

you shall die." He locked the door, and left the maiden alone.

4. The poor girl could not for her life think what she was to do; for she knew not—how could she?—the way to spin straw into gold;



and her distress increased so much that at last she began to weep. All at once the door opened, and a little man entered, and said, "Good evening, my pretty miller's daughter; why are you weeping so bitterly?"

5. "Ah!" answered the maiden, "I must spin straw into gold, and I know not how to do it."

The little man said, "What will you give me if I do it for you?"

"My neckerchief," said the maiden.

6. He took the kerchief, sat down before the wheel, and grind, grind, grind—three times did he grind—and the spindle was full; then he put another thread on, and grind, grind, grind, the second was full; so he spun on till morning, when all the straw was spun, and all the spindles were full of gold.

7. The king came at sunrise, and was greatly astonished and overjoyed at the sight; but it only made his heart the more greedy of gold. He put the miller's daughter into another much larger room, full of straw, and ordered her to spin it all in one night.

8. The poor helpless maiden began to weep, when once more the door flew open, the little man appeared, and said, "What will you give me if I spin this straw into gold?"

9. "My ring from my finger," answered the maiden.

The little man took the ring, began to turn the wheel, and, by the morning, all the straw was spun into shining gold.

LXXXV. RUMPELSTILTSCHEN.—Part II.

sat'is fied	quan'ti ty	dam'sel	im ag'ine
mes'sen ger	vi'o lence	u'su ally	fright'ened

1. The king was delighted when he saw it, but was not yet satisfied with the quantity of gold; so he put the damsel into a still larger room, and said, "Spin this during the night; and if you do it you shall be my wife." "For," he thought, "though she's only a miller's daughter, I shall never find a richer wife in the whole world."

2. As soon as the damsel was alone, the little man came the third time, and said, "What will you give me if I again spin the straw for you?"

"I have nothing more to give you," she said.

"Then promise, if you become queen, to give me your first child."

3. "Who knows how that may be, or how things may turn out between now and then?" thought the girl, but she could not help herself; so she promised the little man what he desired, and he spun all the straw into gold.

4. When the king came in the morning, and saw that his orders had been obeyed, he married the maiden, and the miller's beautiful daughter became a queen. After a year had passed, a lovely

baby came, but she quite forgot the little man, till he walked suddenly into her chamber, and said, "Give me what you promised me!"

5. The queen was frightened, and offered the dwarf all the riches of her kingdom, if he would only leave her her child; but he answered, "No; something living is dearer to me than all the treasures of the world."

6. Then the queen began to weep so bitterly that the little man took pity on her, and said, "I will give you three days; if in that time you can find out my name, you shall keep the child."

7. All night long the queen thought over every name she had ever heard, and sent a messenger through the kingdom to inquire what names were usually given to people in that country. When, next day, the little man came again, she repeated all the names she knew; but at each one the little man said, "That is not my name."

8. The second day she again sent round about in all directions, to ask how the people were called, and repeated to the little man the strangest names she could hear of or imagine; to each he answered always, "That is not my name."

9. The third day the messenger returned and said, "I have not been able to find a single new

name; but as I came over a high mountain by a wood, where the fox and the hare bid each other good-night, I saw a little house, and before the house was burning a little fire, and round the fire danced a very funny little man, who hopped upon one leg, and cried out:—

“To-day I brew, to-morrow I bake;
Next day the queen’s child I shall take;
How glad I am that nobody knows
My name is Rumpelstiltschen!”

10. You may guess how joyful the queen was at hearing this; and when, soon after, the little man entered, and said, “Queen, what is my name?” she asked him, “Is your name Kunz?”

“No.”

“Is your name Carl?”

“No.”

“Are you called Rumpelstiltschen?”

11. “A witch has told you that, a witch has told you!” shrieked the poor little man, and stamped so furiously with his right foot, that it sunk into the earth up to the hip; then he seized his left foot with both hands with such violence that he tore himself right in two.

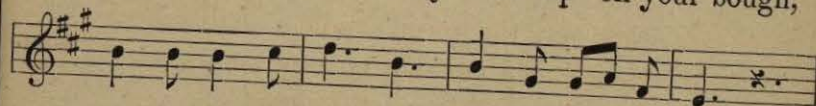
“The Fairy Book.”

LXXXVI. WINTER ROSE.

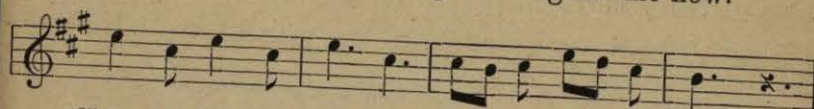
GERMAN.



1. All the trees are leaf-less, and the north wind roars;
2. I have given you water, set you in the light,
3. Soon the spring 'll be bring-ing pinks and vio-lets blue,
4. Ah! I see a ti - ny bud up - on your bough,



I've a lit-tle rose-bush that I keep in-doors.
Made a fire to keep you warm e-nough at night;
You'll be scarce-ly need-ed; now's the time for you.
There's a pret-ty blos-som grow - ing for me now.



Close be-side my win-dow, in a box it grows,
You've been kind-ly treat-ed, ev-ery-bod - y knows,
Now when all a-round us lie the win-ter snows,
Thank you, lit-tle rose-bush, now be - fore it blows;



Rose-bush, rose-bush, won't you give to me a rose?
Rose-bush, rose-bush, won't you give to me a rose?
Rose-bush, rose-bush, won't you give to me a rose?
Thank you, pret-ty rose-bush, for the com-ing rose.

LXXXVII. THE STORY OF KING MIDAS.

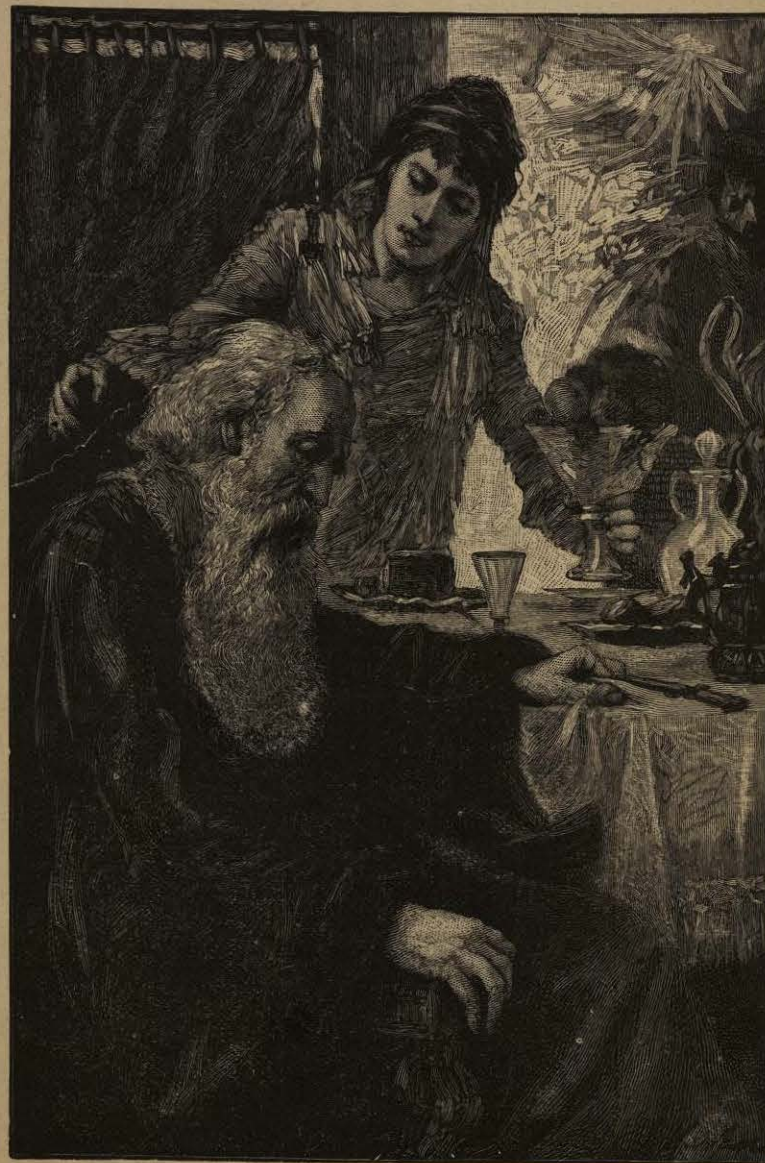
san'dals	shoul'ders	o'bey'ing	mis'er a ble'
pal'ace	twink'ling	groaned	in stant ly

1. A great many years ago there lived a very rich king. It took him many weeks just to count his gold pieces. But he wanted all the time to be getting richer. No matter how much he had, he wanted more. He gave all his time and thought to getting gold.

2. One day when he was counting his gold and looking very sad, a stranger appeared before him. "Why do you look so sad?" asked the stranger. The king answered, "Oh, if I could only turn everything I touch to gold!"

3. Now the stranger had a wonderful power which he could give to the king. So he said, "From to-morrow, everything you touch shall become gold."

4. That night the king could hardly sleep for joy. In the morning he raised his purple robe to place it on his shoulders. Instantly every thread was golden. He sat down to fasten his sandals. In a twinkling the chair in which he sat became golden. His sandals, too, the instant he touched them, changed to pure gold.



5. When he went for his morning walk, every flower became a golden flower. The path, and even the grass that he trod upon, became gold.

6. But even a king will get hungry. So Midas went back to the palace for his breakfast. We are not told what it was, but we may be sure it was a feast fit for a king. He asked for water. A glassful was given him, and the moment he put it to his lips it turned to gold.

7. The poor king could not drink gold. What was he to do? It was of no use to ask for another; that, too, would become gold in his hand. All the money in the world could not buy him a drink of water.

8. He sat down to eat. But every mouthful became gold the moment he put it to his lips. So he could eat nothing. With all his gold he would yet have to starve to death.

9. Then the stranger again appeared. The king, with tears in his eyes, begged him to take away the touch that turned everything to gold.

10. "Are you not happy, King Midas?" asked the stranger.

"I am most miserable," groaned the king. "I beg you to take away this hateful touch."

11. The stranger told the king to bathe in a stream near by, and the golden touch would leave him; and that water from the same stream would change back from gold anything on which he sprinkled it.

Midas lost no time in obeying. The water washed away the golden touch, but the sands of the river banks became golden, and it is said that grains of gold are to be found there to this day.

Midas was a happier king than he had ever been before.

LXXXVIII. A LESSON IN COURTESY.

cour'te sy	cov'ered	driv'en	ditch
car'ried	ea'sily	waist	mire

1. Tom's father was rich. He lived in a fine house in the country. Tom had a pony and many other pets, and was always well dressed. He came to think that being rich was better than anything else — better than being good.

He grew very rude and cross to those he thought below him.

2. One day Tom saw a boy standing at the gate. His hat was torn, and his feet were bare.

But he had a pleasant face. In one hand he carried a pail half full of blackberries.

"Go away," said Tom. "We are rich, and we don't want dirty, ragged boys around."

"Please give me a drink," said the boy. "If you are so rich, you can spare me a dipper of water."

3. "We can't spare you anything," said Tom. "If you don't go, I will set the dogs on you."

The boy laughed and walked away, swinging the tin pail in his hand.

"I think I will get some blackberries too," said Tom to himself. He went out of the gate, into a lane leading to a meadow where there were plenty of berries.

4. Tom saw some fine large ones growing just across a ditch. He thought he could leap over it easily. He gave a run and a very big jump. The ditch was wider than he had thought, and instead of going over, he came down in the middle of it.

5. The mud was thick and soft, and Tom sank down to his waist. He was frightened, and screamed for help. But he had not much hope that help would come, for he was a long way from any house.

He began to think he would have to spend the night in the ditch, when he heard steps on the grass.



Looking up, he saw the ragged boy he had driven from the gate.

6. "Please help me out," said Tom, crying. "I will give you a dollar."

"I don't want the dollar," said the boy, lying

flat on the grass. He held out both his hands to Tom, and drew him out of the ditch.

7. Tom was covered with mud, his hat was gone, and one shoe was lost in the ditch. He looked very miserable.

"Who is dirty now?" asked the boy.

"I am," said poor Tom; "but I thank you very much for helping me out of the mire. And I am sorry I sent you away from the gate."

8. "The next time I come, perhaps you will treat me better," said the boy. "I am not rich, but I am stronger than you are, and I think I have better manners."

"I think so too," said Tom.

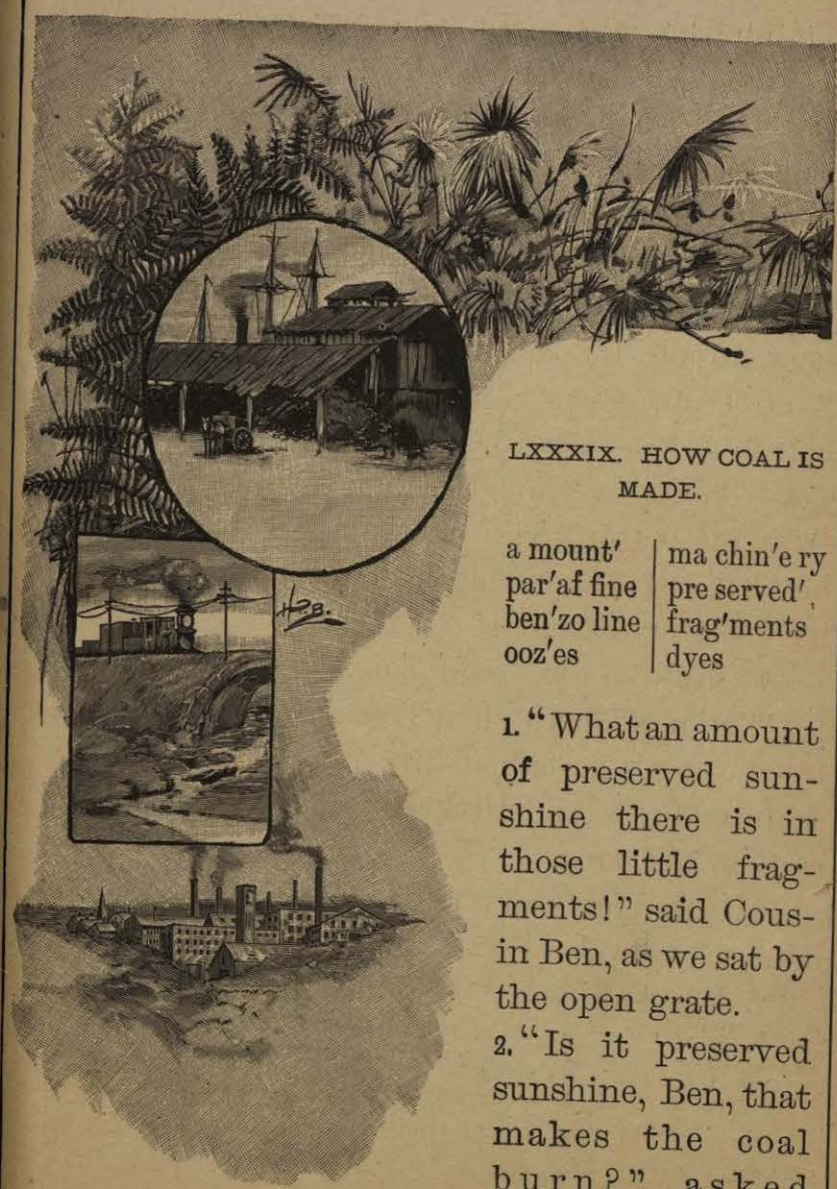
9. The next day, when Tom saw the boy going by the gate, he called him in, showed him his rabbits, doves, and little ducks, and gave him a ride on his pony.

"Thank you," said the boy; "you have good manners now."

"Yes," said Tom; "I found them yesterday."

LANGUAGE.

Write, in such a form as to keep, examples of acts of courtesy. Add one to the list each day, if possible, till you have a large number.



LXXXIX. HOW COAL IS MADE.

a mount'	ma chin'ery
par'af fine	pre served'
ben'zo line	frag'ments
ooz'es	dyes

1. "What an amount of preserved sunshine there is in those little fragments!" said Cousin Ben, as we sat by the open grate.

2. "Is it preserved sunshine, Ben, that makes the coal burn?" asked

Ralph. "Could sunshine get down into a deep coal mine?"

3. "Yes; the heat comes to us because the sunshine of a time long past was laid up for our use now. It is one of the best gifts our good Father has given us. It keeps our houses warm, and gives us the light we burn. All kinds of machinery are worked by it, from the steam engines that take us to town, to the factories where all our goods are made."

4. "I don't see how it was done," added Ralph, whose second question had not been answered.

"Have you never been told that coal is made from plants? Well, not one child of your age in a hundred knows that. The heat of the coal is what plants first took in from the sun.

5. "I have been in coal mines where I could see shapes of ferns and other leaves. It has taken many whole forests to make a single mine.

"Peat is the beginning of a coal mine before it grows hard. In it you would see the stems of plants plainly."

6. "Is coke coal not quite finished?" asked Ralph.

"No. Coke is what remains of coal when the gas that we burn has been driven out of it.

"Tar oozes out of lumps of coal, making little black bubbles. This is what paraffine and benzoline come from.

"Most of our beautiful dyes that we see in silks and woollens, and the flavors in our candies, come from coal tar also.

"Think of having heat, light, colors, and flavors stored up for our use deep down in the earth. Isn't it wonderful?"

XC. AN OLD MAN'S ADVICE.

mis'chief	um brel'la	char'acter	net'tle
na'tured	cru'el ty	sting'ing	urged

1. An old man and a boy were once walking through a wood.

The boy was a careless, good-natured little fellow, full of mischief and fun. The old man was wise and thoughtful.

2. It was a delightful day for a walk, and both the old man and the boy enjoyed the cool shade of the wood.

The man listened to the music of the pine-trees, while the boy was wondering why, in a wood where there were so many things to be

thrown at, there should be so few stones, and why all the bits of wood should be so rotten.

3. He tried to hit a blackbird, and the stick he had thrown fell back, broken into twenty pieces.

"Dear me!" said the old man, startled by the sound; "is that rain?"

"No, sir," said the boy; "it was I who threw a bit of dead wood. So it has rained umbrella handles, sir. Here is one of them."

4. "Always throwing, eh?" said the old man. "What pleasure do you find in trying to hurt the poor birds? I dare say you think yourself quite strong."

"I can throw ever so far when I have a good stone," said the boy.

5. "I don't mean that," the old man said; "but if you are so strong, let me see you pull up that old tree."

"You are laughing at me, sir," said the boy; "not all the king's horses, nor all the king's men, could do that."

6. "But try," said the man.

"It's no use," urged the boy, whose arms could not reach around the huge trunk of the tree; "I can't do it."

"I knew you could not," added the old man.

"Now I'll try you on an easier task. Are you able to pull up one of those stinging nettles yonder?"

"Yes, sir," said the boy; "of course I am strong enough for that; but they hurt one's fingers. I'd rather not, sir, if you please."

7. "Well, well; we will leave both the oak and the nettle alone."

"The oak you cannot pull up, for it was old while your grandfather was yet a boy like you, and has grown stronger in all the years."

"And you do not wish to pull the nettle, because it hurts you to do it."

8. "It is thus, my boy, with all bad habits. Either we cannot get rid of them because they are too strongly rooted in us, or else we do not wish to touch them because it hurts our feelings."

9. "You do not understand this very well now, but remember it, and try to root out, when they first spring up, the ill weeds of your character."

"There's a touch of cruelty in all our natures, boy. Left to itself, it may be in time as strong as the oak and as stinging as the nettle."

LANGUAGE.

Ways to avoid forming bad habits, and also to overcome those already formed.

XCI. THE BANIAN TREE.

ban'ian	ex tend'ed	touch	sin'gu lar
thriv'ing	cu'ri ous	sprout	anx'ious

1. One day a bird, flying over a forest, dropped a seed. It fell into the crown of beautiful leaves that grew at the top of a palm-tree.

2. The bird flew away, and the little seed lay as if forgotten. Under the hot sun and warm rains it began to sprout. One little rootlet and then another began to fix themselves in the crown of dark, handsome leaves.

3. The tree was its home, the place given it to grow in. Presently the roots became larger and extended themselves downward. They wound round and round the tree like a net.

4. The palm-tree was in a forest, and for a time it reared its stately head among the trees. The roots clasped it more and more firmly, however, till its sap could no longer flow as it used to do.

The palm-tree drooped, and hung its head.

5. Still the roots kept their hold. They reached the ground, and were as firmly fixed there as those of the palm.

The palm was slowly dying, while the new

roots were living and thriving. They belonged to a kind of fig-tree called the banian.

6. The banian is a very curious tree. It does not often grow by being set in the ground as other trees do.

Sometimes the birds of the air drop the seed, as in the case of this one; but there is another way that is even more singular.

7. When a tree is nearly grown, its branches begin to send down long, slender shoots. They sway about in the wind till they are long enough to touch the ground. Then each slender shoot will strike rootlets into the soil and become a stem.

These soon grow thick and strong, and while they are new trees, are also like so many props to the old one.

