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GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

SELECTED AND EDITED
FOR PRIMARY READER GRADES

BY

EDNA HENRY LEE TURPIN

NEW YORK
MAYNARD, MERRILL, & CO.
PREFACE

A PHILOLOGIST usually has a reputation restricted to his fellow students; jurists and linguists win fame, more or less extended, in legal and scholarly circles. There is, perhaps, but one instance in which such studies have conferred a popular reputation. The name of the brothers Grimm is known at every fireside, cherished in every nursery.

Jakob Ludwig (1785–1863) and Wilhelm Karl Grimm (1786–1859) were brothers, united by life-long community of taste, interest, and labor. From youth they devoted themselves to philology and linguistics with the patient ardor characteristic of the German student. Jakob published valuable books on language and mythology; Wilhelm edited medieval German poems with scholarly accuracy.

But the fame of the Grimm brothers rests, for the world at large, upon the collection of folk-tales to which they lent their name. To collect these, the brothers pored over crabbed manuscripts which had gathered the dust of ages. They left their library for cottage firesides. Here they listened to the stories which old men and women handed down from their grandparents to their grandchildren. These stories, gathered from oral and written sources, form the famous collection of "Kinder- und Haus-Märchen."

The complete collection is large, and, made for scholarly purposes, includes many relics of the childhood of the race, outgrown by even the children of to-day. Side by side with these are stories of perennial charm, such nursery favorites as "Cinderella" and "Red Riding Hood."
PREFACE

From the first this collection attracted the attention of scholars interested in the literary heritage of the Teutonic peoples. Yet more, it won the hearts of children and established for itself a foremost place among the classics of the nursery.

These selections from the "Kinder- und Haus-Märchen" include stories which are prime favorites with children. In language as in thought they are carefully graded to the most youthful readers.

This volume will commend itself alike to the busy teacher desiring only a well graded story-book for supplementary reading and to the progressive instructor who seeks to develop the child mind in accord with the development of the race.

Thanks are due to Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. for their courteous permission to use some of the illustrations from their edition of Grimm's "Fairy Tales."
## CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>The Elves and the Cobbler</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The King of the Birds</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Gifts of the Little People</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Little Red Riding Hood</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Wolf and the Seven Goslings</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Queen Bee</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Boasting Wolf</td>
<td>41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Boasting Wolf</td>
<td>44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Three Luck Children</td>
<td>52</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Briar Rose, or the Sleeping Beauty</td>
<td>59</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Hare and the Hedgehog</td>
<td>68</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Snow-White and Rose-Red</td>
<td>73</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Frog Prince</td>
<td>84</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Gold Spinner</td>
<td>92</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Three Little Men in the Woods</td>
<td>99</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hans in Luck</td>
<td>108</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Fairy's Two Gifts</td>
<td>118</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The House in the Woods</td>
<td>126</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Fisherman and his Wife</td>
<td>134</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Wonderful Travelers</td>
<td>144</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cinderella</td>
<td>156</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Golden Goose</td>
<td>163</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Twelve Huntsmen</td>
<td>177</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Town Musicians</td>
<td>184</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Goose Girl</td>
<td>191</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Once upon a time there lived a cobbler. He was honest and hard-working, but he was very poor. Times were bad and he grew poorer and poorer.

At last he had only enough leather to
make one pair of shoes. This he cut out one night.

"Now," he said, "I am all ready to begin work in the morning. I will get up early and make these shoes."

Then he said his prayers and went to bed and slept in peace.

In the morning he got up early to begin his work. How surprised he was to find the shoes lying finished on the table! He looked carefully at them, but there was not a bad stitch in the work. Who had done it? He could not even guess.

Soon a man came in to buy some shoes. The pair was so well made that he bought it for a good price. With this money the shoemaker got leather to make two pairs.

That night he cut them out. But he did not have to make them next day. The work was done for him in the night.

He sold these two pairs of shoes and bought leather for four pairs. These he cut out that night and found finished the next morning.
So it went on. The work which he began one day, he found finished the next. He had only to buy leather and cut out shoes.

One winter night the shoemaker cut out several pairs of shoes. Then, instead of going to bed, he said to his wife: "My dear, I should like to find out who helps us every night. Suppose we sit up and watch."

His wife agreed. So they left the candle burning. They hid themselves in a corner of the room.

As the clock struck twelve there came into the room two little naked elves. They sat down on the shoemaker's table and began to work. They sewed so well and so fast that the shoes were soon finished. Then they skipped down and away they went.

The next morning the wife said: "Husband, these little men have helped us and I should like to do something for them. Hear my plan! They must be cold, run-
ning about with not a rag upon their backs. I will make them some clothes and knit them some stockings. Do you make a pair of shoes for each."

5 “That I will and gladly, too,” said her husband.

So they set to work and made the clothes and shoes. That night they did not put any work on the table. Instead, they laid there the gifts. Then they hid to see what the little men would do.

At midnight in they came. They jumped up on the table, expecting to find leather cut out for them to make into shoes. There was nothing but the beautiful little clothes. The elves looked at them in wonder. They felt the soft cloth and put their hands in the little pockets.

At last they dressed themselves, and jumped and danced for joy. Over stools and chairs they went, singing:

“Who will wonder at our glee?
Happy little men are we,
Well dressed now, as you may see.”
At last they danced out of the room and they never came back any more.

But the shoemaker who had been kind to those who had helped him was never again in want. As long as he lived, he and his wife lacked nothing.
THE KING OF THE BIRDS

A bear and a wolf were walking together in the woods.

"Listen, Brother Wolf!" said the bear. "What bird is that singing?"

"That is the king of the birds," said the wolf. "We must treat him with great respect."

The wolf was in fun, for it was only a little wren. The wren is sometimes called the hedge king.

"Is that the king of birds?" said the bear. "I have long wished to see the home of a king. Come and show me his house."

"Wait till the queen comes home," said the wolf.

Soon Jenny Wren came in sight, bringing food for her little ones.

"The king did not choose a very beautiful mate," said the bear. "Let us follow and see their home."
THE KING OF THE BIRDS

But the wolf held him back.

"No. Let us wait until the king and queen go away," he said.

When the wrens flew away, the bear and the wolf went to the tree. The bear climbed up to peep into the nest. There he saw five young birds.

"Do you call this a king's house?" he cried to the wolf. "Why, it is only a clod of mud and grass. In it are five ugly little things with big mouths and no feathers."

The young wrens heard and were very angry.

"We are not ugly little things," they cried, "and our home is all that heart could wish. You shall be made to beg our pardon for such a speech."

The bear laughed and went his way. The little wrens cried and quarreled till their father and mother came back.

"We will not eat a thing, not even a fly's leg, till the bear is punished," they said. "He laughed when the wolf told him we are king's children. He called
our nest a clod and said that we are ugly little things."

"Do not fret about that," said the father wren. "The bear shall be punished." Then he flew to the bear's den and said: "Old growler, how dare you show so little respect to a king? You shall suffer for it. Prepare to fight."

The bear called to his help all the four-footed things of the wood and field,—the wolf, the deer, the fox, and many others. The wren gathered together all things that fly. Not only the birds, great and small, came to his help, but bees and gnats, and all other winged things.

The smallest of the gnats was sent to find out the bear's plans. He hid under a leaf where he could see and hear without being seen.

"Fox, you are the most cunning of us all," he heard the bear say. "So you shall lead in the fight."

"Good!" said the fox. "But we have no flag. What shall we use instead?"
No one seemed to know.
"Well," said the fox, "I have a beautiful long, bushy tail. I will hold it up as long as everything is well. Then you must all go forward. But if I lower my tail, run away as fast as you can."

The gnat flew back and told word for word what the fox had said.

"Ah, ha!" said the wren. "Stands the matter thus? Brother Wasp, when the fight begins, fly to the fox. Whenever he raises his tail, sting it with all your might."

Next morning the fight began. There were so many beasts that the ground trembled under their tread. The flying things croaked and buzzed and squawked, and darkened the air like a thunder cloud.

The fox now wished the beasts to march forward. So he raised his bushy tail for a flag. At once the wasp stung him so that he jumped high in the air. Still he kept his tail up.

A second time the wasp stung him. It
hurt so that he was forced to lower his tail, but he raised it again. When the wasp stung him a third time, he could bear it no longer. He dropped his tail between his legs. Away he ran as fast as he could go.

When the beasts saw this, they were sure that the day was lost. They ran this way and that way to hide. And so the birds won the fight.

Back flew the wren to his nest.

"Be glad, O children," he cried. "Eat and drink, for we have won the day."

"No," said the young wrens, "we will not eat nor drink till the bear comes and begs our pardon."

The wren flew to the bear's den.

"Old growler," he cried, "if you do not wish to fight again, come and beg our children's pardon."

The bear in great fright crawled to the tree and begged pardon for his rude speech. Then the little wrens were quite content. They ate and drank and were merry all the day.
THE GIFTS OF THE LITTLE PEOPLE

A blacksmith and a tailor had been at work all day. In the evening they walked together in the country. The moon rose as they were on a lonely road.

All at once they heard far-off music. It was so sweet that they forgot how tired they were and hurried forward. The sound grew clearer and clearer.

Soon they came to a hillside. There they saw a crowd of merry little men and women. They were dancing in a ring to the sound of music.

In the middle of the ring was a little man with a long white beard which reached to his waist. He wore a coat of many colors.

The tailor and the blacksmith stood still watching the dancers. Soon the little old man made signs for them to come inside the ring.
At first they did not wish to do this. But when they saw how merry and good-natured the little people were, they entered the ring. Round and round danced the little men and women.

After a while the old man drew a large knife from his belt. He felt the edge and sharpened it on a stone. Then he turned and looked hard at the strangers. They were frightened, but they had no time to run away. He caught the blacksmith and shaved off his hair and beard. Then he turned to the tailor and shaved him too.

After doing this he patted them on their backs to show that he was pleased with them. He pointed to a heap of coals on the roadside, and made signs to them to fill their pockets.

Both obeyed though they could not see what would be the use of a pocket full of coals.

Now the clock struck twelve. All at once the music stopped and in a flash the little
people were gone. There lay the green hillside in the moonlight.

The tailor and the blacksmith rubbed their eyes. Was it all a dream? No. There were their shaven heads and there were their pockets full of coals.

They walked down the road till they came to a house where they wished to spend the night. There was nowhere for them to sleep but in the stable. They lay down on the straw and fell asleep. They were too tired even to take the coals out of their pockets.

But early the next morning the weight awakened them. What was their surprise to find that instead of coals their pockets were full of lumps of gold. Their beards, too, had grown again and their heads were covered with hair.

They were now very rich. The blacksmith had larger pockets and he had even more gold than the tailor. But he was not content.

"Ah, friend tailor," he said, "I wish
we had known those coals would change to gold. I should have taken more. I should have filled my hands as well as my pockets. Let us go back to the hillside to-night. No doubt the little old man will give us more."

"No," said the tailor. "I am content. The little man gave me more gold than I had ever hoped to see. Instead of trying to get more, I will make the best of what I have."

"Then I will go alone," said the blacksmith. He had the tailor make his pockets larger, and he bought two great bags. Then he went to the hillside. He found the little people dancing and singing as on the former night.

Again they took him into the ring. The old man shaved him and made signs to him to take some coals. He filled all his pockets and both the bags. Then he went home dragging his heavy load. He had a bed that night, but he did not take off his clothes.

"The weight of the gold in my pockets
will wake me early," he said. "Then I will rise and count my riches."

Early the next morning he started up and put his hands in his pockets. There were coals, black coals. Handful after handful he pulled out, but no gold. In the bags, too, there were only coals.

"Well, I still have the gold I got the first night," he said; "that is safe." And he went to look at it.

Alas! it was all turned to coal. He put his smutty hands up to his head. It was bald and his chin was smooth.

"Alas!" he cried. "I am punished for being greedy. I wanted more, and I have lost what I had." And he began to groan so loud that he waked the tailor.

"Do not be so sad," said the tailor. "You and I have long been friends. I have more gold than I need and you shall share it.”

He kept his word; but he could not put back the blacksmith's hair. As long as he lived he had to wear a cap to hide his bald head.
LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

Once upon a time there lived a sweet little girl in a cottage with her mother. Not far away lived her old grandmother, who loved her dearly and often brought her toys and gifts. One day she went to the market and came home with a red cap and cloak for her little granddaughter. The child liked them so much that she wore them everywhere she went. So she came to be called little Red Riding Hood.

One day her mother said: "Come, Red Riding Hood. I want you to take these cakes and this butter and this jar of honey to your grandmother. Go straight down the path till you come to her cottage. Do not run for fear you fall and break the jar. And then poor grandmother would get no honey."

"Yes, mother," said little Red Riding Hood, putting on her red cap and cloak.
She took the basket on her arm and kissed her mother good-by. Off she went through the woods.

As she walked along the path, she met a wolf. She did not know what a wicked beast it was, and so she was not at all afraid.

"Good day, Red Riding Hood," said the wolf.

"Good morning, sir," she said.

"Where are you going so early, Red Riding Hood?" he asked.

"I am going to my grandmother's, sir," said the little girl. "Mother baked to-day, and I am taking grandmother some cakes and some butter and a jar of honey."

"Where does she live?" asked the wolf.

"About half a mile away in the woods. The cottage stands under a great oak tree, and there are nut bushes near by."

"I will go to see her some day," said the wolf. He thought, "Ah, if only those woodcutters were out of the way, I would eat you at a mouthful! But I may get you yet."
On he walked at her side.

"See, Red Riding Hood," he said. "What pretty flowers are growing here! Would you not like to rest and gather some? You walk straight on as if you were on your way to school. See how pretty it is here in the woods."

Red Riding Hood looked around.

"Grandmother will be glad to have a nosegay," she thought. "It is so early that I can gather some flowers and still get home in good time."

She forgot that her mother had told her to go straight down the path. She left it to pick some flowers a few steps away. Then she saw some prettier ones a little farther on. And so she wandered about till she was deep in the woods.

Meanwhile the wolf ran straight on down the path. He went to the old grandmother's house and knocked at the door. Tap, tap, tap!

There was no answer. The grandmother had gone out to gather cresses from the brook, and had not yet come home.
The wolf knocked three times; then he pushed open the door and went in. There at the head of the bed hung one of the grandmother’s caps. He put it on and pulled it down over his ears. Then he got into the bed.

All this time Red Riding Hood was still gathering flowers. At last she had as many as her hands could hold. So she made her way back to the path and walked fast until she came to her grandmother’s cottage. She, too, knocked at the door.

“Who is there?” asked the wolf, trying to speak like the grandmother. But his voice was so rough that Red Riding Hood was frightened at first.

Then she thought, “Poor grandmother must have a bad cold;” so she answered, “It is I, little Red Riding Hood. I bring you some cakes and butter and a jar of honey.”

“Pull the latch, and the door will fly open,” said the wolf.

Little Red Riding Hood pulled the latch and the door flew open. In she went.
There in bed lay her grandmother, as she thought. The wolf had drawn the cover up so that she could only see his head. He had pulled the nightcap as far over his face as he could, but his great eyes were shining out.

Red Riding Hood put the basket on the table. Then she went to the bedside.

"Oh, grandmother," she said, "what great eyes you have!"

"The better to see you, my dear, the better to see you," said the wolf.

"And, grandmother, what great ears you have!"

"The better to hear you, my dear, the better to hear you!"

"And what sharp teeth you have!"

"The better to eat you up!" said the wolf, jumping out of bed.

He was just about to eat poor little Red Riding Hood at one mouthful. But at that minute the door flew open. In came some woodcutters and behind them the grandmother.
The men had seen the wolf talking to the little girl. Fearing that he meant harm, they followed him, and on the way they met the grandmother coming home. One blow from a woodcutter's sharp ax and the wicked wolf lay dead on the floor.

And of one thing you may be sure,—little Red Riding Hood never stopped in the woods again to talk with a wolf.
THE WOLF AND THE SEVEN GOSLINGS

Once upon a time there lived a goose that had seven little goslings. These she loved as dearly as a mother can.

One day she had to go out to seek food. So she called her young ones to her and said: "Dear children, I am going to get you something to eat. Be good while I am away. And be sure, be very sure, not to open the door. Here in the forest lives a great wolf. He would like to get into our house and eat you up. Look out for him with his rough voice and his great black paws."

"Dear mother," said the goslings, "we will do just as you say. Please bring us some fine fat worms."

"That I will," said the mother. She cackled good-by and away she went.

The old wolf saw her go.
"Ah!" he said to himself. "This is my time to dine on goslings."

Straight to their home he trotted. He knocked at the door. Tap, tap, tap!

"Who is there?" asked the goslings.

"It is I, your mother," answered the wolf, in his rough voice, "Open the door, my dears."

"Ah, no, no!" cried the little goslings. "You are not our mother. Her voice is soft and sweet, not rough like yours. You are the wolf, and we'll open no door for you."

Away ran the wolf, but soon he crept back to the door. Again he knocked and this time he called in a soft voice. "Let me in, my dears, let me in. I am your mother, and I have brought you something good to eat."

"That is our mother's voice," said the youngest gosling. "Let us open the door."

But the oldest one peeped through a crack, and saw one of the wolf's great black paws.
THE WOLF AND THE SEVEN GOSLINGS

"Ah, no!" he said. "We must not open the door. Our mother has no great black feet like that. Go away! You are the wolf."

Away went the wolf again. He ran to a mill and said, "Miller, dust my feet with flour, or I'll bite you with my sharp teeth."

The miller was too frightened to say no. He made the wolf's feet white with flour.

Now went the wolf the third time to the goslings. He said in a soft voice: "Open the door, dear children. I am your mother come home at last. I have something good for each of you."

The little goslings heard the soft voice. Through the crack they could just see his white feet. In haste to see what their mother had brought, they opened the door. In came the great wolf.

The little goslings ran to hide. One crept under the table, another under the bed. The third hid in the oven, and the fourth in a meal barrel. The fifth got in a
box. The sixth crept under a tub, and the seventh jumped in the tall clock.

The wolf found six and gobbled them up. He went from top to bottom of the house looking for the seventh gosling. But he never thought of looking inside the clock, and there it was.

At last he gave up the search. He went out and lay down in the green meadow. Soon he fell fast asleep.

Meanwhile the mother goose came home. Alas and alas! what did she see? The house door was wide open. Tables, chairs, and stools were upset. The broken tub and box were in the middle of the floor. She looked for her children, and called them, but all in vain. Not one could she find.

"The wolf, the cruel wolf has been here," she cried. "Alas! are all my darlings dead?"

"Mother, mother!" cried a little voice. "Here am I, in the tall clock."

She waddled as fast as she could to help the baby gosling out. Then the little one told how the cunning wolf had got into the
house and had eaten her brothers and sisters. How the poor mother wept for her children!

"At least, I will see where the cruel wolf has gone," said she. So she followed his tracks across the meadow. She found him lying asleep, snoring so that the leaves shook as if in the wind.

As she looked she saw that something inside him moved up and down.

"Can it be that my children are still alive?" she said. "I will see."

She sent the little gosling to bring her scissors and needle and thread. She gave a snip and out came one of the goslings.

Then another snip and another, till all six stood safe before her. The great wolf had swallowed them whole, and they were not hurt. Then the mother said, "Now bring me six large stones from the brook."

The goslings brought the largest stones they could lift. These they put inside the old wolf. The mother goose sewed him up so quietly that he did not stir.
THE WOLF AND THE SEVEN GOSLINGS 33

When he had slept long enough, he yawned and stretched, and tried to get up. The stones were so heavy that it was hard for him to move.

"How thirsty I am!" he said to himself. "I must go down to the brook and drink."

As he walked the stones knocked against one another and against his sides.

He cried out:—

"Rattle, rattle! rumble, rumble!
Who ever felt such bones?
Surely a wolf has right to grumble
At goslings so like stones!"

He came at last to the brook and stooped to drink. But when he leaned forward the weight of the stones made him fall into the stream. Down he sank to the bottom and never rose again.

The goslings and their mother heard the splash and ran to the brook. They danced for joy, crying out: "The wolf is dead! The wolf is dead!"
THE QUEEN BEE

A king had two sons who were called very clever. Yet they were idle, and never thought of other people's comfort or pleasure. They had a younger brother named Witling, who was quiet and gentle. The two older brothers often laughed at him.

"You are too stupid ever to make your way in the world," they said.

One day the three started on a journey together. They had not gone far when they came to an ant hill.

"Let us upturn this ant hill," said the oldest brother. "It will be fun to see the frightened ants running to and fro carrying their eggs."

"No, no," said Witling, "leave the little ants in peace. Why should we frighten them?"
THE QUEEN BEE

They left the ants' hill unharmed, and on they went.

Soon they came to a lake. Many ducks were swimming about on the water. Then the second brother said, "Come, let us kill some of these fine ducks."

"No," said Witling, "do not kill them. We do not need them for food. So why should we take away their lives?"

So they left the ducks swimming about on the lake. They walked on till they came to a bees' nest in a tree.

"Let us kindle a fire," said the oldest brother. "The smoke will keep the bees from stinging us. Then we can take the honey."

But Witling held him back. "Do not make a fire. Why should we rob the bees of their store? We are not hungry, and we cannot carry the honey with us."

Again they listened to his words, though they said, "You are a poor, silly fellow."

On and on they went.

At last they came to a great castle. It
was of stone, and all things they saw, even the horses in the stables, were stone.

The brothers went through room after room. They did not see man nor woman nor child, only stone figures.

At last they reached a door, through a hole in which they saw a little, gray man. They called to him once and again. When they called the third time, he rose and came out. He gave them food and showed them a room where they might sleep. But he did not speak one word.

The next morning he showed a stone table on which were written three tasks. These every one who came to the castle must undertake.

The first was this: "In the moss around the castle are scattered a thousand pearls. They must all be found in one day. Whoever does this will free the castle from its spell. Whoever tries and fails will himself be turned to stone at sunset."

The oldest brother read these words and began at once to search for the pearls. He
looked all day long. But when sunset came he had found only a hundred. So he was turned into stone.

The next day the second brother began the search. He began before day, searching by moonlight. But at sunset he had found only two hundred pearls. So he, too, was changed to stone.

It was now the turn of Witling. He searched and searched, but he found only a handful of the pearls. As the sun was about to set, poor Witling dropped the gems and began to weep. As he wept there came to him the ants whose home he had saved.

"Good day, friend Witling," they said. "Once you did us a good turn. Now we will repay you."

Here and there through the moss went the little ants. One after another came up with a pearl which it laid before him. Then home they went without waiting for his thanks.

In great joy Witling carried the pearls to the castle. Then the old gray man pointed
to the stone table. There Witling read the second task.

"The key of the princesses' room is under the mud and water of this great lake. It must be found and the door unlocked."

"Ah!" thought Witling, "this is a thing I can never do. No man on earth can dive deep enough to find a little key lost in a great lake."

He went out and stood beside the lake, and his tears fell into the blue water. Then the ducks that he had saved came swimming to his feet.

"Do not be so sad, friend Witling," they said. "You saved us. Now it is our time to save you."

Down to the bottom of the lake they dived. At last one came up with the key in his beak.

Witling took it and unlocked the door of the princesses' room. There they lay, all three fast asleep.

Now the little gray man pointed Witling to his last task, the hardest of all.
"Go into the room where the three princesses lie asleep. They are so much alike that their own mother cannot tell one from another. You must awake the youngest and dearest. Before they went to sleep the oldest ate some sugar, the second a little sirup, and the youngest a spoonful of honey."

But how was Witling to know which had eaten the honey? He stood looking at the princesses. They were as much like one another as his image in the looking-glass was like him.

Just then there flew into the room the queen bee of the nest that he had saved. She flew to the king's daughters and buzzed from one to another. Then she began to sip honey from the lips of one. Thus Witling knew this was the youngest, and he waked her.

When she opened her eyes the castle was freed from its spell. The other princesses waked, and the horses and men took their own shapes again.
Then the king gave Witling half his kingdom, and his youngest daughter as bride. The two other brothers married the other princesses. They had learned from Witling that it is better to be simple and kind-hearted than clever and unkind.
THE BOASTING WOLF

A fox was one day talking to a wolf about men.

"They are so strong and so brave," it said, "that all beasts fear them."

"I wish I could meet a man," said the 5 wolf. "I would not fear him. I would make him run."

"Let us see about that," said the fox. "If we take this path, I can show you a man."

The fox led the wolf to a hedge beside the road. Here they hid and watched for a man to pass.

By and by there came hobbling along an old soldier. He could hardly walk, even with a cane in his hand and a crutch under his arm.

"Is that a man?" asked the wolf.

"No, not now," said the fox. "He was once."
THE BOASTING WOLF

Then came a boy, running to school.
"Is that a man?" asked the wolf again.
"No, not yet," said the fox. "He will be one by and by."

At last came a hunter. He had a gun on his shoulder and a knife in his belt.
"Ah," said the fox. "There comes a man; show fight, if you please. As for me, I shall run to hide."

Away ran the fox. The wolf rushed at the man.
"What a pity my gun is loaded with small shot," said the hunter.

He fired in the wolf's face, as it sprang at him. Then he drew his knife and gave a sharp cut. Back to the woods ran the wolf, covered with blood.

"Well, brother wolf," said the fox. "How did you come out in your fight with the man?"

"Oh," groaned the wolf. "He is, as you said, much stronger than I am. When I ran at him, he took a stick from his shoulder. Out of this he blew lightning in my face and hailstones against my nose."
THE BOASTING WOLF

"Still I would not give up. Then he pulled a rib out of his side and with that cut me so that I fear I shall die."

"Ah," said the fox. "And all that you have gained is that you see how foolish it is to boast."