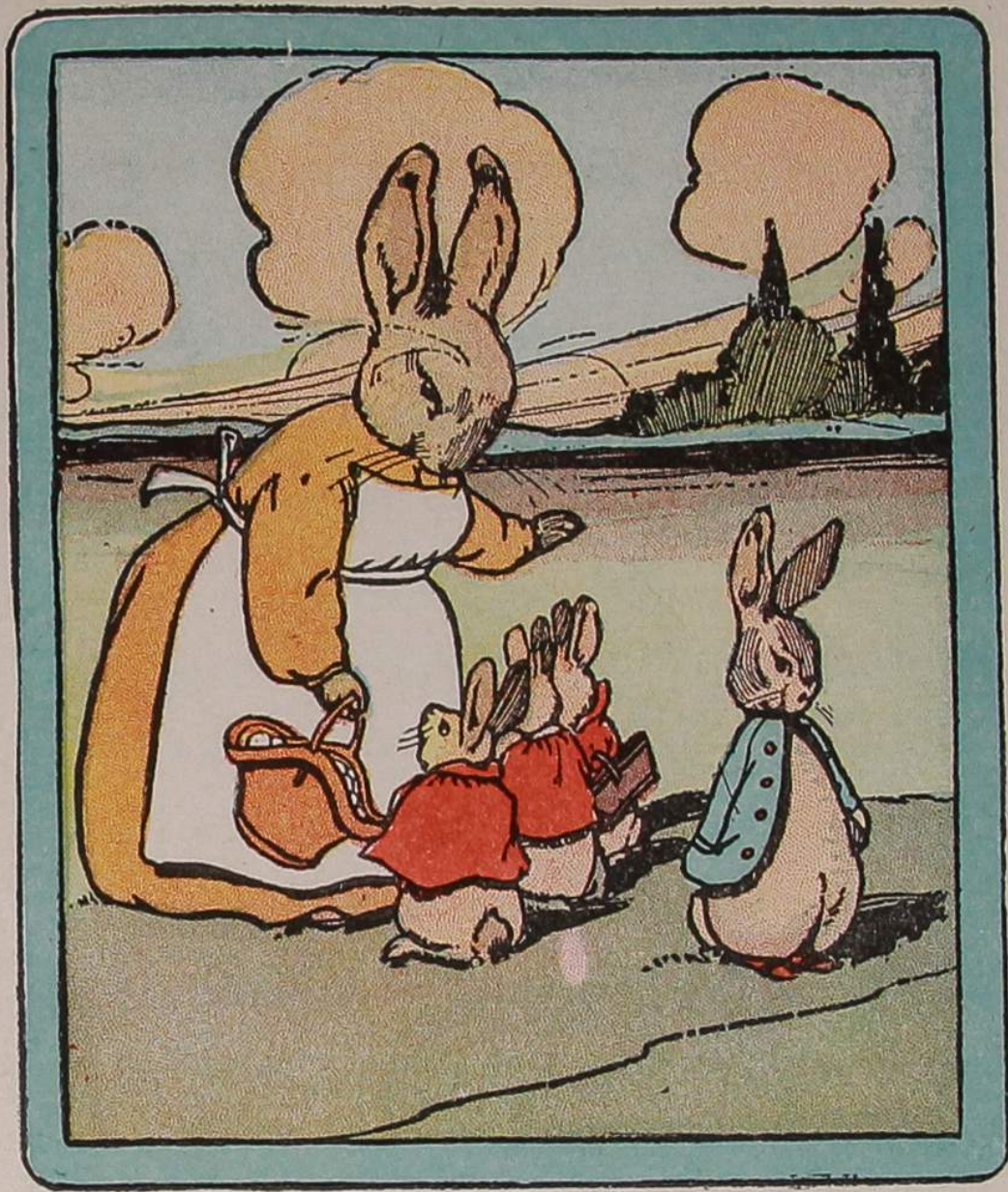
STORY OF PETER RABBIT

ONCE upon a time there were four
little Rabbits, and their names
were

Flopsy,
Mopsy,
Cotton-tail,
and Peter.

They lived with their Mother in a sand-
bank, underneath the root of a very big fir-
tree.

“Now, my dears,” said old Mrs. Rab-



Story of Peter Rabbit

bit one morning, "you may go into the fields or down the lane, but don't go into Mr. McGregor's garden.

"Your Father had an accident there; he was put in a pie by Mrs. McGregor.

"Now run along, and don't get into mischief. I am going out."

Then old Mrs. Rabbit took a basket and her umbrella, and went through the wood to the baker's. She bought a loaf of brown bread and five currant buns.

Flopsy, Mopsy and Cotton-tail, who were good little bunnies, went down the lane to gather blackberries.

But Peter, who was very naughty, ran

Story of Peter Rabbit

straight away to Mr. McGregor's garden, and squeezed under the gate.

First he ate some lettuces and some French beans; and then he ate some radishes; and then, feeling rather sick, he went to look for some parsley.

But round the end of a cucumber frame, whom should he meet but Mr. McGregor!

Mr. McGregor was on his hands and knees planting out young cabbages, but he jumped up and ran after Peter, waving a rake and calling out, "Stop thief!"

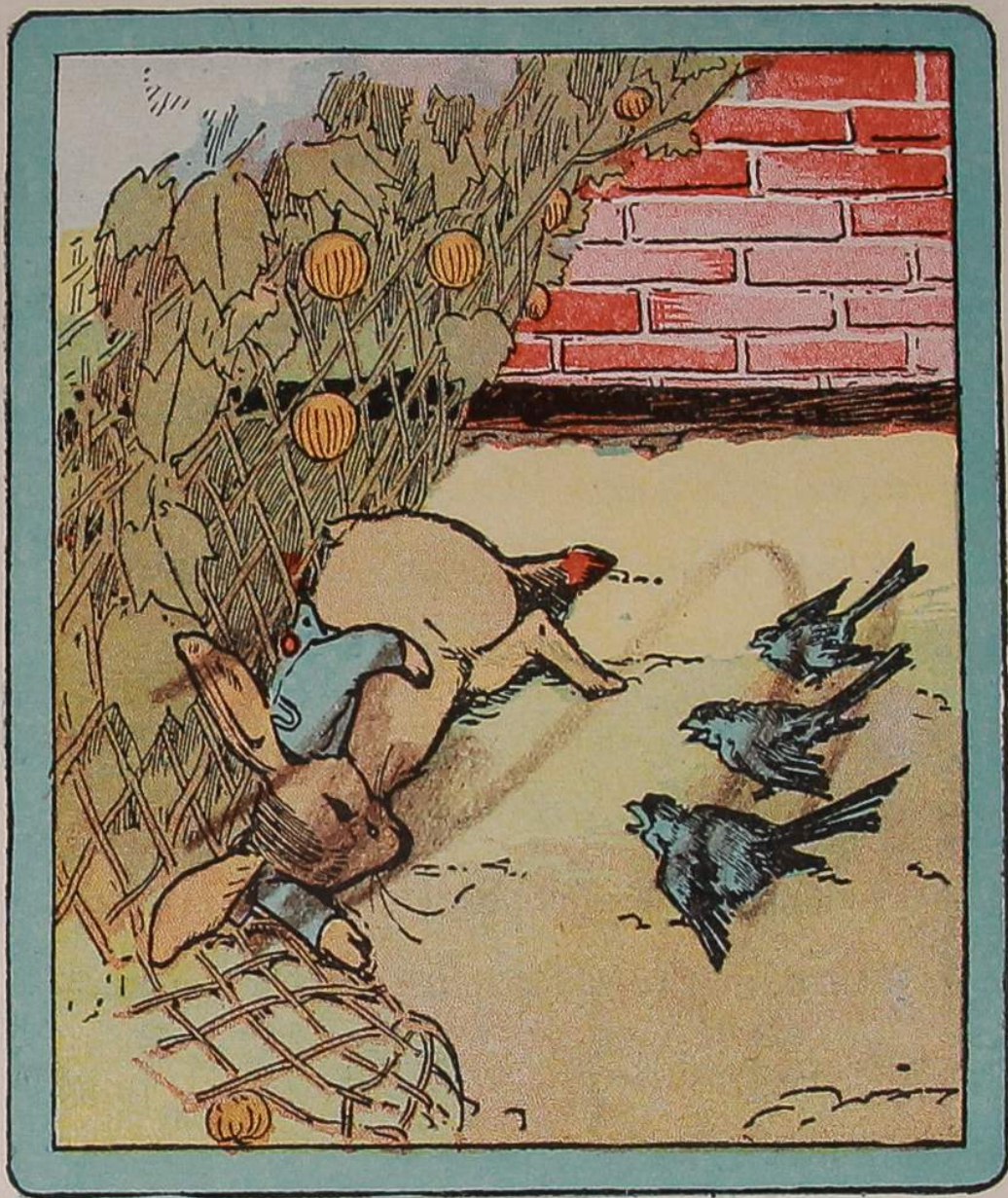
Peter was most dreadfully frightened; he rushed all over the garden, for he had forgotten the way back to the gate.

Story of Peter Rabbit

He lost one of his shoes among the cabbages, and the other shoe among the potatoes.

After losing them, he ran on four legs and went faster, and I think he might have got away altogether if he had not unfortunately run into a gooseberry net, and got caught by the large buttons on his jacket. It was a blue jacket with brass buttons, quite new.

Peter gave himself up for lost, and shed big tears; but his sobs were overheard by some friendly sparrows, who flew to him in great excitement, and implored him to exert himself.



Story of Peter Rabbit

Mr. McGregor came up with a sieve, which he intended to pop upon the top of Peter; but Peter wriggled out just in time, leaving his jacket behind him—

And rushed into the tool-shed and jumped into a can. It would have been a beautiful thing to hide in, if it had not had so much water in it.

Mr. McGregor was quite sure that Peter was somewhere in the tool-shed, perhaps hidden underneath a flower-pot. He began to turn them over carefully, looking under each.

P r e s e n t l y Peter sneezed—"Kerty-shoo!" Mr. McGregor was after him in

Story of Peter Rabbit

no time, and tried to put his foot upon Peter, who jumped out of a window, upsetting three plants. The window was too small for Mr. McGregor, and he was tired of running after Peter. He went back to his work.

Peter sat down to rest; he was out of breath and trembling with fright, and he had not the least idea which way to go. Also he was very damp with sitting in that can.

After a time he began to wander about, going lippity—lippity—not very fast, and looking all around.

He found a door in a wall, but it was

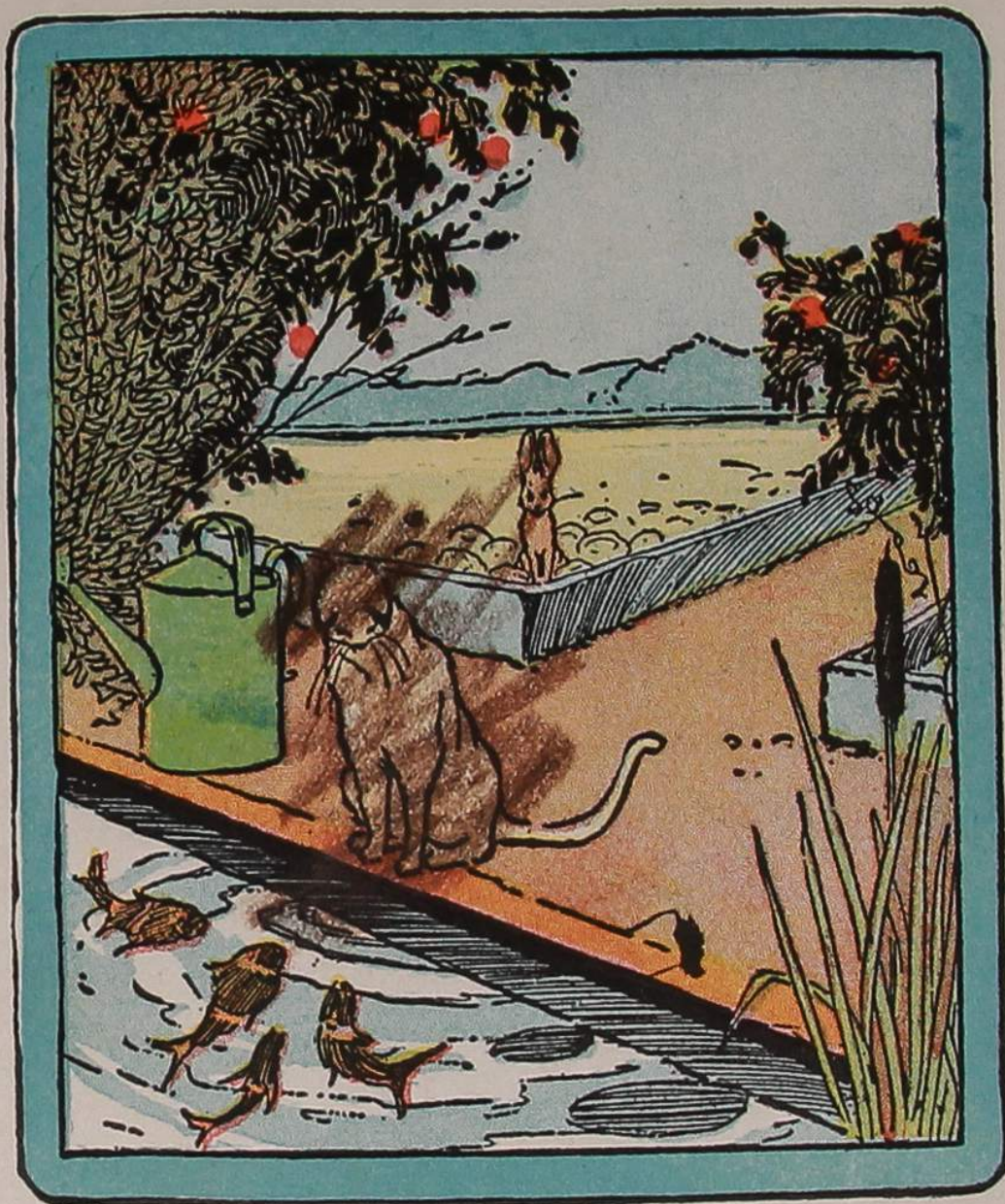
Story of Peter Rabbit

locked, and there was no room for a fat little rabbit to squeeze underneath.

An old mouse was running in and out over the stone doorstep, carrying peas and beans to her family in the wood. Peter asked her the way to the gate, but she had such a large pea in her mouth that she could not answer, she only shook her head at him. Peter began to cry.

Then he tried to find his way straight across the garden but he became more puzzled. Presently, he came to a pond where Mr. McGregor filled his water-cans.

A white cat was staring at some goldfish; she sat very, very still, but now and



Story of Peter Rabbit

then the tip of her tail switched as if it were alive. Peter thought it best to go away without speaking to her; he had heard about cats from his cousin, little Benjamin Bunny.

He went back towards the tool-shed, but suddenly, quite close to him, he heard the noise of the hoe—scr-r-ritch scratch, scratch, scritch. Peter scuttered underneath the bushes. But presently, as nothing happened, he came out, and climbed upon a wheel-barrow, and peeped over. The first thing he saw was Mr. McGregor hoeing onions. His back was turned towards Peter, and beyond him was the gate!

Story of Peter Rabbit

Peter got down very quietly off the wheel-barrow, and started running as fast as he could go, along a straight walk behind some black-currant bushes.

Mr. McGregor caught sight of him at the corner, but Peter did not care. He slipped underneath the gate, and was safe at last in the wood outside the garden.

Mr. McGregor hung up the little jacket and the shoes for a scare-crow to frighten the blackbirds.

Peter never stopped running or looked behind him till he got home to the big fir-tree.

He was so tired that he flopped right

Story of Peter Rabbit

down upon the nice soft sand on the floor of the rabbit-hole, and shut his eyes.

His mother was busy cooking; she wondered what he had done with his clothes. It was the second little jacket and pair of shoes that Peter had lost in a fortnight!

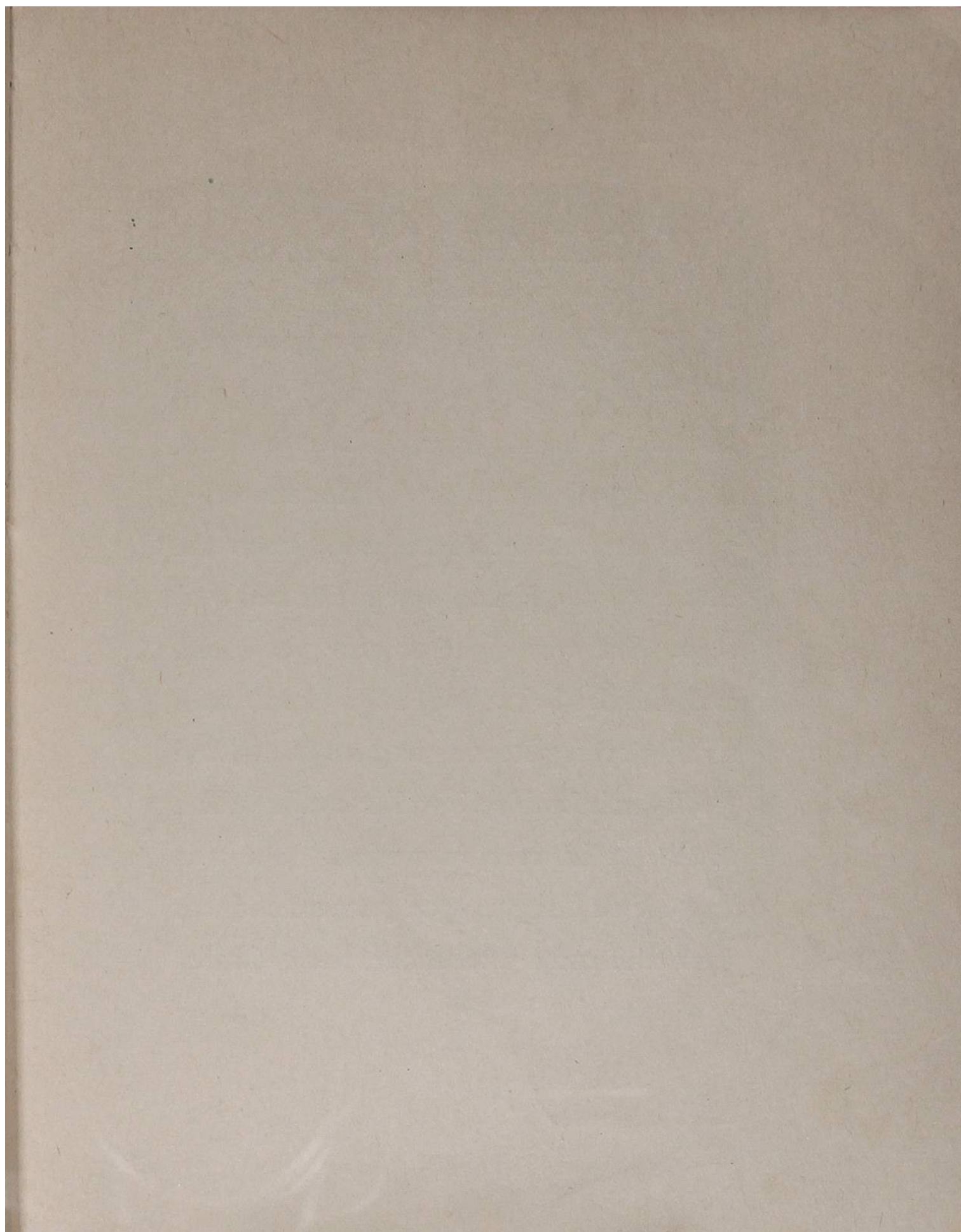
I am sorry to say that Peter was not very well during the evening.

His mother put him to bed, and made some camomile tea; and she gave a dose of it to Peter!

"One tablespoonful to be taken at bedtime."

But Flopsy, Mopsy and Cotton-tail had bread and milk and blackberries for supper.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN
The Story of Topsy



UNCLE TOM'S CABIN

MANY years ago, when negroes were slaves and were bought and sold the same as horses, cows, chickens or ducks, Mr. Augustine St. Clare, while sauntering about the market place, came upon the blackest little pickaninny girl he had ever seen. She was eight or nine years old, and, besides being very black, had round shining eyes, glittering as glass beads, and woolly hair braided into little tails, which stuck out in every direction. She was dressed in a filthy, ragged garment and was quite the most woebegone little darkey



Uncle Tom's Cabin

ever seen by Mr. St. Clare. Perhaps in a spirit of compassion and partly as a joke he bought her and took her home. Her name was Topsy, and when children are old enough they may read all about her in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," a book that had much to do with freeing the slaves; a sad, sad story, indeed; as sad as Topsy, ignorant and care-free, was joyful and mischievous.

The very sight of the scrawny black girl caused Miss Ophelia, Mr. St. Clare's cousin, to throw up her hands in amazement.

"What is it!" she exclaimed.

"I've made a purchase for you," said he,

Uncle Tom's Cabin

with a grin, looking first at Topsy, whose eyes were bulging wide open at the sight of the fine furniture, and then at his cousin, who had folded her hands in despair.

"Augustine, what in the world did you bring her here for?" protested Miss Ophelia.

"For you to educate, to be sure," he replied, laughingly.

"I thought her a funny little Jim Crow and I bought her. Here, Topsy," he added, whistling as one would call the attention of a puppy dog, "give us a song and show Miss Ophelia how well you can dance."

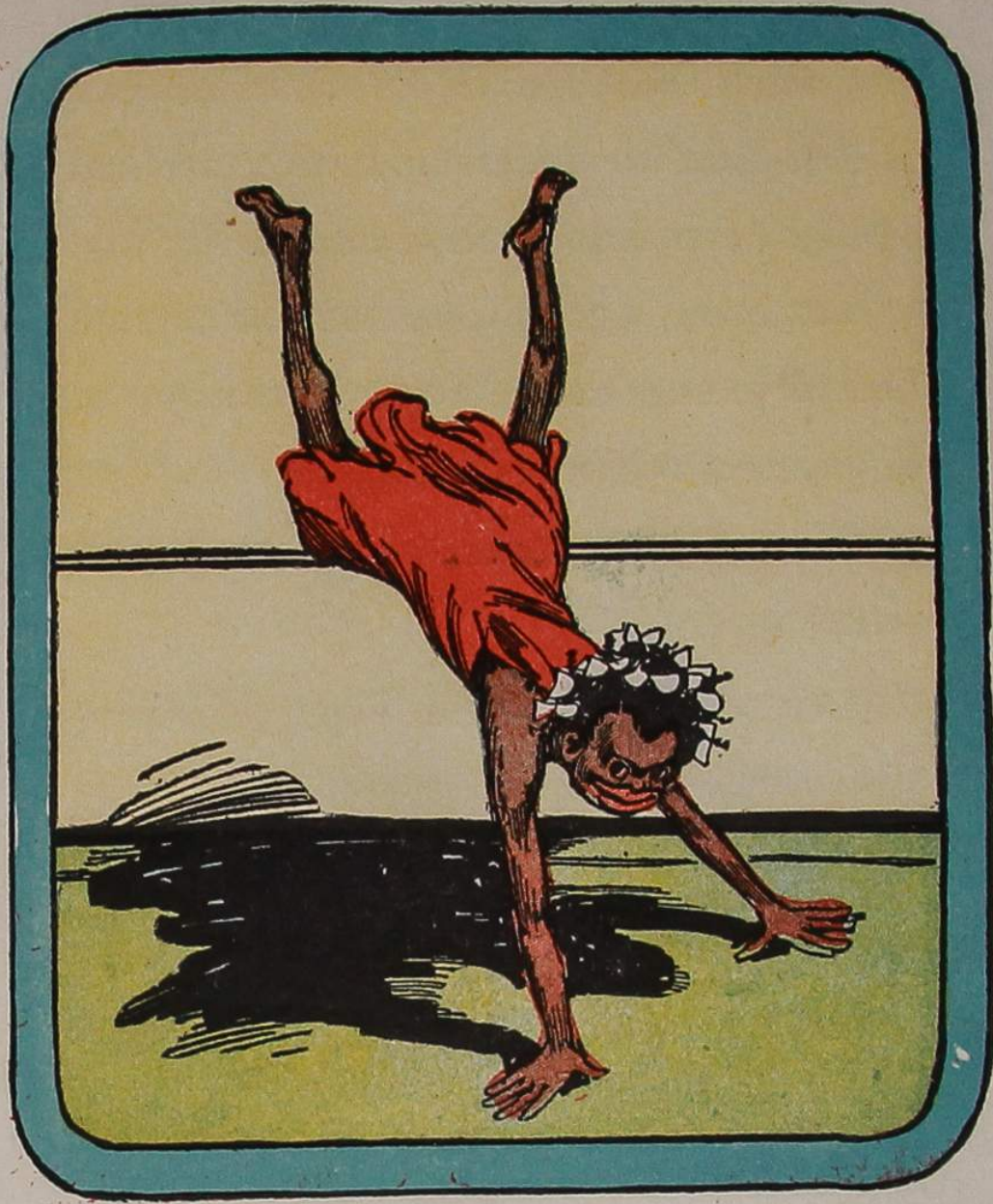
Uncle Tom's Cabin

Topsy's eyes glittered with a kind of wicked drollery, and then, in a clear, shrill voice, she struck up an old negro melody, to which she kept time with her hands and feet, spinning round, clapping her hands, knocking her knees together and shuffling her feet. Finally, she turned two somersaults in front of Miss Ophelia so close that she almost took the good lady's breath away with amazement.

"Topsy, this is your new mistress," said Mr. St. Clare, solemnly.

"O yes, mas'r," replied Topsy, with another twinkle.

For poor Miss Ophelia, already bur-



Uncle Tom's Cabin

dened with the care of a lot of little blacks, it was hard to understand why fate had brought this imp of darkness into her life.

But, being a good Christian woman, she bowed to the inevitable and promised to do her best with the child.

"How old are you, Topsy?" she asked, kindly.

"Dunno, missis," said Topsy, showing all her white teeth.

"Didn't anybody ever tell you? Who was your mother?"

"Nevah had none!" answered the child with another grin.

"Never had a mother? Why, Topsy,

Uncle Tom's Cabin

what do you mean? Where were you born?"

"Nevah was born!" replied the little imp, still grinning, and all the questions Miss Ophelia could bring to bear failed to make the child own that she ever had a mother or had ever been born.

"Have you ever heard about God, Topsy?" asked Miss Ophelia, but the child had no answer. She didn't know what the good lady meant.

"Do you know who made you?"

"Nobody, as I know on," replied the child; "I 'spect I jest growed."

The poor child knew nothing but how

Uncle Tom's Cabin

to "fetch" water, wash dishes and rub knives, so she told Miss Ophelia, and afterward, when caught stealing, she didn't even know it was wrong to steal. When compelled to confess, she told of stealing things that she never stole at all, explaining that "Missis told me to 'fess and I couldn't think o' nothin' else to 'fess." So she told of stealing earrings and burning them up, when, as a matter of fact, little Eva St. Clare had them in her ears at the time.

There was something in the black child that touched the kindly heart of little Eva, who, though but a child herself, had, by



Uncle Tom's Cabin

reason of long illness, grown old beyond her years.

"Poor Topsy," she said kindly, "you need never steal again. You are to be taken care of now. I'd give you anything of mine rather than have you steal it."

It almost seemed as though the black child understood the bond of sympathy held out to her, but she could only blink and rub her eyes. It was the first kindly word she had ever understood and it caused a queer feeling in her heart. Being pure and gentle herself, Eva soon exercised an influence on little black Topsy that changed her into a rare jewel.

Uncle Tom's Cabin

Being smart and active she soon learned the ways of negroes of the better class. Of course, she would have to play at times and did some very silly things, like pulling off the pillow-cases and butting at the pillows with her woolly head, and sometimes feathers would creep through and stick in her crinkled hair. And she would dress the bolster up in Miss Ophelia's night clothes and, when scolded, would ask to be "whipped like old missis allers whipped me," a thing Miss Ophelia could not bring herself to do.

As in all cases where once a person has been caught stealing, there is a lurking sus-

Uncle Tom's Cabin

picion against them. So it was with Topsy, who, when little Eva was slowly passing from this world, used to pick flowers and take them to Eva's bedside.

One day she was caught, and not until Eva herself informed the captors that she had told Topsy to pick the flowers and bring them to her was the little black girl released. The next time suspicion fell on the child was after Eva's sad end, and the little darkey was seen to hide something quickly in the bosom of her dress as some one approached. What do you suppose was hidden? A curl from little Eva's hair and a tiny Bible—both had been given



Uncle Tom's Cabin

Topsy by the little white girl before her death. After this episode Topsy became the special favorite of Mr. St. Clare, who declared that the child must never again be molested. Strange to say, when Topsy grew up she became a teacher in far-away Africa, among people of her own kind and color.

**RAB AND
HIS FRIENDS**

RAB AND HIS FRIENDS

BOB and I were leaving school, our heads together and our arms around each other as only boys know how, when, at the top of the street, we saw a crowd. "A dog fight!" shouted Bob, and off we flew, hoping it might not be over before we got there. We found the crowd around two dogs fighting, one a small white bull terrier, who was busy throttling a large shepherd dog, who knew more about tending sheep than fighting bulldogs. They were hard at it, the little dog doing good work with his sharp teeth on the shepherd



Rab and His Friends

dog's thick neck. "Game Chicken," as Bob called the bulldog, was working his way up for a final grip on the poor collie's throat, while everybody was shouting "How shall we stop them?"

"Water," cried some; but there was none near.

"Bite the tail," another cried, and an old man got down on his knees and bit the collie's tail with all his might. But the collie's master knocked the old man down for his pains.

Game Chicken held on still like death.

"Snuff, a pinch of snuff!" shouted a gaily dressed young man. At this an old

Rab and His Friends

man in the crowd put a pinch of snuff on Chicken's nose. Chicken sneezed, and the collie was free, and up the street he flew.

But Chicken's blood was up, and down the street he bounded, Bob, myself and the crowd after him.

Trotting down the middle of the street was a huge, old and gray mastiff as big as a little bull. He was named Rab and was all scarred up from fighting. Chicken made straight at him, and fastened his teeth on his throat.

The great mastiff stood still, held himself up and roared a long, terrible roar, just as Bob and I came up to him. The mas-

Rab and His Friends

tiff opened his mouth as far as a strong muzzle he wore would let him, his lips curled up in rage, showing his white teeth; but the straps across his mouth were tight and held him fast. The crowd was soon around them, while Chicken held on.

"A knife," cried Bob. An old cobbler handed me his knife, and I put it under the edge of the leather muzzle. Then one sudden jerk of that big head, and brave Chicken dropped limp. The mastiff had taken him by the small of his back like a rat. He looked down at his little victim, sniffed him all over, and then turned and trotted off up the street, as if nothing had happened, Bob and I after him.



Rab and His Friends

He turned up an alley and stopped at a stable yard. There was a carrier's cart ready to start, and by it a thin, little man, with his hand at the gray horse's head, looking angrily about for something, and we knew that that something was the mastiff, his dog.

"You thief!" said he, kicking at Rab. Rab avoided the heavy shoe and ran under the cart, his ears down and what little he had of tail down, too. His master saw the muzzle hanging cut and useless from Rab's neck. We told him what Rab had done, and that we had cut the muzzle. The little man said to the dog: "Rab, my

Rab and His Friends

man; poor Rabbie," whereupon the stump of a tail rose up, the torn and ragged ears stood up straight and the eyes filled. Rab was comforted, for Rab's master and he were friends again. A stroke of the whip, and Jess, the old gray horse, Rab and his master went off together.

Six years passed; a long time for a dog and a boy. Bob was off to the wars and I was a medical student. I saw Rab almost every week, and we were fast friends. I found the way to his heart by scratching his big head and giving him a bone every now and again. If I did not notice him, he would plant himself

Rab and His Friends

straight before me and stand wagging his spud of a tail, looking up, with his big head turned a little to one side.

One day Rab walked in the open gate of the hospital with that great, easy saunter of his. He looked as if he owned the place. After him came Jess, with her cart, and in it sat a sweet-faced woman. The carrier, who was leading the horse, when he saw me, said:

“Master John, this is the mistress, she is sick, and we want you to cure her.”

Rab looked on very much puzzled, but ready to fight any one, nurse, the porter, or even me, to protect his mistress.



Rab and His Friends

I took them into the hospital, and Rab came, too. I wish you could have seen him; he would have made you laugh. Rab was a queer-looking old fellow, with his lion-like hair, short and hard; his big bull-like body and large, blunt head, covered with scars, one eye out and one ear torn off. But the one eye he had could see better than any other dog's two eyes. His tail was nothing but a spud, half as long as your finger, and it kept moving to and fro all the time.

Rab was not quite happy in the hospital. He seemed worried, and the only ear he had was up and down all the time.

Rab and His Friends

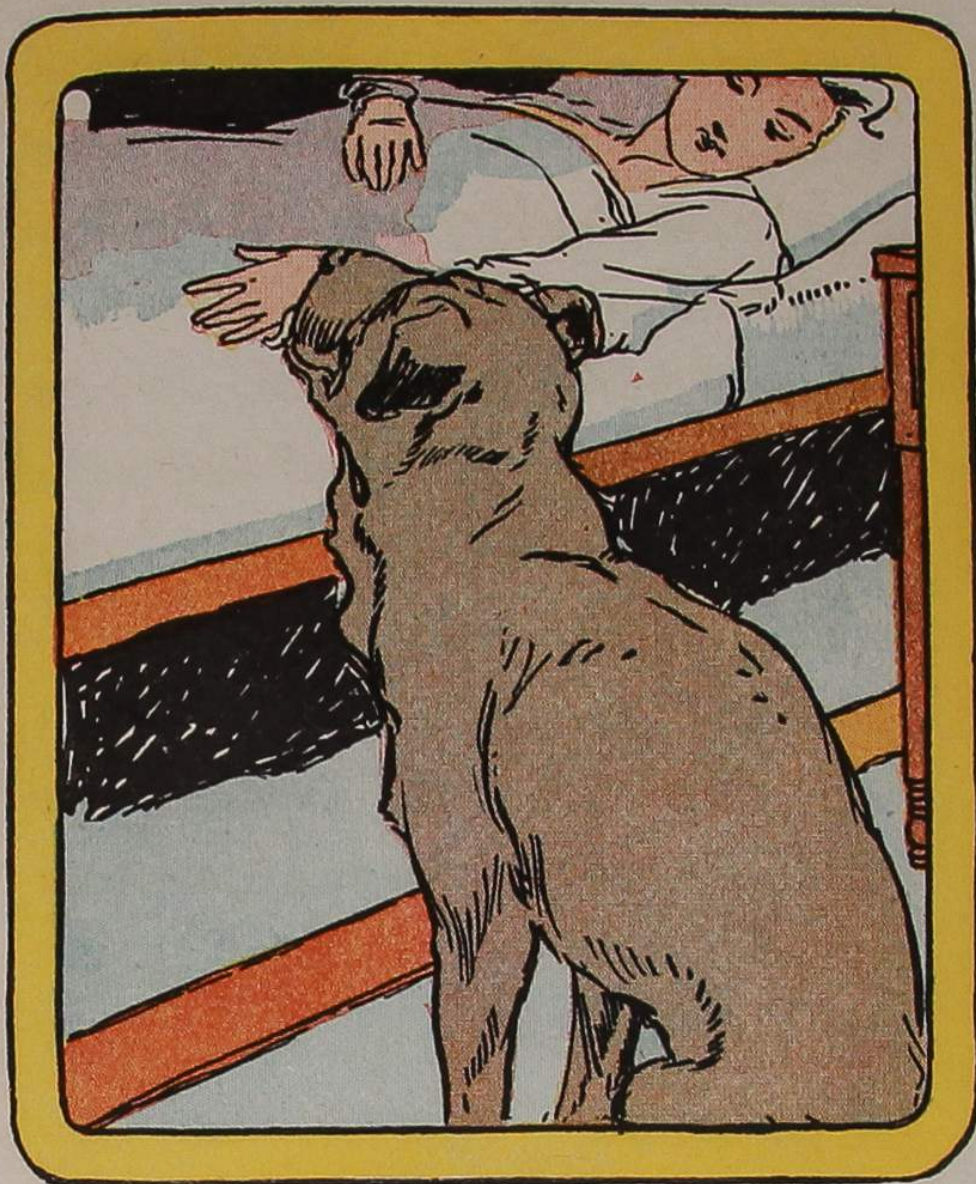
I think he felt that something was wrong with his mistress, and he stood guard by her bed like a soldier. It was wonderful the way that dog looked at me, as much as to say: "May I stay here with my mistress?" I said: "Yes, Rab, you may stay, if you behave yourself." And he did behave very well, never moving a muscle and showing us how meek and gentle he could be. Every day while they stayed at the hospital Rab took a walk to the alley; but he never fought during these days that his mistress was ill. He always came back to the door of his mistress' room, and would wait outside

Rab and His Friends

quietly until some one would let him in. Then he would crawl under the table and watch with his one eye, wagging his tail if his mistress moved. All night and all day he followed with his evermoving eye every action of the nurse and doctor.

Only one day did Rab leave his place under the table. Then he walked slowly over to her bedside and licked his mistress' hand, which lay uncovered on the bed, and then he went back to his place under the table.

Not long after this his master spoke to Rab, and pointed to the bottom of the bed. Rab jumped to the foot of the bed,



Rab and His Friends

to my surprise, and sat there awaiting his master's orders. The carrier left the room to go for Jess and her cart. The time had come for them to go home. When he came back, Rab got down, and, after the carrier had wrapped his wife in the blankets, he took her in his arms and left the hospital, followed by Rab.

The last I saw of them the carrier was leading Jess by the head, his wife in the cart, and faithful Rab trotting in the rear.

DICK WHITTINGTON
AND HIS CAT

DICK WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT

WHEN Dick Whittington was yet a very little boy his father and mother died, leaving him penniless. One day as he was going from door to door begging for food, ragged and ill-kept, he met a man driving a wagon to London. Dick had heard that the streets of London were paved with gold, and he was very much pleased when the man agreed to take him with him. But, poor boy, he was very much disappointed when he saw the streets covered with dirt, instead of gold, and found



Dick Whittington

himself in a strange place, without friends or money.

Dick was very cold and hungry, and wished he was back in the country again in a good, warm kitchen. At one of the houses at which he had vainly asked for help, a man said: "Go to work, you idle rogue."

"That I will," said Whittington, "with all my heart if you will only give me something to do."

The man thought this a saucy answer, and gave the lad a blow with a stick.

Fainting for want of food, and unable to go further, he threw himself down at

Dick Whittington

the door of a house further on. The cook saw him and ordered him to go on, just as her master, Mr. Fitzwarren, a merchant, came up the street. "Go off to work, you beggar," he said.

"I'll be glad enough to work if anybody will employ me," said Dick. He then told Mr. Fitzwarren how he had not eaten any food for three days, and being only a poor country boy, he knew nobody and could not get any work to do. He made an effort to get up, but he was so weak that he fell back, exhausted.

Mr. Fitzwarren pitied the boy when he saw how weak he was, and told the cook

Dick Whittington

to take him in and give him something to eat. "Let him stay and help you in the kitchen," he said to the cook.

Whittington would have been very happy now had he not been knocked about at every turn by the cross cook. Little sleep did he get, for the garret where he slept was full of rats and mice, and kept him awake running over him.

One day a gentleman who was stopping with his master gave Whittington a penny for brushing his shoes. As luck would have it, that day he met a woman in the street carrying a black cat in her arms. "She is a good mouser," the woman said, and at first scorned his offer to buy her for a penny. She finally, however, gave Whit-



Dick Whittington

tington the cat, and he took her at once to his garret, for fear the cook would beat her if she should see her in the kitchen.

The rats and mice left shortly after pussy's advent, and thereafter Dick slept as soundly as a top.

Some time later the merchant, who had a ship ready to sail for foreign parts, called his servants, as was his custom, in order that each of them might send something to try their luck. All came but Whittington, who could not think of anything to send.

Miss Alice, the merchant's daughter, who always befriended Whittington, offered to give him something, but her

Dick Whittington

father said: "That will not do; it must be something of his own."

Whereupon poor Whittington said: "I have nothing in the world but my black cat."

"Fetch your cat, boy," said the merchant, "and send her."

Whittington brought puss and gave her to the captain, with tears in his eyes.

Whittington, after this, was so badly treated by the cook that at last he made up his mind to run away. Early one morning he packed up the few things he had and slipped away.

He walked as far as Halloway, where, while seated on a stone, he heard the

Dick Whittington

church bells of Bow. As they rang out, he thought they said to him:

“Turn again, Whittington.

Thrice Lord Mayor of London!”

“Lord Mayor of London!” said he to himself; “what would I not endure to be Lord Mayor of London. Well, I’ll go back again and gladly bear the beatings from the cook, rather than miss the chance of being Lord Mayor,” and home he went.

We must now follow Miss Puss to the coast of Africa. The ship on which she sailed was driven out of the course by winds, and finally landed on the coast of Barbary, a place inhabited by Moors, and unknown then to the English people.

The captain and his men were received



Dick Whittington

with kindness, and the king invited the captain to dinner at his palace. Scarcely had the dishes been placed on the table when a great number of rats and mice ran from all quarters upon the table and quickly ate up all the food. The captain, of course, was very much surprised.

“O King! why do you not get rid of these vermin?” he asked.

“I will give half my treasure to be free of them,” the king replied.

Then the captain remembered Whittington's cat, and said to the king: “I have a creature on board the ship that will kill all these rats and mice in a short time.”

Dick Whittington

"Bring the creature to me," he said, "and I will load your ship with gold and jewels in exchange for her."

"I cannot part with the puss, but you may have her kittens," the captain replied.

The king agreed and gave the captain a box of jewels, which were worth a great fortune. They then took leave of the king and his court and sailed for England.

On arriving in London, the captain hastened to Mr. Fitzwarren with the good news.

When they told him the adventures of the cat, and showed him the box of jewels, which belonged to Whittington, he cried out in great earnestness; "Go, send him

Dick Whittington

in, and call him Mr. Whittington by name."

Mr. Whittington was at this time cleaning the kitchen, and wished to excuse himself from going into the counting house. The merchant, however, insisted, and ordered a chair for him.

Dick, thinking they intended to make sport of him, said: "Do not mock a poor, simple fellow. Let me go about my business."

The merchant took him by the hand and said: "Indeed, Mr. Whittington, I am in earnest. Your cat has made for you much more money than I myself am worth. May you long enjoy it and be happy."

Whittington begged his master to keep



Dick Whittington

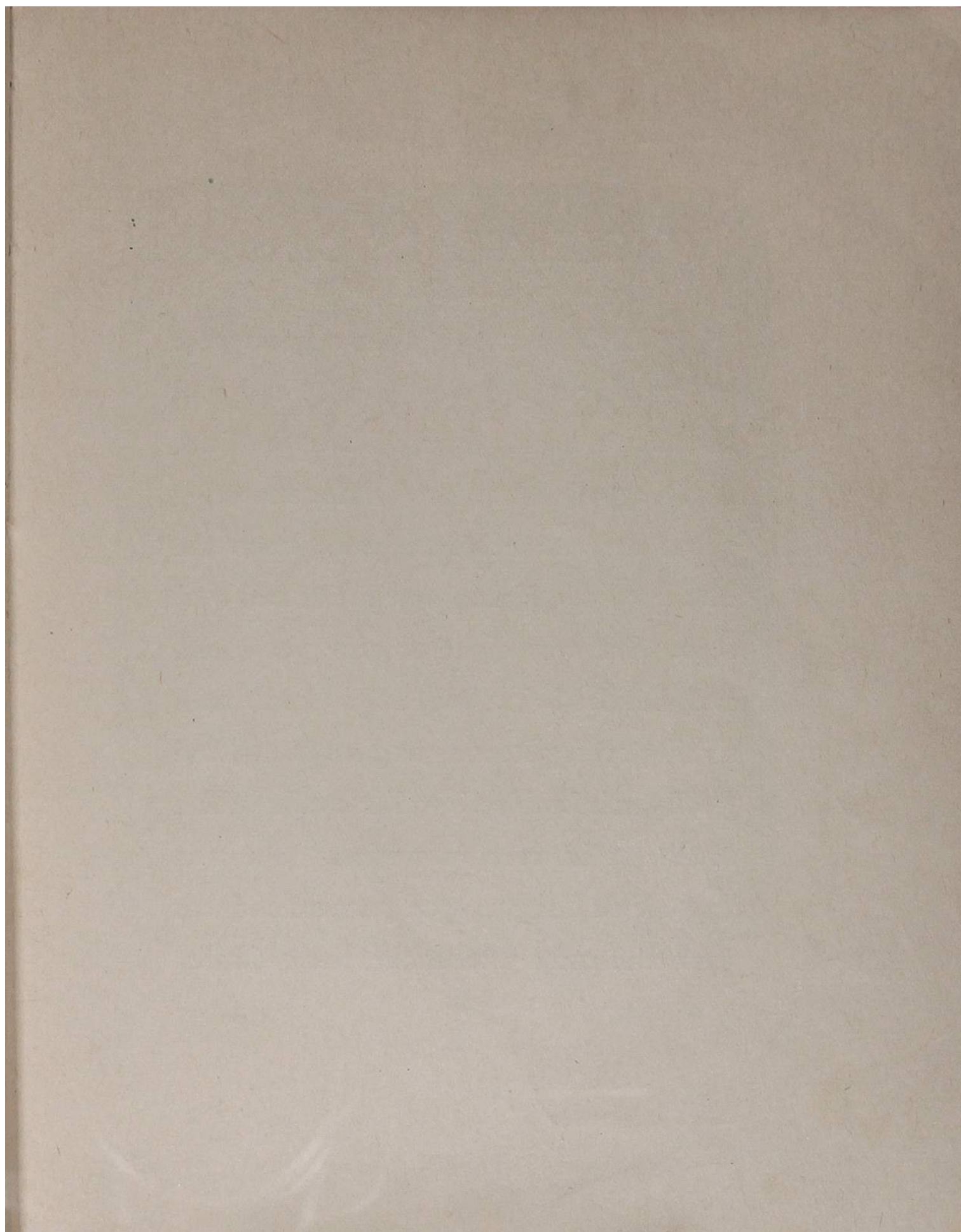
it himself, but Mr. Fitzwarren refused to touch it. Mr. Fitzwarren offered him his house to live in until he could get one for himself.

With his face washed and his hair curled and in fine clothes, Whittington was a very genteel-looking young fellow, and as wealth helps very much to give a man confidence, in a short time he asked Miss Alice to be his wife. They had a fine wedding and lived very happily.

Whittington was made Sheriff of London first, and later, Lord Mayor three times.

King Henry V, out of respect for his good character, later knighted him Sir Richard Whittington.

RIP VAN WINKLE





Rip Van Winkle

One day Rip took his gun and started off with Schneider into the mountains. He thought if he shot some squirrels and took them home to his wife they would put her in a good humor. After walking a long way, he lay down to rest, and while he lay musing he heard afar off voices calling, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!"

He sat up and looked around, but seeing nothing, he thought he was dreaming. He had hardly started homeward when he heard again:

"Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!"
Schneider wrinkled up his back, growled and skulked up to his master.



R i p V a n W i n k l e

No two were dressed alike, but every one had a knife in his belt. One had a long head, with a broad face, and small, piggish eyes. Another seemed to be all nose, and wore a big, white hat, with a long, red cock's tail coming out of it.

One of them, who seemed to be the commander, was old and fat. He was dressed in green, and he wore a high-crowned hat, red stockings and black shoes, with rosettes on them.

As Rip and his companion came upon them, they all stopped playing and stared at Rip. His knees knocked together with fright. They ran to Rip, took the keg,

R i p V a n W i n k l e

and all began to drink in turn from it. They then offered it to Rip, who, in fear and trembling, took a drink. All this time not a word was spoken.

By and by, Rip grew bolder and took another, and still another, drink from the keg, for he found it the very best thing he had ever tasted. But soon his eyes began to swim and his head fell forward in deep sleep.

When Rip awoke, the sun was shining bright. He rubbed his eyes and said to himself, "I must have slept all night." Slowly the memory of the strange little men and the wine keg came back to him.

R i p V a n W i n k l e

“Oh! that wine! That wicked wine!” cried Rip. “What shall I say to my wife?”

He looked around for his gun, but there in its place was an old one, all rusty and falling apart. He thought that the queer little men had stolen his good gun, and, as a joke, had put the old one in its place. Schneider, too, had gone. He whistled for Schneider and shouted his name, but still he did not come. He rose to walk, but “Oh! oh!” he cried, with pain in his limbs. “This sleeping out of doors does not agree with me. I seem to be old.”

He was so stiff that he could hardly get through the thickets and branches.



R i p V a n W i n k l e

He felt very hungry, too, and weak, and, though he dreaded to meet his wife, he felt he must go on or starve among the mountains. When he reached the village, he saw many people, but none he had ever seen before. They all stared at him with surprise, and the children pointed at his long, white beard.

Everything seemed strange, and, strangest of all, he appeared like an old man.

Poor Rip was very much worried, and said to himself, "That drink last night has addled my poor head."

With difficulty, he found his way to his own house, expecting every moment to

R i p V a n W i n k l e

hear the voice of his scolding wife. But no, all was quiet.

A poor, half-starved dog lay by the house. It looked like Schneider, and Rip called him by name, but he only showed his teeth.

“My dog has forgotten me,” thought Rip.

He went up to the house, but it was empty. He called aloud for his wife and children, but all was silence. He then, with fear in his heart, turned his poor, tottering steps to the village street again.

He had just strength enough left to get to the old tavern, and here some men, hear-

Rip Van Winkle

ing the noise of the children who followed him, came out to see what was the matter. To their surprise, they saw a ragged old man, with a long, white beard, carrying a rusty old gun in his hand.

“Who are you, and whence came you?” they asked him.

“I am Rip Van Winkle,” he said.

At this they all laughed, and one man said:

“Why, it is twenty years since Rip Van Winkle left here. He went away from home with his gun, and has never been heard of since. His dog came home without him, but whether he shot himself or was carried away by the Indians, no one can tell. His wife has been dead these



Rip Van Winkle

ten years back. Why, old man, you must be dreaming?"

"No, I am not dreaming," said Rip. "I was young Rip Van Winkle once. Now I am old Rip Van Winkle. Does nobody know me?"

Just at this moment a woman, tottering out among them, put her hand to her brow and, peering into his face, said:

"Sure enough, it is Rip Van Winkle himself. Why, where have you been these twenty years?"

Rip's story was soon told. He had slept on the mountains twenty years!

To this day, when the people in the Catskill mountains hear thunder, they say it is little mountain men playing ninepins.

**LITTLE
BLACK SAMBO**

THE STORY OF LITTLE BLACK SAMBO

ONCE upon a time there was a little black boy, and his name was Little Black Sambo.

And his Mother was called Black Mumbo.

And his Father was called Black Jumbo.

And Black Mumbo made him a beautiful little Red Coat and a pair of beautiful little Blue Trousers.

And Black Jumbo went to the Bazaar and bought him a beautiful Green Umbrella and a lovely little Pair of Purple



Little Black Sambo

Shoes with Crimson Soles and Crimson Linings.

And then wasn't Little Black Sambo grand?

So he put on all his fine clothes and went out for a walk in the Jungle. And by and by he met a Tiger. And the Tiger said to him, "Little Black Sambo, I'm going to eat you up!"

And Little Black Sambo said, "Oh! Please, Mr. Tiger, don't eat me up, and I'll give you my beautiful little Red Coat." So the Tiger said, "Very well, I won't eat you this time, but you must give me your beautiful little Red Coat." So the Tiger

Little Black Sambo

got poor Little Black Sambo's beautiful little Red Coat, and went away saying, "Now I'm the grandest Tiger in the Jungle."

And Little Black Sambo went on, and by and by he met another Tiger, and it said to him, "Little Black Sambo, I'm going to eat you up!" And Little Black Sambo said, "Oh! Please, Mr. Tiger, don't eat me up, and I'll give you my beautiful little Blue Trousers." So the Tiger said, "Very well, I won't eat you this time, but you must give me your beautiful little Blue Trousers." So the Tiger got poor Little Black Sambo's beautiful little Blue

Little Black Sambo

Trousers, and went away saying, "Now I'm the grandest Tiger in the Jungle."

And Little Black Sambo went on, and by and by he met another Tiger, and it said to him, "Little Black Sambo, I'm going to eat you up!" And Little Black Sambo said, "Oh! Please, Mr. Tiger, don't eat me up, and I'll give you my beautiful little Purple Shoes with Crimson Soles and Crimson Linings."

But the Tiger said, "What use would your shoes be to me? I've got four feet, and you've got only two; you haven't got enough shoes for me."

But Little Black Sambo said, "You could wear them on your ears."



Little Black Sambo

"So I could," said the Tiger; "that's a very good idea. Give them to me, and I won't eat you this time."

So the Tiger got poor Little Black Sambo's beautiful little Purple Shoes with Crimson Soles and Crimson Linings, and went away saying, "Now I'm the grandest Tiger in the Jungle."

And by and by Little Black Sambo met another Tiger, and it said to him, "Little Black Sambo, I'm going to eat you up!" And Little Black Sambo said, "Oh, Please, Mr. Tiger, don't eat me up, and I'll give you my beautiful Green Umbrella." But the Tiger said, "How can I carry an um-

Little Black Sambo

brella, when I need all my paws for walking with?"

"You could tie a knot in your tail, and carry it that way," said Little Black Sambo. "So I could," said the Tiger. "Give it to me, and I won't eat you this time." So he got poor Little Black Sambo's beautiful Green Umbrella, and went away saying, "Now I'm the grandest Tiger in the Jungle."

And poor Little Black Sambo went away crying, because the cruel Tigers had taken all his fine clothes.

Presently he heard a horrible noise that sounded like "Gr-r-r-r-rrrrrrr," and it got

Little Black Sambo

louder and louder. "Oh, dear!" said Little Black Sambo, "there are all the Tigers coming back to eat me up! What shall I do?" So he ran quickly to a palm-tree and peeped round it to see what the matter was.

And there he saw all the Tigers fighting and disputing which of them was the grandest. And at last they all got so angry that they jumped up and took off all the fine clothes and began to tear each other with their claws, and bite each other with their great big white teeth.

And they came, rolling and tumbling right to the foot of the very tree where



Little Black Sambo

Little Black Sambo was hiding, but he jumped quickly in behind the umbrella. And the Tigers all caught hold of each others tails as they wrangled and scrambled, and so they found themselves in a ring around the tree.

Then, when he was quite a little distance away from the Tigers, Little Black Sambo jumped up and called out, "Oh! Tigers, why have you taken off all your nice clothes?" Don't you want them any more?" But the Tigers only answered, "Gr-r-rrrrrr!"

Then Little Black Sambo said, "If you want them, say so, or I'll take them away."

Little Black Sambo

But the Tigers would not let go of each others' tails, and so they could only say "Gr-r-r-rrrrrrrr!"

So Little Black Sambo put on all his fine clothes again and walked off.

And the Tigers were very, very angry, but still they would not let go of each others' tails. And they were so angry that they ran round the tree, trying to eat each other up, and they ran faster and faster, till they were whirling round so fast that you couldn't see their legs at all.

And still they ran faster and faster and faster, till they all just melted away, and there was nothing left but a great big pool

Little Black Sambo

of melted butter (or "ghi," as it is called in India) round the foot of the tree.

Now Black Jumbo was just coming home from his work, with a great big brass pot in his arms, and when he saw what was left of all the Tigers he said, "Oh! what lovely melted butter! I'll take that home to Black Mumbo for her to cook with."

So he put it all into the great big brass pot and took it home to Black Mumbo to cook with.

When Black Mumbo saw the melted butter, wasn't she pleased! "Now," said she, "we'll all have pancakes for supper!"



Little Black Sambo

So she got flour and eggs and milk and sugar and butter, and she made a huge big plate of most lovely pancakes. And she fried them in the melted butter which the Tigers had made, and they were just as yellow and brown as little Tigers.

And then they all sat down to supper. And Black Mumbo ate Twenty-seven pancakes, and Black Jumbo ate Fifty-five, but Little Black Sambo ate a Hundred and Sixty-nine, because he was so hungry.

SLEEPING BEAUTY

SLEEPING BEAUTY

THERE once lived a king and queen who were very sad because they had no children. But after a long time a little daughter was born to them, and their sorrow was turned to great joy. Of course they had a very fine christening for the little princess, and the princess had for her godmothers seven fairies; in fact, all that could be found in the whole kingdom. It was the custom in those days for fairies when asked to a christening to give the



Sleeping Beauty

baby gifts, and the little princess received all sorts of the most perfect presents imaginable.

After the christening was over all the company returned to the king's palace, where they had a great feast for the fairies. There was placed before every one of them a magnificent case made of pure gold, and in it was a spoon, knife and fork also made of pure gold and set with diamonds and rubies.

But just as they were all sitting down to the table they saw coming into the hall a very old fairy whom they had not invited because it was about fifty years since she

Sleeping Beauty

had been heard of, and they thought she had died or had been enchanted.

The king ordered her a place at the table, however, but could not give her a golden case like the others, because they had only had seven made for the seven fairies. The old fairy was very angry, for she thought she had been slighted, and she kept muttering threats between her teeth. One of the other fairies who sat beside her overheard her grumbling, and thought she meant to do some harm to the little princess and feared she would give her some unlucky gift. So she arose from the table and hid herself that she might be the last

Sleeping Beauty

to give a gift to the princess and thus be able to undo as much as she could the evil which the old fairy might intend. In the meantime all the fairies began to give their presents to the little princess.

The youngest fairy gave as her gift that she should be the most beautiful person in the world; the next, that she should have the wit of an angel; the third, that she should have a wonderful grace in everything she did; the fourth, that she should dance perfectly; the fifth, that she should sing like a nightingale; and the sixth, that she should play all kinds of beautiful music.



Sleeping Beauty

Suddenly there came on the scene the wicked old fairy who had not been invited. She was furiously angry, and said: "I will for my gift that when the little princess becomes a young woman she shall prick her finger on a spindle and die." Then she shrieked and quickly vanished. At this moment the seventh good fairy stepped forward and said:

"O king and queen, your daughter shall not die thus. It is true I cannot save her from all of this ill wish, but my gift shall be that the princess shall fall asleep for a hundred years, and at the end of that time a king's son shall waken her with a kiss,"

Sleeping Beauty

and the moment she had finished speaking all the fairies disappeared.

Before the princess could walk the king ordered all the spinning wheels in the kingdom destroyed. But when she was 15 the princess wandered into an old tower in the castle, and there she found a little room. In it sat a little old woman all alone, spinning with her spindle. This good woman had never heard of the king's orders that every spinning wheel in the country should be destroyed.

"What are you doing there, Goody?" said the princess.

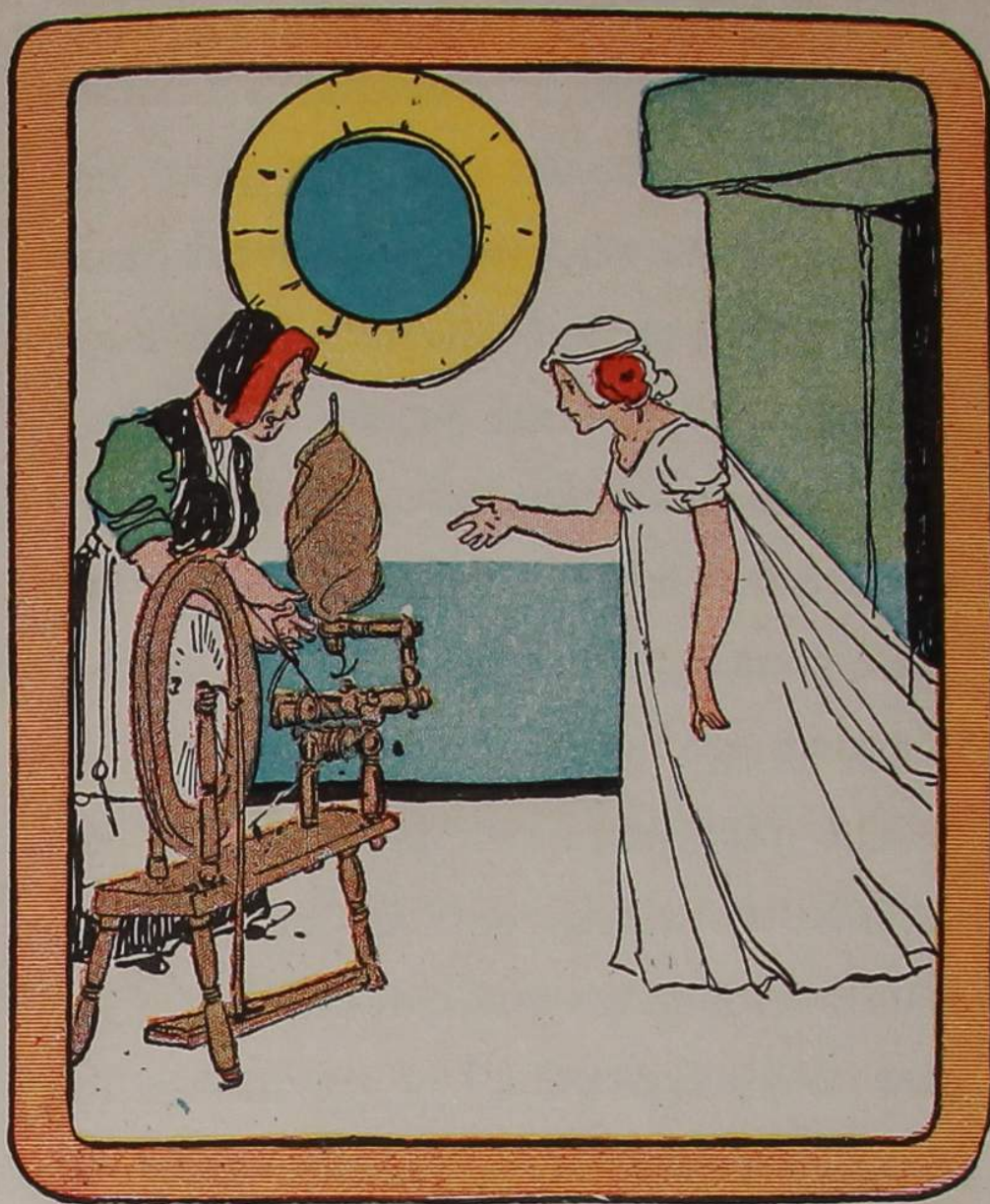
"I am spinning, my pretty child," said

Sleeping Beauty

the old woman, who did not know who the princess was.

“Oh!” said the princess, “this is very pretty. Give me the spindle that I may see if I can do it, too.”

She had no sooner taken it into her hand than it pricked her finger, and she fell into a deep swoon. The old woman, not knowing what to do, cried out for help. People came running from all parts of the castle to see what was the matter. They threw water into the princess' face and rubbed her hands, but nothing could bring her to. At this moment the sorrowing king and queen came and ordered their daughter



Sleeping Beauty

to be placed on a silken couch in a bower of roses. It was not very long after this had been done when every one in the place commenced to feel sleepy. The king yawned, and then the queen. The courtiers began to nod, and in a half hour after the princess had pricked her finger every man, woman, child, bird or beast in the kingdom had fallen into a deep sleep.

The roses around the princess soon became a dense thicket of thorns that formed a forest around the castle, so stiff and high that no one cared to try to get through it.

After a hundred years had passed a king's son was out hunting one day when

Sleeping Beauty

he came to the forest of roses. He asked everybody he met what this great thick forest of thorns was. Some said an old ruined castle haunted by spirits was hidden there. Others said that an ogre lived within.

The prince was very much surprised to hear all these strange stories, and did not know what to think. Finally an old countryman said:

“May it please your royal highness, it is now about fifty years since I heard my father, who heard my grandfather, say that there was then in this thicket a castle, and in the castle there was a princess, the most beautiful ever seen, and that she must

Sleeping Beauty

sleep there a hundred years, and could only be awakened by a king's son."

The gallant prince waited to hear no more. He spurred his horse straight at the forest of thorns, and, strange to say, a passage opened before him, and he rode straight to the castle.

What a curious sight met his gaze! The courtyard and castle seemed peopled with figures of stone. On and on he went till he came to a bower. Here, lying on a couch, he saw the most beautiful maiden he could imagine. She looked so sweet and lovely that the prince could not help kissing her. In a moment the spell was broken. The princess sat up and smiled, for she had been dreaming of this prince



Sleeping Beauty

for a hundred years. Then the whole castle awoke, and, oh, what a time there was! The king and queen kissed their daughter, and everybody talked at once. The cook served up the finest dinner in the world, and all were invited.

The princess was very beautifully dressed, but his royal highness took care not to tell her that she was dressed like his great-grandmother. She looked not a bit less charming and beautiful in spite of her queer clothes.

The prince asked the princess to marry him. The king and queen consented, and the happy pair were married at once and lived happily every after.

ALICE'S
ADVENTURES
IN WONDERLAND

ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND

ALICE was very tired of sitting by her sister on the bank, and having nothing to do, once or twice she looked at the book her sister was reading; but it had no pictures, and she saw no use of a book without pictures. The day was hot and she grew very sleepy, when suddenly a white rabbit with pink eyes ran close by her. The rabbit said to itself:

“Oh, dear! oh, dear! I shall be late!” at the same time taking a watch out of its waistcoat pocket.



Alice in Wonderland

Alice started to her feet and ran across the field after the rabbit just in time to see it pop down a large rabbit hole. In another moment down went Alice after it. The rabbit hole went straight on like a tunnel, and then suddenly down.

Alice had not a moment to think when she found herself falling down what seemed to be a very deep well.

"I wonder how many miles I've fallen?" she said aloud. "I wonder if I shall fall through the earth?"

Suddenly, thump, thump, down she came upon a heap of sticks and dry leaves.

She looked up—it was all dark over-

Alice in Wonderland

head, but before her was a long passage, down which the White Rabbit was still hurrying. Away went Alice like the wind after him, and was just in time to hear him say, as he turned a corner: "Oh, my ears and whiskers! how late it is getting."

But when she turned the corner the rabbit was no longer in sight, and she found herself in a long, low hall. There were doors all around the hall but they were all locked. Alice went down one side and up the other, trying every door; then she walked down the middle wondering how she was ever to get out again.

Suddenly she came upon a little table

Alice in Wonderland

all made of glass, lying on which was a tiny gold key. Alice thought, of course, it was the key belonging to one of the doors of the hall, but alas! the locks were so large that it would not open any of them. At last she saw a curtain she had not noticed before, and behind it was a little door about fifteen inches high. She tried the golden key in the lock, and to her delight it fitted.

Alice opened the door and found it led into a small passage no larger than a rat hole. She knelt down and looked into it, and there was the most lovely garden she had ever seen. How she longed to wander



Alice in Wonderland

among those beds of bright flowers and cool fountains, but she could not even get her head through the door. She went back to the table again, and there she found a little bottle which certainly was not there before. Tied round the neck of the bottle was a paper label with the words, "Drink Me," printed on it in large letters.

It was all very well to say "drink me," but Alice was not going to do that in a hurry.

"I'll look first," she said, "and see whether it's marked 'poison' or not."

The bottle was not marked "poison," so

Alice in Wonderland

Alice tasted it, and finding it very good, drank it all.

“What a curious feeling,” said Alice; “I must be shutting up like a telescope,” and so she was. She was only ten inches high, and now could easily go through the little door which led into the beautiful garden.

She ran to the door, but it was locked and the key was on the table, and when she went back for it she could not possibly reach it, as she was so much shorter, though she could see it through the glass plainly. She was so much upset that she sat down and cried.

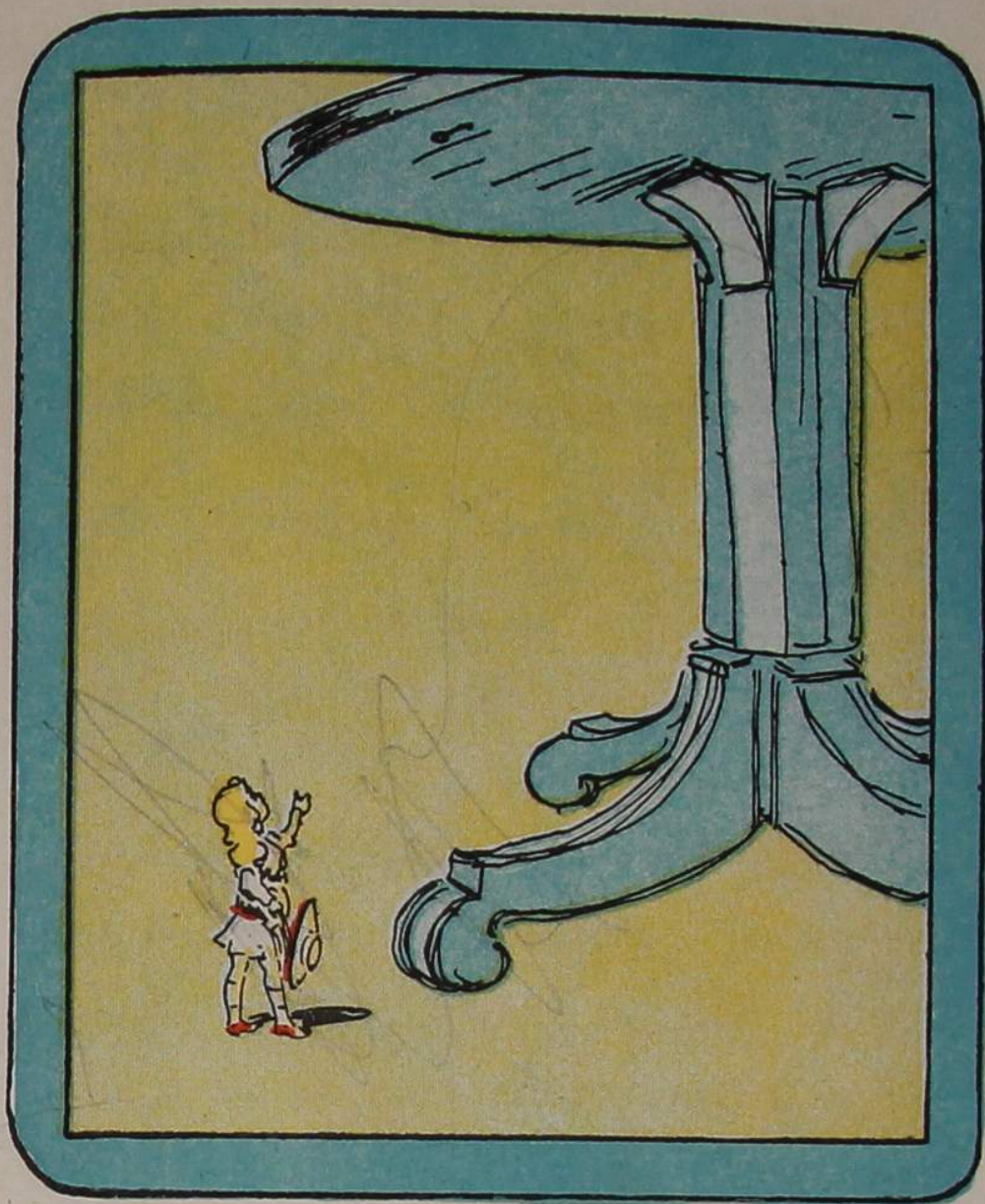
Alice in Wonderland

By and by her eyes fell upon a little glass box that was lying under the table. She opened it and found a very small cake, on which the words, "Eat Me," were marked in currants.

"Well, I'll eat it," said Alice, "and if it makes me grow larger I can reach the key, and if it makes me smaller I can creep under the door, so either way I will get into the garden."

"Curiouser and curiouser!" cried Alice, just as she finished the cake. "Now I'm opening out like a big telescope."

Just at that moment her head struck against the roof of the hole; in fact, she was now nine feet high. She at once took



Alice in Wonderland

the little golden key from the table and hurried off to the garden door. Now, however, it was as much as she could do, lying down on her side, to look through into the garden with one eye, but to get through was more hopeless than ever.

Alice began to cry again, and shed so many tears that a large pool formed all around her. By and by she heard a little pattering of feet in the distance, and she dried her eyes to see what was coming. It was the White Rabbit, splendidly dressed. In one hand he carried a large fan, muttering to himself as he came: "Oh! the Duchess. She'll be in a rage if I am late!"

Alice in Wonderland

When the rabbit came near enough Alice said in a timid voice: "If you please, sir."

The rabbit started, dropped the fan, and scurried away into the darkness.

Alice took up the fan and burst into tears. "Oh!" she cried, "I am so tired of being all alone down here!"

"I must be growing smaller again," she thought, and she found she was only about two feet high now, and was going on shrinking. She soon found out the cause of this was the fan she was holding, and she dropped it in a Jiffy. Just then her foot slipped, and in another moment, splash! she was up to her chin in salt water.

Alice in Wonderland

It was the pool of tears which she had wept when she was nine feet high.

Something was splashing about a little way off, and at first she thought it must be a walrus or hippopotamus, but then she remembered how small she was now. It turned out to be only a mouse that had slipped in like herself.

"Oh, Mouse!" she cried, "do you know the way out of this?"

The mouse looked at her and winked with one eye, but said nothing, and swam past her.

"Mouse, dear! do come back, and we won't talk about cats or dogs," she called softly after it.

When the mouse heard this it turned



Alice in Wonderland

and said in a trembling voice. "Let us get to shore, and then I will tell you my history, and you will understand why I hate cats and dogs."

It was high time to go, for the pool was getting quite crowded with birds and animals that had fallen into it. Alice led the way, and the whole party swam to the shore.

"Wake up, Alice, dear," said her sister. "What a long sleep you've had!"

"Oh, I have had such a curious dream," said Alice, and she told her sister of her dream that you have just been reading about.

THROUGH THE
LOOKING-GLASS
Humpty Dumpty

THROUGH THE LOOK- ING GLASS; HUMPTY DUMPTY

“**H**OW would you like to live in a looking-glass house? Let’s pretend that the glass has gotten all soft like gauze so that we can get through. Why, it is turning into a sort of a mist now. I declare, it will be easy enough to get through,” said a little girl named Alice, and before she had finished speaking she was up on the mantelpiece, standing before a big looking glass which certainly was already beginning to melt away. In another moment Alice was through the



Through the Looking - Glass

glass, and had lightly jumped down into the looking-glass room.

“Oh, what fun it will be when they see me through the glass in here and cannot get at me,” thought Alice.

“They do not keep this room so tidy as the other,” Alice thought to herself. At that moment she heard a strange sound, and with an “Oh!” of surprise she peeped around the side of the fireplace, and there saw a funny little old woman who looked like a sheep. When she saw Alice she looked up from her knitting and said:

“What do you want to buy?”

Alice was not only surprised, but very much frightened, and, as she was hungry,

Through the Looking - Glass

the only reply she could think of was :

“I should like to buy an egg,” which she said quite timidly.

“Only one?” said the old woman. “If you buy two you have to eat them.”

“Then I will only take one,” said Alice, and she handed the woman a penny that she found in her pocket.

The woman took the money and put it in a box and then went off to the other end of the room. Taking an egg out of the closet she set it on a shelf, and then beckoned to Alice to take it.

Alice started to walk across the room after it, but the egg seemed to get farther away the more she walked.

Through the Looking - Glass

“How odd,” Alice said as she walked. “This looks like a chair, but it has branches. How very strange to find trees growing here.”

She wondered more and more at every step, for everything turned into a tree the moment she came up to it, and she quite expected the egg to do the same.

However, the egg only got larger and larger, and when she came within a few yards of it she was greatly surprised to see that it had eyes and a nose and mouth, and when she went closer still who should it be but Humpty-Dumpty himself.

“It cannot be anybody else,” she said to herself.

Humpty-Dumpty was sitting, with his



Through the Looking - Glass

very thin, short legs crossed like a Turk's, on the top of a wall. It was a very narrow one, and Alice wondered how he could keep his balance. His eyes were away out to each side and looked in opposite directions, and he did not seem to see Alice, or, at least, he took no notice of her.

"He must be a stuffed figure after all, and yet how exactly like an egg he is," she said aloud, standing with her hands ready to catch him, for every moment she expected him to fall.

"It's very provoking," Humpty-Dumpty said after a long silence, looking away from Alice as he spoke, "to be called an egg."

Through the Looking - Glass

"I said you looked like an egg," Alice explained gently, "and some eggs are very pretty, you know," she added, hoping to turn it into a sort of compliment.

"Some people," said Humpty-Dumpty looking away from her, "have no more sense than a baby."

Alice did not know what to say to this, as he did not seem to be talking to her, judging from the way he looked. So she softly repeated to herself:

"Humpty-Dumpty sat on a wall;
Humpty-Dumpty had a great fall.
All the King's horses and all the King's
men
Couldn't put Humpty-Dumpty up again."

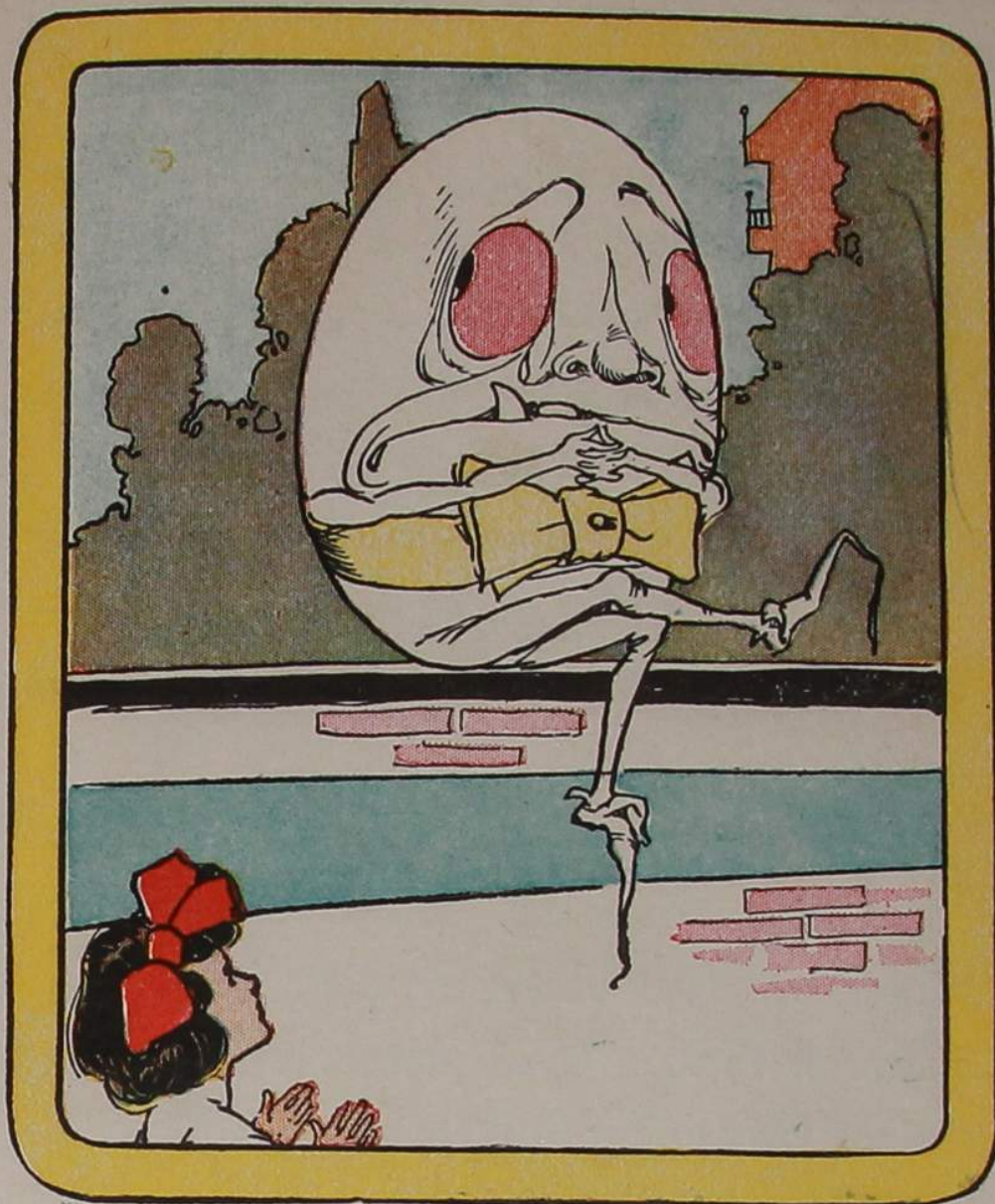
Through the Looking - Glass

"That last line is too long," she added, forgetting that Humpty-Dumpty could hear her.

"I do not think so." said Humpty-Dumpty; "the King promised me to—to —"

"To send all his horses and all his men," Alice interrupted. "Now I think that is too bad, Humpty-Dumpty; you have been listening or you couldn't have known."

"Well, they write such things in books, I know. That's what you call history. Now, take a good look at me. I have spoken to a King! You will never see such another," and he grinned from ear to ear, and almost fell off the wall.



Through the Looking - Glass

"What a beautiful belt you have on," Alice suddenly said.

"It is a most provoking thing when a person doesn't know a necktie from a belt," said Humpty-Dumpty, wagging his head gravely from side to side.

"I know I am stupid," said Alice gently. "Will you forgive me?"

Humpty-Dumpty was sorry he was so cross, and said:

"Yes, child, it is a necktie. The White Queen gave it to me," and he crossed one knee over the other, clasping his hands around them. "Did you ever hear this piece I am going to repeat for you?"

Alice sat down to listen.

"In winter when the fields are white,

Through the Looking - Glass

I sing this song for your delight—only I do not sing it,” he added.

“I see you do not,” said Alice.

“If you can see whether I am singing or not you’ve sharper eyes than most people,” said Humpty-Dumpty.

Then he repeated a lot more, and at last Alice, growing very tired, said:

“Isn’t that all?”

“That’s all,” said Humpty-Dumpty; “good-bye.”

“This was very sudden,” Alice said to herself, but after such a strong hint she thought she ought to be going. So she got up and held out her hand to Humpty-Dumpty, saying:

Through the Looking - Glass

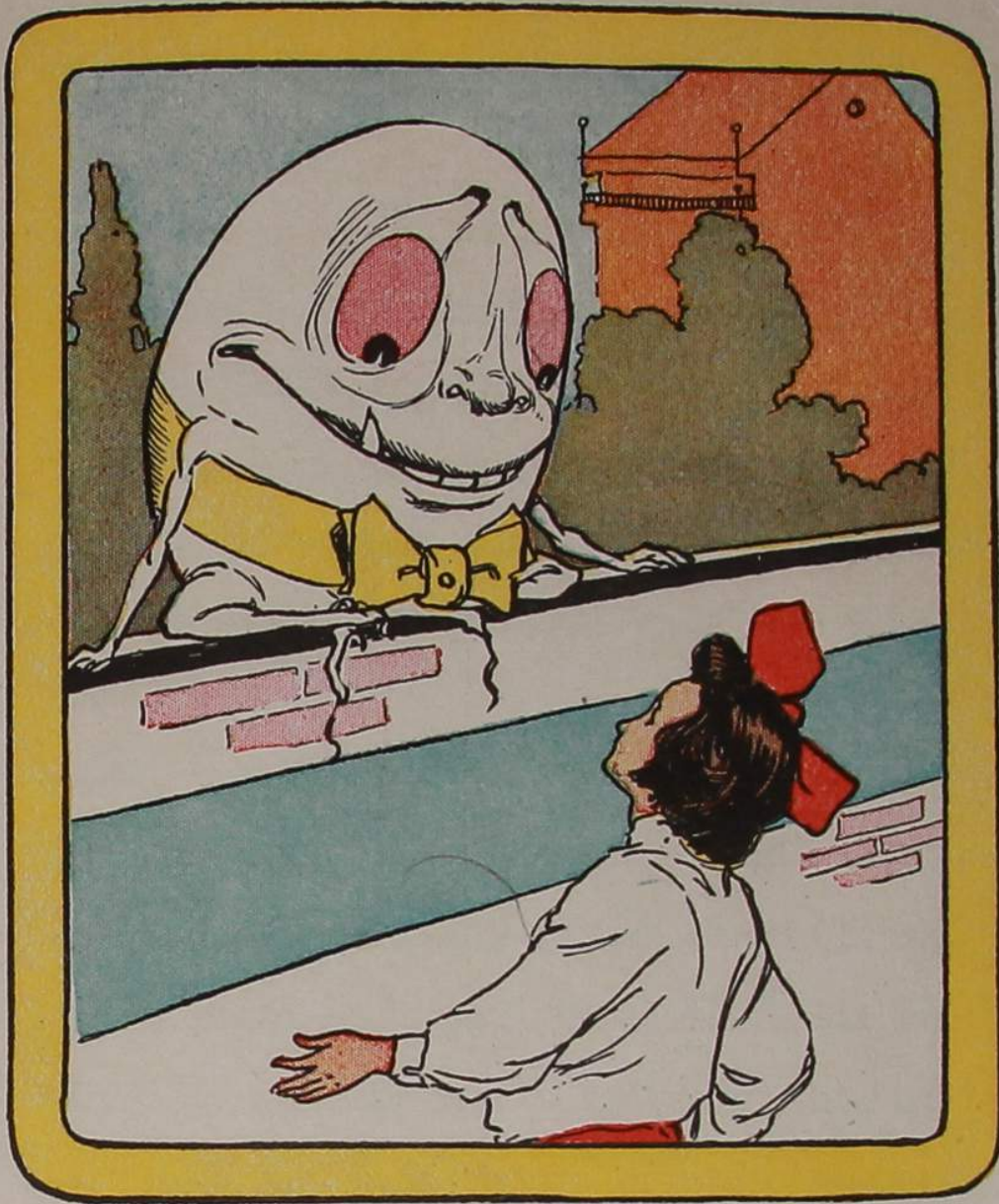
“Good-bye till we meet again.”

“I shouldn’t know you again if we did meet,” Humpty-Dumpty replied, giving her one of his fingers to shake. “You look just like other people.”

“You know people by their faces,” said Alice.

“That’s just what I complain of,” said Humpty-Dumpty. “Your face is just like everybody else’s. Two eyes, nose in the middle, and mouth under it. It is always the same. If you had two eyes on one side of your nose, and a mouth at the top, that would be some help.”

“It would not look nice,” said Alice, laughing.



Through the Looking - Glass

Humpty-Dumpty shut his eyes and said:

“Wait till you’ve tried.”

Alice waited a moment to see if he would speak again, but he never opened his eyes or took any further notice of her. She said “Good-bye” once more, and, as he made no reply, she walked away, saying to herself:

“Of all the queer people I ever—” She never finished what she was going to say, for at that moment a heavy crash shook all the trees and everything, and Alice woke up with a start. That was the end of the looking-glass room, and she knew it was all a dream.

ROBINSON CRUSOE;
HIS MAN FRIDAY

ROBINSON CRUSOE; HIS MAN FRIDAY

ROBINSON CRUSOE was a very daring boy and when still young was full of thoughts of travel. Nothing would satisfy him but to go to sea, so one day he left his kind parents and friends and set sail on a voyage to Africa. They had been out about two weeks, when a great storm came up, and suddenly they struck a rock. The sea broke over the ship, and in a few moments she began to sink.



R o b i n s o n C r u s o e

Robinson Crusoe swam well, but the waves were very strong, and he was dashed against a rock with such force that he became senseless. When he came to he found himself safe on dry land. He looked about to see if any of his comrades had escaped, but nowhere was there any sign of them, and he saw only the wreck of the ship far out from the shore. He swam out to her, and found, among other things of value that had not been hurt by the water, many tools, guns and a great deal of food. He made daily trips to the vessel, bringing ashore all that he thought would be useful to him. One night there

R o b i n s o n C r u s o e

was a great storm, and when he awoke in the morning he found the ship was nowhere to be seen.

He now set himself to build a hut. It took a long time, but at last he had a fairly comfortable one, which he called his castle. He made also many other things for his comfort. Out of the skins of animals he shot he made clothes for himself. He had brought from the ship a cat and a dog, and also a parrot which he taught to talk.

Years and years passed away, and he was very lonely. One day he saw the prints of a naked foot upon the sand. It filled him with fear, for it showed that the

Robinson Crusoe

island must be visited by savages. Not long after this he saw five canoes drawn up on the shore, and a swarm of naked savages dancing about a fire. They dragged two poor wretches from the boats, and one of them they killed. Several of the savages cut him up, for they were cannibals, people who eat men, and they were going to have one of their horrible feasts. The other poor man saw a chance to escape and started to run.

Robinson Crusoe was very much frightened when the runaway came directly toward him, but when he saw that only two of the savages followed, he made up his



R o b i n s o n C r u s o e

mind to help the poor man. When they were near enough Robinson Crusoe stepped between the runaway and his pursuers. He knocked the first one down with the stock of his gun. The other raised his bow and was going to shoot, when Robinson Crusoe fired and killed him. The runaway, in fear and trembling, knelt at Crusoe's feet and made a sign that he was his slave.

Crusoe took him home to his castle and gave him food. His skin was not black, but tawney, and his eyes were bright and sparkling.

Robinson Crusoe now had a companion,

R o b i n s o n C r u s o e

and in a short time he taught him to speak English. First he told him his name was to be "Friday," for that was the day on which his life had been saved.

He made him a suit of goatskin, and the poor fellow was greatly pleased to be dressed like his master. Robinson Crusoe took Friday with him when he went hunting, and when he shot a bird Friday, who had not seen it fall, was very much frightened by the noise of the gun. But when Robinson Crusoe pointed to the bird and made signs to him to pick it up he was filled with wonder. Friday soon learned to shoot, too.

R o b i n s o n C r u s o e

One morning Friday ran to the castle in great fright. Three canoes full of savages had landed on the island. Robinson Crusoe armed himself with a sword and hatchet, and, taking all the guns he could carry, they went to a thicket of trees which stood near where the savages were.

They could see them sitting about a fire eating one of their victims, while another captive, a white man, lay bound nearby. Robinson Crusoe and Friday both fired among the savages and killed several. Then they rushed forward, and Friday used the hatchet and Crusoe the sword. They killed all the savages except four,



R o b i n s o n C r u s o e

who ran to their canoes and paddled away. Friday let the captive loose, and Robinson Crusoe ran to a canoe, intending to follow the savages. But in the canoe he found a poor creature bound hand and foot. Friday came up just at this moment, and Crusoe told him to speak to the man and tell him he was saved. When Friday looked at the man he began to kiss him, and cried, laughed and jumped all at once, for the man was Friday's father.

One morning, a short time after this, Friday brought word to Crusoe that a ship was in sight. Crusoe fairly danced with joy. As they watched the ship they saw a

R o b i n s o n C r u s o e

boat leave her and make for the shore. Eleven men landed, and all but three wandered about the island. The three kept by themselves, and seemed very sad and unhappy. When the others were out of hearing Crusoe came up to them. He found they were English, and one was captain of the ship. There had been a mutiny on board, and the other men, instead of killing the three men, were going to leave them on the island.

Crusoe offered to help them regain the ship. They went to the castle and got all the guns there were. By and by when the other men returned, they shot two men who, the captain said, were the leaders.

R o b i n s o n C r u s o e

The rest yielded without a struggle.

The captain asked Crusoe what he could do for him in return for rescuing him. Robinson Crusoe asked nothing more than he should carry himself, Friday and the others to England, and the captain gladly agreed. They set sail, and Robinson Crusoe and Friday left the island where they had lived many years.

Three days later, passing near the coast of an island, they saw close to the shore a lot of canoes full of savages armed with bows and arrows. Robinson Crusoe told Friday to go on deck and speak to them in his own tongue. Friday did as he was bid, but scarcely had he spoken a word when the savages let fly a great cloud of arrows



R o b i n s o n C r u s o e

at him. One pierced him through the heart, and he fell to the deck dead. When Robinson Crusoe saw this he became almost frantic with rage. He ordered the ship's guns to be loaded and fired at the savages.

He took a terrible vengeance for Friday's death. Friday had been so honest, faithful and affectionate, and always so cheerful and pleasant, that Robinson Crusoe loved him very dearly. He mourned him as if he had been his son and had his body buried in the sea with all the honors possible.

The voyage to England had no more mishaps, and Robinson Crusoe arrived home in safety after many years' absence.

THE SWISS
FAMILY ROBINSON

THE SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON

OUR ship had been tossed about in a most terrible storm for several days, and we all feared that at any moment she might go to the bottom.

“Come boys,” said I to my four sons, “we shall at least go down side by side.” Just then we struck a rock.

“We are lost! Launch the boats! Try for your lives!” a voice cried.

I ran to the deck and found that all the boats had left, and we alone remained. I



Swiss Family Robinson

cried out for the men to come back and take us with them, but it was in vain. I thought our last chance was gone. Still the ship did not sink. I went to the stern, and to my joy saw that she was held up by a huge rock.

"Be of good cheer, we are at least safe for some time, and we may yet reach land," I said to my wife and boys.

Fritz, my oldest son, and I then made a raft. Fritz found some firearms, and Ernest a tool chest, and Jack came up to us with two huge dogs, one of which he rode like a horse. After we had loaded all the things we had gathered together on the

Swiss Family Robinson

raft, and had set free some ducks and geese which we hoped would fly to shore, we all got on the raft and reached the shore safely, the dogs swimming alongside.

We made a tent with the old sail cloth we had brought with us, and the boys fetched some moss and dry grass with which to make our beds. We set fire to some dry twigs, and my wife made a pot of soup which we ate with relish. The boys then went down to the water's edge to save two large casks which had washed near shore. It was not long before I heard a shrill cry from Jack, and running with an axe in my hand, I found him in a pool of water.

Swiss Family Robinson

where a large crab held him by his toes. I struck it with the axe, and Jack ran off with it in high glee.

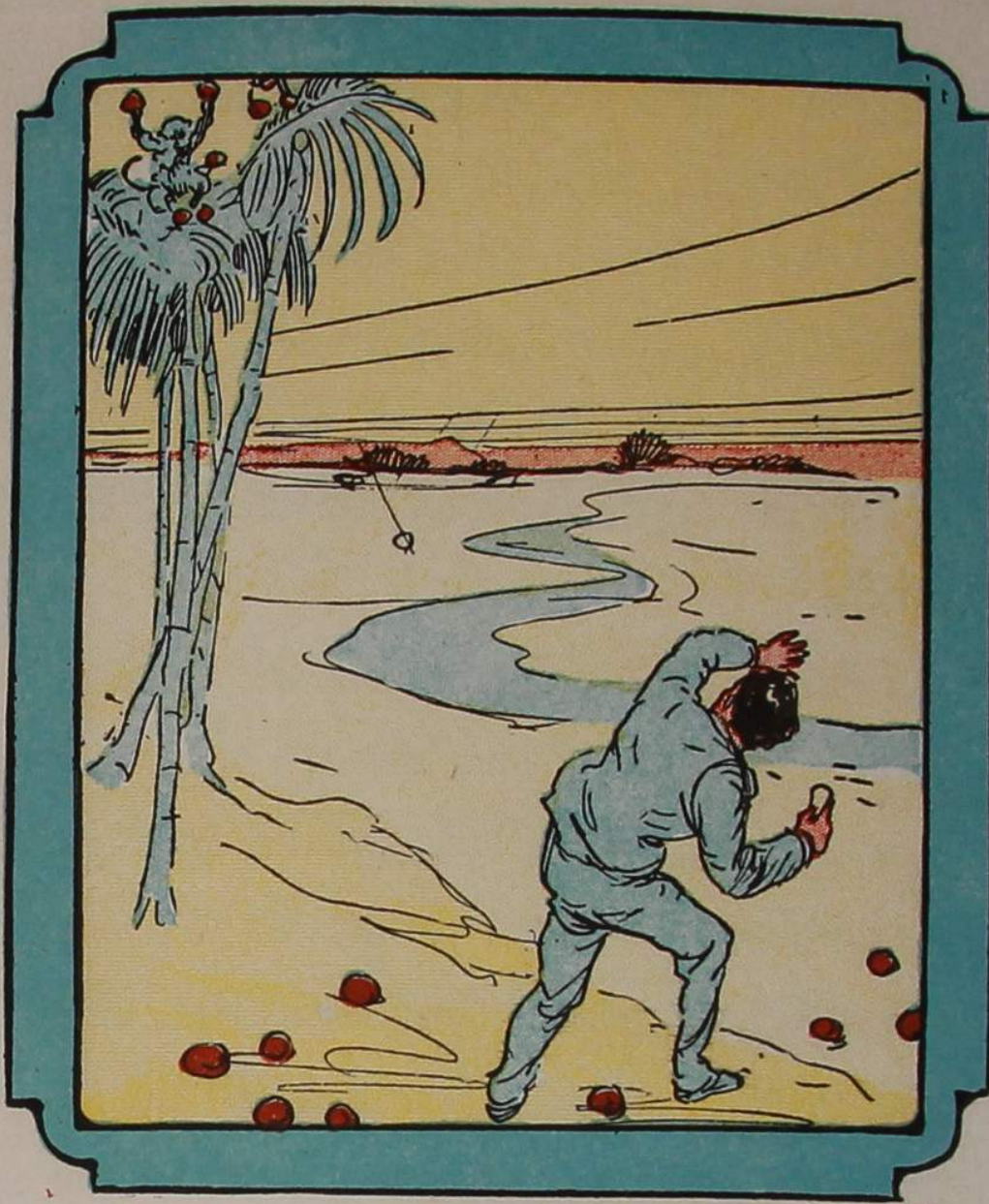
Fritz and I then went to a grove of palm trees near by.

"Do you see those nuts at the top of the tree, Fritz?" I said.

"To be sure I do; but they are far too high to reach. Look!" he cried, "there are some monkeys. Let me have a shot at them."

"Do not do that," I said; "it will do no good to kill them," and with that I threw some stones up at the tree.

The monkeys started throwing cocoa-



Swiss Family Robinson

nuts at us, and so many that we had hard work to pick them all up. We had not gone far with them when one of the dogs dashed by us after a troop of apes. One of them could not climb, as she had a young one in her arms, and this one the dog attacked.

Fritz called the dog off, but the ape was dead. The young one, as soon as it saw Fritz, sprang on his back, put his paws in his hair, and would not let go.

I at length got the ape from Fritz, and took it up in my arms like a child; then I put it on the dog's back, and it held tight by the hair of the dog's back, while Fritz

Swiss Family Robinson

led with a string. That night the ape went to bed with Jack and Fritz, and all slept in peace.

Next day Fritz and I went back to the wreck to save the live stock, and get whatever else might be of use. We made a float for the cow, the ass, the sheep and goats, and we also brought with us a lot of food. We had gone but a short distance when I heard a loud cry from Fritz.

"We are lost," he said, pointing to a great shark near by. Though pale with fright, he took aim with his gun and shot the fish in the head. It sank at once and I knew that we were safe once more.

Swiss Family Robinson

When we got back to the tent my wife told me that while we were at the wreck she had gone in search of a place to build a house, and to my surprise told me she had found a tree twelve yards around and so big that we could build rooms in it and have stairs up the trunk, and in this way we could be safe from any wild animals. I thought this a good idea, and we all started to see this wonderful tree, which proved to be a fig tree of vast size.

"If we can fix a tent up there," I said, "we shall have no cause to dread wild beasts."

It was late at night when we had taken



Swiss Family Robinson

all our belongings to this spot, and got the wood to build our hut.

Next day we rose very early, as we knew we had a long day of toil before us. Just as we were starting to work, Jack cried out:

“Be quick! here is a strange beast with quills as long as my arm!”

It was a large porcupine. When the dogs ran near, it made a loud noise and shot out its quills, which stuck in the dogs and made them bleed. Jack shot at the beast, and it fell dead on the spot. Ernest and I then went in search of some thick canes which grew in the sand near by.

Swiss Family Robinson

These we cut down and bound to four long poles and thus made steps which would, we thought, reach far up the trunk of our tree. On our way back one of the dogs made a dart at a clump of reeds, and a troop of large birds rose with a loud noise. Fritz let fly at them, and brought down two at a shot.

"Look," said Ernest, "what fine plumes he has. He has web feet, too, like a goose, and long legs like a stork."

"Yes," said I, "he is a fine bird, and is called the Flamingo."

That night we had finished the hut, and we lit our fire around the tree, tied the

Swiss Family Robinson

dogs to the roots, and went up to sleep out of harm's way, for the first time since we left the ship. When the steps were drawn up we all felt that we were now safe at last.

"Let us call our home 'The Nest'," my wife said.

"Here's to 'The Nest'," said I, "and may we live long and bless the day that brought us here."

And here we lived for ten long years, and our cares were few, and our life was full of joy and adventure. Yet I often cast a look at sea, in hope that some day I



Swiss Family Robinson

should spy a ship which would take us back to our own beloved land.

But the boys did not share my hopes.

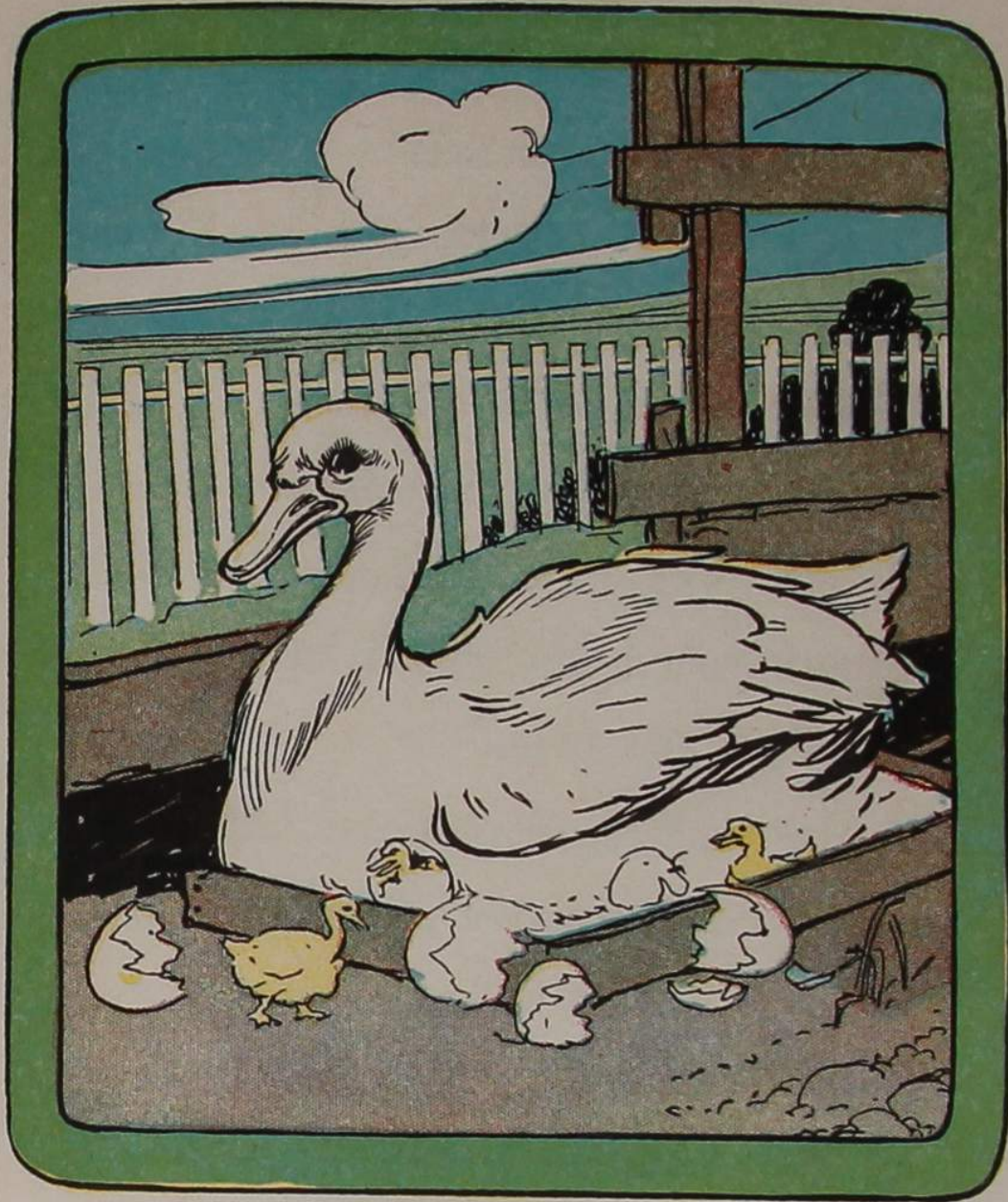
“Go back?” Fritz would say. “No, no, Why should we go back? We have all we can wish for; let us leave our fate in the hands of God.”

ANDERSEN'S FAIRY
TALES
The Ugly Duckling

THE UGLY DUCKLING

BENEATH the branches of some burdock bushes, on the bank of a winding creek, sat an old duck on her nest hatching her young ones. By and by, one egg cracked, and then another. "Chick, chick, chick," was heard as the little heads peeped out of the shells, to be greeted with the "quack, quack" of the old mother duck.

"Are you all here, my dears?" she asked, as she arose from her nest. No, there lay the largest egg of all unhatched. She sat



Andersen's Fairy Tales

down again on the egg just as an old duck waddled up to call on her.

"How are you getting along?" she asked.

"They are all hatched but one, and it is so big it will not break," she replied.

"Depend upon it," said her visitor, "it is a turkey egg, and you'll have trouble for turkeys can't swim."

At last the big egg broke. "Tweet, tweet," and out crept a young one, but so very big and ugly that the mother duck thought he must be a young turkey-cock.

"I shall soon see," she said to herself,

Andersen's Fairy Tales

"whether he is or not, when he goes into the water."

The next day she sprang into the creek with a splash, and one duckling after another sprang in after her. Even the big ugly one was swimming too, and beautifully.

"No turkey could swim like that," she thought.

"Quack, quack, come with me and I will take you to the barnyard so that all the chickens, ducks and turkeys may see you."

"Look there, how ugly that one duck is," said the ducks, and one flew at him.

Andersen's Fairy Tales

"Let him alone," said the mother, "he is doing no harm."

The poor ugly duckling who had been the last to leave his shell was beaten and pushed and made a fool of by the hens as well as the ducks. Even the turkey-cock puffed himself up and swooped down on him, gobbling and getting red in the face. The poor duckling was very unhappy, and every day things grew worse and worse for him. He was even chased about by his sisters, who said:

"I wish the cat would catch you!"

The ducks bit him, the hens beat him, and the girl who fed the poultry kicked



Andersen's Fairy Tales

him away with her foot. So he ran away and flew over the hedge. Even the little birds who saw him were frightened, and he thought it was because he was so ugly. The poor duckling, however, closed his eyes and ran away faster and faster until he came to a great meadow.

He lay down in the reeds until morning, when three wild geese came by.

"You are ugly, but we like you. Come with us," they said to him. Just at that moment bang! bang! went a gun, and the three geese fell down dead. Bang! bang! and all the other wild geese in the meadow flew up. The huntsmen were lying all around the meadow hiding in the reeds.

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What a fright the poor duckling was in, especially when a big dog ran up with his tongue hanging out of his mouth. He showed his sharp teeth, but happily he turned away from the duckling.

"Oh, I'm glad I am so ugly, for even a dog will not bite me," said the duckling, and he lay still until the bullets of the huntsmen no more whistled through the reeds, and then hurried away as fast as he could.

In the evening he reached a little hut all tumbled down and dirty. He crept through the half-open door into a dark little room where an old woman sat. She

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lived here alone with her tom-cat and pet hen. The cat she called her little son. He purred and put up his back if you rubbed him from his head to his tail, but sparks flew if you rubbed him the other way. The hen had short legs, so they called her "Chickling Short-legs."

In the morning when they saw the duckling Tom began to purr and the hen to cluck.

"What is the matter?" said the woman, for she could not see well, and thought the duckling was a fat duck that had lost her way.

"Oh, that is a fine catch," said she when



Andersen's Fairy Tales

Tom told her. "Now, we can have all the duck eggs we want to eat."

The duckling, for so they thought he was, stayed all winter with the old woman and her cat and hen; but one fine day in the springtime, longing for a nice swim in the water, he went down to the brook and swam far away from the home of the old woman and her pets. But in the autumn when it grew very cold, the poor duckling had a bad time. One morning he saw a flock of beautiful swans come out of a thicket nearby, and a feeling came over the poor ugly duckling that he loved those beautiful white birds as he had never loved anything before. Ah!

Andersen's Fairy Tales

how he longed to go with them, but he felt ashamed even to let them see how ugly he was, and while he was thinking this away they flew without seeing him.

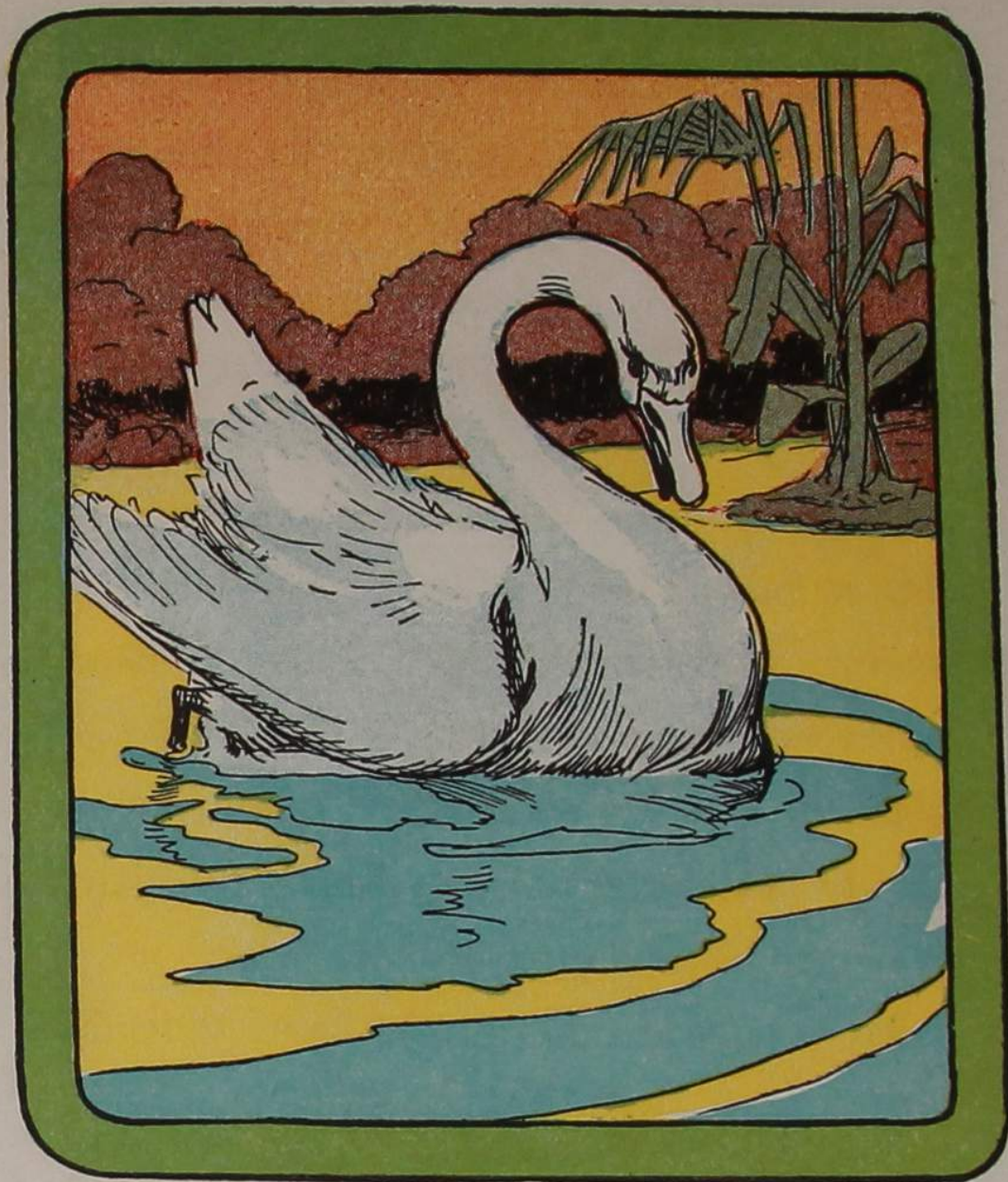
The winter came, and it was so cold that he had to swim about to keep from freezing. The pond froze over all except one small opening in the ice where he swam around. But this grew smaller and smaller and finally the duckling was frozen fast in the ice, and there the next morning a man found him and carried him home. The children wanted to play with him, but the duckling thought they were going to hurt him, and in his terror, he jumped right into the milk pail. The farmer's wife clapped her hands, and the

Andersen's Fairy Tales

children laughed and screamed, and knocked each other down trying to catch him. The duckling flew out of the open door.

He had a bad time after that all winter long, and how he lived through the cold weather nobody knows. At last the warm spring came, and much to his surprise, the duckling found that his wings were so strong that he could fly swiftly through the air with ease.

One day he flew into a beautiful large garden. There swimming around on a lake, he saw the graceful white swans he had seen before, and whom he loved so much. He was very sad, though, when he saw these beautiful creatures, for he



Andersen's Fairy Tales

thought of himself as very ugly.

"Better be killed by them," he thought, than be beaten by ducks, hens, women and children." So he flew into the water and swam toward the beautiful white swans.

"Only kill me," said the poor creature, and he bowed his head on a level with the water. But what did he see in the clear water? Beneath him, as if in a looking-glass, he saw his own image. No longer was he a dark gray, ugly bird. He had grown to be a beautiful white swan!

He was glad now, for he knew that all his sufferings were over. So he shook his feathers, and stretched his slender graceful neck, and was happy ever after.

GRIMM'S FAIRY
TALES
Hansel and Grethel

HANSEL AND GRETHEL

“**D**ON’T cry,” Hansel said to his sister, Grethel, “we will find our way home again.”

A wicked stepmother and her husband, a wood-cutter, had taken their children deep into the forest to lose them. They were so very poor that there was not food enough for the grown-up people, let alone the children, and the woodcutter’s wife begged her husband to get rid of their children in this way.

But Hansel had overheard his father



G r i m m ' s F a i r y T a l e s

and mother talking over their plans, and made up his mind not to get lost. He had filled his pockets with small white pebbles, and when his parents were not looking, had dropped them, one by one, as they were taken into the thick woods.

When they were left alone Hansel and Grethel were so tired they lay down under a tree and were soon fast asleep. It was dark night when they awoke, and Grethel, not knowing about the pebbles, began to cry.

“How are we ever to get home?” she said.

Hansel comforted her, and said:

“Wait a little; we will soon find our way back;” and he told her about the

Grimm's Fairy Tales

white pebbles he had dropped along the path.

He took his little sister by the hand and followed the pebbles which they saw in the moonlight, and, after walking a long time, at last they came to their father's house.

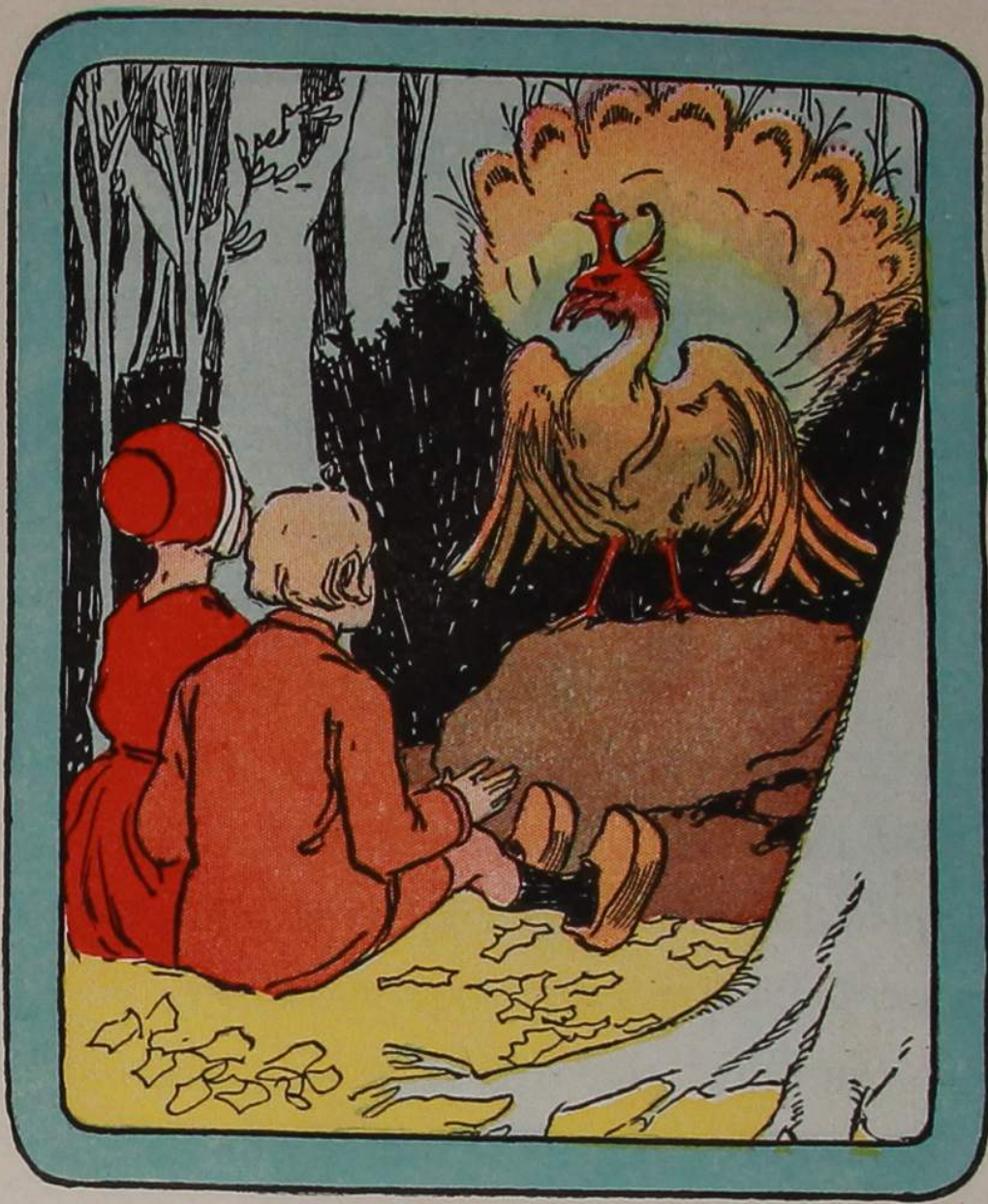
The mother scolded them; but the father was glad that they had come back.

It was not long after this, however, that the wicked stepmother and their father took them again to the forest and left them.

Alas! this time poor Hansel did not have a chance to get the pebbles, so he dropped little crumbs of bread as they

Grimm's Fairy Tales

went along. But when the moon came up they could not find the crumbs; the birds had eaten them all. Though they walked for a long time they could not find their way out of the forest. They were very tired and hungry, and after eating some wild strawberries which they found in the woods, they threw themselves down under the trees and went fast asleep. They were awakened by the song of a beautiful white bird which sat on a tree near them. As it sang it spread its wings and flew slowly before them. They followed the bird until it reached a little house, and there it lighted on the roof. When they came up to the house they saw it was



Grimm's Fairy Tales

made of bread, covered with cakes, and the windows were candy.

"Oh," said Hansel, "I've never been so hungry in my life. I will eat a piece of the roof, Grethel, and you can eat some of the windows."

At that moment they heard a soft voice from within the house say:

"Nibble, nibble, gnaw; who is nibbling at my house?"

"The wind, the wind," the children answered, somewhat frightened; but they went on eating, they were so hungry.

Suddenly the door opened, and out came a very, very lame old woman. Hansel and Grethel were scared, and stopped

Grimm's Fairy Tales

eating in their fear of the ugly old woman.

"Oh, you dear children! Did you come to stay with me? Have no fear; no harm shall come to you," said the old woman.

She took them by the hand and led them into the house, and gave them lots of good things to eat. There was milk, pancakes, sugar, apples and nuts in plenty; and, after they had eaten all they wanted, she took them to two pretty little beds. Hansel and Grethel lay down and thought they were in heaven.

The old woman only pretended to be kind. She was really a wicked witch, who lay in wait to catch little children. Her little cake house was only meant to

Grimm's Fairy Tales

entice them. When children fell into her power she killed them and then cooked and ate them.

When she saw Hansel and Grethel asleep in the little beds, she said to herself:

“That will be a dainty mouthful.”

And then she seized Hansel and carried him into a stable and shut him up. He screamed and cried, but no one came to help him. The witch then went to Grethel and woke her with a rough shake.

“Get up, you lazy thing, and cook something for your brother. He is in the stable, and when he is fat enough I shall eat him,” the wicked witch said.



Grimm's Fairy Tales

Grethel wept bitterly, but it did no good; she had to do what the witch told her. Every morning the witch crept to the stable and said:

"Hansel, stretch out your finger that I can feel how fat you are getting."

Hansel stretched out each time, instead, a little bone, which he found in the stable, and as the witch's eyes were dim, she thought it was Hansel's finger, and could not understand why he did not get fat. But after a while she grew angry and said to Grethel:

"Let Hansel be fat or not, I shall kill and cook him today."

She then made a big fire to heat her

Grimm's Fairy Tales

oven, in which she intended to cook Hansel. Then she said to Grethel:

"Come here, girl; creep in and see if it is hot enough to roast your brother."

Though Grethel did not know it, she intended to cook and eat her, too. But Grethel was a bright little girl, and was not to be tricked.

"I do not know how I am to do it. Show me how," she said to the witch.

"Silly goose!" said the witch. "The door is very big; just see, I can get in myself," and she crept up and put her head in front of the oven door. At that Grethel gave her a big push that drove her far into the oven, and bang! she quickly shut the door.

Grimm's Fairy Tales

The wicked witch was herself soon roasted to death in the oven intended for the children!

Grethel ran quickly to the stable and let Hansel out, and together they went into the house, where they found large chests of pearls and jewels of all kinds. They filled their pockets, and started to find their way out of the witch's forest.

When they had walked for a long time they came to a great river.

"We cannot get over," said Hansel; "there's isn't a bridge or a boat in sight."

"I see a white duck swimming out in the water," exclaimed Grethel. "If I ask her she will help us over, I know."



Grimm's Fairy Tales

"Little duck, little duck, dost thou see?
Hansel and Grethel are waiting for thee.
There's never a plank or bridge in sight;
Take us across on thy back so white."

The duck came to them, and Hansel seated himself on its back, and told his sister to sit beside him.

"No," replied Grethel; "that will be too heavy for the little duck."

The duck took them over, one at a time, and when they both were safely over, they found a path through the forest which led straight to their home. There they were received with cries of joy by their father and his wife, who had now become a good woman.

**JACK AND
THE BEAN STALK**

JACK AND THE BEANSTALK

IN A village, far away, there once lived a poor woman with her son Jack. While Jack at heart was a nice boy, he was heedless and naughty.

One morning his mother said with tears in her eyes: "Jack, you are a very bad boy. You have brought us to ruin by your bad tricks. We have no money, and nothing is left but the old cow. We must now starve for want of food."

This made Jack very sad, and started



Jack and the Beanstalk

him to think how he could mend matters. At last he thought of the cow, and his mother agreeing, he started off to market to sell her.

He had not driven the cow very far, when he met a butcher, who asked him how much he would take for her.

"What will you give me?" said easy-tempered Jack.

"You may have these beautiful colored beans for her," said the butcher.

Jack thought the beans were very pretty, and said, "All right, the cow is yours." Jack hastened home with the beans to his mother. But when his mother

Jack and the Beanstalk

saw what he had brought home in return for the cow, she kicked the old hat in which he held the beans, and away they rolled in all directions.

In the morning Jack went out into the garden, and what was his surprise to see that some of the beans had taken root and that the stalk was so thick that it made a kind of ladder, which reached to the sky.

He at once climbed up the beanstalk, and there at the top a strange country spread out before him. Jack was taken aback by all this, and sat down to think what best to do. He was very hungry and sad, for he knew his mother was hungry

Jack and the Beanstalk

also, and it was all his fault, too. All at once, as he looked up, he saw a beautiful young woman standing near him. She had a small white wand in her hand, at the top of which was a tiny peacock, made of pure gold.

“I am a fairy, and if you do as I tell you, I will help you, but if you do not obey me you will die,” she said to Jack. “In this strange country there lives a very wicked giant. He is so wicked and cruel everybody is afraid of him. You, Jack, must kill this giant, and then you can have all his riches. I will help you, but you must be brave. Follow this road, and soon you



Jack and the Beanstalk

will see the giant's house. You must go in and kill him." She then disappeared.

Jack walked a long time, and at last came up to a very large house, at the door of which stood a woman.

"I am tired and hungry; will you please let me go in for the night?" he said to her.

"My boy, a cruel and strong giant, my husband, lives here, and he will eat you up if he finds you," she replied.

Jack was frightened, but he remembered what the fairy had told him, and said to the woman: "Take me in for the night and hide me, so that the giant will not see me."

Jack and the Beanstalk

giant had eaten his supper, his wife brought him his bags of gold and silver. The giant soon fell asleep, and Jack, who was hiding in the oven again, crept out quietly from his hiding place, took the bags of gold and silver and ran quickly home with them. His mother cried with joy at his safe return, and for a long time they lived in great happiness.

After while Jack felt he must take another trip up the beanstalk. The woman took him in again, and this time hid him in a large wash boiler.

When the giant came in, he called loudly: "Wife! wife! I smell human flesh!" and with this he jumped up, and looked all around everywhere. Poor Jack

Jack and the Beanstalk

was ready to die with fear, but by some lucky chance the giant did not look into the boiler. At last, he called for his supper, and told his wife to bring him his harp.

Jack peeped from his hiding place and saw on the table by the giant the beautiful harp. It played the sweetest music Jack had ever heard. The music quieted the giant, and soon he was sound asleep. Jack then crept out and took hold of the harp, but no sooner had he done so than the enchanted harp called out loudly:

“Stop thief! stop thief!” The giant awoke and started after Jack, who was running fast toward the beanstalk; but he was so sleepy and heavy that Jack easily

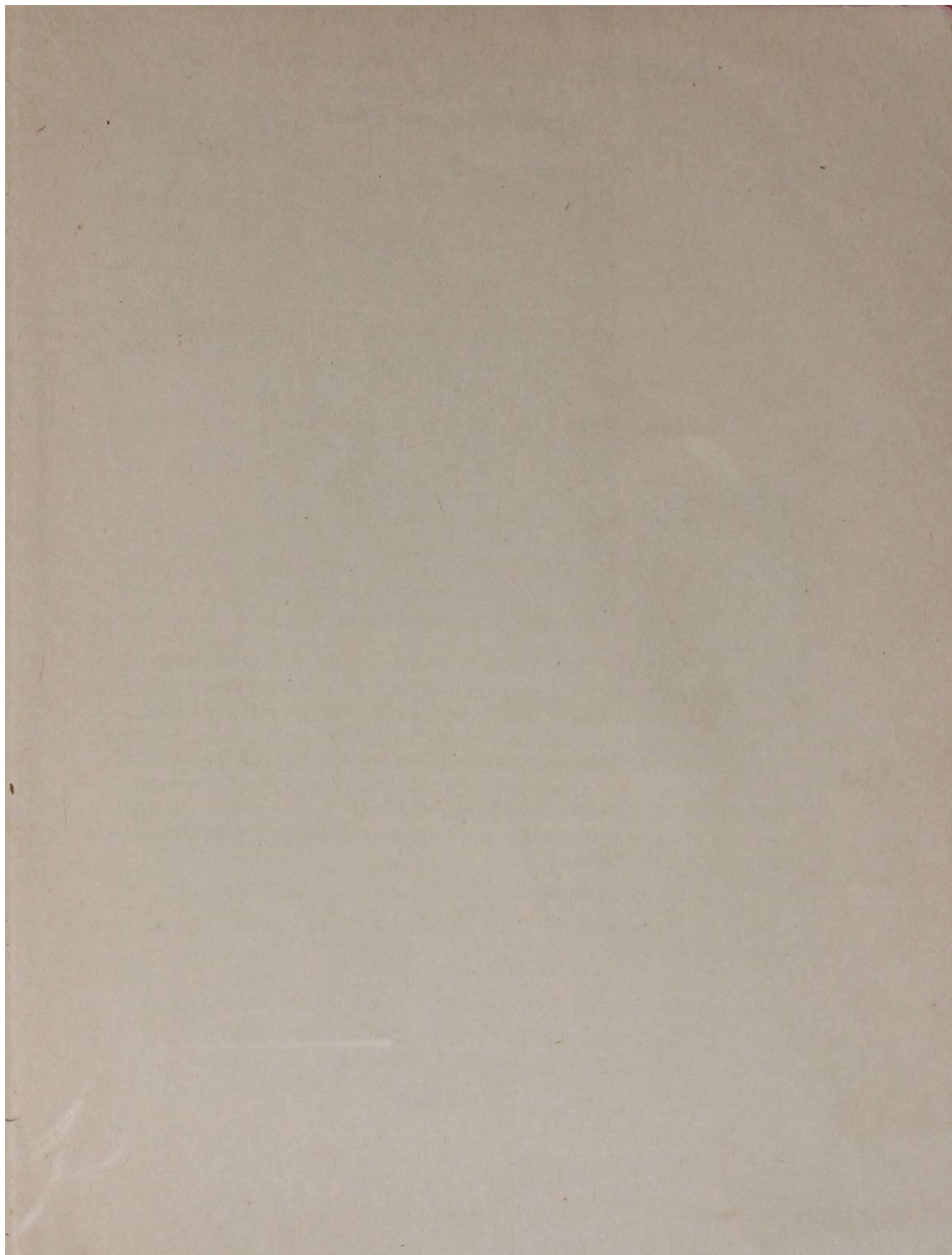


Jack and the Beanstalk

outran him, and was down to the bottom with the harp in his arms just as the giant, his loud voice crying out like thunder, reached the top.

When Jack landed at the bottom of the beanstalk he picked up a hatchet and began chopping at the bean stalk close to the roots, and soon down it fell with the giant, who was killed.

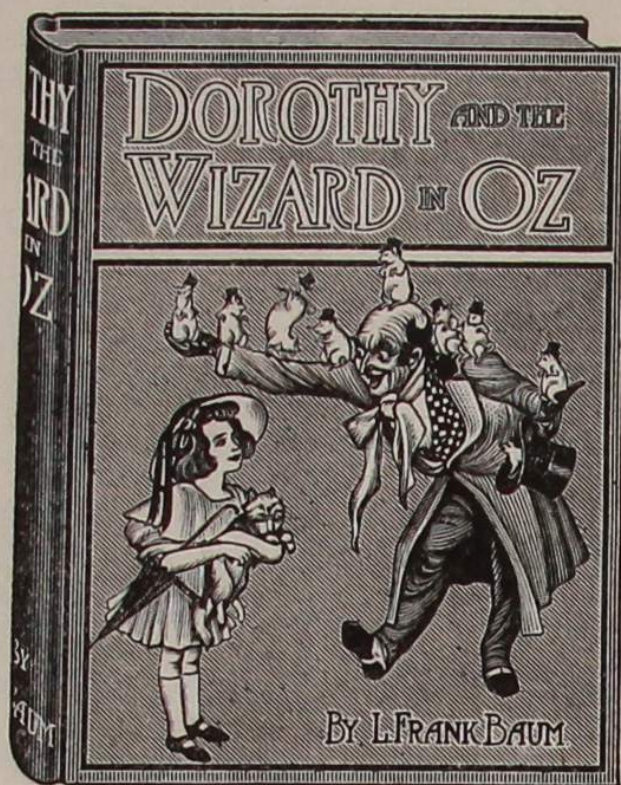
Jack begged his mother's pardon for all the pain and want he had caused her, and said he would be a good and dutiful son always, and so they were rich and happy ever after.



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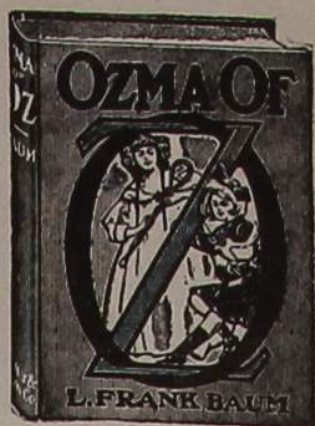
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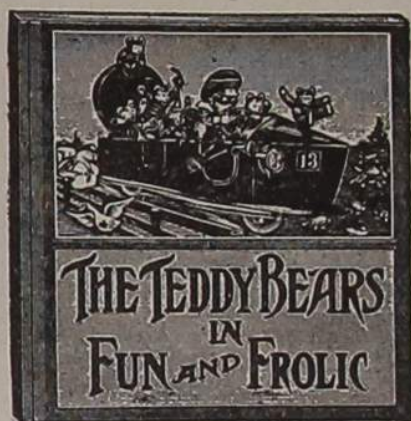
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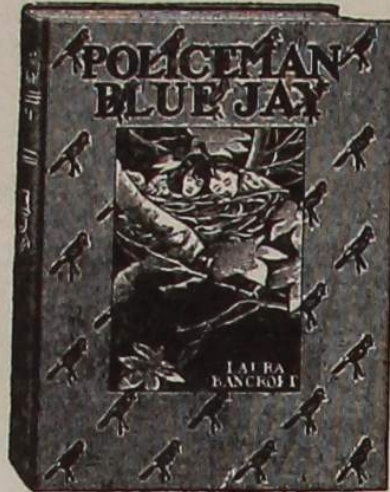
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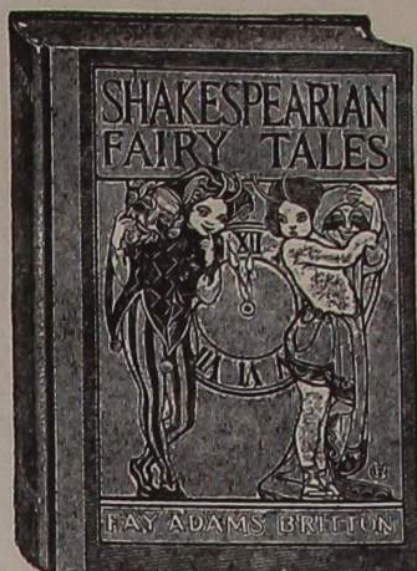
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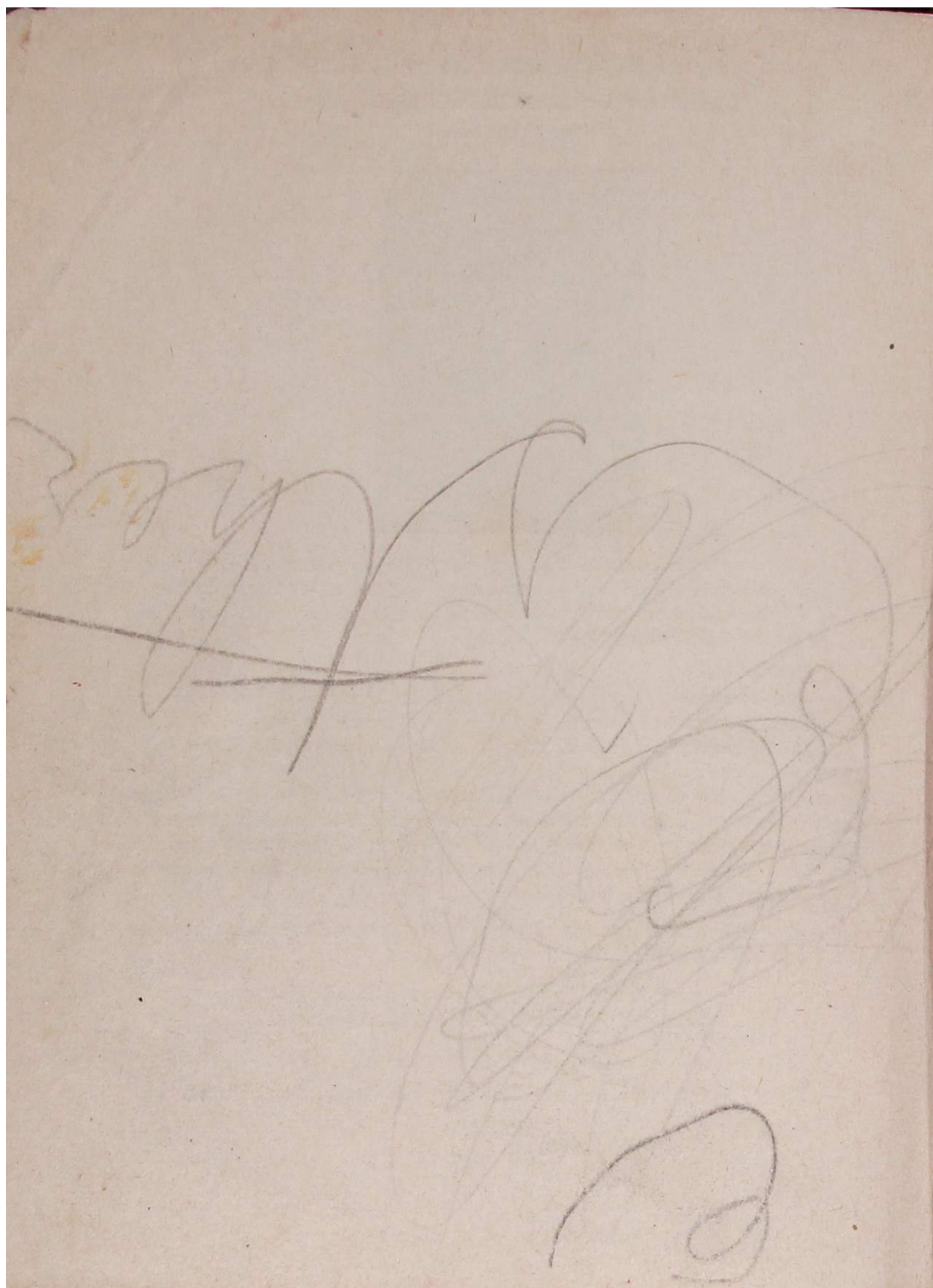
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