FAIRY TALES By The Brothers Grimm THE GOLDEN BIRD A certain king had a beautiful garden, and in the garden stood a tree which bore golden apples. These apples were always counted, and about the time when they began to grow ripe it was found that every night one of them was gone. The king became very angry at this, and ordered the gardener to keep watch all ght under the tree. The gardener set his eldest son to watch; but about twelve o'clock he fell asleep, and in the morning another of the apples was missing. Then the second son was ordered to watch; and at midnight he too fell asleep, and in the morning another apple was gone. Then the third son offered to keep watch; but the gardener at first would not let him, for fear so me harm should come to him: however, at last he consented, and the young man laid himself under the tree to watch. As the clock struck twelve he heard a rustling noise in the air, and a bird came flying that was of pure gold; and as it was snapping at one of the apples with its beak, the gardener's son jumped up and shot an arrow at it. But the arrow did the bird no harm; only it dropped a golden feather from its tail, and then flew away. The golden feather was brought to the king in the morning, and all the council was called together. Everyone agreed that it was worth more than all the wealth of the kingdom: but the king said, 'One feather is of no use to me, I must have the whole bird.' Then the gardener's eldest son set out and thought to fi nd the golden bird very easily; and when he had gone but a little way, he came to a wood, and by the side of the wood he saw a fox sitting; so he took his bow and made ready to shoot at it. Then the fox said, 'Do not shoot me, for I will give you good counsel; I know what your business is, and that you want to find the golden bird. You will reach a village in the evening; and when you get there, you will see two inns opposite to each other, one of which is very pleasant and beautiful to look at: go not in there, but rest for the night in the other, though it may appear to you to be very poor and mean.' But the son thought to himself, 'What can such a beast as this know about the matter?' So he shot his arrow at the fox; but he missed it, and it set up its tail above its back and ran into the wood. Then he went his way, and in the evening came to the village where the two inns were; and in one of these were people singing, and dancing, and feasting; but the other looked very dirty, and poor. 'I should be very silly,' said he, 'if I went to that shabby house, and left this charming place'; so he went into the smart house, and at e and drank at his ease, and forgot the bird, and his country too. Time passed on; and as the eldest son did not come back, and no tidings were heard of him, the second son set out, and the same thing happened to him. He met the fox, who gave him the good advice: but when he came to the two inns, his eldest brother was standing at the window where the merrymaking w as, and called to him to come in; and he could not withstand the temptation, but went in, and forgot the golden bird and his country in the same manner. Time passed on again, and the youngest son too wished to set out into the wide world to seek for the golden bird; but his father would not listen to it for a long while, for he was very fond of his son, and was afraid that so me ill luck might happen to him also, and prevent his coming back. However, at last it was agreed he should go, for he would not rest at home; and as he came to the wood, he met the fox, and heard the same good counsel. But he was thankful to the fox, and did not attempt his life as his brothers had done; so the fox said, 'Sit upon my tail, and you will travel faster.' So he sat down, and the fox began to run, and away they went over stock and stone so quick that their hair whistled in the wind. When they came to the village, the son followed the fox's counsel, and without looking about him went to the shabby inn and rested there all night at his ease. In the morning came the fox again and met him as he was beginning his journey, and said, 'G o straight forward, till you come to a castle, before which lie a whole troop of soldiers fast asleep and snoring: take no notice of them, but go into the castle and pass on and on till you come to a room, where the golden bird sits in a wooden cage; close by it stands a beautiful golden cage; but do not try to take the bird out of the shabby cage and put it into the handsome on e, otherwise you will repent it.' Then the fox stretched out his tail again, and the young man sat himself down, and away they went over stock and stone till their hair whistled in the wind. Before the castle gate all was as the fox had said: so the son went in and found the chamber where the golden bird hung in a wooden cage, and below stood the golden cage, and the three golden apples that had been lost were lying close by it. Then thought he to himself, 'It will be a very droll thing to br ing away such a fine bird in this shabby cage'; so he opened the door and took hold of it and put it into the golden cage. But the bird set up such a loud scream that all the soldiers awoke, and they took him prisoner and carried him before the king. The next m orning the court sat to judge him; and when all was heard, it sentenced him to die, unless he should bring the kin g the golden horse which could run as swiftly as the wind; and if he did this, he was to have the golden bird given him for his own. So he set out once more on his journey, sighing, and in great despair, when on a sudden his friend the fox met him, and said, ' You see now what has happened on account of your not listening to my counsel. I will still, however, tell you how to find the golden horse, if you will do as I bid you. You must go straight on till you come to the castle where the horse stands in his stall: by his side will lie the groom fast asleep and snoring: take away the horse quietly, but be sure to put the old leathern saddle upon him, and not the golden one that is close by it.' Then the son sat down on the fox's tail, and away t hey went over stock and stone till their hair whistled in the wind. All went right, and the groom lay snoring with his hand upon the golden saddle. But when the son looked at the horse, he thought it a great pity to put the leathern saddle upon it. 'I will give him the good one,' said he; 'I am sure he deserves it.' As he took up the golden saddle the groom awoke and c ried out so loud, that all the guards ran in and took him prisoner, and in the morning he was again brought before the court to be judged, and was sentenced to die. But it was agreed, that, if he could bring thither the beautiful princess, he should live, an d have the bird and the horse given him for his own. Then he went his way very sorrowful; but the old fox ca me and said, 'Why did not you listen to me? If you had, you would have carried away both the bird and the horse; yet will I once more give you counsel. Go straight on, and in the evening you will arrive at a castle. At twelve o'clock at night the princess g oes to the bathing-house: go up to her and give her a kiss, and she will let you lead her away; but take care you do not suffer her to go and take leave of her father and mother.' Then the fox stretched out his tail, and so away they went over stock and stone till their hair whistled again. As they came to the castle, all was as the fox had said, and at twelve o'clo ck the young man met the princess going to the bath and gave her the kiss, and she agreed to run away wi th him, but begged with many tears that he would let her take leave of her father. At first he refused, but she wept still more and more, and fell at his feet, till at last he consented; but the moment she came to her father's house the guards awoke and he was taken prisoner again. Then he was brought before the king, and the king said, 'You shall never hav e my daughter unless in eight days you dig away the hill that stops the view from my window.' Now this hill was so big that the whole world could not take it away: and when he had worked for seven days, and had done very little, the fox came and s aid. 'Lie down and go to sleep; I will work for you.' And in the morning he awoke and the hill was gone; s o he went merrily to the king, and told him that now that it was removed he must give him the princess. Then the king was obliged to keep his word, and away went the young man and the princess; and the fox came and said to him, 'We will have al l three, the princess, the horse, and the bird.' 'Ah!' said the young man, 'that would be a great thing, but how can you contrive it?' 'If you will only listen,' said the fox, 'it can be done. When you come to the king, and he asks for the beautiful princess, you must say, "Here she is!" Then he will be very joyful; and you will mount the golden horse that th ey are to give you, and put out your hand to take leave of them; but shake hands with the princess las t. Then lift her quickly on to the horse behind you; clap your spurs to his side, and gallop away as fast as you can.' All went right: then the fox said, 'When you come to the castle where the bird is, I will stay with the princess at the door, and you will ride in and speak to the king; and when he sees that it is the right horse, he will bring out the bir d; but you must sit still, and say that you want to look at it, to see whether it is the true golden bird; and when you get it into your hand, ride away.' This, too, happened as the fox said; they carried off the bird, the princess mounted again, and t hey rode on to a great wood. Then the fox came, and said, 'Pray kill me, and cut off my head and m y feet.' But the young man refused to do it: so the fox said, 'I will at any rate give you good counsel: beware of two things; ransom no one from the gallows, and sit down by the side of no river.' Then away he went. 'Well,' thought the young ma n, 'it is no hard matter to keep that advice.' He rode on with the princess, till at last he came to the village where he had left his two brothers. And there he heard a great noise and uproar; and when he asked what was the matter, the people said, 'Two men are going to be hanged.' As he came nearer, he saw that the two men were his brothers, who had turned robbers; so he said, 'Cannot they in any way be saved?' But the people said 'No,' unless he would bestow all his mon ey upon the rascals and buy their liberty. Then he did not stay to think about the matter, but paid what was asked, and his b rothers were given up, and went on with him towards their home. And as they came to the wood where the fox f irst met them, it was so cool and pleasant that the two brothers said, 'Let us sit down by the side of th e river, and rest a while, to eat and drink.' So he said, 'Yes,' and forgot the fox's counsel, and sat down on the side of the river; and while he suspected nothing, they came behind, and threw him down the bank, and took the princ ess, the horse, and the bird, and went home to the king their master, and said. 'All this have we won b y our labour.' Then there was great rejoicing made; but the horse would not eat, the bird would not sing, and the princ ess wept. The youngest son fell to the bottom o f the river's bed: luckily it was nearly dry, b ut his bones were almost broken, and the bank was so steep that he could find no way to get out. The ox came once more, and scolded him for not following his adv ice; otherwise no evil would have befallen him: 'Y et, said he, 'I cannot leave you here, so la y hold of my tail and hold fast.' Then h e pulled him out of the river, and said to him, as he got upon the bank, 'Your brothers have set watch u, if they find you in the kingdom.' So he dressed himse If as a poor man, and came secretly to th e king's court, and was scarcely with in the doors when the horse began to eat, and the bird to sing, and princess left off weeping. Then he went to the king, and told him all hi ers' roguery; and they were seized and punished, an d he had the princess given to him a gain; and after the king's death h e was heir to his kingdom. A long while after, he went to walk one day in the wood, and the old fox met him, and besought him with tear eyes to kill him, and cut off his head and feet. An d at last he did so, and in a mom ent the fox was changed into a man, and turned out to be the brother of the princess, who had been lost a great many years. HANS IN LUCK Some men are b good luck: all they do or try to do comes right-- all that falls to them is so muc ain--all their geese are swa ans- -all their cards are trumps--to ss them which way you will, they will always, like poor puss, alight upon their legs, and only move on uch the faster. The world may very likely not always think of them as the ink of themselves, but w hat care they for the world? wh at can it know about the matter? One of these lucky beings was neighbour Hans. Seven long years he orked hard for his master. At last he said, 'M er, my time is up; I must me and see my poor m other once more: so pray pay me my wages and let me go.' And the master said, 'You have been a faithful and good servant, Hans, r pay shall be handsome.' Then he gave hi lump of silver as big a ast ead. Hans took out h is p ocket-handkerchief, put t he piece of silver into it, threw it over his shoulder, and jogged off on his road homewards. As he wen dragging one foot after another, a man c e in sight, trotting ga m a g on a capital hors e. 'A h!' said Hans aloud, 'wh at a fine thing it is to ride on horseback! There he sits as easy and happy as if he was at home, in the his fireside; he trips against no stones, es shoe-leather, an am n h ardly know w.' Hans did not speak so softly but the horseman heard it all, and said, 'Well, friend, why do you go on foot then?' 'Ah!' said he, 'I have this load to carry: to be sure s silver, but it is sav that I can't hold my head, and you mus t know it hurts my shoulder sadly.' 'What do you say of making an exchange?' said the horseman. 'I w ill give you my horse, and you shall gi e the silver; whi it i e you a great d of trouble in carrying such a heavy load about with you.' 'With all my heart,' said Hans: 'but as you are so kind to me, I must tell you one thing--you will have a we task to draw th ve m out with you.' wever, the horseman got off, took the silver, helped Hans up, gave him the bridle into one hand and the whip into the other, and said, 'When you want to go ver st, smack you ary udly togethe d cry "Jip!"' Hans wa s delighted as he sat on the horse, drew himself up, squared his elbows, turned out his toes, cracked his whip, and rode merrily off, one m e whistling a y fa y tune, and her singing, 'No care and no sorrow, A fig for the morrow! We'll laugh and be merry, Sing neigh down derry!' After a time h e thought he should like to go a littl ter, so he s inut d his lips a ried 'Jip!' Away wen t the horse full gallop; and before Hans knew what he was about, he was thrown off, and lay on his ba ck by the road-side. His horse wou ave ran off e fas hepherd w as coming by, drivi ng a cow, had not stopped it. Hans soon came to himself, and got upon his legs again, sadly vexed, a nd said to the shepherd, 'This ridin no joke, w ld h an has the o get upon a beast l ike this that stumbles and flings or all: I like your cow now a great better tha g is art beast t ed me this trick, an d has spoiled my best coat, you se y. One can walk along at one's lei behind th deal eep good ny, and have milk, butter, and cheese, every day ,' said the shepherd, 'if you are s of her, I sure ge my co ur horse; I like to d o good to my neighbours, merrily. 'What a noble heart that g an has!' Then the jumped upon the horse, wished Hans and o rushed his coat, wiped his face a s, rested fond Then the cow quietly, and th the cow ought his bargain a ve nd when I am thirsty ry luc nd hand ky one. 'If I have only a piece of bread (and I certainly shall always be able to ge t that), I can, d nd cheese with it; a I can milk my cow and drink the milk: and what c an I wish for more?' When he cam an in n, he ha gave away his last penny for a glass of beer. e to other 's villa in, driving his cow towards his m ge. But oon as noon came o n, till at last, as he fou When he had rested himself he set off aga re than an hour to cross, he beg t and pa ve to the roof of hi s mouth. 'I can fin nd him self on a wide heath that would take him mo nd quench my thirst': so he tied mp of a t an to be so ho n cap to milk into; b ut not a drop wa d a cure for this,' thought he; 'now I will milk my cow a hich was to bring him milk and her to the stu cheese, y? Hans had not thou ght of looking to s to be had. Who would have thought that this cow, w anaging the matter very clumsil butter and neasy be troublesome; and at l ast gave him su tha t. While he was trying his luck in milking, and m ere he lay a long while senseles y, the u ily a butc s. Luck in a wheelbarrow. 'W hat is the matt ch a kick on the head as knocked him down; and th lped him up. Hans told him wha t had h appened, ut he cow was dr er with you, my man?' said the butcher, as he he ying, 'There, drink and refresh y ourself ; your cow lk his cow, but found t he cow was dr y too. Then the butcher gave him a flask of ale, sa who would have thought it? Wha t a sha me to take she is an old beast, goo d for nothing but the slaughter-house?' 'Alas, alas!' said Hans, ' ere a pig now--like that fat gentle man yo u are driving kill her, what will she be good for? I h ate cow-beef; it is not tender enough for me. If it w ould be tough, neigh bourly thing. o, when one is asked to do a kind make sausa ges.' 'Well,' said the butcher, 'I don't like to say n aking th e pig off the w e gave the butcher the cow; and t n reward you for your kindness and self-denial!' said Hans, as h re; but he was now wel et with some misfortunes, to be su on he jogged , and d all seemed now to go right with him: he had m pped to sk what was o'clo e white goose. The countryman sto ad at last got ? The next man he met was a countryman carrying a fin a tale, an d s aid he was going t e countryman than began to tell his d bargains, a nd how all the world went gay and smiling with him. Th ' said H ans, as he weighed it in h n it, it has lived so well!' 'You're right, ight weeks ol d. Whoever roasts and eats it will find plenty of fat upo an't help doing you a kind turn. Your , you seem a good sort of fellow, so I c look grave, an d shook his head. 'Hark ye!' said he, 'my worthy friend hey catch you, it will be a bad job for you. d got the squire's pig. If you have, and t n out of his st y. I was dreadfully afraid when I saw you that you ha bred or born; b ut he may have been the sq w nothing of where t he pig was either tened. 'Good m an,' cried he, 'pray get me out of this scrape.' 'Kno deed! 'Tis n ot everyone would do so muc an; 'give a fat go 'I ought to have something into the bargain,' said the countrym om care . 'After all,' thought he, 'that chap ose for a pig, in nt on the way rove off the pig by a side path; while Hans we at will fi nd me in goose-grease for six month homewards free fr his man, and the best of the bargain. First there will be a cap ital roast; then the f eed! Gi ve me a fine fat goose.' As he came to th ll be! Talk of a pig, ind mother wi without rocking. How happy my merry as l?' Hans stood looking on for a while, and at la ; Then who so blythe, so e world is my home ht and live well, All th st said, ing money in it--but where did you get that beautiful goose?' 'I his pocket without find good grinder never puts p of silver as big as my head for it.' 'And the silver?' 'Oh! I worked hard for that seven 'And the horse?' 'I gave a lum ur fortune would be made.' 'V ery true: but how is that to be managed?' 'How? Why, yo enever you put your hand in it, yo sk more than the value of your goo se for it--will you buy?' 'How can you ask?' said Hans; 'I s but little the worse for wear: I would not a him a common rough stone that la y by his side, 'this is a most capital stone; do but work it ? there's the goose.' 'Now,' said the grinder, as he gave n a lucky hour, everything I could wa nt or wish for comes of itself. People ar e so kind; or joy, and he said to himself, 'Surely I must have been born i at getting the cow. At last he could go no farther, for the stone tired him sad ly: a , and hungry too, for he had given away his last penny in his joy t side on the bank: but, as he stooped down to drink, he forgot it, pushed it a little, and down it rolled, plump into the stream. For a while he wa t ears in his eyes, for its kindness in taking away his only plague, the ugly heavy stone. 'How happy am I!' crie d he; 'nobody was ever so lucky a easy the road to good luck was. JORINDA AND JORINDEL There was once an old castle, that stood in the mid dle of a deep gloomy wood, and crept about the country like a cat; but at night she always became an old woman again. When any young man came within that space she was c came within a hundred p d given her his word never to come there again: but when any pretty maiden hanged into a bird, and e, and all with beautiful birds in them. Now there was once a maiden whose name was Jorinda. She was prettier th an all the pretty girls ay they went to walk in the wood, that they might be alone; and Jorindel said, 'We must take care that we don't go to o near to the fairy' beneath, and the turtle-doves sang from the tall birches. Jorinda sat down to gaze upon the sun; Jorindel sat by her side; and both felt ich way they should go home, they found themselves at a loss to know what path to take. The sun was setting fast, a nd already half of the castle. Then he shrank for fear, turned pale, and trembled. Jorinda was just singing, 'The ring-dove sa ng from the willow ng from the willow ed his Jorinda changed into a nightingale, so that her song ended with a mournful jug, jug. An owl with fiery eyes flew three times r xed as a stone, and could neither weep, nor speak, nor stir hand or foot. And now the sun went quite down; the gloomy night came; the owl flew into a bush; and a moment after the old fairy came forth pale and o herself, seized the nightingale, and went away with it in her hand. Poor Jorindel saw the nightingale was gone--but what could he do? He could not speak, he could not move from the spot where he stood. At la fat pig for the cow.' 'Heav g that was tied to its leg. So a travelling companion as he h s luck, how he had so many goo how heavy it is, and yet it is only e Meantime the countryman began to ame from, the squire has had a pig stole st they will do will be to throw you into the horse-pond. Can you swim?' Poor Hans was sadly frigh or aught I can tell: you know this country bette r than I do, take my pig and give me the goose.' u as that. However, I will not be hard upon you, as you are in trouble.' Then he took the string in ty well taken in. I don't care whose pig it is, but w herever it came from it has been a very good frie hen there are all the beautiful whi te feathers. I will put them into my pillow, and then I am sure I sh illage, he saw a scissor-grinder with his wheel, wor king and singing, 'O'er hill and o'er dale So happ 'You must be well off, master grinder! you seem so happy at your work.' 'Yes,' said the other, 'mine i did not buy it, I gave a pig for it.' 'And where did you g et the pig?' 'I gave a cow for it.' 'And the cow?' 'I long years.' 'You have thriven well in the world hithe rto,' said the grinder, 'now if you could find mon u must turn grinder like myself,' said the other; 'you only want a grindstone; the rest will come of it should be the happiest man in the world, if I could have money whenever I put my hand in my pocket: well enough, and you can make an old nail cut with it.' Hans took out the stone, and went his way with a light h they seem really to think I do them a favour in letting them m ake me rich, and giving me good bargains.' Mea nd he dragged himself to th e side of a river, that he mig ht a drink of water, and rest a while. So he l ched it sinking in the deep clear water; then sprang up and danced for joy, and again fell upon his kne s I.' Then up he got with a li ght heart, free from all his tr oubles, and walked on till he reached his mothe in the castle lived an old fairy. Now this fairy could ta ke any shape she pleased. All the day long she aces of her castle, he became quite fixed, and c ould not move a step till she came and set him the fairy put her into a cage, and hung her up in a chamber in the castle. There were seven h that ever we r e seen before, and a shepher d lad, whose name was Jorindel, was very fond s castle.' It was a beautiful evening; the last r ays of the setting sun shone bright through th sad, they knew no t w hy; but it seemed as if they were to be parted from one another for ever. T its circle had sun k behind the hill: Jorindel on a sudden looked behind him, and saw through spray, Well -a -day! Well-a-day! He mourn'd for the fate of his darling mate, Well-a-day!' w ound them, and thre e time s screamed: 'Tu whu! Tu whu! Tu whu!' Jorindel could not move; he stood fi meagre, with staring eyes, and a nose and chin that almo st met one another. She mumbled something st the fairy came back and sang with a hoarse voice: ' Till the prisoner is fast, And her doom is cast, To ple ase y ou I will change, and give you my fine heel-b arrow, drove it away, holdin g it by the strin g for all. How could it be otherwis e with such I repaid urther chat; and Hans told him all hi ck; this led to f ose to a christening. 'Feel,' sa id he, ' o take the go but if you talk of fat, my pig is no trifle.' is hand; ' y get you into a scrape. In the village I just c pig ma ame from, the squire has had a pig stole The lea st they will do will be to throw you into the horse-p r than I do, take my pig and give me the goose.' uire's f or aught I can tell: you know this country bette h for yo u as that. However, I will not be hard upon you, as you are in trouble.' Then he took the string in is pret ty well taken in. I don't care whose pig it is, but w herever it came from it has been a very good frie s; and t hen there are all the beautiful whi te feathers. I will put them into my pillow, and then I am sure I sh e next v illage, he saw a scissor-grinder with his wheel, wor king and singing, 'O'er hill and o'er dale So happ st said, 'You must be well off, master grinder! you seem so happy at your work.' 'Yes,' said the other, 'mine i se?' 'I did not buy it, I gave a pig for it.' 'And where did you g et the pig?' 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Oh, stay! When the charm is around her, And the spell has bound her, Hie away! away!' On a sudden Jorindel found himself free. Then he fell on his knees before the fairy, and prayed her to give him back his dear Jorinda: but she laughed at him, and said he should never see her again; then she went her way. He prayed, he wept, he sorrowed, but all in vain. 'Ala s!' he said, 'what will become of me?' He could not go back to his own home, so he went to a strange village, and employed himself in keeping sheep. Many a time did he walk round and round as near to the hated castle as he dared go, but all in vain; he heard or saw nothing of Jorinda. At last he dreamt one night that he found a beautiful purple flower, and that in the middl e of it lay a costly pearl; and he dreamt that he plucked the flower, and went with it in his hand into the castle, and that everything he touched with it was disenchanted, and that there he found his Jorinda again. In the morning when he awoke, he began to search over hill and dale for this pretty flower; and eight long days he sought for it in vain: but on the ninth day, early in the morning, he found the beautiful purple flower; and in the middle of it was a large dewdrop, as big as a costly pearl. Then he plucked the flower, and set out and travelled day and night, till he came again to the castle. He walked nearer than a hundred paces to it, and yet he did not become fixed as before, but found that he could go quite close up to the door. Jorindel was very glad indeed to see this. Then he touched the door with the flower, and it sprang open; so that he went in through the court, and listened when he heard so many birds singing. At last he came to the chamber where the fairy sat, with the seven hundred birds singing in the seven hundred cages. When she saw Jorindel she was very angry, and screamed with rage; but s he could not come within two yards of him, for the flower he held in his hand was his safeguard. He looked around at the birds, but alas! there were many, many nightingales, and how then should he find out which was his Jorinda? While he was thinking what to do, he saw the fairy had taken down one of the cages, and was making the best of her way off through the door. He ran or flew after her, touched the cage with the flower, and Jorinda stood before him, and threw her arms round his neck looking as beautiful as ever, as beautiful as when they walked together in the wood. Then he touched all the other birds with the flower, so that they all took their old forms again; and he took Jorinda home, where they were married, and lived happily t ogether many years: and so did a good many other lads, whose maidens had been forced to sing in the old fairy's cages by themselves, much longer than they liked. THE TRAVELLING MUSICIANS An honest farmer had once an ass that had been a faithful servant to him a great many years, but was now growing old and every day more and more unfit for work. His master t herefore was tired of keeping him and began to think of putting an end to him; but the ass, who saw that some mischief was in the wind, took himself slyly off, and began his journey towards the great city, 'For there,' thought he, 'I may turn musician.' After he had travelled a little way, he spied a dog lying by the roadside and panting as if he were tired. 'What makes you pant so, my friend?' said the ass. 'Alas!' said the dog, 'my master was going to knock me on the head, because I am old and weak, and can no longer make myself useful to him in hunting; so I ran away; but what can I do to earn my livelihood?' 'Hark ye!' said the ass, 'I am going to the great city to turn musician: suppose you go with me, and try what you can do in the same way ?' The dog said he was willing, and they jogged on together. They had not gone far before they saw a cat sitting in the middle of the road and making a most rueful face. 'Pray, my good lady,' said the ass, 'what's the matter with you? You look quite out of spirits!' 'Ah, me!' said the cat, 'how can one be in good spirits when one's life is in danger? Because I am beginning to gr ow old, and had rather lie at my ease by the fire than run about the house after the mice, my mistress laid hold of me, and was going to drown me; and though I have been lucky enough to get away from her, I do not know what I am to live upon.' 'Oh,' said the ass, 'by all means go with us to the great city; you are a good night singer, and may make your fortune as a musicia n.' The cat was pleased with the thought, and joined the party. Soon afterwards, as they were passing by a farmyard, they saw a cock perched upon a gate, and screaming out with all his might and main. 'Bravo!' said the ass; 'upon my word, you make a famous noise; pray what is all this about?' 'Why,' said the cock, 'I was just now saying that we should have fine weather f or our washing-day, and yet my mistress and the cook don't thank me for my pains, but threaten to cut off my head tomorrow, and make broth of me for the guests that are coming on Sunday!' 'Heaven forbid!' said the ass, 'come with us Master Chanticleer; it will be better, at any rate, than staying here to have your head cut off! Besides, who knows? If we care to sing in tun e, we may get up some kind of a concert; so come along with us.' 'With all my heart,' said the cock: so they all four went on jollily together. They could not, however, reach the great city the first day; so when night came on, they went into a wood to sleep. The ass and the dog laid themselves down under a great tree, and the cat climbed up into the branches; while the cock, thinking that the higher he sat the safer he should be, flew up to the very top of the tree, and then, according to his custom, before he went to sleep, looked out on all sides of him to see that everything was well. In doing this, he saw afar off something bright and shining and calling to his companions said, 'There must be a house no great way off, for I see a light.' 'If that be t he case,' said the ass, 'we had better change our quarters, for our lodging is not the best in the world!' 'Besides,' added the dog, 'I should not be the worse for a bone or two, or a bit of meat.' So they walked off together towards the spot where Chanticleer had seen the light, and as they drew near it became larger and brighter, till they at last came close to a house in which a gang of robbers lived. The ass, being the tallest of the company, marched up to the window and peeped in. 'Well, Donkey,' said Chanticleer, 'what do you see?' 'What do I see?' replied the ass. 'Why, I see a table spread with all kinds of good things, and robbers sitting round it making merry.' 'That would be a noble lodging for us,' said the cock. 'Yes,' said the ass, 'if we coul d only get in'; so they consulted together how they should contrive to get the robbers out; and at last they hit upon a plan. The ass placed himself upright on his hind legs, with his forefeet resting against the window; the dog got upon his back; the cat scrambled up to the dog's shoulders, and the cock flew up and sat upon the cat's head. When all was ready a signal was gi ven, and they began their music. The ass brayed, the dog barked, the cat mewed, and the cock screamed; and then they all broke through the window at once, and came tumbling into the room, amongst the broken glass, with a most hideous clatter! The robbers, who had been not a little frightened by the opening concert, had now no doubt that some frightful hobgoblin ha d broken in upon them, and scampered away as fast as they could. The coast once clear, our travellers soon sat down and dispatched what the robbers had left, with as much eagerness as if they had not expected to eat again for a month. As soon as they had satisfied themselves, they put out the lights, and each once more sought out a resting-place to his own liking. The donkey laid himself down upon a heap of straw in the yard, the dog stretched himself upon a mat behind the door, the cat rolled herself up on the hearth before the warm ashes, and the cock perched upon a beam on the top of the house; and, as they were all rather tired with their journey, they soon fell asleep. But about midnight, when the robbers saw from afar that the lig hts were out and that all seemed quiet, they began to think that they had been in too great a hurry to run away; and one of them, who was bolder than the rest, went to see what was going on. Finding everything still, he marched into the kitchen, and groped about till he found a match in order to light a candle; and then, espying the glittering fiery eyes of the cat, he mistook t hem for live coals, and held the match to them to light it. But the cat, not understanding this joke, sprang at his face, and spat, and scratched at him. This frightened him dreadfully, and away he ran to the back door; but there the dog jumped up and bit him in the leg; and as he was crossing over the yard the ass kicked him; and the cock, who had been awakened by the nois e, crowed with all his might. At this the robber ran back as fast as he could to his comrades, and told the captain how a horrid witch had got into the house, and had spat at him and scratched his face with her long bony fingers; how a man with a knife in his hand had hidden himself behind the door, and stabbed him in the leg; how a black monster stood in the yard and stru ck him with a club, and how the devil had sat upon the top of the house and cried out, 'Throw the rascal up here!' After this the robbers never dared to go back to the house; but the musicians were so pleased with their quarters that they took up their abode there; and there they are, I dare say, at this very day. OLD SULTAN A shepherd had a faithful dog, called Sultan, who was grown very old, and had lost all his teeth. And one day when the shepherd and his wife were standing together before the house the shepherd said, 'I will shoot old Sultan tomorrow morning, for he is of no use now.' But his wife said, 'Pray let the poor faithful creature live; he has served us well a great many years, and we ought to give him a livelihood for the rest of his days.' 'But what can we do with him?' said the shepherd, 'he has not a tooth in his head, and the thieves don't care for him at all; to be sure he has served us, but then he did it to earn his livelihood; tomorrow shall be his last day, depend upon it.' Poor Sultan, who was lying close by them, heard all that the shepherd and his wife said to one another, and was very much frig htened to think tomorrow would be his last day; so in the evening he went to his good friend the wolf, who lived in the wood, and told him all his sorrows, and how his master meant to kill him in the morning. 'Make yourself easy,' said the wolf, 'I will give you some good advice. Your master, you know, goes out every morning very early with his wife into the field; and they ta ke their little child with them, and lay it down behind the hedge in the shade while they are at work. Now do you lie down close by the child, and pretend to be watching it, and I will come out of the wood and run away with it; you must run after me as fast as you can, and I will let it drop; then you may carry it back, and they will think you have saved their child, and will be so t hankful to you that they will take care of you as long as you live.' The dog liked this plan very well; and accordingly so it was managed. The wolf ran with the child a little way; the shepherd and his wife screamed out; but Sultan soon overtook him, and carried the poor little thing back to his master and mistress. Then the shepherd patted him on the head, and said, 'Old Sulta n has saved our child from the wolf, and therefore he shall live and be well taken care of, and have plenty to eat. Wife, go home, and give him a good dinner, and let him have my old cushion to sleep on as long as he lives.' So from this time forward Sultan had all that he could wish for. Soon afterwards the wolf came and wished him joy, and said, 'Now, my good fellow, you must tell no tales, but turn your head the other way when I want to taste one of the old shepherd's fine fat sheep.' 'No,' said the Sultan; 'I will be true to my master.' However, the wolf thought he was in joke, and came one night to get a dainty morsel. But Sultan had told his master what the wolf meant to do; so he laid wait for him behind the barn door, and when the wolf was