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Prince Darling

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THE PRINCE'S BRIDE (*see p. 67*).

PRINCE DARLING

AND OTHER STORIES

BASED ON THE TALES IN THE 'BLUE FAIRY BOOK'

EDITED BY

ANDREW LANG

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. J. FORD & G. P. JACOMB HOOD



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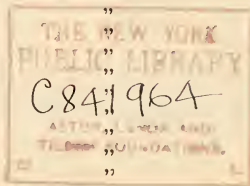
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PRINCE DARLING

PART I

ONCE upon a time there lived a king, who was so just and kind that his subjects called him 'The Good King.'

It happened one day, when he was out hunting, that a little white rabbit, which his dogs were chasing, sprang into his arms for shelter. The King stroked it gently, and said to it:

'Well, bunny, as you have come to me for protection, I will see that nobody hurts you.'

And he took it home to his palace and had it put in a pretty little house, with all sorts of nice things to eat.

That night, when he was alone in his room, a beautiful lady suddenly appeared before him. Her long dress was as white as snow, and she had a crown of white roses upon her head.

The good King was very much surprised

to see her, for he knew his door had been tightly shut, and he could not think how she had got in. But she said to him :

‘I am the Fairy Truth. I was passing through the wood when you were out hunting, and I wished to find out if you were really good, as everybody said you were. So I took the shape of a little rabbit and came to your arms for shelter, for I know that those who are merciful to animals will be still kinder to their fellow-men.

‘If you had refused to help me, I should have been certain that you were wicked.

‘I thank you for the kindness you have shown me, which has made me your friend for ever.

‘You have only to ask me for anything you want, and I promise that I will give it to you.’

‘Madam, said the good King, ‘since you are a fairy, you no doubt know all my wishes. I have but one son, whom I love very dearly; that is why he is called Prince Darling. If you are really good enough to wish to do me a favour, I beg that you will become his friend.’

‘With all my heart,’ answered the Fairy. ‘I can make your son the handsomest prince



PRINCE DARLING TRANSFORMED INTO THE MONSTER.

in the world, or the richest, or the most powerful. Choose whichever you like for him.'

'I do not ask either of these things for my son,' replied the good King; 'but if you will make him the best of princes, I shall indeed be grateful to you.'

'What good would it do him to be rich, or handsome, or to possess all the kingdoms of the world if he were wicked? You know well he would still be unhappy. Only a good man can really be contented.'

'You are quite right,' answered the Fairy; 'but it is not in my power to make Prince Darling a good man unless he will help me. He must himself try hard to become good; I can only promise to give him good advice, to scold him for his faults, and to punish him if he will not correct and punish himself.'

The good King was quite satisfied with this promise; and very soon afterwards he died.

Prince Darling was very sorry, for he loved his father with all his heart, and he would willingly have given all his kingdoms, and all his treasures of gold and silver, if they could have kept the good King with him.

Two days afterwards, when the Prince had gone to bed, the Fairy suddenly appeared to him and said :

‘I promised your father that I would be your friend, and to keep my word I have come to bring you a present.’ At the same time she put a little gold ring upon his finger.

‘Take great care of this ring,’ she said. ‘It is more precious than diamonds. Every time you do a bad deed it will prick your finger, but if, in spite of its pricking, you go on in your own evil way, you will lose my friendship, and I shall become your enemy.’

So saying, the Fairy disappeared, leaving Prince Darling very much astonished.



PRINCE DARLING

PART II

FOR some time he behaved so well that the ring never pricked him, and that made him so contented that his subjects called him Prince Darling the Happy.

One day, however, he went out hunting, but could get no sport, which put him in a very bad temper. It seemed to him as he rode along that his ring was pressing into his finger, but as it did not prick him he did not heed it.

When he got home and went to his own room, his little dog Bibi ran to meet him, jumping round him with pleasure.

‘Get away!’ said the Prince, quite gruffly. ‘I don’t want you, you are in the way.’

The poor little dog, who didn’t understand this at all, pulled at his coat to make him at least look at her, and this made Prince Darling so cross that he gave her quite a hard kick.

Instantly his ring pricked him sharply, as if it had been a pin. He was very much surprised, and sat down in a corner of his room feeling quite ashamed of himself.

‘I believe the Fairy is laughing at me,’ he thought. ‘Surely I can have done no great wrong in just kicking a tiresome animal! What is the good of my being ruler of a great kingdom, if I am not even allowed to beat my own dog?’

‘I am not making fun of you,’ said a voice, answering Prince Darling’s thoughts.

‘You have committed three faults. First of all, you were out of temper because you could not have what you wanted, and you thought all men and animals were only made to do your pleasure. Then you were really angry, which is very naughty indeed. And lastly, you were cruel to a poor little animal who did not in the least deserve to be ill-treated.

‘I know you are far above a little dog, but if it were right and allowable, that great people should ill-treat all who are beneath them, I might at this moment beat you, or kill you, for a fairy is greater than a man.

‘The advantage of possessing a great empire, is not to be able to do the evil that one desires, but to do all the good that one possibly can.’

The Prince saw how naughty he had been,

and promised to try and do better in future, but he did not keep his word.

The fact was that he had been brought up by a foolish nurse, who had spoilt him when he was little.

If he wanted anything, he had only to cry and fret and stamp his feet, and she would give him whatever he asked for, which had made him self-willed. She had told him from morning to night that he would one day be a king, and that kings were very happy, because everyone was bound to obey and respect them, and no one could prevent them from doing just as they liked.

When the Prince grew old enough to understand, he soon learnt that there could be nothing worse than to be proud, obstinate, and conceited, and he had really tried to cure himself of these defects, but by that time his faults had become habits; and a bad habit is very hard to get rid of.

Not that he was really of a bad nature. He was truly sorry when he had been naughty, and said :

‘I am very unhappy to have to struggle against my anger and pride every day. If I had been punished for them when I was little, they would not be such a trouble to me now.’

His ring pricked him very often, and sometimes he left off what he was doing at once. But at other times he would not attend to it.

Strangely enough, it gave him only a slight prick for a trifling fault, but when he was really naughty it made his finger actually bleed.

At last he got tired of being constantly reminded, and wanted to be able to do as he liked, so he threw his ring aside, and thought himself the happiest of men to have got rid of its teasing pricks.

He gave himself up to doing every foolish thing that he thought of, until he became quite wicked and nobody could like him any longer.

PRINCE DARLING

PART III

ONE day, when the Prince was walking about, he saw a young girl, who was so very pretty that he made up his mind at once that he would marry her. Her name was Celia, and she was as good as she was beautiful.

Prince Darling fancied that Celia would think herself only too happy, if he offered to make her a great queen, but she said fearlessly :

‘Sire, I am only a shepherdess, and a poor girl, but, nevertheless, I will not marry you.’

‘Do you dislike me?’ asked the Prince, who was very much vexed at this answer.

‘No, my Prince,’ replied Celia; ‘I cannot help thinking you very handsome. But what good would riches be to me, and all the grand dresses and splendid carriages that you would give me, if the bad deeds which I should see you do every day made me hate and despise you?’

The Prince was very angry at this speech, and commanded his officers to make Celia a prisoner and carry her off to his palace.

All day long the remembrance of what she had said annoyed him, but as he loved her he could not make up his mind to have her punished.

One of the Prince’s favourite companions was his foster-brother, whom he trusted entirely.

But he was not at all a good man, and gave Prince Darling very bad advice, and encouraged him in all his evil ways.

When he saw the Prince so downcast he asked what was the matter, and when he explained that he could not bear Celia's bad opinion of him, and was resolved to be a better man in order to please her, this evil adviser said to him :

‘ You are very kind to trouble yourself about this little girl ; if I were you I would soon make her obey me.

‘ Remember that you are a king, and that it would be laughable to see you trying to please a shepherdess, who ought to be only too glad to be one of your slaves.

‘ Keep her in prison, and feed her on bread and water for a little while, and then, if she still says she will not marry you, have her head cut off, to teach other people that you mean to be obeyed.

‘ Why, if you cannot make a girl like that do as you wish, your subjects will soon forget that they are only put into the world for your pleasure.’

‘ But,’ said Prince Darling, ‘ would it not be a shame if I had an innocent girl put to death ? For Celia really has done nothing to deserve punishment.’

‘ If people will not do as you tell them they ought to suffer for it,’ answered his foster-brother,

‘But even if it were unjust, you had better be accused of that by your subjects, than that they should find out that they may insult and thwart you, as often as they please.’

In saying this he was touching a weak point in his brother’s character. For the Prince’s fear of losing any of his power, made him at once give up his first idea of trying to be good, and resolve to try and frighten the shepherdess into consenting to marry him.

His foster-brother, who wanted him to keep this resolution, invited three young men, as wicked as himself, to sup with the Prince.

They persuaded him to drink a great deal of wine, and continued to excite his anger against Celia, by telling him that she had laughed at his love for her. At last, in quite a furious rage, he rushed off to find her, declaring that if she still refused to marry him, she should be sold as a slave the very next day.

But when he reached the room in which Celia had been locked up, he was greatly surprised to find that she was not in it, though he had had the key in his own pocket all the time.

His anger was terrible, and he vowed vengeance against whoever had helped her to escape.

His bad friends, when they heard him, resolved to turn his wrath upon an old nobleman, who had formerly been his tutor; and who still dared sometimes to tell the Prince of his faults, for he loved him as if he had been his own son.

At first Prince Darling had thanked him, but after a time he grew impatient, and thought it must be just mere love of fault-finding, that made his old tutor blame him when everyone else was praising and flattering him.

So he ordered him to retire from his Court, though he still, from time to time, spoke of him as a worthy man whom he respected, even if he no longer loved him.

His unworthy friends feared that he might some day take it into his head to recall his old tutor, so they thought they now had a good chance of getting him sent out of the country for ever.

They told the Prince that Suliman, for that was the tutor's name, had boasted of having helped Celia to escape, and they bribed

three men to say that Suliman himself had told them about it.

The Prince, in great anger, sent his foster-brother with a number of soldiers to bring his tutor before him, in chains, like a felon.

After giving this order he went to his own room, but he had scarcely got into it when there was a clap of thunder which made the ground shake, and the Fairy Truth appeared suddenly before him.

‘I promised your father,’ said she sternly, ‘to give you good advice, and to punish you if you refused to follow it.

‘You have despised my counsel, and have gone your own evil way until you are only outwardly a man; really you are a monster—the horror of everyone who knows you.

‘It is time that I should fulfil my promise, and begin your punishment. I condemn you to be like the animals whose ways you have imitated.

‘You have made yourself like the lion by your anger, and like the wolf by your greediness. Like a snake, you have ungratefully turned upon one who was a second father to you; your churlishness has made you like a bull.

‘Therefore, in your new form, take the appearance of all these animals.’

The Fairy had scarcely finished speaking, when Prince Darling saw to his horror that her words were fulfilled.

He had a lion's head, a bull's horns, a wolf's feet, and a snake's body.

At the same instant he found himself in a great forest, beside a clear lake, in which he could see plainly the horrible creature he had become, and a voice said to him :

'Look carefully at the state to which your wickedness has brought you ; believe me, your soul is a thousand times more hideous than your body.'

Prince Darling knew it to be the voice of the Fairy Truth, and turned in a fury to catch her and eat her up if he possibly could. But he saw no one, and the same voice went on :

'I laugh at your weakness and anger, and I intend to punish your pride, by letting you fall into the hands of your own subjects.'

PRINCE DARLING

PART IV

THE Prince began to think that the best thing he could do, would be to get as far away from the lake as he could, then at least he would

not be continually reminded of his terrible ugliness.

So he ran towards the wood, but before he had gone many yards he fell into a deep pit, which had been made to trap bears. The hunters, who were hiding in a tree, leapt down, and secured him with several chains, and led him into the chief city of his own kingdom.

On the way, instead of owing to himself that his own faults had brought this punishment upon him, he accused the Fairy of being the cause of all his misfortunes, and bit and tore at his chains with rage.

As they came near the town, he saw that some great rejoicing was being held, and when the hunters asked what had happened they were told that the Prince, whose only pleasure it was to torment his people, had been found in his room, killed by a thunder-bolt (for that was what was supposed to have become of him).

Four of his friends, those who had encouraged him in his wicked doings, had tried to seize the kingdom and divide it between them, but the people, who knew it was their bad counsels which had so changed the Prince, had cut off their heads, and had offered the

crown to Suliman, whom the Prince had left in prison.

This noble lord had just been crowned, and the deliverance of the kingdom was the cause of the rejoicing.

‘For,’ they said, ‘he is a good and just man, and we shall once more enjoy peace and prosperity.’

Prince Darling roared with anger when he heard this. But it was still worse for him when he reached the great square before his own palace.

He saw Suliman seated upon a splendid throne, and all the people crowded round, wishing him a long life that he might undo all the mischief done by the Prince who had just died.

Presently Suliman made a sign with his hand that the people should be silent, and said :

‘I have taken the crown you have offered me, but only that I may keep it for Prince Darling, who is not dead as you suppose. The Fairy has assured me, that there is still hope that you may some day see him again, good and virtuous as he was when he first came to the throne.

‘Alas!’ he continued, ‘he was led away

by flatterers. I knew his heart, and am certain that if it had not been for the bad influence of those who surrounded him, he would have been a good king and a father to his people.

‘We may hate his faults, but let us pity him and hope for his restoration.

‘As for me, I would die gladly if that could bring back our Prince to reign justly and worthily once more.’

These words went to Prince Darling’s heart. He now saw the true affection and faithfulness of his old tutor, and for the first time was very sorry for all his evil deeds.

At the same instant he felt all his anger melting away, and he began quietly to think over his past life, and to admit that his punishment was not more than he had deserved.

He left off tearing at the iron bars of the cage in which he was shut up, and became as gentle as a lamb.

The hunters who had caught him took him to a great wild beast show, where he was chained up among all the other wild beasts. Here he made up his mind to show his sorrow for his past bad behaviour, by being gentle and obedient to the man who had to take care of him.

Unfortunately, this man was very rough and unkind, and though the poor monster was quite quiet, he often beat it without rhyme or reason, when he happened to be in a bad temper.

One day when this keeper was asleep a tiger broke its chain, and flew at him to eat him up.

Prince Darling, who saw what was going on, at first felt quite pleased to think that he should be delivered from his enemy, but soon he thought better of it and wished that he were free.

‘I would return good for evil,’ he said to himself, ‘and save the unhappy man’s life.’

He had hardly wished this when his iron cage flew open, and he rushed to the side of the keeper, who was awake and was defending himself against the tiger.

When he saw the monster had got out he gave himself up for lost, but his fear was soon changed into joy, for the kind monster threw itself upon the tiger and very soon killed it, and then came and crouched at the feet of the man it had saved.

Overcome with gratitude, the keeper stopped to caress the strange creature which had done

him such a great service. But suddenly a voice said in his ear :

‘A good action should never go unrewarded,’ and at the same instant the monster disappeared, and he saw at his feet only a pretty little dog!

PRINCE DARLING

PART V

PRINCE DARLING, delighted by the change, frisked about the keeper, showing his joy in every way he could, and the man taking him up in his arms, carried him to the King, to whom he told the whole story.

The Queen said she would like to have this wonderful little dog, and the Prince would have been very happy in his new home, if he could have forgotten that he was a man and a king.

The Queen petted and took care of him, but she was so afraid that he would get too fat that she consulted the court-doctor, who said that he was to be fed only upon bread, and was not to have much even of that.

So poor Prince Darling was very hungry

all day long, but he was very patient about it.

One day when they gave him his little loaf for breakfast, he thought he would like to eat it out in the garden.

So he took it up in his mouth, and trotted away towards a brook that he knew of a long way from the palace.

But he was surprised to find that the brook was gone, and where it had been stood a great house that seemed to be built of gold and precious stones.

Numbers of people gaily dressed were going into it, and sounds of music and dancing and feasting could be heard from the windows.

But what seemed very strange was, that those people who came out of the house were pale and thin, and their clothes were torn, and hanging in rags about them.

Some fell down dead as they came out, before they had time to get away—others crawled farther with great difficulty, while others again lay on the ground, fainting with hunger, and begged a morsel of bread from those who were going into the house. But they would not so much as look at the poor creatures.

Prince Darling went up to a young girl who was trying to eat a few blades of grass—she was so hungry. Touched with pity for her, he said to himself:

‘I am very hungry, but I shall not die of



hunger before I get my dinner; if I give my breakfast to this poor creature perhaps I may save her life.’

So he laid his piece of bread in the girl’s hand, and saw her eat it up eagerly.

She soon seemed to be quite well again, and the Prince, delighted to have been able to help her, was thinking of going home to the palace, when he heard a great outcry, and turning round saw Celia, who was being carried against her will into the great house.

For the first time the Prince felt sorry that he was no longer the monster; then he would have been able to rescue Celia. Now he could only bark feebly at the people who were carrying her off, and try to follow them, but they chased and kicked him away.

He made up his mind not to quit the place till he knew what had become of Celia, and blamed himself for what had befallen her.

‘Alas!’ he said to himself, ‘I am furious with the people who are carrying Celia off, but isn’t that exactly what I did myself, and if I had not been prevented, did I not intend to be still more cruel to her?’

Here he was stopped by a noise above his head—some one was opening a window, and he saw with delight that it was Celia herself, who came forward and threw out a plate of most tasty-looking food.

Then the window was shut again, and Prince Darling, who had not had anything

to eat all day, thought he might as well take this chance of getting something.

He ran forward to begin, but the young girl to whom he had given his bread gave a cry of terror and took him up in her arms, saying :

‘Don’t touch it, my poor little dog—that house is the palace of pleasure, and everything that comes out of it is poisoned!’

At the same moment a voice said :

‘You see a good action always brings its reward,’ and the Prince found himself changed into a beautiful white dove.

PRINCE DARLING

PART VI

HE remembered that white was the favourite colour of the Fairy Truth, and began to hope that he might at last win back her favour.

But just now his first care was for Celia, and rising into the air he flew round and round the house, until he saw an open window. But he searched through every room in vain.

No trace of Celia was to be seen, and the

Prince, in despair, determined to search through the world till he found her.

He flew on and on for several days, till he came to a great desert, where he saw a cavern



—and to his delight there sat Celia, sharing the simple breakfast of an old hermit.

Over-joyed to have found her, Prince Darling perched upon her shoulder, trying to express by his caresses how glad he was to see her again.

Celia, surprised and delighted by the tameness of this pretty white dove, stroked it softly, and said, though she never thought of its understanding her :

‘I accept the gift that you make me of yourself—and I will love you always.’

‘Take care what you are saying, Celia,’ said the old hermit; ‘are you prepared to keep that promise?’

‘Indeed I hope so, my sweet shepherdess,’ cried the Prince, who was at that moment restored to his natural shape.

‘You promised to love me always; tell me that you really mean what you said, or I shall have to ask the Fairy to give me back the form of the dove, which pleased you so much.’

‘You need not be afraid that she will change her mind,’ said the Fairy, throwing off the hermit’s robe in which she had been disguised, and appearing before them;

‘Celia has loved you ever since she first saw you, only she would not tell you while you were so obstinate and naughty. Now you have repented and mean to be good you deserve to be happy, and so she may love you as much as she likes.’

Celia and Prince Darling threw themselves

at the Fairy's feet, and the Prince was never tired of thanking her for her kindness.

Celia was delighted to hear how sorry he was for all his past follies and misdeeds, and promised to love him as long as she lived.

'Rise, my children,' said the Fairy, 'and I will transport you to the palace, and Prince Darling shall have back again the crown he lost by his bad behaviour.'

While she was speaking they found themselves in Suliman's hall, and his delight was great at seeing his dear master once more. He gave up the throne joyfully to the Prince, and remained always the most faithful of his subjects.

Celia and Prince Darling reigned for many years, but he was so determined to govern worthily and to do his duty, that his ring, which he took to wearing again, never once pricked him severely.

THE WHITE CAT

PART I

ONCE upon a time there was a king who had three sons, who were all so clever and brave, that he began to be afraid that they would

want to reign over the kingdom before he was dead.

Now the King, though he felt that he was growing old, did not at all wish to give up the government of his kingdom, while he could still manage it very well. So he thought the best way to live in peace would be to divert the minds of his sons by promises, which he could always get out of when the time came for keeping them.

So he sent for them all, and, after speaking to them kindly, he added :

‘You will quite agree with me, my dear children, that my great age makes it impossible for me to look after my affairs of state as carefully as I once did.

‘I begin to fear that this may affect the welfare of my subjects, therefore I wish that one of you should succeed to my crown. But in return for such a gift as this, it is only right that you should do something for me.

‘Now, as I think of retiring into the country, it seems to me that a pretty, lively, faithful little dog would be very good company for me. So, without any regard for your ages, I promise that the one who brings me the most beautiful little dog shall succeed me at once.’

The three Princes were greatly surprised by their father's sudden fancy for a little dog; but as it gave the two younger ones a chance they would not otherwise have had of being king, and as the eldest was too polite to make any objection, they accepted the commission with pleasure.

They bade farewell to the King, who gave them presents of silver and precious stones, and appointed to meet them at the same hour, in the same place, after a year had passed, to see the little dogs they had brought for him.

Then they went together to a castle which was about a league from the city, with all their particular friends, to whom they gave a grand banquet.

Then the three brothers promised to be friends always, to share whatever good fortune befell them, and not to be parted by any envy or jealousy.

And so they set out, agreeing to meet at the same castle at the appointed time, to present themselves before the King together.

Each one took a different road, and the two eldest met with many adventures; but it is about the youngest that you are going to hear.

He was young, and gay, and handsome, and knew everything that a prince ought to know; and as for his courage, there was simply no end to it.

Hardly a day passed without his buying



several dogs—big and little, greyhounds, mastiffs, spaniels, and lapdogs.

As soon as he had bought a pretty one he was sure to see a still prettier, and then he had to get rid of all the others and buy that one, as, being alone, he found it impossible

to take thirty or forty thousand dogs about with him.

He journeyed from day to day, not knowing where he was going, until at last, just at nightfall, he reached a great, gloomy forest.

He did not know his way, and, to make matters worse, it began to thunder, and the rain poured down.

He took the first path he could find, and after walking for a long time he fancied he saw a faint light, and began to hope that he was coming to some cottage, where he might find shelter for the night.

At length, guided by the light, he reached the door of the most splendid castle he had ever seen or dreamt of.

This door was of gold.

The walls were of the finest porcelain in all the most delicate colours, and the Prince saw that all the stories he had ever read were pictured upon them.

But as he was quite terribly wet, and the rain still fell in torrents, he could not stay to look about any more, but came back to the golden door.

There he saw a deer's foot hanging by a chain of diamonds, and he began to wonder who could live in so grand a castle.

‘They must feel very secure against robbers,’ he said to himself. ‘What is to hinder anyone from cutting off that chain and digging out those jewels, and making himself rich for life?’

THE WHITE CAT

PART II

HE pulled the deer’s foot, and immediately a silver bell sounded and the door flew open. But the Prince could see nothing but numbers of hands in the air, each holding a torch.

He was so much surprised that he stood quite still, until he felt himself pushed forward by other hands, so that, though he was somewhat uneasy, he could not help going on.

With his hand on his sword, to be prepared for whatever might happen, he entered a hall paved with precious stones, while two lovely voices sang :

The hands you see floating above
Will swiftly your bidding obey ;
If your heart dreads not conquering Love,
In this place you may fearlessly stay.

The Prince could not believe that any danger threatened him, when he was welcomed in this way. So, guided by the hands, he went towards a door of coral, which opened of its own accord, and he found himself in a vast hall of mother-of-pearl.

Out of this opened a number of other rooms, glittering with thousands of lights, and full of such beautiful pictures and precious things, that the Prince felt quite bewildered.

After passing through sixty rooms the hands that led him stopped, and the Prince saw a most comfortable-looking arm-chair drawn up close to the chimney-corner.

At the same moment the fire lighted itself, and the pretty, soft, clever hands took off the Prince's wet, muddy clothes, and presented him with fresh ones made of the richest stuffs, all trimmed with gold and emeralds.

He could not help admiring everything he saw, and the deft way in which the hands waited on him, though they sometimes appeared so suddenly that they made him jump.

When he was quite ready—and I can assure you, that he looked very different from the wet and weary Prince who had stood outside

in the rain, and pulled the deer's foot—the hands led him to a splendid room, upon the walls of which were painted the histories of Puss in Boots, and a number of other famous cats.

A table was laid for supper with two golden plates, and golden spoons and forks, and the sideboard was covered with dishes and glasses of crystal set with precious stones.

The Prince was wondering who the second place could be for, when suddenly in came about a dozen cats carrying guitars and rolls of music. They all took their places at one end of the room, and, under the direction of a cat who beat time with a roll of paper, began to mew in every imaginable key, and to draw their claws across the strings of the guitars, making the strangest kind of music that could be heard.

The Prince hastily stopped up his ears, but even then the sight of these queer musicians sent him into fits of laughter.

‘What funny thing shall I see next?’ he said to himself, and instantly the door opened, and in came a tiny figure covered by a long black veil.

It was conducted by two cats wearing black mantles and carrying swords, and a

large party of cats followed, who brought in cages full of rats and mice.

The Prince was so much astonished that he thought he must be dreaming, but the little figure came up to him and threw back



its veil, and he saw that it was the loveliest little white cat it is possible to imagine.

She looked very young and very sad, and in a sweet little voice that went straight to his heart she said to the Prince:

‘King’s son, you are welcome; the Queen of the Cats is glad to see you.’

‘Lady Cat,’ replied the Prince, ‘I thank you for receiving me so kindly, but surely you are no ordinary pussy-cat? Indeed, the way you speak and the magnificence of your castle prove it plainly.’

‘King’s son,’ said the White Cat, ‘I beg you to spare me these compliments, for I am not used to them. But now,’ she added, ‘let supper be served, and let the musicians be silent, as the Prince does not understand what they are saying.’

So the hands began to bring in the supper, and first they put on the table two dishes, one containing stewed pigeons and the other a stew of fat mice.

The sight of the latter made the Prince feel as if he could not enjoy his supper at all.

But the White Cat seeing this told him, that the dishes intended for him were prepared in a separate kitchen, and he might be quite certain that they contained neither rats nor mice.

The Prince felt so sure that she would not deceive him, that he had no more hesitation in beginning.

Presently he noticed that on the little paw that was next him the White Cat wore a

bracelet containing a portrait, and he begged to be allowed to look at it.

To his great surprise he found it represented an extremely handsome young man, who was so like himself that it might have been his own portrait!

The White Cat sighed as he looked at it, and seemed sadder than ever, and the Prince dared not ask any questions for fear of displeasing her.

So he began to talk about other things, and found that she was interested in all the subjects he cared for himself, and seemed to know quite well what was going on in the world.

After supper they went into another room, which was fitted up as a theatre, and the cats acted and danced for their amusement; and then the White Cat said good-night to him, and the hands led him into a room he had not seen before, hung with tapestry worked with butterflies' wings of every colour.

There were mirrors that reached from the ceiling to the floor, and a little white bed with curtains of gauze tied up with ribbons.

The Prince went to bed in silence, as he did not quite know how to begin a conversation with the hands that waited on him.

THE WHITE CAT

PART III

IN the morning he was awakened by a noise and confusion outside his window, and the hands came and quickly dressed him in hunting costume.

When he looked out all the cats were assembled in the courtyard, some leading greyhounds, some blowing horns, for the White Cat was going out hunting.

The hands led a wooden horse up to the Prince, and seemed to expect him to mount it, at which he was very angry. But it was no use for him to object, for he speedily found himself upon its back, and it pranced gaily off with him.

The White Cat herself was riding a monkey, which climbed even up to the eagles' nests when she had a fancy for the young eaglets.

Never was there a pleasanter hunting party, and when they returned to the castle, the Prince and the White Cat supped together as before. But when they had finished she offered him a golden cup, which must have contained a magic draught, for, as soon as he had

swallowed its contents, he forgot everything, even the little dog that he was seeking for the King, and only thought how happy he was to be with the White Cat!

And so the days passed in every kind of amusement, until the year was nearly gone.

The Prince had forgotten all about meeting his brothers. He did not even know what country he belonged to.

But the White Cat knew when he ought to go back, and one day she said to him:

‘Do you know that you have only three days left to look for the little dog for your father, and your brothers have found lovely ones?’

Then the Prince suddenly recovered his memory, and cried:

‘What can have made me forget such an important thing? My whole fortune depends upon it. Even if I could in such a short time find a dog pretty enough to gain me a kingdom, where should I find a horse who could carry me all that way in three days?’

And he began to be very vexed.

But the White Cat said to him:

‘King’s son, do not trouble yourself; I am your friend, and will make everything easy for you. You can still stay here for a day, as

the good wooden horse can take you to your country in twelve hours.'

'I thank you, beautiful Cat,' said the Prince; 'but what good will it do me to get back, if I have not a dog to take to my father?'

'See here,' answered the White Cat, holding up an acorn; 'there is a prettier one in this than in the Dog-star!'

'Oh! White Cat dear,' said the Prince, 'how unkind you are to laugh at me now!'

'Only listen,' she said, holding the acorn to his ear.

And inside it he distinctly heard a tiny voice say: 'Bow-wow!'

The Prince was delighted, for a dog that can be shut up in an acorn must be very small indeed.

He wanted to take it out and look at it, but the White Cat said it would be better not to open the acorn, till he was before the King, in case the tiny dog should be cold on the journey.

He thanked her a thousand times, and said good-bye quite sadly when the time came for him to set out.

'The days have passed so quickly with you,' he said, 'I only wish I could take you with me now.'

But the White Cat shook her head and sighed deeply in answer.

After all the Prince was the first to arrive at the castle, where he had agreed to meet his brothers. But they came soon after, and stared in amazement when they saw the wooden horse in the courtyard jumping like a hunter.

The Prince met them joyfully, and they began to tell him all their adventures.

But he managed to hide from them what he had been doing, and even led them to think that a turnspit dog which he had with him, was the one he was bringing for the King.

Fond as they all were of one another, the two eldest could not help being glad to think that their dogs certainly had a better chance.

The next morning they started in the same chariot.

The elder brothers carried in baskets two such tiny dogs, that they hardly dared to touch them.

As for the turnspit, he ran after the chariot, and got so covered with mud that one could hardly see what he was like at all.

When they reached the palace, everyone crowded round to welcome them as they went into the King's great hall; and when the two

brothers presented their little dogs, nobody could decide which was the prettier.

They were already arranging between themselves to share the kingdom equally, when the youngest stepped forward, drawing from his



pocket the acorn the White Cat had given him.

He opened it quickly, and there upon a white cushion, they saw a dog so small that it could easily have been put through a ring.

The Prince laid it upon the ground, and it got up at once and began to dance.

The King did not know what to say, for it was impossible that anything could be prettier than this little creature.

Nevertheless, as he was in no hurry to part with his crown, he told his sons that, as they had been so successful the first time, he would ask them to go once again, and seek by land and sea for a piece of muslin so fine that it could be drawn through the eye of a needle.

The brothers were not very willing to set out again, but the two eldest consented because it gave them another chance, and they started as before.

The youngest again mounted the wooden horse, and rode back at full speed to his beloved White Cat.

THE WHITE CAT

PART IV

EVERY door of the castle stood wide open, and every window and turret was lighted up, so it looked more wonderful than before.

The hands hastened to meet him, and led the wooden horse off to the stable, while he hurried in to find the White Cat.

She was asleep in a little basket on a white

satin cushion, but she very soon started up when she heard the Prince, and was over-joyed at seeing him once more.

‘How could I hope that you would come back to me, King’s son?’ she said.

And then he stroked and petted her, and told her of his successful journey, and how he had come back to ask her help, as he believed that it was impossible to find what the King demanded.

The White Cat looked serious, and said she must think what was to be done, but that, luckily, there were some cats in the castle who could spin very well, and if anybody could manage it they could, and she would set them the task herself.

And then the hands appeared carrying torches, and led the Prince and the White Cat to a long gallery which overlooked the river, from the windows of which they saw a grand display of fireworks of all sorts.

After this they had supper, which the Prince liked even better than the fireworks, for it was very late, and he was hungry after his long ride.

And so the days passed quickly as before. It was impossible to feel dull with the White Cat, and she had quite a talent for inventing

new amusements—indeed, she was cleverer than a cat has any right to be.

But when the Prince asked her how it was that she was so wise, she only said :

‘ King’s son, do not ask me ; guess what you please. I may not tell you anything.’

The Prince was so happy, that he did not trouble himself at all about the time. But presently the White Cat told him that the year was gone, and that he need not be at all anxious about the piece of muslin, as they had made it very well.

‘ This time,’ she added, ‘ I can give you a suitable escort ;’ and on looking out into the courtyard the Prince saw a chariot of gold, picked out in flame colour with a thousand different devices.

It was drawn by twelve snow-white horses, harnessed four abreast. Their trappings were of flame-coloured velvet, trimmed with diamonds.

A hundred chariots followed, each drawn by eight horses, and filled with officers in splendid uniforms, and a thousand guards surrounded the procession.

‘ Go !’ said the White Cat, ‘ and when you appear before the King in such state, he surely will not refuse you the crown which you

deserve. Take this walnut, but do not open it until you are before him, then you will find in it the piece of stuff you asked me for.'

'Lovely Blanchette,' said the Prince, 'how can I thank you properly for all your kindness to me? Only tell me that you wish it, and I will give up for ever all thought of being king, and will stay here with you always.'

'King's son,' she replied, 'it shows the goodness of your heart that you should care so much for a little white cat, who is good for nothing but to catch mice; but you must not stay.'

So the Prince kissed her little paw and set out.

You can imagine how fast he travelled, when I tell you that they reached the King's palace in just half the time it had taken the wooden horse to get there.

This time the Prince was so late that he did not try to meet his brothers at their castle, so they thought he could not be coming, and were rather glad of it, and displayed their pieces of muslin to the King proudly, feeling sure of success.

And indeed the stuff was very fine, and would go through the eye of a very large needle.

But the King, who was only too glad to make a difficulty, sent for a particular needle, which was kept among the Crown jewels, and had such a small eye, that everybody saw at once that it was impossible that the muslin should pass through it.

The Princes were angry, and were begin-



ning to complain that it was a trick, when suddenly the trumpets sounded and the youngest Prince came in.

His father and brothers were quite astonished at his magnificence, and after he had greeted them he took the walnut from his pocket and opened it, fully expecting to find

the piece of muslin, but instead there was only a hazel-nut.

He cracked it, and there lay a cherry-stone.

Everybody was looking on, and the King was chuckling to himself at the idea of finding the piece of muslin in a nutshell.

However, the Prince cracked the cherry-stone, but everyone laughed when he saw it contained only its own kernel.

He opened that and found a grain of wheat, and in that was a millet seed.

Then he himself began to wonder, and muttered softly:

‘White Cat, White Cat, are you making fun of me?’

In an instant he felt a cat’s claw give his hand quite a sharp scratch, and hoping that it was meant as an encouragement he opened the millet seed, and drew out of it a piece of muslin four hundred ells long, woven with the loveliest colours and most wonderful patterns. And when the needle was brought, it went through the eye six times with the greatest ease!

The King turned pale, and the other Princes stood silent and sorrowful, for nobody could deny that this was the most marvellous

piece of muslin that was to be found in the world.

Presently the King turned to his sons, and said, with a deep sigh :

‘Nothing could console me more in my old age than to realise your willingness to gratify my wishes.

‘Go then once more, and whoever at the end of a year can bring back the loveliest princess shall be married to her, and shall, without further delay, receive the crown, for my successor must certainly be married.’

THE WHITE CAT

PART V

THE Prince considered that he had earned the kingdom fairly twice over, but still he was too well bred to argue about it, so he just went back to his chariot, and, surrounded by his escort, returned to the White Cat faster than he had come.

This time she was expecting him; the path was strewn with flowers, and a thousand braziers were burning scented woods which perfumed the air.

Seated in a gallery from which she could see his arrival, the White Cat waited for him.

‘Well, King’s son,’ she said, ‘here you are once more, without a crown.’

‘Madam,’ said he, ‘thanks to your kindness I have earned one twice over. But the fact is that my father is so loth to part with it, that it would be no pleasure to me to take it.’

‘Never mind,’ she answered; ‘it’s just as well to try and deserve it. As you must take back a lovely princess with you next time, I will be on the look-out for one for you. In the meantime let us enjoy ourselves; to-night I have ordered a battle between my cats and the river rats, on purpose to amuse you.’

So this year slipped away even more pleasantly than the others.

Sometimes the Prince could not help asking the White Cat how it was she could talk.

‘Perhaps you are a fairy,’ he said. ‘Or has some enchanter changed you into a cat?’

But she only gave him answers that told him nothing.

Days go by so quickly when one is very happy, that it is certain the Prince would never have thought of its being time to go back, had not the White Cat one evening as they sat

together, said to him, that if he wanted to take a lovely princess home with him the next day, he must be prepared to do as she told him.

‘Take this sword,’ she said, ‘and cut off my head.’

‘I!’ cried the Prince, ‘I cut off your head! Blanchette darling, how could I do it?’

‘I entreat you to do as I tell you, King’s son,’ she replied.

The tears came into the Prince’s eyes as he begged her to ask him anything but that—to set him any task she pleased as a proof of his devotion, but to spare him the grief of killing his dear Pussy.

But nothing he could say altered her determination, and at last he drew his sword, and with a trembling hand, cut off the little white head.

But imagine his astonishment and delight, when suddenly a lovely princess stood before him, and, while he was still speechless with amazement, the door opened and a goodly company of knights and ladies entered, each carrying a cat’s skin!

They hastened with every sign of joy to the Princess, kissing her hand and wishing her

joy on being once more restored to her natural shape.

She received them graciously, but after a few minutes begged that they would leave her alone with the Prince, to whom she said:



‘You see, Prince, that you were right in supposing me to be no ordinary cat.

‘My father reigned over six kingdoms.

‘The Queen, my mother, whom he loved dearly, had a passion for travelling and exploring, and when I was only a few weeks old, she obtained his permission to visit a certain

mountain of which she had heard many marvellous tales, and set out, taking with her a number of her servants.

‘On the way they had to pass near an old castle belonging to the fairies.

‘Nobody had ever been into it, but it was reported to be full of the most wonderful things, and my mother remembered to have heard, that the fairies had in their garden such fruits as were to be seen and tasted nowhere else.

‘She began to wish to try them for herself, and turned her steps in the direction of the garden.

‘On arriving at the door, which blazed with gold and jewels, she ordered her servants to knock loudly, but it was useless. It seemed as if all the inhabitants of the castle must be asleep or dead.

‘Now the more difficult it became to obtain the fruit, the more the Queen was determined that have it she would.

‘So she ordered that they should bring ladders, and get over the wall into the garden. But though the wall did not look very high, and they tied the ladders together to make them very long, it was quite impossible to get to the top.

THE WHITE CAT

PART VI

‘THE Queen was in despair; but as night was coming on, she ordered that they should encamp just where they were, and went to bed herself. feeling quite ill, she was so disappointed.

‘In the middle of the night she was suddenly awakened, and saw to her surprise a tiny, ugly old woman seated by her bedside, who said to her:

‘“I must say that we consider it somewhat troublesome of your Majesty to insist upon tasting our fruit. But to save you any annoyance, my sisters and I will consent to give you as much as you can carry away, on one condition—that is, that you shall give us your little daughter to bring up as our own.”

‘“Ah! my dear madam,” cried the Queen, “is there nothing else that you will take for the fruit? I will give you my kingdoms willingly.”

‘“No,” replied the old fairy, “we will have nothing but your little daughter. She shall be as happy as the day is long, and we will give her everything that is worth having

in fairy-land, but you must not see her again until she is married."

"“Though it is a hard condition,” said the Queen, “I consent, for I shall certainly die if I do not taste the fruit, and so I should lose my little daughter either way.”

‘So the old Fairy led her into the castle, and, though it was still the middle of the night, the Queen could see plainly that it was far more beautiful than she had been told, which you can easily believe, Prince,’ said the White Cat, ‘when I tell you that it was this castle that we are now in.

““Will you gather the fruit yourself, Queen?”” said the old fairy, “or shall I call it to come to you?””

““I beg you to let me see it come when it is called,”” cried the Queen; “that will be something quite new.””

‘The old fairy whistled twice, then she cried :

““Apricots, peaches, cherries, plums, pears, melons, grapes, apples, oranges, lemons, gooseberries, strawberries, raspberries, come !””

‘And in an instant they came tumbling in, one over another, and yet they were neither dusty nor spoilt, and the Queen found them quite as good as she had fancied them. You see they grew upon fairy trees.

‘The old fairy gave her golden baskets in which to take the fruit away, and it was as much as four hundred mules could carry.

‘Then she reminded the Queen of her agreement, and led her back to the camp, and next morning she went back to her kingdom.

‘But before she had gone very far she began to repent of her bargain; and when the King came out to meet her she looked so sad, that he guessed that something had happened, and asked what was the matter.

‘At first the Queen was afraid to tell him, but when, as soon as they reached the palace, five frightful little dwarfs were sent by the fairies to fetch me, she was obliged to confess what she had promised.

‘The King was very angry, and had the Queen and myself shut up in a great tower and safely guarded, and drove the little dwarfs out of his kingdom.

‘But the fairies sent a great dragon who ate up all the people he met, and whose breath burnt up everything as he passed through the country.

‘At last, after trying in vain to rid himself of the monster, the King, to save his subjects, was obliged to consent that I should be given up to the fairies.

'This time they came themselves to fetch me, in a chariot of pearl drawn by sea-horses, followed by the dragon, who was led with chains of diamonds.

'My cradle was placed between the old fairies, who loaded me with caresses, and



away we whirled through the air to a tower which they had built on purpose for me.

'There I grew up surrounded with everything that was beautiful and rare, and learning everything that is ever taught to a princess, but without any companions but a parrot and a little dog, who could both talk.

Every day I received a visit from one of the old fairies, who came mounted upon the dragon.

THE WHITE CAT

PART VII

‘ONE day, however, as I sat at my window I saw a handsome young prince, who seemed to have been hunting in the forest which surrounded my prison, and who was standing and looking up at me.

‘When he saw that I observed him he bowed to me with great politeness.

‘You can imagine that I was delighted to have some one new to talk to, and in spite of the height of my window our talk was prolonged till night fell; then my prince bade me farewell.

‘But after that he came again many times, and at last I consented to marry him; but the question was how I was to escape from my tower.

‘The fairies always supplied me with flax for my spinning, and by great diligence I made enough cord for a ladder, that would reach to the foot of the tower.

‘But, alas! just as my prince was helping me to descend it, the crossdest and ugliest of the old fairies flew in.

‘Before he had time to defend himself, my unhappy lover was swallowed up by the dragon.

‘As for me, the fairies, furious at having their plans defeated, for they intended me to marry the king of the dwarfs and I utterly refused, changed me into a white cat.

‘When they brought me here, I found all the lords and ladies of my father’s court awaiting me under the same enchantment, while the people of lesser rank had been made invisible, all but their hands.

‘As they laid me under the enchantment the fairies told me all my history, for until then I had quite believed that I was their child. They warned me, that my only chance of regaining my natural form was to win the love of a prince, who resembled in every way my unfortunate lover.’

‘And you have won it, lovely Princess,’ said the Prince.

‘You are indeed wonderfully like him,’ said the Princess—‘in voice, in features, and everything; and if you really love me all my troubles will be at an end.’

‘And mine too,’ cried the Prince, throwing himself at her feet, ‘if you will consent to marry me.’

‘I love you already better than anyone in the world,’ she said: ‘but now it is time to go back to your father, and we shall hear what he says about it.’

So the Prince gave her his hand and led her out, and they mounted the chariot together. It was even more splendid than before, and so was the whole company.

Even the horses’ shoes were of rubies, with diamond nails, and I suppose that is the first time such a thing was ever seen.

As the Princess was as kind and clever as she was beautiful, you may imagine what a delightful journey the Prince found it, for everything the Princess said seemed to him quite charming.

When they came near the castle where the brothers were to meet, the Princess got into a chair carried by four of the guards. It was hewn out of one splendid crystal, and had silken curtains, which she drew round her that she might not be seen.

The Prince saw his brothers walking upon the terrace, each with a lovely princess, and

they came to meet him, asking if he also had found a wife.

He said that he had found something much rarer—a little white cat!

At which they laughed very much, and asked him if he was afraid of being eaten up by mice in the palace. And then they set out together for the town.

Each prince and princess rode in a splendid carriage; the horses were decked with plumes of feathers, and glittered with gold.

After them came the youngest prince, and last of all the crystal chair, at which everybody looked with admiration and curiosity.

When the courtiers saw them coming they hastened to tell the King.

‘Are the ladies beautiful?’ he asked anxiously.

And when they answered that nobody had ever before seen such lovely princesses, he seemed quite annoyed.

However, he received them graciously, but found it impossible to choose between them.

Then turning to his youngest son he said:

‘Have you come back alone, after all?’

‘Your Majesty,’ replied the Prince, ‘will find in that crystal chair a little white cat, which has such soft paws, and mews so pret-



THE PRINCE'S BRIDE.

tily, that I am sure you will be charmed with it.'

The King smiled, and went to draw back the curtains himself, but at a touch from the Princess the crystal shivered into a thousand splinters, and there she stood in all her beauty. Her fair hair floated over her shoulders and was crowned with flowers, and her softly falling robe was of the purest white.

She saluted the King gracefully, while a murmur of admiration rose from all around.

'Sire,' she said, 'I am not come to deprive you of the throne you fill so worthily. I have already six kingdoms; permit me to bestow one upon you, and upon each of your sons.'

'I ask nothing but your friendship, and your consent to my marriage with your youngest son. We shall still have three kingdoms left for ourselves.'

The King and all the courtiers could not conceal their joy and astonishment, and the marriage of the three Princes was celebrated at once.

The festivities lasted several months, and then each king and queen departed to their own kingdom and lived happily ever after.

THE WONDERFUL SHEEP

PART I

ONCE upon a time — in the days when the fairies lived—there was a king who had three daughters, who were all young, and clever, and beautiful. But the youngest of the three, who was called Miranda, was the prettiest and the most beloved.

The King, her father, gave her more dresses and jewels in a month than he gave the others in a year.

But she was so generous that she shared everything with her sisters, and they were all as happy and as fond of one another as they could be.

Now the King had some quarrelsome neighbours, who, tired of leaving him in peace, began to make war upon him so fiercely, that he feared he would be altogether beaten if he did not make an effort to defend himself.

So he collected a great army and set off to fight them, leaving the Princesses with their governess in a castle, where news of the war was brought every day.

Sometimes they heard that the King had taken a town, or won a battle, and, at last,

that he had altogether overcome his enemies and chased them out of his kingdom, and was coming back to the castle as quickly as possible, to see his dear little Miranda whom he loved so much.

The three Princesses put on dresses of satin, which they had had made on purpose



for this great occasion, one green, one red, and the third white.

Their jewels were the same colours. The eldest wore emeralds, the second rubies, and the youngest diamonds, and thus adorned they went to meet the King, singing verses which they had composed about his victories.

When he saw them all so beautiful and

so gay he embraced them tenderly, but gave Miranda more kisses than either of the others.

Presently a splendid dinner was served, and the King and his daughters sat down to it; and as he always thought that there was some special meaning in everything, he said to the eldest:

‘Tell me why you have chosen a green dress.’

‘Sire,’ she answered, ‘having heard of your victories, I thought that green would signify my joy and the hope of your speedy return.’

‘That is a very good answer,’ said the King; ‘and you, my daughter,’ he continued, ‘why did you take a red dress?’

‘Sire,’ said the Princess, ‘to show that we constantly hoped for your success, and that the sight of you is as welcome to me as the sky with its most beautiful stars.’

‘Why,’ said the King, ‘your wise answers astonish me; and you, Miranda. What made you dress yourself all in white?’

‘Because, sire,’ she answered, ‘white suits me better than anything else.’

‘What!’ said the King angrily, ‘was that all you thought of, vain child?’

‘I thought you would be pleased with me,’ said the Princess; ‘that was all.’

The King, who loved her, was satisfied with this, and even pretended to be pleased that she had not told him all her reasons at first.

‘And now,’ said he, ‘as I have supped well, and it is not time yet to go to bed, tell me what you dreamed last night.’

The eldest said she had dreamed that he brought her a dress, and the precious stones and gold lace on it were brighter than the sun.

The dream of the second was, that the King had brought her a spinning-wheel and a distaff, that she might spin him some shirts.

But the youngest said: ‘I dreamed that my second sister was to be married, and on her wedding-day, you, father, held a golden ewer and said: “Come, Miranda, and I will hold the water that you may dip your hands in it.”’

The King was very angry indeed when he heard this dream, and frowned horribly. Indeed, he made such an ugly face that everyone knew how angry he was, and he got up and went off to bed in a great hurry. But he could not forget his daughter’s dream.

‘Does the proud girl wish to make me her slave?’ he said to himself.

‘ I am not surprised at her choosing to dress herself in white satin without a thought of me. She does not think me worthy of her consideration! But I will soon put an end to her pretensions!’

He rose in a fury, and although it was not yet daylight, he sent for the Captain of his Bodyguard, and said to him:

‘ You have heard the Princess Miranda’s dream? I consider that it means strange things against me, therefore I order you to take her away into the forest and kill her, and, that I may be sure it is done, you must bring me her heart and her tongue. If you attempt to deceive me you shall be put to death!’

THE WONDERFUL SHEEP

PART II

THE Captain of the Guard was very much astonished when he heard this order, but he did not dare to contradict the King for fear of making him still more angry, or causing him to send some one else. So he answered that he would fetch the Princess and do as the King had said.

When he went to her room they would hardly let him in, it was still so early, but he said that the King had sent for Miranda, and she got up quickly and came out.

A little black girl called Patypata held up her train, and her pet monkey and her little dog ran after her. The monkey was called Grabugeon, and the little dog Tintin.

The Captain of the Guard begged Miranda to come down into the garden, where the King was enjoying the fresh air, and when they got there, he pretended to search for him; but as he was not to be found, he said:

‘No doubt his Majesty has strolled into the forest,’ and he opened the little door that led to it, and they went through.

By this time the daylight had begun to appear, and the Princess, looking at her conductor, saw that he had tears in his eyes and seemed too sad to speak.

‘What is the matter?’ she said in the kindest way. ‘You seem very sorrowful.’

‘Alas! Princess,’ he answered, ‘who would not be sorrowful who was ordered to do such a terrible thing as I am? The King has commanded me to kill you here, and carry your heart and your tongue to him, and if I disobey I shall lose my life.’

The poor Princess was terrified, she grew very pale and began to cry softly.

Looking up at the Captain of the Guard with her beautiful eyes, she said gently :

‘Will you really have the heart to kill me? I have never done you any harm, and



have always spoken well of you to the King. If I had deserved my father's anger I would suffer without a murmur, but, alas! he is unjust to complain of me, when I have always treated him with love and respect.'

‘Fear nothing, Princess,’ said the Captain of the Guard. ‘I would far rather die myself

than hurt you. But even if I am killed you will not be safe. We must find some way of making the King believe that you are dead.'

'What can we do?' said Miranda; 'unless you take him my heart and my tongue he will never believe you.'

The Princess and the Captain of the Guard were talking so earnestly, that they did not think of Patypata, but she had overheard all they said, and now came and threw herself at Miranda's feet.

'Madam,' she said, 'I offer you my life; let me be killed; I shall be only too happy to die for such a kind mistress.'

'Why, Patypata,' cried the Princess, kissing her, 'that would never do. Your life is as precious to me as my own, especially after such a proof of your love as you have just given me.'

'You are right, Princess,' said Grabugeon, coming forward, 'to love such a faithful slave as Patypata. She is of more use to you than I am. I offer you my tongue and my heart most willingly, especially as I wish to make a great name for myself in Goblin Land.'

'No, no, my little Grabugeon,' replied Miranda; 'I cannot bear the thought of taking your life.'

‘Such a good little dog as I am,’ cried Tintin, ‘could not think of letting either of you die for his mistress. If anyone is to die for her it must be me.’

And then began a great dispute between Patypata, Grabugeon, and Tintin, and they came to high words, until at last Grabugeon, who was quicker than the others, ran up to the very top of the nearest tree, and let herself fall, head first, to the ground, and there she lay—quite dead!

The Princess was very sorry, but as Grabugeon was really dead, she allowed the Captain of the Guard to take her tongue; but, alas! it was such a little one—not bigger than the Princess’s thumb—that they decided sorrowfully that it was no use at all. The King would not have been taken in by it for a moment!

‘Alas! my little monkey,’ cried the Princess, ‘I have lost you, and yet I am no better off than I was before.’

‘The honour of saving your life is to be mine,’ said Patypata, and, before they could prevent her, she had picked up a knife and cut her head off in an instant.

But when the Captain of the Guard would have taken her tongue, it turned out to be

quite black; so that would not have deceived the King either.

‘Am I not unlucky?’ cried the poor Princess; ‘I lose everything I love, and am none the better for it.’

‘If you had accepted my offer,’ said Tintin, ‘you would only have had me to regret, and I should have had all your gratitude.’

Miranda kissed her little dog, crying so bitterly, that at last she could bear it no longer, and turned away into the forest.

When she looked back the Captain of the Guard was gone, and she was alone, except for Patypata, Grabugeon, and Tintin, who lay upon the ground.

She could not leave the place until she had buried them in a pretty little mossy grave at the foot of a tree, and she wrote their names upon the bark of the tree, and how they had all died to save her life.

THE WONDERFUL SHEEP

PART III

AND then she began to think where she could go for safety—for this forest was so close to her father’s castle, that she might be seen

and recognised by the first passer-by, and, beside that, it was full of lions and wolves, who would have snapped up a princess just as soon as a stray chicken.

So she began to walk as fast as she could, but the forest was so large and the sun was so hot, that she nearly died of heat and terror and fatigue.

Look which way she would there seemed to be no end to the forest, and she was so frightened, that she fancied every minute that she heard the King running after her to kill her.

You may imagine how miserable she was, and how she cried as she went on, not knowing which path to follow, and with the thorny bushes scratching her dreadfully and tearing her pretty frock to pieces.

At last she heard the bleating of a sheep, and said to herself:

‘No doubt there are shepherds here with their flocks. They will show me the way to some village where I can live disguised as a peasant girl.

‘Alas! it is not always kings and princes who are the happiest people in the world. Who could have believed, that I should ever be obliged to run away and hide because

the King, for no reason at all, wished to kill me ? ’

So saying she advanced towards the place where she heard the bleating, but what was her surprise when, in a lovely little glade quite surrounded by trees, she saw a large sheep.



Its wool was as white as snow, and its horns shone like gold.

It had a garland of flowers round its neck, and strings of great pearls about its legs, and a collar of diamonds.

It lay upon a bank of orange-flowers, under

a canopy of cloth of gold which protected it from the heat of the sun.

Nearly a hundred other sheep were scattered about, not eating the grass, but some drinking coffee, lemonade, or sherbet, others eating ices, strawberries and cream, or sweetmeats, while others, again, were playing games.

Many of them wore golden collars with jewels, flowers, and ribbons.

Miranda stopped short in amazement at this strange sight, and was looking in all directions for the shepherd of this surprising flock, when the beautiful sheep came bounding towards her.

‘Approach, lovely Princess,’ he cried; ‘have no fear of such gentle and peaceable animals as we are.’

‘What a marvel!’ cried the Princess, starting back a little. ‘Here is a sheep who can talk.’

‘Your monkey and your dog could talk, madam,’ said he; ‘are you more astonished at us than at them?’

‘A fairy gave them the power to speak,’ replied Miranda. ‘So I was used to them.’

‘Perhaps the same thing has happened to us,’ he said, smiling sheepishly. ‘But, Princess, what can have led you here?’

‘A thousand misfortunes, Sir Sheep,’ she answered. ‘I am the unhappiest princess in the world, and I am seeking a shelter against my father’s anger.’

‘Come with me, madam,’ said the Sheep; ‘I offer you a hiding-place which you only will know of, and where you will be mistress of everything you see.’

‘I really cannot follow you,’ said Miranda, ‘for I am too tired to walk another step.’

The Sheep with the golden horns ordered that his chariot should be fetched, and a moment after appeared six goats, harnessed to a pumpkin, which was so big that two people could quite well sit in it, and was all lined with cushions of velvet and down.

The Princess stepped into it, much amused at such a new kind of carriage. The King of the Sheep took his place beside her, and the goats ran away with them at full speed, and only stopped when they reached a cavern, the entrance to which was blocked by a great stone.

This the King touched with his foot, and it fell down, and he invited the Princess to enter without fear.

Now, if she had not been so alarmed by everything that had happened, nothing could

have induced her to go into this frightful cave, but she was so afraid of what might be behind her, that she would have thrown herself even down a well at this moment.

So, without hesitation, she followed the Sheep, who went before her, down, down, down, until she thought they must come out at the other side of the world—indeed, she was not sure that he wasn't leading her into Fairyland.

At last she saw before her a great plain, quite covered with all sorts of flowers, the scent of which seemed to her nicer than anything she had ever smelt before.

A broad river of orange-flower water flowed round it, and fountains of wine of every kind ran in all directions, and made the prettiest little cascades and brooks.

The plain was covered with the strangest trees. There were trees where partridges, ready roasted, hung from every branch, or, if you wished to have pheasants, turkeys, or rabbits, you had only to turn to the right hand or to the left and you were sure to find them.

In places the air was darkened by showers of lobster-patties, white puddings, tarts, and all sorts of sweetmeats, or with pieces of gold and silver, diamonds and pearls.

This unusual kind of rain, and the pleasantness of the whole place, would, no doubt, have attracted numbers of people to it, if the King of the Sheep had been of a more lively temper, but from all accounts it is evident that he was as grave as a judge.

THE WONDERFUL SHEEP

PART IV

As it was quite the nicest time of the year when Miranda arrived in this delightful land, the only palace she saw was a long row of orange trees, honeysuckles, and musk-roses. Their interlacing branches made the prettiest rooms possible, which were hung with gold and silver gauze, and had great mirrors and candlesticks, and most beautiful pictures.

The wonderful Sheep begged that the Princess would consider herself queen over all that she saw, and told her that, though for some years he had been very sad and in great trouble, she had it in her power to make him forget all his grief.

‘You are so kind and generous, noble Sheep,’ said the Princess, ‘that I cannot

thank you enough, but I must confess that all I see here seems to me so wonderful, that I don't know what to think of it.'

As she spoke, a band of lovely fairies came up and offered her amber baskets full of fruit, but when she held out her hands to them they glided away, and she could feel nothing when she tried to touch them.

'Oh!' she cried, 'what can they be? Whom am I with?' and she began to cry.

At this instant the King of the Sheep came back to her, and was so put out to find her in tears that he could have torn his wool.

'What is the matter, lovely Princess?' he cried. 'Has anyone failed to treat you with due respect?'

'Oh! no,' said Miranda; 'only I am not used to living with sprites and with sheep that talk, and everything here frightens me.'

'It was very kind of you to bring me to this place, but I shall be even more grateful to you, if you will take me up into the world again.'

'Do not be afraid,' said the wonderful Sheep; 'I entreat you to have patience, and listen to the story of my misfortunes.'

'I was once a king, and my kingdom was the most splendid in the world. My subjects

loved me, my neighbours envied and feared me. I was respected by everyone, and it was said that no king ever deserved it more.

‘I was very fond of hunting, and one day, while chasing a stag, I left my attendants far behind. Suddenly I saw the animal leap into a pool of water, and I rashly urged my horse to follow it, but before we had gone many steps I felt a great heat, instead of the coolness of the water. The pond dried up, a great gulf opened before me, out of which flames of fire shot up, and I fell helplessly to the bottom of a precipice.

‘I gave myself up for lost, but presently a voice said: “Ungrateful Prince, even this fire is hardly enough to warm your cold heart!”

“Who complains of my coldness in this dismal place?” I cried.

“An unhappy being who loves you hopelessly,” replied the voice, and at the same moment the flames began to flicker and cease to burn, and I saw a fairy, whom I had known as long as I could remember, and whose ugliness had always horrified me.

‘She was leaning upon the arm of a most beautiful young girl, who wore chains of gold on her wrists and was evidently her slave.

“Why, Ragotte,” I said, for that was

the fairy's name, "what is the meaning of all this? Is it by your orders that I am here?"

"And whose fault is it," she answered, "that you have never understood me until now?"



Must a powerful fairy like myself explain her doings to you, who are no better than an ant by comparison, though you think yourself a great king?"

"Call me what you like," I said; "but what is it that you want—my crown, or my cities, or my treasures?"

"Treasures?" said the fairy. "If

I chose I could make any one of my cooks richer and more powerful than you. I do not want your treasures, but," she added softly, "if you will give me your heart—if you will marry me—I will add twenty king-

doms to the one you have already. You shall have a hundred castles full of gold and five hundred full of silver, and, in short, anything you like to ask me for."

"Madam Ragotte," said I, "when one is at the bottom of a pit where one has fully expected to be roasted alive, it is impossible to think of asking such a charming person as you are to marry one! I beg that you will set me at liberty, and then I shall hope to answer you fittingly."

"Ah!" said she, "if you loved me really you would not care where you were—a cave, a wood, a fox-hole, a desert would please you equally well.

"Do not think that you can deceive me. You fancy you are going to escape, but I assure you that you are going to stay here, and the first thing I shall give you to do will be to keep my sheep—they are very good company and speak quite as well as you do."

'As she spoke she advanced, and led me to this plain where we now stand, and showed me her flock, but I paid little attention to it, or to her. To tell the truth I was so lost in admiration of her beautiful slave that I forgot everything else; and the cruel

Ragotte, seeing this, turned upon her so furious and terrible a look, that she fell lifeless to the ground.

‘At this dreadful sight I drew my sword and rushed at Ragotte, and should certainly have cut off her head, had she not by her magic arts chained me to the spot on which I stood. All my efforts to move were useless, and at last, when I threw myself down on the ground in despair, she said to me, with a scornful smile :

“I intend to make you feel my power. It seems that you are a lion at present: I mean you to be a sheep.”

‘So saying, she touched me with her wand, and I became what you see. I did not lose the power of speech, or of feeling the misery of my present state.

“For five years,” she said, “you shall be a sheep, and lord of this pleasant land, while I, no longer able to see your face, which I loved so much, shall be better able to hate you as you deserve to be hated.”

THE WONDERFUL SHEEP

PART V

‘SHE disappeared as she finished speaking, and if I had not been too unhappy to care about anything, I should have been glad that she was gone.

‘The talking sheep received me as their king, and told me that they, too, were unfortunate princes who had, in different ways, offended the revengeful fairy, and had been added to her flock for a certain number of years; some more, some less.

‘From time to time, indeed, one regains his own proper form and goes back again to his place in the upper world. But the other beings whom you saw are the rivals or the enemies of Ragotte, whom she has imprisoned for a hundred years or so. Though even they will go back at last.

‘The young slave of whom I told you is one of these; I have seen her often, and it has been a great pleasure to me. She never speaks to me, and if I went nearer to her I know I should find her only a shadow, which would be very annoying.

‘However, I noticed that one of my com-

panions in misfortune was also very attentive to this little sprite, and I found out that he had been her lover, whom the cruel Ragotte had taken away from her long before. Since then I have cared for, and thought of, nothing but how I might regain my freedom.

‘I have often been into the forest. That is where I have seen you, lovely Princess, sometimes driving your chariot, which you did with all the grace and skill in the world; sometimes riding to the chase on so spirited a horse, that it seemed as if no one but yourself could have managed it; and sometimes running races on the plain with the Princesses of your Court—running so lightly that it was you always who won the prize.

‘Oh! Princess, I have loved you so long, and yet how dare I tell you of my love? what hope can there be for an unhappy sheep like myself?’

Miranda was so surprised and confused by all that she had heard, that she hardly knew what answer to give to the King of the Sheep; but she managed to make some kind of little speech, which certainly did not forbid him to hope, and said that she should not be afraid of the shadows, now she knew that they would some day come to life again.

‘Alas!’ she continued, ‘if my poor Patypata, my dear Grabugeon, and pretty little Tintin, who all died for my sake, were equally well off, I should have nothing left to wish for here!’

Prisoner though he was, the King of the Sheep had still some powers and privileges.

‘Go,’ said he to his Master of the Horse, ‘go and seek the shadows of the little black girl, the monkey, and the dog: they will amuse our Princess.’

And an instant afterwards Miranda saw them coming towards her, and their presence gave her the greatest pleasure, though they did not come near enough for her to touch them.

The King of the Sheep was so kind and amusing, and loved Miranda so dearly, that at last she began to love him too.

Such a handsome sheep, who was so polite and kind, could hardly fail to please, especially if one knew that he was really a king, and that his strange imprisonment would soon come to an end. So the Princess’s days passed very gaily while she waited for the happy time to come.

The King of the Sheep, with the help of all the flock, got up balls, concerts, and hunting

parties, and even the shadows joined in all the fun, and came, making believe to be their own real selves.

THE WONDERFUL SHEEP

PART VI

ONE evening, when the couriers arrived (for the King sent most carefully for news—and they always brought the very best kinds), it was announced that the sister of the Princess Miranda was going to be married to a great prince, and that nothing could be more splendid than all the preparations for the wedding.

‘Ah!’ cried the young Princess, ‘how unlucky I am to miss the sight of so many pretty things! Here am I prisoned under the earth, with no company but sheep and shadows, while my sister is to be dressed like a queen and surrounded by all who love and admire her, and everyone but myself can go to wish her joy!’

‘Why do you complain, Princess?’ said the King of the Sheep. ‘Did I say that you were not to go to the wedding? Set out as

soon as you please; only promise me that you will come back, for I love you too much to be able to live without you.'

Miranda was very grateful to him, and promised faithfully that nothing in the world should keep her from coming back.

The King caused an escort suitable to her rank to be got ready for her, and she dressed



herself splendidly, not forgetting anything that could make her more beautiful.

Her chariot was of mother-of-pearl, drawn by six dun-coloured dragons just brought from the other side of the world, and she was attended by a number of guards in splendid uniforms, who were all at least eight feet high and had come from far and near to ride in the Princess's train.

Miranda reached her father's palace just as the wedding ceremony began, and everyone, as soon as she came in, was struck with surprise at her beauty and the splendour of her jewels.

She heard words of admiration on all sides; and the King her father looked at her so closely, that she was afraid he must know who she was. But he was so sure that she was dead that the idea never occurred to him.

However, the fear of not getting away made her leave before the marriage was over.

She went out hastily, leaving behind her a little coral casket set with emeralds.

On it was written in diamond letters: 'Jewels for the Bride,' and when they opened it, which they did as soon as it was found, there seemed to be no end to the pretty things it contained.

The King, who had hoped to join the unknown Princess and find out who she was, was dreadfully disappointed when she disappeared so suddenly, and gave orders that if she ever came again, the doors were to be shut that she might not get away so easily.

Short as Miranda's absence had been, it had seemed like a hundred years to the King of the Sheep.

He was waiting for her by a fountain in the thickest part of the forest, and the ground was strewn with splendid presents, which he had prepared for her to show his joy and gratitude at her coming back.

As soon as she was in sight he rushed to meet her, leaping and bounding like a real sheep.

He caressed her tenderly, throwing himself at her feet and kissing her hands, and told her how uneasy he had been in her absence, and how impatient for her return.

After some time came the news that the King's second daughter was going to be married.

When Miranda heard it, she begged the King of the Sheep to allow her to go and see the wedding as before.

This request made him feel very sad, as if some misfortune must surely come of it; but his love for the Princess being stronger than anything else, he did not like to refuse her.

'You wish to leave me, Princess,' said he; 'it is my unhappy fate—you are not to blame. I consent to your going, but, believe me, I can give you no stronger proof of my love than by so doing.'

The Princess assured him that she would only stay a very short time, as she had done before, and begged him not to be uneasy, as she would be quite as much grieved if anything detained her as he could possibly be.

THE WONDERFUL SHEEP

PART VII

So, with the same escort, she set out, and reached the palace as the marriage ceremony began.

Everybody was delighted to see her. She was so pretty that they thought she must be some fairy princess, and the Princes who were there could not take their eyes off her.

The King was more glad than anyone else that she had come again, and gave orders that the doors should all be shut and bolted that very minute.

When the wedding was all but over the Princess got up quickly, hoping to slip away without being seen among the crowd, but to her great dismay she found every door fastened.

She felt more at ease when the King came up to her, and with the greatest respect begged

her not to run away so soon, but at least to honour him by staying for the splendid feast, which was prepared for the Princes and Princesses.

He led her into a grand hall, where all the Court was assembled, and himself taking up the golden bowl full of water, he offered it to her that she might dip her pretty fingers into it.

At this the Princess could no longer contain herself; throwing herself at the King's feet, she cried out:

'My dream has come true after all—you have offered me water to wash my hands on my sister's wedding-day, and it has not vexed you to do it.'

The King knew her at once--indeed he had already thought several times how much like his poor little Miranda she was.

'Oh! my dear daughter,' he cried, kissing her, 'can you ever forget my cruelty? I ordered you to be put to death because I thought your dream foretold the loss of my crown. And so it did,' he added, 'for now your sisters are both married and have kingdoms of their own—and mine shall be for you.'

So saying he put his crown on the Princess's head and cried:

‘Long live Queen Miranda!’

All the Court cried: ‘Long live Queen Miranda!’ after him, and the young Queen’s two sisters came running up, and threw their arms round her neck, and kissed her a thousand times, and then there was such a laughing and crying, talking and kissing, all at once, and Miranda thanked her father, and began to ask after everyone—particularly the Captain of the Guard, to whom she owed so much. But, to her great sorrow, she heard that he was dead.

Presently they sat down to the banquet, and the King asked Miranda to tell them all that had happened to her, since the terrible morning when he had sent the Captain of the Guard to fetch her.

This she did with so much spirit that all the guests listened with breathless interest.

But while she was thus enjoying herself with the King and her sisters, the King of the Sheep was waiting impatiently for the time of her return; and when it came and went, and no Princess appeared, his anxiety became so great that he could bear it no longer.

‘She is not coming back any more,’ he cried. ‘My miserable sheep’s face displeases

her, and without Miranda what is left to me, wretched creature that I am! Oh! cruel Ragotte; my punishment is complete.'

For a long time he bewailed his sad fate like this, and then, seeing that it was growing dark, and that still there was no sign of the Princess, he set out as fast as he could in the direction of the town.

When he reached the palace he asked for Miranda, but by this time everyone had heard the story of her adventures, and did not want her to go back again to the King of the Sheep, so they refused sternly to let him see her.

In vain he begged and prayed them to let him in. Though his entreaties might have melted hearts of stone, they did not move the guards of the palace, and at last, quite broken-hearted, he fell dead at their feet.

In the meantime the King, who had not the least idea of the sad thing that was happening outside the gate of his palace, proposed to Miranda that she should be driven in her chariot all round the town, which was to be lighted up with thousands and thousands of torches, placed in windows and balconies, and in all the grand squares.

But what a sight met her eyes at the very

entrance of the palace! There lay her dear, kind Sheep, silent and motionless, upon the pavement!

She threw herself out of the chariot and ran to him, crying bitterly, for she realised that her broken promise had cost him his life,



and for a long, long time she was so unhappy that they thought she would have died too.

So you see that even a princess is not always happy; especially if she forgets to keep her word; and the greatest misfortunes often happen to people, just as they think they have obtained their heart's desires!

THE YELLOW DWARF

PART I

ONCE upon a time there lived a queen who had been the mother of a great many children, and of them all only one daughter was left. But then *she* was worth at least a thousand.

Her mother, who, since the death of the King, her father, had nothing in the world she cared for so much as this little princess, was so terribly afraid of losing her that she quite spoiled her, and never tried to correct any of her faults.

The consequence was that this little person, who was as pretty as possible, and was one day to wear a crown, grew up so proud and so much in love with her own beauty, that she despised everyone else in the world.

The Queen, her mother, had so spoiled her as to make her believe that there was nothing too good for her.

She was dressed almost always in the prettiest frocks, as a fairy, or as a queen going out to hunt, and the ladies of the Court followed her dressed as forest-fairies.

And to make her more vain than ever, the Queen caused her portrait to be taken by the cleverest painters, and sent it to several neighbouring kings with whom she was very friendly.

When they saw this portrait they fell in love with the Princess—every one of them; but upon each it had a different effect.

One fell ill, one went quite crazy, and a few of the luckiest set off to see her as soon as possible. But these poor princes became her slaves the moment they set eyes on her.

Never has there been a gayer Court. Twenty kings did everything they could think of to make themselves agreeable, and after having spent ever so much money in giving a single entertainment, thought themselves very lucky if the Princess said, 'That's pretty.'

All this vastly pleased the Queen. Not a day passed but she received seven or eight thousand sonnets, and as many songs, which were sent her by all the poets in the world.

All the prose and the poetry that was written just then was about *Bellissima*—for that was the Princess's name—and all the bonfires that they had were made of these verses, which crackled and sparkled better than any other sort of wood.

Bellissima was already fifteen years old, and every one of the Princes wished to marry her, but not one dared to say so.

How could they, when they knew that any of them might have cut off his head five or six times a day just to please her, and she would have thought it a mere trifle, so little did she care?

You may imagine how hard-hearted her lovers thought her; and the Queen, who wished to see her married, did not know how to persuade her to think of it seriously.

‘Bellissima,’ she said, ‘I do wish you would not be so proud. What makes you despise all these nice kings? I wish you to marry one of them, and you do not try to please me.’

‘I am so happy,’ Bellissima answered: ‘do leave me in peace, madam. I don’t want to care for anyone.’

‘But you would be very happy with any of these princes,’ said the Queen, ‘and I shall be very angry if you fall in love with anyone who is not worthy of you.’

But the Princess thought so much of herself, that she did not consider any one of her lovers clever or handsome enough for her.

Her mother, who was getting really angry

at her determination not to be married, began to wish that she had not allowed her to have her own way so much.

THE YELLOW DWARF

PART II

AT last, not knowing what else to do, she resolved to consult a certain witch who was called 'The Fairy of the Desert.'

Now this was very difficult to do, as she was guarded by some terrible lions. But happily the Queen had heard a long time before, that whoever wanted to pass these lions safely, must throw to them a cake made of millet flour, sugar-candy, and crocodile's eggs.

This cake she prepared with her own hands, and putting it in a little basket, she set out to seek the Fairy.

But as she was not used to walking far, she soon felt very tired and sat down at the foot of a tree to rest, and presently fell fast asleep.

When she awoke she was dismayed to find her basket empty.

The cake was all gone! and, to make

matters worse, at that moment she heard the roaring of the great lions, who had found out that she was near and were coming to look for her.

‘What shall I do?’ she cried; ‘I shall be eaten up;’ and being too much frightened to run a single step, she began to cry, and leant against the tree under which she had been asleep.

Just then she heard some one say: ‘H’m, h’m!’

She looked all round her, and then up at the tree, and there she saw a tiny little man, who was eating oranges.

‘Oh! Queen,’ said he, ‘I know you very well, and I know how much afraid you are of the lions; and you are quite right, too, for they have eaten many other people: and what can you expect, as you have not any cake to give them?’

‘I must make up my mind to die,’ said the poor Queen. ‘Alas! I should not care so much if only my dear daughter were married.’

‘Oh! you have a daughter,’ cried the Yellow Dwarf, who was so called because he *was* a dwarf, and had such a yellow face, and lived in the orange tree.

‘I’m really glad to hear that, for I’ve been looking for a wife all over the world. Now, if you will promise that she shall marry me, not one of the lions, tigers, or bears shall touch you.’

The Queen looked at him, and was almost as much afraid of his ugly little face, as she had been of the lions before, so that she could not speak a word.

‘What! you hesitate, madam,’ cried the Dwarf. ‘You must be very fond of being eaten up alive.’

And, as he spoke, the Queen saw the lions, which were running down a hill towards them.

Each one had two heads, eight feet, and four rows of teeth, and their skins were as hard as turtle shells, and were bright red.

At this dreadful sight, the poor Queen, who was trembling like a dove when it sees a hawk, cried out as loud as she could,

‘Oh! dear Mr. Dwarf, Bellissima shall marry you.’

‘Oh, indeed!’ said he. ‘Bellissima is pretty enough, but I don’t particularly want to marry her—you can keep her.’

‘Oh! noble sir,’ said the Queen in great distress, ‘do not refuse her. She is the most charming princess in the world.’



THE PRINCESS SEES THE YELLOW DWARF FOR THE FIRST TIME.

‘Oh! well,’ he replied, ‘out of charity I will take her; but be sure you don’t forget that she is mine.’

As he spoke a little door opened in the trunk of the orange tree, in rushed the Queen, only just in time, and the door shut with a bang in the faces of the lions.

The Queen was so confused that at first she did not notice another little door in the orange tree, but presently it opened and she found herself in a field of thistles and nettles.

It was enclosed by a muddy ditch, and a little further on was a tiny thatched cottage, out of which came the Yellow Dwarf with a very jaunty air.

He wore wooden shoes and a little yellow coat, and as he had no hair and had very long ears he looked altogether a shocking little object.

‘I am delighted,’ said he to the Queen, ‘that, as you are to be my mother-in-law, you should see the little house in which your *Belissima* will live with me.

‘With these thistles and nettles, she can feed a donkey which she can ride whenever she likes; under this humble roof no weather can hurt her; she will drink the water of this brook, and eat frogs—which grow very fat

about here—and then she will have me always with her, handsome, agreeable, and gay as you see me now. For if her shadow stays by her more closely than I do, I shall be surprised.'

The unhappy Queen, seeing all at once what a miserable life her daughter would have with this dwarf, could not bear the idea, and fell down insensible without saying a word.

When she revived she found to her great surprise that she was lying in her own bed at home, and, what was more, that she had on the loveliest lace nightcap that she had ever seen in her life.

At first she thought that all her adventures, the terrible lions, and her promise to the Yellow Dwarf that he should marry Belissima must have been a dream; but there was the new cap with its beautiful ribbon and lace to remind her that it was all true, which made her so unhappy that she could neither eat, drink, nor sleep for thinking of it.

THE YELLOW DWARF

PART III

THE Princess, who, in spite of her wilfulness, really loved her mother with all her heart, was much grieved when she saw her looking so sad, and often asked her what was the matter.

But the Queen, who didn't want her to find out the truth, only said that she was ill, or that one of her neighbours was threatening to make war against her.

Bellissima knew quite well that something was being hidden from her—and that neither of these was the real reason of the Queen's uneasiness.

So she made up her mind that she would go and consult the Fairy of the Desert about it, especially as she had often heard how wise she was; and she thought that at the same time she might ask her advice as to whether it would be as well to be married, or not.

So, with great care, she made some of the proper cake to give to the lions, and one night went up to her room very early, pretending that she was going to bed. But, instead of that, she wrapped herself up in a long white

veil, and went down a secret staircase, and set off, all by herself, to find the Witch.

But when she got as far as the same fatal orange tree, and saw it covered with flowers and fruit, she stopped and began to gather some of the oranges, and then, putting down her basket, she sat down to eat them.

But when it was time to go on again the basket had disappeared, and, though she looked everywhere, not a trace of it could she find.

The more she hunted for it the more frightened she got, and at last she began to cry.

Then all at once she saw before her the Yellow Dwarf.

‘What’s the matter with you, my pretty one?’ said he. ‘What are *you* crying about?’

‘Alas!’ she answered; ‘no wonder that I am crying, seeing that I have lost the basket of cake, that was to help me to get safely to the cave of the Fairy of the Desert.’

‘And what do you want with her, pretty one?’ said the little monster, ‘for I am a



friend of hers, and, for the matter of that, I am quite as clever as she is.'

'The Queen, my mother,' replied the Princess, 'has lately fallen into such deep sadness that I fear that she will die; and I am afraid that perhaps I am the cause of it, for she very much wishes me to be married, and I must tell you truly that as yet I have not found anyone I consider worthy to be my husband. So for all these reasons I wished to talk to the Fairy.'

'Do not give yourself any further trouble, Princess,' answered the Dwarf. 'I can tell you all you want to know better than she could. The Queen, your mother, has promised you in marriage——'

'Has promised *me!*' interrupted the Princess. 'Oh! no. I'm sure she has not. She would have told me if she had. I am too much interested in the matter for her to promise anything without my consent—you must be mistaken.'

'Beautiful Princess,' cried the Dwarf suddenly, throwing himself on his knees before her, 'I flatter myself that you will not be displeased at her choice, when I tell you that it is to *me* she has promised the happiness of marrying you.'

‘You!’ cried Bellissima, starting back. ‘My mother wishes me to marry you! How can you be so silly as to think of such a thing?’

‘Oh! it isn’t that I care much to have that honour,’ cried the Dwarf angrily; ‘but here are the lions coming; they’ll eat you up in three mouthfuls, and there will be an end of you and your pride.’

And, indeed, at that moment the poor Princess heard their dreadful howls coming nearer and nearer.

‘What shall I do?’ she cried. ‘Must all my happy days come to an end like this?’

The wicked Dwarf looked at her and began to laugh spitefully.

‘At least,’ said he, ‘you have the satisfaction of dying unmarried. A lovely princess like you must surely prefer to die, rather than be the wife of a poor little dwarf like myself.’

‘Oh! don’t be angry with me,’ cried the Princess, clasping her hands. ‘I’d rather marry all the dwarfs in the world than die in this horrible way.’

‘Look at me well, Princess, before you give me your word,’ said the Dwarf. ‘I don’t want you to promise me in a hurry.’

‘Oh!’ cried she, ‘the lions are coming. I have looked at you enough. I am so

frightened. Save me this minute, or I shall die of terror!’

Indeed, as she spoke she fell down insensible, and when she recovered she found herself in her own little bed at home. How she got there she could not tell, but she was dressed in the most beautiful lace and ribbons, and on her finger was a little ring, made of a single red hair, which fitted so tightly that, try as she might, she could not get it off.

THE YELLOW DWARF

PART IV

WHEN the Princess saw all these things, and remembered what had happened, she, too, fell into the deepest sadness, which surprised and alarmed the whole Court, and the Queen more than anyone else.

A hundred times she asked Bellissima if anything was the matter with her; but she always said that there was nothing.

At last the chief men of the kingdom, anxious to see their Princess married, sent to the Queen to beg her to choose a husband for her as soon as possible.

She replied that nothing would please her

better, but that her daughter seemed unwilling to marry, and she begged them to go and talk to the Princess about it themselves; so this they at once did.

Now Bellissima was much less proud since her adventure with the Yellow Dwarf, and she could not think of a better way of getting rid of the little monster, than to marry some powerful king. Therefore she replied to their request much more favourably than they had hoped, saying that, though she was very happy as she was, still, to please them, she would consent to marry the King of the Gold Mines.

Now he was a very handsome and powerful prince, who had been in love with the Princess for years, but had not thought that she would ever care about him at all.

You can easily imagine how delighted he was when he heard the news, and how angry it made all the other kings to lose for ever the hope of marrying the Princess.

But after all Bellissima could not have married twenty kings—indeed, she had found it quite difficult enough to choose one, for her vanity made her believe, that there was nobody in the world who was worthy of her.

Preparations were begun at once for the

grandest wedding that had ever been held at the palace.

The King of the Gold Mines sent such immense sums of money, that the whole sea was covered with the ships that brought it.



Messengers were sent to all the gayest and most refined Courts, particularly to the Court of France, to seek out everything rare and precious to adorn the Princess, although her beauty was so perfect that nothing she wore

could make her look prettier.

At least that is what the King of the Gold Mines thought, and he was never happy unless he was with her.

As for the Princess, the more she saw of the King the more she liked him. He was

so generous, so handsome and clever, that at last she was almost as much in love with him as he was with her.

How happy they were as they wandered about in the beautiful gardens together, sometimes listening to sweet music! and the King used to write songs for Bellissima. This is one that she liked very much :

In the forest all is gay
When my Princess walks that way.
All the blossoms then are found
Downward fluttering to the ground,
Hoping she may tread on them.
And bright flowers on slender stem
Gaze up at her as she passes,
Brushing lightly through the grasses.
Oh ! my Princess, birds above
Echo back our songs of love,
As through this enchanted land
Blithe we wander, hand in hand.

They really were as happy as the day was long. All the King's rivals had gone home in despair.

They said good-bye to the Princess so sadly, that she could not help being sorry for them.

' Ah ! madam,' the King of the Gold Mines said to her, ' how is this ? Why do you waste your pity on these princes, who love you so much that all their trouble would be well repaid by a single smile from you ?'

‘I should be sorry,’ answered Bellissima, ‘if you had not noticed how much I pitied these princes who were leaving me for ever. But for you, sire, it is very different. You have every reason to be pleased with me, but they are going sorrowfully away, so you must not grudge them my pity.’

The King of the Gold Mines was quite overcome by the Princess’s good-natured way of taking his interference, and, throwing himself at her feet, he kissed her hand a thousand times and begged her to forgive him.

THE YELLOW DWARF

PART V

At last the happy day came. Everything was ready for Bellissima’s wedding.

The trumpets sounded, all the streets of the town were hung with flags and strewn with flowers, and the people ran in crowds to the great square before the palace.

The Queen was so over-joyed, that she had hardly been able to sleep at all, and she got up before it was light to give the necessary orders, and to choose the jewels that the Princess was to wear.

These were nothing less than diamonds, even to her shoes, which were covered with them, and her dress of silver brocade was embroidered with a dozen of the sun's rays.

You may imagine how much these had cost; but then nothing could have been more brilliant, except the beauty of the Princess!

Upon her head she wore a splendid crown, her lovely hair waved nearly to her feet, and her stately figure could easily be distinguished among all the ladies who attended her.

The King of the Gold Mines was not less noble and splendid. It was easy to see by his face how happy he was; and everyone who went near him returned loaded with presents, for all round the great hall had been arranged a thousand barrels full of gold, and numberless bags made of velvet trimmed with pearls and filled with money, each one containing at least a hundred thousand gold pieces, which were given away to everyone who liked to hold out his hand, which numbers of people hastened to do, you may be sure.

The Queen and Princess were just ready to set out with the King when they saw, advancing towards them from the end of the long gallery, two great dragons, dragging after them a very badly made box. Behind them

came a tall old woman, whose ugliness was even more surprising than her extreme old age.

She wore a ruff of black lace, a red velvet hood, and a farthingale all in rags, and she leaned heavily upon a crutch.



This strange old woman, without saying a single word, hobbled three times round the gallery, followed by the dragons; then stopping in the middle, and brandishing her crutch threateningly, she cried :

‘ Ho, ho, Queen ! Ho, ho, Princess ! Do

you think you are going to break with impunity the promise, that you made to my friend the Yellow Dwarf?

‘I am the Fairy of the Desert. Without the Yellow Dwarf and his orange tree my great lions would soon have eaten you up, I can tell you, and in Fairyland we do not suffer ourselves to be insulted like this. Make up your minds at once what you will do, for I vow that you shall marry the Yellow Dwarf. If you don’t, may I burn my crutch!’

‘Ah! Princess,’ said the Queen, weeping, ‘what is this that I hear? What have you promised?’

‘Ah! my mother,’ replied Bellissima sadly, ‘what did *you* promise yourself?’

The King of the Gold Mines, angry at being kept from his happiness by this wicked old woman, went up to her and, threatening her with his sword, said:

‘Get away out of my country at once, and for ever, miserable creature, lest I take your life, and so rid myself of your malice.’

He had hardly spoken these words, when the lid of the box fell back on the floor with a terrible noise, and to their horror out sprang the Yellow Dwarf, mounted upon a great Spanish cat.

‘Rash youth!’ he cried, rushing between

the Fairy of the Desert and the King. 'Dare to lay a finger upon this illustrious Fairy! Your quarrel is with me only. I am your enemy and your rival. That faithless Princess who would have married you is promised to me.

'See if she has not upon her finger a ring made of one of my hairs. Just try to take it off, and you will soon find out that I am more powerful than you are!'

'Wretched little monster!' said the King; 'do you dare to call yourself the Princess's lover, and to lay claim to such a treasure? Do you know that you are a dwarf—that you are so ugly that one cannot bear to look at you—and that I should have killed you myself long before this, if you had been worthy of such a glorious death?'

The Yellow Dwarf, deeply enraged at these words, set spurs to his cat, which yelled horribly, and leapt hither and thither, terrifying everybody except the brave King, who pursued the Dwarf closely, till he, drawing a great knife with which he was armed, challenged the King to meet him in single combat, and rushed down into the courtyard of the palace with a terrible clatter.

The King followed him hastily, but they had hardly taken their places facing one another,

and the whole Court had only just had time to rush out upon the balconies to watch what was going on, when suddenly the sun became as red as blood, and it was so dark that they could scarcely see at all.

The thunder crashed, and the lightning seemed as if it must burn up everything; the two dragons appeared, one on each side of the bad Dwarf, like giants, mountains high, and fire flew from their mouths and ears, until they looked like flaming furnaces.

None of these things could terrify the noble young King, and the boldness of his looks and actions cheered those who were looking on, and perhaps even frightened the Yellow Dwarf himself. But even his courage gave way when he saw what was happening to his beloved Princess.



For the Fairy of the Desert, looking more terrible than before, mounted upon a winged griffin, and with long snakes coiled round her neck, had given her such a blow with the lance she carried, that Bellissima fell into the Queen's arms bleeding and senseless.

Her fond mother, feeling as much hurt by the blow as the Princess herself, uttered such piercing cries that the King, hearing them, entirely lost his courage and presence of mind.

Giving up the combat, he flew towards the Princess, to rescue her or to die with her; but the Yellow Dwarf was too quick for him.

Leaping with his Spanish cat upon the balcony, he snatched Bellissima from the Queen's arms, and before any of the ladies of the Court could stop him, he had sprung upon the roof of the palace and disappeared with his prize.

The King, motionless with horror, looked on with despair at this dreadful event, which he was quite powerless to prevent; and to make matters worse his sight failed him, everything became dark, and he felt himself carried along through the air by a strong hand.

THE YELLOW DWARF

PART VI

THIS new misfortune was the work of the wicked Fairy of the Desert, who had come with the Yellow Dwarf to help him carry off the Princess, and had fallen in love with the handsome young King of the Gold Mines directly she saw him.

She thought that if she carried him off to some frightful cavern and chained him to a rock, then the fear of death would make him forget Bellissima and become her slave.

So, as soon as they reached the place, she gave him back his sight, but without releasing him from his chains, and by her magic power she appeared before him as a young and beautiful fairy, and pretended to have come there quite by chance.

‘What do I see?’ she cried. ‘Is it *you*, dear Prince? What misfortune has brought you to this dismal place?’

The King, who was quite deceived by her altered appearance, replied :

‘Alas! beautiful Fairy, the fairy who brought me here first took away my sight, but by her voice I knew her to be the Fairy

of the Desert, though what she should have carried me off for I cannot tell you.'

'Ah!' cried the pretended Fairy, 'if you have fallen into *her* hands, you won't get away until you have married her.

'She has carried off more than one Prince like this, and she will certainly have anything she takes a fancy to.'

While she was thus pretending to be sorry for the King, he suddenly noticed her feet, which were like those of a griffin, and knew in a moment that this must be the Fairy of the Desert, for her feet were the one thing she could not change, however pretty she might make her face.

Without seeming to have noticed anything, he said:

'Not that I have any dislike to the Fairy of the Desert, but I really cannot endure the way in which she protects the Yellow Dwarf, and keeps me chained here like a criminal. It is true that I love a charming princess, but if the Fairy should set me free my gratitude would oblige me to love her only.'

'Do you really mean what you say, Prince?' said the Fairy, quite deceived.

'Surely,' replied the Prince; 'how could I deceive you? You see it is so much more flattering to my vanity to be loved by a

fairy than by a simple princess. But, even if I am dying of love for her, I shall pretend to hate her until I am set free.'



The Fairy of the Desert, quite taken in by these words, resolved at once to transport the Prince to a pleasanter place.

So, making him mount her chariot, to which

she had harnessed swans instead of the bats which generally drew it, away she flew with him.

But imagine the distress of the Prince when, from the giddy height at which they were rushing through the air, he saw his beloved Princess in a castle built of steel, the walls of which reflected the sun's rays so hotly, that no one could approach it without being burnt to a cinder!

Bellissima was sitting in a little thicket by a brook, leaning her head upon her hand and weeping bitterly; but just as they passed she looked up and saw the King and the Fairy of the Desert.

Now, the Fairy was so clever that she could not only seem beautiful to the King, but even the poor Princess thought her the most lovely being she had ever seen.

'What!' she cried, 'was I not unhappy enough in this lonely castle to which that frightful Yellow Dwarf brought me? Must I also be made to know, that the King of the Gold Mines ceased to love me as soon as he lost sight of me? But who can my rival be, whose fatal beauty is greater than mine?'

While she was saying this, the King, who really loved her as much as ever, was feeling terribly sad at being so rapidly torn away

from his beloved Princess; but he knew too well how powerful the Fairy was to have any hope of escaping from her, except by great patience and cunning.

The Fairy of the Desert had also seen Bellissima, and she tried to read in the King's eyes the effect that this unexpected sight had had upon him.

'No one can tell you what you wish to know better than I can,' said he.

'This chance meeting with an unhappy princess for whom I once had a passing fancy, before I was lucky enough to meet *you*, has affected me a little, I admit, but you are so much more to me than she is, that I would rather die than leave you.'

'Ah! Prince,' she said, 'can I believe that you really love me so much?'

'Time will show, madam,' replied the King; 'but if you wish to convince me that you have some regard for me, do not, I beg of you, refuse to aid Bellissima.'

'Do you know what you are asking?'

said the Fairy of the Desert.

'Do you want me to employ my art against the Yellow Dwarf, who is my best friend, and take away from him a proud princess whom I can but look upon as my rival?'

The King sighed, but made no answer—indeed, what was there to be said to such a clear-sighted person?

At last they reached a vast meadow, gay with all sorts of flowers.

A deep river surrounded it, and many little brooks murmured softly under the shady trees, where it was always cool and fresh.

A little way off stood a splendid palace, the walls of which were of emeralds.

As soon as the swans which drew the Fairy's chariot had alighted under a porch, which was paved with diamonds and had arches of rubies, they were greeted on all sides by thousands of beautiful beings, who came to meet them joyfully, singing these words :

When Love within a heart would reign,
Useless to strive against him 'tis.
The proud but feel a sharper pain,
And make a greater triumph his.

THE YELLOW DWARF

PART VII

THE Fairy of the Desert was delighted to hear them sing of her triumphs.

She led the King into the most splendid

room that can be imagined, and left him alone for a little while, just that he might not feel that he was a prisoner; but he felt sure that she had not really gone quite away, but was watching him from some hiding-place. So walking up to a great mirror, he said to it:

‘Trusty counsellor, let me see what I can do to make myself agreeable to the charming Fairy of the Desert, for I can think of nothing but how to please her.’

And he at once set to work to curl his hair, and, seeing upon a table a grander coat than his own, he put it on carefully. The Fairy came back so delighted that she could not conceal her joy.

‘I am quite aware of the trouble you have taken to please me,’ said she, ‘and I must tell you that you have succeeded perfectly already. You see it is not difficult to do if you really care for me.’

The King, who had his own reasons for wishing to keep the old Fairy in a good humour, did not spare pretty speeches, and after a time he was allowed to walk by himself upon the seashore.

The Fairy of the Desert had by her enchantments raised such a terrible storm, that the boldest pilot would not venture out in it,

so she was not afraid of her prisoner's being able to escape.

Presently, after walking wildly up and down, he wrote these verses upon the sand with his stick :

At last may I upon this shore
 Lighten my sorrow with soft tears.
Alas ! alas ! I see no more
 My Love, who yet my sadness cheers.

And thou, O raging, stormy Sea,
 Stirred by wild winds, from depth to height,
Thou hold'st my loved one far from me,
 And I am captive to thy might.

My heart is still more wild than thine,
 For Fate is cruel unto me.

Why must I thus in exile pine ?

 Why is my Princess snatched from me ?

O ! lovely Nymphs, from ocean caves,
 Who know how sweet true love may be,
Come up and calm the furious waves
 And set a desperate lover free !

While he was still writing he heard a voice which attracted his attention in spite of himself.

Seeing that the waves were rolling in higher than ever, he looked all round him, and presently saw a lovely lady floating gently towards him upon the crest of a huge billow, her long hair spread all about her. In one hand she held a mirror, and in the other a

comb, and instead of feet she had a beautiful tail like a fish, with which she swam.

The King was struck dumb with astonishment at this unexpected sight; but as soon as she came within speaking distance, she said to him:

‘I know how sad you are at losing your Princess and being kept a prisoner by the Fairy of the Desert; if you like I will help



you to escape from this fatal place, where you may otherwise have to drag on a weary existence for thirty years or more.’

The King of the Gold Mines hardly knew what answer to make to this proposal.

Not because he did not wish very much to escape, but he was afraid that this might be only another device, by which the Fairy of the Desert was trying to deceive him.

As he hesitated the Mermaid, who guessed his thoughts, said to him :

‘ You may trust me : I am not trying to entrap you. I am so angry with the Yellow Dwarf and the Fairy of the Desert, that I am not likely to wish to help them, especially since I constantly see your poor Princess, whose beauty and goodness make me pity her so much : and I tell you that if you will have confidence in me I will help you to escape.’

‘ I trust you absolutely,’ cried the King, ‘ and I will do whatever you tell me ; but if you have seen my Princess, I beg of you to tell me how she is and what is happening to her.’

‘ We must not waste time in talking,’ said she. ‘ Come with me and I will carry you to the Castle of Steel, and we will leave upon this shore a figure so like you, that even the Fairy herself will be deceived by it.’

So saying she quickly collected a bundle of sea-weed, and, blowing it three times, she said :

‘ My friendly sea-weeds, I order you to stay here stretched upon the sand until the Fairy of the Desert comes to take you away.’

And at once the sea-weeds became like the King, who stood looking at them in great astonishment, for they were even dressed in a coat like his, but they lay there pale and still

as the King himself might have lain, if one of the great waves had overtaken him and thrown him senseless upon the shore.

And then the Mermaid caught up the King, and away they swam joyfully together.

THE YELLOW DWARF

PART VIII

‘Now,’ said she, ‘I have time to tell you about the Princess. In spite of the blow which the Fairy of the Desert gave her, the Yellow Dwarf compelled her to mount behind him upon his terrible Spanish cat. But she soon fainted away with pain and terror, and did not recover till they were within the walls of his frightful Castle of Steel.

‘Here she was received by the prettiest girls it was possible to find, who had been carried there by the Yellow Dwarf, who hastened to wait upon her and showed her every possible attention.

‘She was laid upon a couch covered with cloth of gold, trimmed with pearls as big as nuts.’

‘Ah!’ said the King of the Gold Mines,

‘if Bellissima forgets me, and consents to marry him, I shall break my heart.’

‘You need not be afraid of that,’ answered the Mermaid; ‘the Princess thinks of no one but you, and the frightful Dwarf cannot persuade her to look at him.’

‘Pray go on with your story,’ said the King.

‘What more is there to tell you?’ replied the Mermaid. ‘Bellissima was sitting in the wood when you passed, and saw you with the Fairy of the Desert, who was so cleverly disguised that the Princess took her to be prettier than herself. You may imagine her despair, for she thought that you had fallen in love with her.’

‘She believes that I love her!’ cried the King. ‘What a fatal mistake! What is to be done to undeceive her?’

‘You know best,’ answered the Mermaid, smiling kindly at him. ‘When people are as much in love with one another as you two are, they don’t need advice from anyone else.’

As she spoke they reached the Castle of Steel, the side next the sea being the only one which the Yellow Dwarf had left unprotected by the dreadful burning walls.

‘I know quite well,’ said the Mermaid, ‘that the Princess is sitting by the brook-

side, just where you saw her as you passed; but as you will have many enemies to fight with before you can reach her, take this sword. Armed with it you may dare any danger, and overcome the greatest difficulties; only beware of one thing—that is, never let it fall from your hand.

‘Farewell; now I will wait by that rock, and if you need my help in carrying off your beloved Princess I will not fail you, for the Queen, her mother, is my best friend, and it was for her sake that I went to rescue you.’

So saying, she gave to the King a sword made from a single diamond, which was more brilliant than the sun.

He could not find words to express his gratitude, but he begged her to believe that he fully felt the importance of her gift, and would never forget her help and kindness.

THE YELLOW DWARF

PART IX

WE must now go back to the Fairy of the Desert.

When she found that the King did not return, she hastened out to look for him, and

reached the shore, with a hundred of the ladies of her train, loaded with splendid presents for him.

Some carried baskets full of diamonds; others golden cups of wonderful workmanship, and amber, coral, and pearls; others, again, balanced upon their heads bales of the richest and most beautiful stuffs, while the rest brought fruit and flowers, and even birds.

But what was the horror of the Fairy, who followed this gay troop, when she saw, stretched upon the sands, the image of the King which the Mermaid had made with the sea-weeds.

Struck with astonishment and sorrow, she uttered a terrible cry, and threw herself down beside the pretended King, weeping, and howling, and calling upon her eleven sisters, who were also fairies, and who came to her assistance.

But they were all taken in by the image of the King, for, clever as they were, the Mermaid was still cleverer; and all they could do was to help the Fairy of the Desert to make a wonderful monument over what they thought was the grave of the King of the Gold Mines.

But while they were collecting agate and

marble, gold and bronze, and other precious things with which to build the monument to the King's memory, he was thanking the good Mermaid and begging her still to help him, which she graciously promised to do as she disappeared; and then he set out for the Castle of Steel.

He walked fast, looking anxiously round him, and longing once more to see his darling Bellissima, but he had not gone far before he was surrounded by four terrible dragons, who would very soon have torn him to pieces with their sharp talons, if it had not been for the Mermaid's diamond sword.

For, no sooner had he flashed it before their eyes than down they fell at his feet quite helpless, and he killed them with one blow.

But he had hardly turned to continue his search, when he met six dragons covered with scales that were harder than iron.

Frightful as this encounter was, the King's courage was unshaken, and by the aid of his wonderful sword he cut them in pieces one after the other.

Now he hoped his difficulties were over, but at the next turning he was met by one which he did not know how to overcome. Four-and-twenty pretty and graceful nymphs

advanced towards him, holding garlands of flowers, with which they barred the way.

‘Where are you going, Prince?’ they said; ‘it is our duty to guard this place, and if we let you pass great misfortunes will happen to you and to us. We beg you not to insist upon going on. Do you want to kill four-and-twenty girls who have never displeased you in any way?’

The King did not know what to do or to say. It went against all his ideas as a knight to do anything a lady begged him not to do; but, as he hesitated, a voice in his ear said:

‘Strike! strike! and do not spare, or your Princess is lost for ever!’

So, without replying to the nymphs, he rushed forward instantly, breaking their garlands, and scattering them in all directions; and then went on to the little wood where he had seen Bellissima.

THE YELLOW DWARF

PART X

SHE was seated by the brook, looking pale and weary when he reached her, and he would have thrown himself down at her feet,



THE KING OF THE GOLD MINES ENCOUNTERS THE FOUR-AND-TWENTY MAIDENS

but she drew herself away from him with as much indignation, as if he had been the Yellow Dwarf.

‘Ah! Princess,’ he cried, ‘do not be angry with me. Let me explain everything. I am not faithless or to blame for what has happened. I am a miserable wretch who has displeased you without being able to help himself.’

‘Ah!’ cried Bellissima, ‘did I not see you flying through the air with a lovely Fairy? Was that against your will?’

‘Indeed it was, Princess,’ he answered; ‘the wicked Fairy of the Desert, not content with chaining me to a rock, carried me off in her chariot to the other end of the earth, where I should even now be a captive but for the unexpected help of a friendly mermaid, who brought me here to rescue you, my Princess, from the unworthy hands that hold you. Do not refuse the aid of your most faithful lover.’

So saying, he threw himself at her feet and held her by her robe. But, alas! in so doing he let fall the magic sword, and the Yellow Dwarf, who was crouching behind a lettuce, no sooner saw it than he sprang out and seized it, well knowing its wonderful power.

The Princess gave a cry of terror on seeing the Dwarf, but this only irritated the little monster. Muttering a few magical words he summoned two giants, who bound the King with great chains of iron.

‘Now,’ said the Dwarf, ‘I am master of my rival’s fate, but I will give him his life and permission to depart unharmed if you, Princess, will consent to marry me.’

‘Let me die a thousand times rather,’ cried the unhappy King.

‘Alas!’ cried the Princess, ‘must you die? Could anything be more terrible?’

‘That you should marry that little wretch would be far more terrible,’ answered the King.

‘At least,’ continued she, ‘let us die together.’

‘Let me have the satisfaction of dying for you, my Princess,’ said he.

‘Oh, no, no!’ she cried, turning to the Dwarf; ‘rather than that I will do as you wish.’

‘Cruel Princess!’ said the King, ‘would you make my life horrible to me by marrying another before my eyes?’

‘Not so,’ said the Yellow Dwarf; ‘you are a rival of whom I am too much afraid:

you shall not see our marriage.' So saying, in spite of Bellissima's tears and cries, he stabbed the King to the heart with the diamond sword.

The poor Princess, seeing her lover lying dead at her feet, could no longer live without him; she sank down by him and died of a broken heart.

So ended these unfortunate lovers, whom not even the Mermaid could help, because all the magic power had been lost with the diamond sword.

As to the wicked Dwarf, he preferred to see the Princess dead rather than married to the King of the Gold Mines. And the Fairy of the Desert, when she heard of the King's adventures, pulled down the grand monument which she had built, and was so angry at the trick that had been played her, that she hated him as much as she had loved him before.

The kind Mermaid, grieved at the sad fate of the lovers, caused them to be changed into two tall palm trees, which stand always side by side, whispering together of their faithful love and caressing one another with their interlacing branches.

THE STORY OF PRINCE AHMED AND THE FAIRY PARIBANOU

PART I

THERE was a sultan, who had three sons and a niece. The eldest of the Princes was called Houssain, the second Ali, the youngest Ahmed, and the Princess, his niece, Nouronihar.

The Princess Nouronihar was the daughter of the younger brother of the Sultan, who died, and left the Princess very young. The Sultan took upon himself the care of his niece's education, and brought her up in his palace with the three Princes, proposing to marry her when she arrived at a proper age, and to make friends with some neighbouring prince by that means.

But when he saw that the three Princes his sons loved her passionately, he thought more seriously on that affair.

He was very much concerned; the difficulty he foresaw was to make them agree, and that the two youngest should consent to yield her up to their elder brother. As he found them very obstinate, he sent for them all together, and said to them :

‘Children, since for your good and quiet, I have not been able to persuade you no longer to aspire to the Princess, your cousin, I think it would not be amiss if every one went away by himself into different countries, so that you might not meet each other.

‘And, as you know I am very curious, and delight in everything that’s singular, I promise my niece in marriage to him that shall bring me the most extraordinary rarity; and for the purchase of the rarity you shall go in search after, and the expense of travelling, I will give you every one a sum of money.’

As the three Princes were always obedient to the Sultan’s will, and each flattered himself fortune might prove favourable to him, they all consented to it.

The Sultan paid them the money he promised them; and that very day they gave orders for the preparations for their travels, and took their leaves of the Sultan, that they might be the more ready to go the next morning.

Accordingly they all set out at the same gate of the city, each dressed like a merchant, attended by an officer of confidence dressed like a slave, and all well mounted.

They went the first day’s journey together,

and lay all at an inn, where the road was divided into three different ways.

At night, when they were at supper together, they all agreed to travel for a year, and to meet at that inn; and that the first that came should wait for the rest; that, as they had all three taken their leaves together of the Sultan, they might all return together.

The next morning by break of day, after they had embraced and wished each other good success, they mounted their horses and took each a different road.

Prince Houssain, the eldest brother, arrived at Bisnagar, the capital of the kingdom of that name, and the residence of its king.

He went and lodged at a khan appointed for foreign merchants; and, having learnt that there were four principal divisions where merchants of all sorts sold their goods and kept shops, and in the midst of which stood the castle, or rather the King's palace, he went to one of these divisions the next day.

Prince Houssain could not view this division without admiration. It was large, and divided into several streets, all vaulted and shaded from the sun, and yet very light too.

The shops were all of a size, and all that dealt in the same sort of goods lived in one

street; as also the handicrafts-men, who kept their shops in the smaller streets.

There was a multitude of shops, stocked with all sorts of goods, such as the finest linens from several parts of India, some painted in the most lively colours, and representing beasts, trees, and flowers.

There were silks from Persia, China, and other places, porcelain both from Japan and China, and many other things which surprised him so much, that he knew not how to believe his own eyes.

But when he came to the goldsmiths and jewellers, he was in a kind of ecstasy to behold such quantities of wrought gold and silver, and was dazzled by the lustre of the pearls, diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and other jewels exposed to sale.

THE STORY OF PRINCE AHMED AND THE FAIRY PARIBANOU

PART II

ANOTHER thing Prince Houssain admired very much was the great number of rose-sellers who crowded the streets; for the Indians are so great lovers of that flower, that not one will stir without a nosegay in his hand or a garland

on his head; and the merchants keep them in pots in their shops so that the air is perfectly perfumed.

After Prince Houssain had run through that division, street by street, his thoughts fully employed on the riches he had seen, he



was very much tired, which a merchant seeing civilly invited him to sit down in his shop, and he accepted. He had not been sat down long, before he saw a crier pass by with a piece of tapestry on his arm, about six feet square, and cried at thirty purses.

The Prince called to the crier, and asked to see the tapestry, which seemed to him to be valued at a very high price, not only for the size of it, but the meanness of the stuff. When he had examined it well, he told the crier that he could not understand how so small a piece of tapestry, and of so poor an appearance, could be set at so high a price.

The crier, who took him for a merchant, replied :

‘ If this price seems so extravagant to you, your amazement will be greater when I tell you I have orders to raise it to forty purses, and not to part with it under.’

‘ Certainly,’ answered Prince Houssain, ‘ it must have something very extraordinary in it, which I know nothing of.’

‘ You have guessed it, sir,’ replied the crier, ‘ and will own it when you come to know that whoever sits on this piece of tapestry, may be carried in an instant, wherever he desires to be, without being stopped by anything.’

On hearing the crier say this the Prince of the Indies, considering that the chief motive of his travel was to carry the Sultan, his father, home some singular rarity, thought that he could not meet with any which could give him more satisfaction.

‘If the tapestry,’ said he to the crier, ‘can do what you say it can, I shall not think forty purses too much, but shall make you a present besides.’

‘Sir,’ replied the crier, ‘I have told you the truth; and it is an easy matter to convince you of it, as soon as you have made the bargain for forty purses, on condition I show you the experiment.’

‘But, as I suppose you have not so much about you, and to receive them I must go with you to your khan, where you lodge, with the leave of the master of the shop, we will go into the back shop, and I will spread the tapestry; and when we have both sat down, and you have formed the wish to be carried into your room of the khan, if we are not taken thither it shall be no bargain, and you shall be at your liberty.’

‘As to your present, though I am paid for my trouble by the seller, I shall receive it as a favour, and be very much obliged to you, and thankful.’

On the credit of the crier, the Prince agreed to this, and at once struck the bargain; and, having got the master’s leave, they went into his back shop.

They both sat down on the tapestry, and as

soon as the Prince formed his wish to be carried into his room at the khan, he presently found himself and the crier there. And, as he wanted not a more sufficient proof of the virtue of the tapestry, he counted the crier out forty purses of gold, and gave him twenty pieces for himself.

In this manner Prince Houssain became the possessor of the tapestry, and was overjoyed that at his arrival at Bisnagar he had found so rare a piece, which he never disputed would gain him the hand of Nouronihar.

In short, he looked upon it as an impossible thing, for the Princes his younger brothers to meet with anything to be compared with it.

It was in his power, by sitting on his tapestry, to be at the place of meeting that very day. But, as he was obliged to stay there for his brothers, as they had agreed, and as he was curious to see the King of Bisnagar and his Court, and to inform himself of the strength, laws, customs, and religion of the kingdom, he chose to make a longer abode there, and to spend some months in seeing all that was to be seen.

THE STORY OF PRINCE AHMED AND THE
FAIRY PARIBANOU

PART III

PRINCE HOUSSAIN might have made a longer abode in the kingdom and Court of Bisnagar, but he was so eager to be nearer the Princess that, spreading the tapestry, he and the officer he had brought with him sat down, and as soon as he had formed his wish were taken to the inn at which he and his brothers were to meet, and where he passed for a merchant till they came.

Prince Ali, Prince Houssain's second brother, who made up his mind to travel into Persia, took the road, having three days after he parted with his brothers joined a caravan, and after four days' travel arrived at Schiraz, which was the capital of the kingdom of Persia. Here he passed for a jeweller.

The next morning Prince Ali, who travelled only for his pleasure, and had brought nothing but just necessaries along with him, after he had dressed himself, took a walk into that part of the town which they at Schiraz called the bezestein.

Among all the criers who passed backwards and forwards with several sorts of goods, offering to sell them, he was not a little surprised to see one who held an ivory telescope in his hand of about a foot in length, and the thickness of a man's thumb, and cried it at thirty purses.

At first he thought the crier mad, and to inform himself went to a shop, and said to the merchant, who stood at the door:

'Pray, sir, is not that man' (pointing to the crier who cried the ivory perspective glass at thirty purses) 'mad? If he is not, I am very much deceived.'

'Indeed, sir,' answered the merchant, 'he was in his right senses yesterday; and I can assure you he is one of the ablest criers we have, and the most employed of any when anything valuable is to be sold. And if he cries the ivory perspective glass at thirty purses, it must be worth as much or more, on some account or other.'

'He will come by presently, and we will call him, and you shall be satisfied; in the meantime sit down on my sofa, and rest yourself.'

Prince Ali accepted the merchant's obliging offer, and soon afterwards the crier passed by.

The merchant called him by his name, and, pointing to the Prince, said to him :

‘Tell that gentleman, who asked me if you were in your right senses, what you mean by crying that ivory perspective glass, which seems not to be worth much, at thirty purses. I should be very much amazed myself if I did not know you.’

The crier, addressing himself to Prince Ali, said :

‘Sir, you are not the only person that takes me for a madman on account of this perspective glass. You shall judge yourself whether I am or no, when I have told you its property ; and I hope you will value it at as high a price as those I have showed it to already, who had as bad an opinion of me as you.

‘First, sir,’ said the crier, presenting the ivory pipe to the Prince, ‘observe that this pipe is furnished with a glass at both ends ; and consider that by looking through one of them you see whatever object you wish to behold.’

‘I am,’ said the Prince, ‘ready to make you all possible amends for the doubt I have thrown on your word, if you will make the truth of what you say appear ;’ and as he had

the ivory pipe in his hand, after he had looked at the two glasses, he said :

‘Show me at which of these ends I must look that I may be satisfied.’

The crier presently showed him, and he



looked through, wishing at the same time to see the Sultan his father, whom he at once beheld in perfect health, sitting on his throne, in the midst of his council.

Afterwards, as there was nothing in the world so dear to him, after the Sultan, as the Princess Nouronihar, he wished to see her,

and saw her at her toilet laughing, and in a pleasant humour, with her women about her.

Prince Ali wanted no other proof to be persuaded that this perspective glass was the most valuable thing in the world, and believed that if he should neglect to purchase it he should never meet again with such another rarity.

He therefore took the crier with him to the khan where he lodged, and told him out the money, and received the perspective glass.

Prince Ali was overjoyed at his bargain, and persuaded himself that, as his brothers would not be able to meet with anything so rare and admirable, the Princess Nouronihar would be the recompense of his fatigue and trouble. So he made up his mind to spend the rest of the time in visiting the Court of Persia, and seeing whatever was curious in Schiraz and thereabouts, till the caravan with which he came returned to the Indies.

As soon as the caravan was ready to set out, the Prince joined it, and arrived happily without any accident or trouble, otherwise than the length of the journey and fatigue of travelling, at the place of meeting, where he found Prince Houssain, and both waited for Prince Ahmed.

**THE STORY OF PRINCE AHMED AND THE
FAIRY PARIBANOU****PART IV**

PRINCE AHMED, who took the road to Samarcand, the next day after his arrival there went, as his brothers had done, into the bezestein, where he had not walked long before he heard a crier, who had an artificial apple in his hand, cry it at five-and-thirty purses; upon which he stopped the crier, and said to him:

‘Let me see that apple, and tell me what virtue and extraordinary properties it has to be valued at so high a rate.’

‘Sir,’ said the crier, giving it into his hand, ‘if you look at the outside of this apple, it is very worthless, but if you consider its properties, virtues, and the great use and benefit it is of to mankind, you will say it is no price for it, and that he who owns it is master of a great treasure.’

‘In short, it cures all sick persons of the most mortal diseases; and if the patient is dying, it will cure him at once and restore him to perfect health; and this is done after the easiest manner in the world, which is by the patient’s smelling the apple.’

‘If I may believe you,’ replied Prince Ahmed, ‘the virtues of this apple are wonderful, and it is invaluable; but what ground have I, for all you tell me, to be sure of the truth of this matter?’

‘Sir,’ replied the crier, ‘the thing is known to the whole city of Samarcand; but, without going any farther, ask all these merchants you see here, and hear what they say. You will find several of them will tell you they had not been alive this day, if they had not made use of this excellent remedy.

‘And, that you may the better comprehend what it is, I must tell you it is the fruit of the study and experiments of a famous doctor of this city, who applied himself all his lifetime to the study and knowledge of the virtues of plants and minerals, and at last found out this wonderful stuff by which he performed such surprising cures in this town as will never be forgot.

‘He died suddenly before he could apply his remedy, and left his wife and a great many young children behind him, in very poor circumstances; and in order to support herself and her children, his widow is resolved to sell it.’

While the crier informed Prince Ahmed of

the virtues of the artificial apple, a great many persons came about them and confirmed what he said; and one among the rest said he had a friend very ill, whose life was given



up; and that was a good chance to show Prince Ahmed the experiment.

Upon which Prince Ahmed told the crier he would give him forty purses if he cured the sick person.

The crier, who had orders to sell it at that price, said to Prince Ahmed:

‘Come, sir, let us go and make the experiment, and the apple shall be yours; and I can assure you that it will always have the desired effect.’

In short, the sick man was cured, and the Prince, after he had counted out to the crier forty purses, and he had given the apple to him, waited patiently for the first caravan that should return to the Indies, and arrived in perfect health at the inn where his two brothers waited for him.

THE STORY OF PRINCE AHMED AND THE FAIRY PARIBANOU

PART V

WHEN the Princes met they showed each other their treasures, and at once saw through the glass that the Princess was dying. They then sat down on the carpet, wished themselves with her, and were there in a moment.

Prince Ahmed no sooner found himself in Nouronnihar’s chamber than he rose off the tapestry, as did also the other two Princes, and went to the bedside, and put the apple under her nose.

Some moments after the Princess opened her eyes, and turned her head from one side to another, looking at the persons who stood about her; and then rose up in the bed, and asked to be dressed, just as if she had waked out of a sound sleep.

Her women having told her, in a manner that showed their joy, that she was obliged to the three Princes for the sudden recovery of her health, and particularly to Prince Ahmed, she at once asked to see them and thanked them all together, and afterwards Prince Ahmed in particular.

While the Princess was dressing, the Princes went to throw themselves at the Sultan their father's feet, and pay their respects to him.

But when they came before him they found he had been told of their arrival, and by what means the Princess had been cured.

The Sultan received and embraced them with the greatest joy, both for their return and the recovery of the Princess, his niece, whom he loved as well as if she had been his own daughter, and who had been given over by the doctors.

Soon after this the Princes presented each his rarity: Prince Houssain his tapestry,

which he had taken care not to leave behind him in the Princess's chamber; Prince Ali his ivory perspective glass; and Prince Ahmed his artificial apple.

After each had praised his present, as it was put into the Sultan's hands, they begged of him to pronounce their fate, and declare to which of them he would give the Princess Nouronihar for a wife, according to his promise.

The Sultan of the Indies, having heard all that the Princes could say about their rarities, and being well informed of what had happened in relation to the Princess Nouronihar's cure, remained some time silent, as if he were thinking on what answer he should make.

At last he broke silence, and said to them:

'I would declare for one of you children with a great deal of pleasure if I could do it with justice; but consider whether I can do it or no.

'Tis true, Prince Ahmed, the Princess my niece is obliged to your apple for her cure; but I must ask you whether or no you could have been of use to her, if you had not known by Prince Ali's glass the danger she was in,

and if Prince Houssain's tapestry had not brought you so soon.

'Your glass, Prince Ali, told you and your brothers that you were like to lose the Princess your cousin, and there you must own a great obligation.

'You must also grant that that knowledge would have been of no service without the apple and the tapestry.

'And lastly, Prince Houssain, the Princess would be very ungrateful if she should not show her sense of the service of your tapestry, which was so necessary a means towards her cure.

'But consider, it would have been of little use if you had not been told of the Princess's illness by Prince Ali's glass, and Prince Ahmed had not used his apple.

'Therefore, as both tapestry, ivory glass, and apple had an equal share in curing the Princess, I cannot grant her to any one of you; and the only fruit you have reaped from your travels is the glory of having had each an equal share in restoring her health.

'If all this be true,' added the Sultan, 'you see that I must have recourse to other means to help me in the choice I ought to make among you; and, as there is time

enough between this and night, I'll do it to-day.

'Go and get each of you a bow and arrow, and repair to the great plain, where they exercise horses. I'll soon come to you; and declare I will give the Princess Nouronihar to him that shoots the farthest.'

The three Princes had nothing to say against the decision of the Sultan. When they were out of his presence they all provided themselves with a bow and arrow, which they delivered to one of their officers, and went to the plain followed by a great crowd of people.

The Sultan did not make them wait long for him, and as soon as he arrived, Prince Houssain, as the eldest, took his bow and arrow and shot first; Prince Ali shot next, and much beyond him; and Prince Ahmed last of all, but it so happened that nobody could see where his arrow fell.

Notwithstanding all the care that was used by himself and everybody else, it was not to be found far or near.

And though it was believed that he shot the farthest, and that he therefore deserved the Princess Nouronihar, it was, however, necessary that his arrow should be found to

make the matter certain. And, notwithstanding all he could say, the Sultan judged in favour of Prince Ali, and gave orders for preparations to be made for the wedding, which took place a few days after with great magnificence.



Prince Houssain would not honour the feast with his presence. In short, his grief was so violent that he left the Court, and gave up all right of succession to the crown, to turn hermit.

Prince Ahmed, too, did not come to Prince

Ali's and the Princess Nouronihar's wedding, any more than his brother Houssain, but did not give up the world as he had done.

But, as he could not imagine what had become of his arrow, he stole away from his attendants and resolved to search after it, that he might not have anything to reproach himself with.

With this intent he went to the place where the Princes Houssain and Ali's arrows were picked up, and, going straight forwards from there, looking carefully on both sides of him, he went so far that at last he began to think his labour was all in vain. But yet he could not help going forwards, till he came to some steep craggy rocks, which were bounds to his journey, and were situated in a barren country, about four leagues distant from where he set out.

THE STORY OF PRINCE AHMED AND THE FAIRY PARIBANOU

PART VI

WHEN Prince Ahmed came pretty nigh to these rocks he saw an arrow, which he picked up, looked earnestly at, and was in

the greatest astonishment to find it was the same he shot away.

‘Certainly,’ said he to himself, ‘neither I nor any man living could shoot an arrow so far,’ and, finding it laid flat, not sticking into the ground, he judged that it had rebounded against the rock.

‘There must be some mystery in this,’ said he to himself again, ‘and it may be of use to me.

‘Perhaps fortune, to make me amends for depriving me of what I thought the greatest happiness, may have reserved a greater blessing for my comfort.’

As these rocks were full of caves, and some of those caves were deep, the Prince entered into one, and, looking about, cast his eyes on an iron door, which seemed to have no lock, but he feared it was fastened.

However, thrusting against it, it opened, and showed an easy descent, but no steps, which he walked down with his arrow in his hand.

At first he thought he was going into a dark place, but presently a quite different light succeeded that which he came out of, and, entering into a large, spacious place, at about fifty or sixty paces distant, he saw a magni-

ficient palace, which he had not then time enough to look at.

At the same time a grand-looking lady advanced as far as the porch, attended by a large troop of ladies, so finely dressed and beautiful that it was difficult to make out which was the mistress.

As soon as Prince Ahmed saw the lady, he made all haste to go and pay his respects; and the lady, on her part, seeing him coming, prevented him from addressing his discourse to her first, but said to him :

‘Come nearer, Prince Ahmed, you are welcome.’

It was no small surprise to the Prince to hear himself named in a place he had never heard of, though so nigh to his father’s capital, and he could not comprehend how he should be known to a lady, who was a stranger to him.

At last he returned the lady’s compliment by throwing himself at her feet, and, rising up again, said to her :

‘Madam, I return you a thousand thanks for giving me a kind welcome to a place, where I believed my curiosity had made me go too far. But, madam, may I, without being guilty of ill manners, dare to ask you

by what chance you know me? and how you, who live in the same neighbourhood with me, should be so great a stranger to me?’

‘Prince,’ said the lady, ‘let us go into the hall; there I will gratify you in your request.’

After these words the lady led Prince Ahmed into the hall. Then she sat down on a sofa, and when the Prince, by her entreaty, had done the same, she said :

‘You are surprised, you say, that I should know you and not be known by you, but you will be no longer surprised when I inform you who I am. You no doubt know that your religion teaches you to believe, that the world is inhabited by genies as well as men. I am the daughter of one of the most powerful and distinguished genies, and my name is Paribanou.

‘The only thing that I have to add is, that you seemed to me worthy of a more happy fate, than that of possessing the Princess Nou-ronnihar; and, that you might attain to it, I was present when you drew your arrow, and foresaw it would go beyond Prince Houssain’s.

‘I took it in the air, and gave it the necessary motion to strike against the rocks near which you found it, and I tell you

that it lies in your power to make use of the favourable chance, which presents itself to make you happy.'

As the Fairy Paribanou said these last words with a different tone, and looked, at the same time, tenderly upon Prince Ahmed, with a modest blush on her cheeks, it was no hard matter for the Prince to comprehend what happiness she meant.

He knew that the Princess Nouronihar could never be his, and that the Fairy Paribanou excelled her in beauty, and in wit, and, as much as he could guess by the magnificence of the palace, in immense riches.

He blessed the moment that he thought of seeking after his arrow a second time, and, yielding to his love :

'Madam,' replied he, 'should I all my life have the happiness of being your slave, I should think myself the most blest of men. Pardon in me the boldness which inspires me to ask this favour, and don't refuse to admit into your Court, a prince who is entirely devoted to you.'

'Prince,' answered the Fairy, 'will you not pledge your faith to me, as well as I give mine to you?'

'Yes, madam,' replied the Prince; 'what

can I do better, and with greater pleasure? Yes, my queen, I'll give you my heart without the least reserve.'

'Then,' answered the Fairy, 'you are my husband, and I am your wife.'

'But as I suppose,' said she, 'that you



have eaten nothing to-day, a slight repast shall be served up for you while preparations are making for our wedding feast at night, and then I will show you the apartments of my palace, and you shall judge if this hall is not the meanest part of it.'

Some of the Fairy's women, who came into the hall with them, and guessed her intentions, went out, and returned at once with some excellent meats and wines.

THE STORY OF PRINCE AHMED AND THE FAIRY PARIBANOU

PART VII

WHEN Prince Ahmed had eaten and drunk as much as he cared for, the Fairy Paribanou carried him through all the apartments, where he saw diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and all sorts of fine jewels, intermixed with pearls and all sorts of the most precious marbles.

But, not to mention the richness of the furniture, which was beyond price, there was such wealth throughout that the Prince, instead of ever having seen anything like it, owned that he could not have imagined that there was anything in the world that could come up to it.

'Prince,' said the Fairy, 'if you admire my palace so much, which, indeed, is very beautiful, what would you say to the palaces

of the chief of our genies, which are much more beautiful and magnificent? I could also charm you with my gardens, but we will let that alone till another time. Night draws near, and it will be time to go to supper.'

The next hall which the Fairy led the Prince into, and where the cloth was laid for the feast, was the last apartment the Prince had not seen, and not in the least inferior to the others.

At his entrance into it he admired the infinite number of sconces of wax candles perfumed with amber, the multitude of which, instead of being confused, were placed so prettily as formed an agreeable and pleasant sight.

A large side table was set out with all sorts of gold plate, so finely wrought that the workmanship was much more valuable than the weight of the gold.

Several choruses of beautiful women richly dressed, and with the most lovely voices, began a concert, and the most beautiful music was played.

When they were set down at table, the Fairy Paribanou took care to help Prince Ahmed to the most delicate meats, which she named as she invited him to eat of them,

and which the Prince found to be so nice that he praised them with exaggeration.

He found also the same excellence in the wines, which neither he nor the Fairy tasted of till the dessert was served up, which consisted of the choicest sweetmeats and fruits.

The wedding feast was continued the next day, or, rather, the days following were a continual feast.

At the end of six months Prince Ahmed, who always loved and honoured the Sultan his father, felt a great desire to know how he was, and that desire could not be satisfied without his going to see. So he told the Fairy of it, and desired she would give him leave.

‘Prince,’ said she, ‘go when you please. But first, don’t take it amiss that I give you some advice as to how you shall behave yourself where you are going.’

‘First, I don’t think it proper for you to tell the Sultan your father of our marriage, nor of my quality, nor the place where you have been. Beg of him to be satisfied in knowing you are happy, and desire no more; and let him know that the sole end of your visit is to make him easy, and inform him of your fate.’

She appointed twenty gentlemen, well

mounted, to attend him. When all was ready Prince Ahmed took his leave of the Fairy, embraced her, and renewed his promise to return soon.

Then his horse, which was most finely



decked, and was as beautiful a creature as any in the Sultan of the Indies' stables, was led to him, and he mounted him with an extraordinary grace; and, after he had bid her a last adieu, set forward on his journey.

As it was not a great way to his father's

capital, Prince Ahmed soon arrived there. The people, glad to see him again, received him with shouts of joy, and followed him in crowds to the Sultan's apartment.

The Sultan received and embraced him with great joy, complaining at the same time, with a fatherly tenderness, of the trouble his long absence had been to him, which he said was the more grievous for that, fortune having decided in favour of Prince Ali his brother, he was afraid he might have committed some rash action.

The Prince told a story of his adventures without speaking of the Fairy, whom he said that he must not mention, and ended :

‘The only favour I ask of your Majesty, is to give me leave to come often and pay you my respects, and to know how you do.’

‘Son,’ answered the Sultan of the Indies, ‘I cannot refuse you the leave you ask me; but I should much rather you would resolve to stay with me; at least tell me where I may send to you if you should fail to come, or when I may wish to see you.’

‘Sir,’ replied Prince Ahmed, ‘what your Majesty asks of me is part of the mystery I spoke to your Majesty of. I beg of you to give me leave to remain silent on this head,

for I shall come so often that I am afraid that I shall sooner be thought troublesome than be accused of neglect in my duty.'

The Sultan of the Indies pressed Prince Ahmed no more, but said to him :

'Son, I ask no farther into your secrets, but leave you at your liberty; but can tell you that you could not do me a greater pleasure than to come, and by your presence restore to me the joy I have not felt this long time, and that you shall always be welcome when you can come without interrupting your business or pleasure.'

Prince Ahmed stayed but three days at the Sultan his father's Court, and the fourth returned to the Fairy Paribanou, who did not expect him so soon.

THE STORY OF PRINCE AHMED AND THE FAIRY PARIBANOU

PART VIII

A MONTH after Prince Ahmed's return from paying a visit to his father, as the Fairy Paribanou had observed that the Prince, since the time that he gave her an account of his

journey, his discourse with his father, and the leave he asked to go and see him often, had never talked of the Sultan, as if there had been no such person in the world, whereas before he was always speaking of him. she thought he forbore on her account; therefore she took an opportunity to say to him one day :

‘Prince, tell me, have you forgotten the Sultan your father? Don’t you remember the promise you made to go and see him often? For my part, I have not forgotten what you told me at your return, and so put you in mind of it, that you may not be long before you acquit yourself of your promise.’

So Prince Ahmed went the next morning with the same attendants as before, but much finer, and himself more magnificently mounted and dressed, and was received by the Sultan with the same joy and satisfaction.

For several months he constantly paid his visits, and always in richer and finer state.

At last some viziers, the Sultan’s favourites, who judged of Prince Ahmed’s power by the figure he cut, made the Sultan jealous of his son, saying it was to be feared he might become a great favourite of the people and so dethrone him.

The Sultan of the Indies was so far from thinking, that Prince Ahmed could be capable of such a design, as his favourites would make him believe, that he said to them :

‘ You are mistaken; my son loves me, and I am certain of his love and truth, as I have given him no reason to be disgusted.’

But the favourites went on abusing Prince Ahmed till the Sultan said :

‘ Be it as it will, I don’t believe my son Ahmed is so wicked as you would make me think he is; however, I am obliged to you for your good advice, and don’t dispute but that it proceeds from your good intentions.’

The Sultan of the Indies said this that his favourites might not know the impressions their words had made on his mind; which had so alarmed him that he resolved to have Prince Ahmed watched unknown to his grand vizier. So he sent for a female magician, who was introduced by a back door into his apartment.

‘ Go,’ he said, ‘ and follow my son, and watch him so well as to find out where he goes, and bring me word.’

The magician left the Sultan, and, knowing the place where Prince Ahmed found his arrow, went thither at once, and hid herself

near the rocks, so that nobody could see her.

The next morning Prince Ahmed set out by daybreak, without taking leave either of the Sultan or any of his Court, according to custom. The magician, seeing him coming, followed him with her eyes, till on a sudden she lost sight of him.

As the rocks were very steep and craggy, she could not see where he had gone, so that the magician judged that there were but two things for it: either that the Prince retired into some cavern, or into an abode of genies or fairies.

Thereupon she came out of the place where she was hid, and went to the hollow way, which she traced till she came to the farther end, looking carefully about on all sides. But she could see no opening, not so much as the iron gate which Prince Ahmed discovered, which was to be seen and opened to none but men, and only to such whose presence was agreeable to the Fairy Paribanou.

The magician, who saw it was in vain for her to search any farther, was obliged to be satisfied with the discovery she had made, and returned to give the Sultan an account.

The Sultan was very well pleased with the magician's conduct, and said to her :

'Do you as you think fit; I'll wait patiently the event of your promises;' and to encourage her made her a present of a diamond of great value.

As Prince Ahmed had obtained the Fairy Paribanou's leave to go to the Sultan of the Indies' Court once a month, he never failed, and the magician, knowing the time, went a day or two before to the foot of the rock where she lost sight of the Prince, and waited there.

THE STORY OF PRINCE AHMED AND THE FAIRY PARIBANOU

PART IX

THE next morning Prince Ahmed went out, as usual, at the iron gate, with the same attendants as before, and passed by the magician, whom he knew not to be such, and, seeing her lie with her head against the rock, and complaining as if she were in great pain, he pitied her, turned his horse about, and went to her, and asked her what was the matter with her, and what he could do to ease her.

The artful witch looked at the Prince in a pitiful manner, without ever lifting up her head, and answered in broken words and sighs, as if she could hardly fetch her breath, that she was going to the city, but on the way thither she was taken with so violent a fever that her strength failed her, and she was forced to lie down where he saw her, far from any house, and without any hopes of assistance.

‘Good woman,’ replied Prince Ahmed, ‘you are not so far from help as you think. I am ready to assist you, and convey you where you will meet with a speedy cure; only get up, and let one of my people take you behind him.’

At these words the magician, who pretended sickness only to know where the Prince lived and what he did, refused not the kind offer he made her, and that her actions might correspond with her words she pretended to try to get up on her feet.

At the same time two of the Prince’s attendants, alighting off their horses, helped her up, and set her behind another, and mounted their horses again, and followed the Prince, who turned back to the iron gate, which was opened by one of his attendants who rode

before. And when he came into the outward court of the Fairy's palace, without dismounting himself, he sent to tell her he wanted to speak with her.

The Fairy Paribanou came with all haste, not knowing what made Prince Ahmed return so soon; who, not giving her time to ask him the reason, said :

'Princess, I desire you would have pity on this good woman,' pointing to the magician, who was held up by two of his men.

'I found her in the condition you see her in, and promised her the assistance she stands in need of, and hope that you, out of your own goodness as well as because I ask you, will not leave her to die.'

The Fairy Paribanou, who had her eyes fixed upon the pretended sick woman all the time that the Prince was talking to her, ordered two of her women who followed her to take her from the two men that held her, and carry her into a room, and take as much care of her as herself.

Whilst the two women obeyed the Fairy's commands, she went up to Prince Ahmed, and, whispering him in the ear, said :

'Prince, this woman is not so sick as she pretends to be; and I am very much mis-

taken if she is not a witch, who will be the cause of a great trouble to you.

‘But don’t be concerned, let what will be devised against you; be sure that I will deliver you out of all the snares that shall be laid for you. Go and pursue your journey.’



What the Fairy had just told him did not in the least frighten Prince Ahmed.

‘My Princess,’ said he, ‘as I do not remember I ever did, or even tried to do anybody an injury, I cannot believe anybody can have a thought of doing me one, but if they

have I shall not, nevertheless, forbear doing good whenever I have the chance.' Then he went back to his father's palace.

In the meantime the two women carried the magician into a very fine room, richly furnished.

First, they sat her down upon a sofa, with her back supported with a cushion of soft velvet, while they made a bed on the same sofa before her, the quilt of which was worked in silk, the sheets of the finest linen, and the coverlet cloth-of-gold.

When they had put her into bed one of the women went out, and returned soon again with a china dish in her hand, full of a certain liquor, which she held to the magician, while the other helped her to sit up.

'Drink this liquor,' said she; 'it is the Water of the Fountain of Lions, and a remedy against all fevers whatsoever. You will find the effect of it in less than an hour's time.'

The magician took it after a great deal of entreaty; and, holding back her head, swallowed down the liquor. When she was laid down again the two women covered her up.

'Lie quiet,' said she who brought her the china cup, 'and get a little sleep if you

can. We'll leave you, and hope to find you quite well when we come again an hour hence.'

The two women came again at the time they said they should, and found the magician got up and dressed, and sitting upon the sofa.

'O admirable potion!' she said; 'it has



wrought its cure much sooner than you told me it would, and I shall be able to go on my journey.'

The two women, who were fairies as well as their mistress, after they had told the magician how glad they were that she was cured so soon, walked before her, and led her

through several apartments, all more noble than that wherein she lay, into a large hall, the most richly furnished of all the palace.

Paribanou was sitting in this hall on a throne of gold, enriched with diamonds, rubies, and pearls of an extraordinary size, and attended on each hand by a great number of beautiful fairies, all richly clothed.

At the sight of so much majesty, the magician was not only dazzled, but was so amazed that, after she had knelt before the throne, she could not open her lips to thank the Fairy as she wished. However, Paribanou saved her the trouble and said to her:

‘ Good woman, I am glad I had the chance to oblige you, and to see you are able to pursue your journey. I won’t keep you, but perhaps you may not be displeased to see my palace; follow my women, and they will show it you.’

THE STORY OF PRINCE AHMED AND THE FAIRY PARIBANOU

PART X

THEN the magician went back and told the Sultan of the Indies all that had happened, and how very rich Prince Ahmed was since

his marriage with the Fairy, richer than all the kings in the world, and how there was danger that he should come and take the throne from his father.

Though the Sultan of the Indies was quite sure that Prince Ahmed's natural disposition was good, yet he could not help being concerned at the tale of the old witch, to whom, when she was for taking her leave, he said :

'I thank thee for the pains thou hast taken, and thy wholesome advice. I am so certain of the great importance it is to me, that I shall have it talked over in council.'

Now the favourites advised that the Prince should be killed, but the magician advised differently.

'Make him give you all kinds of wonderful things, by the Fairy's help, till she tires of him and sends him away. As, for example, every time your Majesty goes into the field, you are obliged to be at a great expense, not only in tents for your army, but likewise in mules and camels to carry their baggage.

'Now, might not you engage him to use his interest with the Fairy to procure you a tent, which might be carried in a man's hand, and which yet should be so large as to shelter your whole army against bad weather?'

When the magician had finished her speech, the Sultan asked his favourites if they had anything better to propose; and, finding them all silent, determined to follow the magician's advice, as the most reasonable and most agreeable to his mild government.

Next day the Sultan did as the magician had advised him, and asked for the pavilion.

Prince Ahmed never expected that the Sultan his father would have asked such a thing, which at first appeared so difficult, not to say impossible.

Though he knew not how great the power of genies and fairies was, he doubted whether it extended so far as to be able to make such a tent as his father desired. At last he replied :

‘Though it goes very much against my wishes, I will not fail to ask the favour of my wife your Majesty desires, but will not promise you to obtain it; and if I should not have the honour to come again to pay you my respects, that shall be the sign that I have not had success.

‘But, beforehand, I desire you to forgive me, and consider that you yourself have reduced me to this extremity.’

‘Son,’ said the Sultan of the Indies, ‘I should be very sorry if what I ask of you

should cause me the displeasure of never seeing you more.

‘I find you don’t know the power a husband has over a wife; and yours would show that her love to you was very small if she, with the power she has of a fairy, should refuse you so trifling a request as this I desire you to ask of her for my sake.’

The Prince went back, and was very sad for fear of offending the Fairy. She kept pressing him to tell her what was the matter, and at last he said :

‘Madam, you may have observed that hitherto I have been content with your love, and have never asked you any other favour. Consider then, I beg you, that it is not I, but the Sultan my father, who begs of you a pavilion large enough to shelter him, his Court, and army from the violence of the weather, and which a man may carry in his hand. But remember it is the Sultan my father asks this favour.’

‘Prince,’ replied the Fairy, smiling, ‘I am sorry that so small a matter should disturb you, and make you so uneasy as you appeared to me.’

Then the Fairy sent for her treasurer, to whom, when she came, she said :

'Nourgihan'—which was her name—'bring me the largest pavilion in my treasury.'

Nourgihan returned presently with the pavilion, which she could not only hold in her hand, but in the palm of her hand when she shut her fingers, and presented it to her



mistress, who gave it to Prince Ahmed to look at.

When Prince Ahmed saw the pavilion which the Fairy called the largest in her treasury, he fancied she had a mind to jest with him, and thereupon the marks of his surprise appeared presently in his face; which Paribanou seeing burst out a-laughing.

‘What! Prince,’ cried she, ‘do you think I jest with you? You’ll see presently that I am in earnest. Nourgihan,’ said she to her treasurer, taking the tent out of Prince Ahmed’s hands, ‘go and set it up, that the Prince may judge whether it may be large enough for the Sultan his father.’

The treasurer went at once with it out of the palace, and carried it a great way off; and when she had set it up, one end reached to the very palace; at which time the Prince, thinking it small, found it large enough to shelter two greater armies than that of the Sultan’s his father, and then said to Paribanou:

‘I ask my Princess a thousand pardons for my doubt; after what I have seen I believe there is nothing impossible to you.’

‘You see,’ said the Fairy, ‘that the pavilion is larger than what your father may have occasion for; for you must know that it has one property—that it is larger or smaller according to the army it is to cover.’

The treasurer took down the tent again, and brought it to the Prince, who took it, and, without staying any longer than till the next day, mounted his horse, and went with the same attendants to the Sultan his father.

The Sultan, who was sure that there could not be any such thing as a tent such as he asked for, was in a great surprise to see the Prince so soon. He took the tent, and after he had admired its smallness, his amazement was so great that he could not recover himself.

When the tent was set up in the great plain which we have before spoken of, he found it large enough to shelter an army twice as large as he could bring into the field.

THE STORY OF PRINCE AHMED AND THE FAIRY PARIBANOU

PART XI

BUT the Sultan was not yet satisfied.

‘Son,’ said he, ‘I have already expressed to you, how much I am obliged to you for the present of the tent you have procured me: that I look upon it as the most valuable thing in all my treasury. But you must do one thing more for me, which will be just as agreeable to me.

‘I am told that the Fairy who is your wife makes use of a certain water, called the Water of the Fountain of Lions, which cures all sorts of fevers, even the most dangerous.

‘As I am quite sure that my health is dear to you, I don’t doubt but you will ask her for a bottle of that water for me, and bring it me so that I may make use of it when I have occasion. Do me this other important piece of service, and thereby complete the duty of a good son towards a tender father.’

The Prince returned and told the Fairy what his father had said.

‘There’s a great deal of wickedness in this demand,’ she answered, as you will understand by what I am going to tell you.

‘The Fountain of Lions is situated in the middle of a court of a great castle, the entrance into which is guarded by four fierce lions, two of which sleep at a time, while the other two are awake. But don’t let that frighten you; I’ll give you means to pass by them without any danger.’

The Fairy Paribanou was at that time very hard at work, and, as she had several clews of thread by her, she took up one, and, presenting it to Prince Ahmed, said:

‘First take this clew of thread. I’ll tell you presently the use of it.

‘In the second place, you must have two horses: one you must ride yourself, and the other you must lead, which must be loaded

with a sheep cut into four quarters, that must be killed to-day.

‘In the third place, you must be provided with a bottle, which I will give you, to bring the water in.

‘Set out early to-morrow morning, and when you have passed the iron gate throw the clew of thread before you, which will roll till it comes to the gates of the castle.

‘Follow it, and when it stops, as the gates will be open, you will see the four lions; the two that are awake will, by their roaring, wake the other two, but don’t be frightened, but throw each of them a quarter of mutton, and then clap spurs to your horse and ride to the fountain. Fill your bottle, and then return at the same speed. The lions will be so busy eating they will let you pass by them.’

Prince Ahmed set out the next morning at the time appointed by the Fairy, and did just as she had told him.

When he arrived at the gates of the castle, he threw the quarters of mutton to the four lions, and, passing through the midst of them bravely, got to the fountain, filled his bottle, and returned back as safe and sound as he went.

When he had gone a little distance from



THE FOUNTAIN OF LIONS.

the castle gates he turned him about, and, seeing two of the lions coming after him, he drew his sabre and prepared himself for defence.

But as he went forwards he saw one of them turned out of the road at some distance, and showed by his head and tail that he did not come to do him any harm, but only to go before him, and that the other stayed behind to follow; so he put his sword up again in its sheath.

Guarded in this manner, he arrived at the capital of the Indies, but the lions never left him till they had led him to the gates of the Sultan's palace. After which they returned the same way they came, though not without frightening all that saw them, for all they went in a very gentle manner and showed no fierceness.

A great many officers came to attend the Prince while he dismounted from his horse, and afterwards led him into the Sultan's apartment, who was at that time surrounded with his favourites.

He approached towards the throne, laid the bottle at the Sultan's feet, and kissed the rich tapestry which covered his footstool, and then said :

‘I have brought you, sir, the healthful water which your Majesty wished so much to keep among your other treasures, but at the same time wish you such good health as never to have occasion to make use of it.’

After the Prince had made an end of his compliment, the Sultan placed him on his right hand, and then said to him :

‘Son, I am very much obliged to you for this valuable present, as also for the great danger you have exposed yourself to upon my account; but do me the pleasure,’ continued he, ‘to inform me by what means, or, rather, by what power, you have been successful.’

‘Sir,’ replied Prince Ahmed, ‘I have no share in the compliment your Majesty is pleased to make me; all the honour is due to the Fairy, my wife, whose good advice I followed.’

Then he informed the Sultan what those directions were, and by the relation of this his expedition let him know how well he had behaved himself.

When he had done the Sultan, who showed outwardly all the signs of great joy, but secretly became more jealous, retired into an inner room, where he sent for the magician.

**THE STORY OF PRINCE AHMED AND THE
FAIRY PARIBANOU****PART XII**

THE magician, at her arrival, saved the Sultan the trouble to tell her of the success of Prince Ahmed's journey, which she had heard of before she came, and therefore was prepared with a new plan for getting rid of the Prince.

This plan she told to the Sultan, who declared it the next day to the Prince, in the midst of all his courtiers, in these words :

'Son,' said he, 'I have one thing more to ask of you, after which I shall expect nothing more from your obedience, nor your interest with your wife. This request is, to bring me a man not above a foot and a half high, and whose beard is thirty feet long, who carries a bar of iron upon his shoulders of five hundredweight, which he uses as a quarter-staff.'

Prince Ahmed, who did not believe that there was such a man in the world as his father described, would gladly have excused himself ; but the Sultan persisted in his demand, and told him the Fairy could do more wonderful things.

The next day the Prince returned to his dear Paribanou, to whom he told his father's new demand, which, he said, he looked upon to be a thing more impossible than the two first; 'for,' added he, 'I do not think there can be such a man in the world; without doubt, he has a mind to try whether or no I am so silly as to go about it, or he has a design on my ruin.

'In short, how can he suppose that I should lay hold on a man so well armed, though he is but little? What arms can I make use of to reduce him to my will? If there are any means, I beg you will tell them, and let me come off with honour this time.'

'Don't affright yourself, Prince,' replied the Fairy; 'you ran a risk in fetching the Water of the Fountain of Lions for your father, but there's no danger in finding out this man, who is my brother Schaibar, but is so far from being like me, though we both had the same father, that he is of so violent a nature that nothing can prevent his giving cruel marks of his anger for a slight offence; yet, on the other hand, is so good as to oblige anyone in whatever they desire.

'He is made exactly as the Sultan your father has described him, and has no other

arms than a bar of iron of five hundred pounds' weight, without which he never stirs, and which makes him respected.

'I'll send for him, and you shall judge of the truth of what I tell you; but be sure to prepare yourself against being frightened at his extraordinary figure when you see him.'

'What! my queen,' replied Prince Ahmed, 'do you say Schaibar is your brother? Let him be never so ugly I shall be so far from being frightened at the sight of him that, as our brother, I shall honour and love him.'

The Fairy ordered a gold chafing-dish to be set with a fire in it under the porch of her palace, with a box of the same metal, which was a present to her, out of which taking a perfume, and throwing it into the fire, there arose a thick cloud of smoke.

Some moments after the Fairy said to Prince Ahmed:

'See, there comes my brother.'

The Prince at once saw Schaibar coming gravely with his heavy bar on his shoulder, his long beard, which he held up before him, and a very long and thick moustache, which he tucked behind his ears and almost covered his face.

His eyes were very small, and deep-set in

his head, which was far from being of the smallest size, and on his head he wore a grenadier's cap; besides all this, he was very much hump-backed.

If Prince Ahmed had not known that



Schaibar was Paribanou's brother, he would not have been able to have looked at him without fear; but, knowing first who he was, he stood by the Fairy without the least fear.

Schaibar, as he came forwards, looked at

the Prince earnestly enough to have chilled his blood in his veins, and asked Paribanou, when he first spoke to her, who that man was. To which she replied :

‘He is my husband, brother. His name is Ahmed; he is son to the Sultan of the Indies. The reason why I did not invite you to my wedding was, I was unwilling to divert you from an expedition you were engaged in, and from which I heard with pleasure you returned victorious, and so took the liberty now to call for you.’

At these words Schaibar, looking on Prince Ahmed kindly, said :

‘Is there anything, sister, wherein I can serve him? It is enough for me that he is your husband to engage me to do for him whatever he desires.’

‘The Sultan his father,’ replied Paribanou, ‘has a curiosity to see you, and I desire he may be your guide to the Sultan’s Court.’

‘He needs but lead the way, I’ll follow him.’

‘Brother,’ replied Paribanou, ‘it is too late to go to-day, therefore stay till to-morrow morning; and in the meantime, I’ll inform you of all that has passed between the Sultan of the Indies and Prince Ahmed since our marriage.’

THE STORY OF PRINCE AHMED AND THE FAIRY PARIBANOU

PART XIII

THE next morning, after Schaibar had been told of the affair, he and Prince Ahmed set out for the Sultan's Court.

When they arrived at the gates of the capital, the people no sooner saw Schaibar but they ran and hid themselves; and some shut up their shops and locked themselves up in their houses, while others flying told their fear to all they met, who stayed not to look behind them, but ran too.

Thus it happened that Schaibar and Prince Ahmed, as they went along, found the streets all empty till they came to the palace, where the porters, instead of keeping the gates, ran away too, so that the Prince and Schaibar advanced to the council-hall, where the Sultan was seated on his throne, and giving audience.

Here likewise the ushers, at the approach of Schaibar, left their posts, and gave them free admittance.

Schaibar went boldly and fiercely up to the throne, without waiting to be presented by Prince Ahmed, and spoke to the Sultan of the Indies in these words:

‘Thou hast asked for me,’ said he; ‘see, here I am: what wouldst thou have with me?’

The Sultan, instead of answering him, clapped his hands before his eyes, to avoid the sight of so terrible an object; at which uncivil and rude reception Schaibar was so angry, after he had given him the trouble to come so far, that he instantly lifted up his iron bar and killed him before Prince Ahmed could speak in his behalf. All that he could do was to prevent his killing the grand vizier, who sat not far from him, representing to him that he had always given the Sultan his father good advice.

‘These are they, then,’ said Schaibar, ‘who gave him bad;’ and as he said these words he killed all the other viziers and favourites of the Sultan who were Prince Ahmed’s enemies.

Every time he struck he killed some one or other, and none escaped but they who were not so frightened as to stand staring and gaping, and who saved themselves by flight.

When this terrible execution was over, Schaibar came out of the council-hall into the midst of the courtyard with the iron bar upon his shoulder, and looking hard at the grand vizier, who owed his life to Prince Ahmed, he said:

‘I know here is a certain magician, who is a greater enemy of my brother-in-law’

than all these base favourites I have killed. Let the magician be brought to me at once.'

The grand vizier sent for her, and as soon as she was brought Schaibar said, at the time he fetched a stroke at her with his iron bar :



‘Take the reward of thy evil counsel, and learn to feign sickness again.’

After this he said : ‘This is not yet enough ; I will use the whole town after the same manner if they do not acknowledge Prince Ahmed, my brother-in-law, for their Sultan and the Sultan of the Indies.’

Then all that were there present made the

air echo again with the repeated shouts of : ' Long life to Sultan Ahmed ! ' and immediately after he was proclaimed through the whole town.

Schaibar made him be clothed in the royal vestments, seated him on the throne, and after he had caused all to swear fidelity to him went and fetched his sister Paribanou, whom he brought with all the pomp and grandeur imaginable, and made her to be owned Sultanness of the Indies.

As for Prince Ali and Princess Nouronihar, as they had no hand in the conspiracy against Prince Ahmed, and knew nothing of any, Prince Ahmed gave them a large province, with its capital, where they spent the rest of their lives.

Afterwards he sent an officer to Prince Houssain to tell him all that had taken place, and make him an offer of which province he liked best.

But that Prince thought himself so happy where he was, that he bade the officer return the Sultan his brother thanks for the kindness he wished to show him, assuring him of his submission ; and that the only favour he desired of him, was to give him leave to live retired in the place he had made choice of for his retreat.

APPENDIX

PRINCE DARLING. PART I.—Pp. 5 to 9.

ad-vice'	ap-pear'-ed	cer'-tain	chas'-ing
cor-rect'	di'-a-monds	dis-ap-pear'-ed	e'-vil
fa'-your	grate'-ful	mer'-ci-ful	poss-ess'
pre'-cious	pro'-mise	pro-tec'-tion	pun'-ish
sat'-is-fi-ed	shel'-ter	spite	stro'-ked
sub'-jects	sud'-den-ly	sur-pris'-ed	treas'-ures

PRINCE DARLING. PART II.—Pp. 10 to 13.

act'-u-al-ly	al-low'-ed	an'-i-mal	an'-swer-ing
a-sha'-med	be-hav'-ed	con-ceil'-ed	de-fects'
de-serve'	de-sires'	em'-pire	gruff'-ly
hab'-it	na'-ture	naugh'-ty	nurse
ob'-sti-nate	poss-ess'-ing	pre-vent'	spoil
strug'-gle	teas'-ing	tire'-some	tri'-fing

PRINCE DARLING. PART III.—Pp. 13 to 19.

ac-cus'-ed	an-noy'-ed	beau'-ti-ful	boast'-ed
bri'-bed	car'-ri-a-ges	char'-ac-ter	churl'-ish-ness
com-pan'-ion	de-clar'-ing	en-cour'-ag-ed	en-tire'-ly
ex-cite'	fan'-ci-ed	fel'-on	fu'-ri-ous
greed'-i-ness	hid'-e-ous	hor'-ror	i-de'-a
im'-i-ta-ted	im-pa'-ti-ent	in'-no-cent	of-fi-cers
o-pin'-ion	per-sua'-ded	re-mem'-brance	re-spect'-ing
stern'-ly	ter'-ri-ble	tu'-tor	venge'-ance

PRINCE DARLING. PART IV.—Pp. 19 to 24.

af-fec'-tion	as-sur'-ed	be-ha'-vi-our	con-tin'-u-ed
con-tin'-u-al-ly	coun'-sels	crouch'-ed	de-liv'-er-ance
en'-e-my	grat'-i-tude	in'-flu-ence	mis'-chief
mon'-ster	o-be'-di-ent	re-jo'i'-cing	re-mind'-ed
re-stor-a'-tion	rhyme	se-cur'-ed	ser'-vice
sev'-er-al	splen'-did	sur-round'-ed	tor-ment'
ter'-ri-ble	ug'-li-ness	vir'-tu-ous	worth'-i-ly

PRINCE DARLING. PART V.—Pp. 24 to 28.

ac'-tion	be-fall'-en	con-sult'-ed	crawl'-ed
crea'-ture	de-light'-ed	dif-fi-cult-y	ea'-ger-ly
ex-act'-ly	frisk'-ed	fu'-ri-ous	mon'-ster
mor'-sel	mus'-ic	pa'-tient	peo'-ple
pet'-ted	pi'-ty	pleas'-ure	pois'-on-ed
pre-vent'-ed	res'-cue	re-ward'	ter'-ror

PRINCE DARLING. PART VI.—Pp. 28 to 31.

car-ess'-es	cav'-ern	col'-our	des'-ert
de-ter'-mined	dis-guis'-ed	fa'-vour-ite	fol'-lies
her'-mit	mis-deeds'	nat'-ur-al	naugh'-ty
ob'-sti-nate	perch'-ed	pre-par'-ed	reign'-ed
re-mem'-ber-ed	search'-ed	se-vere'-ly	sev'-er-al
shoul'-der	stro'-ked	trans-port'	worth'-i-ly

THE WHITE CAT. PART I.—Pp. 31 to 36.

ac-cept'-ed	ad-ven'-tures	af-fairs'	af-fect'
ban'-quet	com-mis'-sion	del'-i-cate	gov'-ern-ment
grey'-hound	im-pos'-si-ble	jeal'-ou-sy	jew'-els
league	man'-ag-ed	mast'-iff	ob-jec'-tion
par-tic'-u-lar	po-lite'	re-tir'-ing	span'-iel
suc-ceed'	sur-pris'-ed	tor'-rents	wel'-fare

THE WHITE CAT. PART II.—Pp. 36 to 41.

ac-cord'	be-wil'-der-ed	com'-fort-a-ble	com'-pli-ments
con-duct'-ed	con'-quer-ing	cor'-al	em'-er-alds
ex-treme'-ly	gauze	gui-tar'	hes-i-ta'-tion
his'-tor-ies	im-ag'-in-a-ble	im-me'-di-ate-ly	in'-ter-est-ed
love'-li-est	mag-ni'-fi-cence	man'-tles	mir'-rors
mus-ic'-ians	pa'-ved	por'-trait	re-pre-sent'-ed
rib'-bons	tap'-est-ry	the'-a-tre	threat'-en-ed

THE WHITE CAT. PART III.—Pp. 42 to 47.

a'-corn	ad-ven'-tures	a-maze'-ment	ar-rang'-ing
as-sem'-bled	a-wa'-kened	bas'-kets	cer'-tain-ly
char'-i-ot	con-fu'-sion	cos'-tume	cush'-ion
de-cide'	dis-tinct'-ly	draught	e'-qual-ly
for-got'-ten	for'-tune	mag'-ic	mem'-or-y
mus'-lin	of'-fer-ed	pran'-ced	re-cov'-er-ed
sigh'-ed	speed'-i-ly	swal'-low-ed	suc-cess'-ful

THE WHITE CAT. PART IV.—Pp. 47 to 53.

a-muse'-ment	anx'-ious	chuck'-ling	com-plain'
de-vi'-ces	dis-play'-ed	en-cour'-age-ment	es'-cort
grat'-i-fy	greet'-ed	har'-ness-ed	hast'-ened
ha'-zel	hur'-ri-ed	im-ag'-ine	im-pos'-si-ble
in-vent'-ing	jour'-ney	ker'-nel	mar'-vel-lous
mill'-et	pro-ces'-sion	re'-al-ise	se'-ri-ous
suc-cess'-or	suit'-a-ble	sur-round'-ed	tal'-ents
tur'-ret	u'-ni-form	vel'-vet	wal'-nut

THE WHITE CAT. PART V.—Pp. 58 to 57.

al'-ter-ed	ar'-gue	ar-ri'-val	bra'-xi-er
con-sid'-er-ed	de-ter-min-a'-tion	de-vo'-tion	earn'-ed
ex-plor'-ing	gal'-ler-y	gra'-cious-ly	grief
in-hab'-it-ants	pas'-sion	per-fu'-med	per-mis'-sion
pleas'-ant-ly	pre-par'-ed	pur'-pose	re-ceiv'-ed
re-stor'-ed	scent'-ed	strew'-ed	trav'-el-ling

THE WHITE CAT. PART. VI.—Pp. 58 to 62.

a-gree'-ment	an-noy'-ance	a'-pri-cot	a-wa'-ken-ed
be-lieve'	ber'-ries	car-ess'-es	cer'-tain-ly
con-di'-tion	con-fess'	con-sent'	de-spair'
dis-ap-point'-ed	drag'-on	dwarfs	fan'-ci-ed
guard'-ed	guess'-ed	lem'-ons	maj'-es-ty
mel'-ons	o-bli'-ged	or'-an-ges	peach'-es
rasp'-ber-ries	re-ceiv'-ed	whirl'-ed	whis'-tled

THE WHITE CAT. PART VII.—Pp. 62 to 67.

ad-mir-a'-tion	an-noy'-ed	cel'-e-bra-ted	con-ceal'
court'-i-ers	crys'-tal	cu-ri-os'-i-ty	cur'-tain
de-feat'-ed	de-scend'	di'-a-mond	dil'-i-gence
feath'-ers	fes-tiv'-i-ties	glit'-ter-ed	hewn
in-vis'-i-ble	mur'-mur	nat'-ur-al	pris'-on
pro-long'-ed	re-sem'-bled	ru'-bies	splint'-ers
sup-pli'-ed	ter'-race	ug'-li-est	un-fort'-u-nate

THE WONDERFUL SHEEP. PART I.—Pp. 68 to 72.

a-dorn'-ed	an'-gri-ly	as-ton'-ish-ed	at-tempt'
be-lov'-ed	choos'-ing	com-pos'-ed	con-sid-er-a'-tion
con-tin'-u-ed	de-ceive'	di'-stat'	em-brac'-ed
em'-er-alds	fair'-ies	fierce'-ly	fu'-ry
gov'-ern-ess	hor'-rib-ly	jew'-els	oc-ca'-sion
pre-tend'-ed	pre-ten'-sion	quar'-rel-some	ru'-bies
sat'-is-fi-ed	sig'-ni-fy	spe'-cial	vic'-tor-ies

THE WONDERFUL SHEEP. PART II.—Pp. 72 to 77.

ac-cept'-ed	al-low'-ed	bur'-i-ed	com-plain'
con-duct'-or	con-tra-dict'	de-ci'-ded	de-serve'
dis-pute'	ear'-nest-ly	e-spe'-ci-al-ly	grat'-i-tude
mis'-tress	mon'-key	mur'-mur	pre-tend'-ed
pre-vent'	stroll'-ed	ter'-ri-ble	ter'-ri-fi-ed

THE WONDERFUL SHEEP. PART III.—Pp. 77 to 83.

ad-van'-ced	a-larm'-ed	bleat'-ing	can'-o-py
cas'-cades	cav'-ern	col'-lar	di-rec'-tion
dis-guis'-ed	fa-tigue'	fright'-en-ed	gar'-land
har'-ness-ed	in-du'-ced	lem-on-ade'	mis'-er-a-ble
mis-for'-tune	part'-rid-ges	pat'-ties	peas'-ant
pheas'-ant	pro-TECT'-ed	pump'-kin	re'-cog-nis-ed
sher'-bet	snap'-ped	tur'-keys	vill'-age

THE WONDERFUL SHEEP. PART IV.—Pp. 83 to 88.

as-sure'	at-tend'-ants	cit'-ies	com-par'-i-son
com-plain'	con-fess'	de-ceive'	en'-vi-ed
ev'-i-dent-ly	flick'-er	gauze	gen'-er-ous
hor'-ri-fi-ed	in-ter-lac'-ing	lib'-er-ty	mir'-rors
pa'-tience	pre'-ci-pice	pres'-ent-ly	re-spect'
scorn'-ful	sprites	urg'-ed	wrist

THE WONDERFUL SHEEP. PART V.—Pp. 89 to 92.

a-mus'-ing	an-noy'-ing	at-ten'-tive	con'-certs
con-fus'-ed	con-tin'-u-ed	dis-ap-pear'-ed	e'-qual-ly
en'-e-mies	e-spe'-ci-al-ly	fin'-ish-ed	im-pris'-on-ed
no'-tic-ed	pres'-ence	pri'-vi-leg-es	re-CEIV'-ed
re-venge'-ful	ri'-vals	spir'-it-ed	un-fort'-u-nate

THE WONDERFUL SHEEP. PART VI.—Pp. 92 to 96.

ab'-sence	ad-mire'	an-noun'-ced	ar-ri'-ved
cask'-et	cer'-e-mo-ny	cour'-i-er	de-tain'-ed
dis-ap-point'-ed	es'-cort	for-get'-ting	grat'-i-tude
griev'-ed	im-pa'-ti-ent	oc-cur'-red	pre-par-a'-tion
pris'-on-ed	splen'-dour	un-ea'-sy	u'-ni-form

THE WONDERFUL SHEEP. PART VII.—Pp. 96 to 100.

ad-ven'-tures	al-read'-y	anx-i'-e-ty	as-sem'-bled
bal'-con-ies	ban'-quet	be-wail'-ed	breath'-less
com-plete'	cru'-el-ty	de-sires'	dis-may'
fast'-en-ed	in'-ter-est	mar'-ri-age	par-tic'-u-lar-ly
sev'-er-al	stern'-ly	torch'-es	wretch'-ed

THE YELLOW DWARF. PART I.—Pp. 101 to 104.

a-gree'-a-ble	an'-swer-ed	clev'-er-est	con'-se-quence
cor-rect'	cra'-zy	daugh'-ter	de-spis'-ed
de-ter-min-a'-tion	en-ter-tain'-ment	paint'-ers	per-suade'
po'-et-ry	por'-trait	prose	se'-ri-ous-ly
son'-nets	ter'-rib-ly	tri'-fle	vers'-es

THE YELLOW DWARF. PART II.—Pp. 104 to 109.

cer'-tain	char'-i-ty	con-sult'	croc'-o-dile
dif'-fi-cult	dis-may'-ed	dread'-ful	guard'-ed
hes'-i-tate	jaunt'-y	in-sen'-si-ble	or'-an-ges
net'-tles	pres'-ent-ly	re-vi'-ved	this'-tles
tremb'-ling	tur'-tle	weath'-er	yell'-ow

THE YELLOW DWARF. PART III.—Pp. 110 to 114.

ad-vice'	an'-gri-ly	dis-ap-pear'-ed	dis-pleas'-ed
fa'-tal	griev'-ed	in'-ter-est-ed	in-ter-rupt'-ed
mon'-ster	pre-fer'	sat-is-fac'-tion	se'-cret
stair'-case	ter'-ror	threat'-en-ing	wrap'-ped

THE YELLOW DWARF. PART IV.—Pp. 114 to 118.

a-larm'-ed	be-lieve'	blithe	choose
dif'-fi-cult	fa'-vour-ab-ly	flut'-ter-ing	gen'-er-ous
im-ag'-ine	im-mense'	in-ter-fer'-ence	list'-en-ing
mes'-sen-gers	mus'-ic	per'-fect	pit'-i-ed
pre'-cious	pre-par-a'-tion	re-fin'-ed	re-quest'
ri'-vals	sur-pris'-ed	van'-i-ty	wan'-der-ed

THE YELLOW DWARF. PART V.—Pp. 118 to 125.

ac'-tion	ad-vanc'-ing	bal'-con-ies	brand'-ish-ing
bril'-li-ant	broc-ade'	chal'-len-ged	com'-bat
dis-tin'-guish-ed	em-broi'-der-ed	en-ra'-ged	e-vents'
ex-treme'	far'-thing-ale	fur'-na-ces	hob'-bled
il-lust'-ri-ous	im-pu'-ni-ty	mal'-ice	nec'-ess-ar-y
strewn	ter'-ri-fy-ing	trum'-pet	vel'-vet

THE YELLOW DWARF. PART VI.—Pp. 125 to 130.

af-fect'-ed	al'-ter-ed	ap-proach'	ceas'-ed
char'-i-ot	cin'-der	con-vince'	crim'-in-al
cun'-ning	de-ceiv'-ed	di-rect'-ly	en-dure'
grat'-i-tude	grif'-fin	mead'-ow	mis-fort'-une
mur'-mur-ed	no'-tic-ed	pa'-tience	pro-ject'
re-lect'-ed	re-leas'-ing	ri'-val	tri'-umph

THE YELLOW DWARF. PART VII.—Pp. 130 to 135.

ab'-so-lute-ly	at-ten'-tion	at-tract'-ed	col-lect'-ed
con-ceal'	de-ceive'	de-vice'	ex-ist'-ence
hum'-our	im-ag'-in-ed	mir'-ror	pi'-lot
pro-pos'-al	splen'-did	tri'-umph	vent'-ure

THE YELLOW DWARF. PART VIII.—Pp. 135 to 137

ad-vice'	be-lieve'	be-ware'	bril'-li-ant
clev'-er-ly	com-pel'-led	dif'-fi-cult-ies	dis-guis'-ed
fa'-tal	mer'-maid	pro-ject'-ed	re-ceiv'-ed
res'-cue	Span'-ish	trim'-med	un-de-ceive'

THE YELLOW DWARF. PART IX.—Pp. 137 to 140.

am' r	as-sist'-ance	bal'-an-ced	bales
bronze	col-lect'-ing	con-tin'-ue	cor'-al
di'-a-mond	en-count'-er	gar'-lands	gra'-cious-ly
hast'-en-ed	hes'-i-ta-ted	i-de'-as	im'-age
mem'-o-ry	mon'-u-ment	nymphs	pres'-ents
tal'-ons	ter'-ri-ble	ut'-ter-ed	won'-der-ful

THE YELLOW DWARF. PART X.—Pp. 140 to 144.

cap'-ture	car-ess'-ing	char'-i-ot	con-tin'-u-ed
crouch'-ing	dis-pleas'-ed	griev'-ed	in-dig-na'-tion
in-ter-la'-cing	ir'-ri-ta-ted	let'-tuce	mar'-ri-age
mon'-u-ment	per-mis'-sion	pre-fer'-red	res'-cue
sat-is-fac'-tion	seiz'-ed	whis'-per-ing	wretch

THE STORY OF PRINCE AHMED AND THE FAIRY PARIBANOU. PART I.—Pp. 145 to 148.

af-fair'	a-spire'	con-cern'-ed	con'-fi-dence
con-sent'-ed	cu'-ri-ous	di-vi'-ded	ec'-sta-cy
ed-u-ca'-tion	em-bra'-ced	ex-tra-or'-din-ar-y	flat'-ter-ed
fore-saw'	lus'-tre	o-be'-di-ent	ob'-sti-nate
of'-fi-cer	pas'-sion-ate-ly	per-suade'	porce'-lain
pro-pos'-ing	pur'-chase	quan'-ti-ties	ra'-ri-ty
res'-id-ence	se'-ri-ous-ly	sev'-er-al	sing'-u-lar
sul'-tan	trav'-el-ling	vault'-ed	wrought

THE STORY OF PRINCE AHMED AND THE FAIRY PARIBANOU. PART II.—Pp. 148 to 152.

ac-cept'-ed	ar-ri'-val	bar'-gain	civ'-il-ly
com-par'-ed	con-vince'	cu'-ri-ous	de-sires'
dis-pu'-ted	ex-pe'-ri-ment	ex-tra'-va-gant	khan
lib'-er-ty	nose'-gay	per'-fect-ly	per-fum'-ed
poss-ess'-or	pres'-ent-ly	re-li'-gion	re-pli'-ed
sing'-u-lar	suf'-fi-cient	tap'-est-ry	val'-u-ed

THE STORY OF PRINCE AHMED AND THE FAIRY PARIBANOU. PART III.—Pp. 153 to 157.

ac'-ci-dent	ac-count'	ad'-mir-a-ble	a-mends'
be-zes'-tein	cap'-it-al	car-a-van'	coun'-cil
ea'-ger	fa-tigue'	hu'-mour	i'-vo-ry
nec'-ess-ar-ies	o-bli'-ging	o-pin'-ion	per-spec'-tive
per-sua'-ded	pres'-ent-ly	prop'-er-ty	pur'-chase
spread'-ing	re'-com-pense	tel'-e-scope	val'-u-a-ble

*THE STORY OF PRINCE AHMED AND THE
FAIRY PARIBANOU. PART IV.—Pp. 158 to 161.*

ap-ply'ed	ar-ti-fi'cial	as-sure'	ben'-e-fit
cir'-cum-stan-ces	com-pre-hend'	con-firm'-ed	de-sir'-ed
dis-eas'-es	ex'-cel-lent	ex-per'-i-ment	fa'-mous
in-val'-u-a-ble	min'-er-als	mor'-tals	pa'-tient
prop'-er-ties	rem'-e-dy	sur-pris'-ing	vir'-tues

*THE STORY OF PRINCE AHMED AND THE
FAIRY PARIBANOU. PART V.—Pp. 161 to 167.*

ac-cord'-ing	at-tend'-ants	be-liev'-ed	car'-pet
cham'-ber	cous'-in	de-clare'	de-liv'-er-ed
ex'-er-cise	her'-mit	just'-ice	mag-ni'-fi-cence
nec'-ess-ar-y	niece	ob-li-ga'-tion	of'-fi-cer
par-tic'-u-lar	per'-sons	pro-nounce'	re-course'
re-cov'-er-y	re-la'-tion	re-proach'	re-spects'
ser'-vice	sit'-u-a-ted	suc-ces'-sion	un-grate'-ful

*THE STORY OF PRINCE AHMED AND THE
FAIRY PARIBANOU. PART VI.—Pp. 167 to 173.*

ad-dress'-ing	a-mends'	a-part'-ment	as-ton'-ish-ment
cap'-i-tal	com'-fort	com'-pli-ment	com-pre-hend'
cu-ri-os'-i-ty	de-scent'	dis-course'	dis-tin'-guish-ed
ear'-nest-ly	en-treat'-y	ex-cel'-led	ge'-nies
in-spires'	mag-ni'-fi-cent	mod'-est	mys'-ter-y
nec'-ess-ar-y	pre-vent'-ed	re-li'-gion	re-past'
spa'-cious	suc-ceed'-ed	thrust'-ing	yield'-ing

*THE STORY OF PRINCE AHMED AND THE
FAIRY PARIBANOU. PART VII.—Pp. 173 to 178.*

ac-cus'-ed	a-dieu'	ad-mir'-ed	am'-ber
con'-cert	de-ci'-ded	del'-i-cate	em-bra'-ced
em'-er-ald	ex-ag-ger-a'-tion	ex'-cel-lence	griev'-ous
hon'-our-ed	im-ag'-in-ed	in'-fin-ite	in'-ter-rupt-ing
mar'-bles	men'-tion	neg-lect'	pearls
qual'-i-ty	ru'-bies	scon'-ces	wrought

*THE STORY OF PRINCE AHMED AND THE
FAIRY PARIBANOU. PART VIII.—Pp. 178 to 182.*

a-bu'-sive	ac-cord'-ing	ac-quit'	at-tend'-ants
ca'-pa-ble	con'-duct	crag'-gy	de-sign'
dis-gust'-ed	en-cour'-age	fe'-male	for-bore'
im-pres'-sive	jeal'-ous	jour'-ney	ma-gi'-cian
ob-serv'-ed	op-por-tu'-ni-ty	pres'-ence	pro-ceed'
sat'-is-fi-ed	val'-ue	vis'-it	viz'-i-er

THE STORY OF PRINCE AHMED AND THE
FAIRY PARIBANOU. PART IX.—Pp. 182 to 188.

a-light'ing	as-sist'-ance	com-plain'ing	con-cern'-ed
con-di'tion	con-vey'	cor-res-pond'	cush'-ion
de-vis'-ed	in'-ju-ry	li'-quor	maj'-es-ty
o-bey'-ed	pit'-i-ful	pre-tend'-ed	pur-sue'
rem'-e-dy	so'-fa	vi'-o-lent	whis'-per-ing

THE STORY OF PRINCE AHMED AND THE
FAIRY PARIBANOU. PART X.—Pp. 188 to 194.

ad-vis'-ed	cam'-els	con-cern'-ed	coun'-cil
dan'-ger	de-ter'-min-ed	dis-pos-i'tion	dis-turb'
ear'-nest	ex-trem'-i-ty	gov'-ern-ment	nat'-ur-al
oc-ca'-sion	palm	pa-vil'-ion	pro-cure'
pres'-ent-ly	re-pli'-ed	re-quest'	treas'-ur-er

THE STORY OF PRINCE AHMED AND THE
FAIRY PARIBANOU. PART XI.—Pp. 194 to 199.

ad-vice'	ap-proach'-ed	clews	com-plete'
com'-pli-ment	dan'-ger-ous	de-fence'	ex-ped-i'tion
ex-press'-ed	jeal'-ous	mut'-ton	pro-vi'-ded
quar'-ters	re-la'-tion	sa'-bre	ser'-vice
sev'-er-al	sheath	tap'-est-ry	val'-u-a-ble

THE STORY OF PRINCE AHMED AND THE
FAIRY PARIBANOU. PART XII.—Pp. 200 to 204.

af-fright'	chaf'-ing	chill'-ed	court'-iers
de-scri'-bed	ear'-nest	ex-cus'-ed	ex-ped-i'tion
gren-a-dier'	im-poss'-i-ble	in'-ter-est	met'-al
mous-tache'	o-be'-di-ence	of-fence'	per'-fume
per-sist'-ed	re-spect'-ed	vic-tor'-i-ous	vi'-o-lent

THE STORY OF PRINCE AHMED AND THE
FAIRY PARIBANOU. PART XIII.—Pp. 205 to 208.

ack-nov'-ledge	ad-mit'-tance	ad-van'-ced	af-fair'
as-sur'-ing	au'-di-ence	cap'-it-al	con-spir'-a-cy
coun'-sel	es-ca'-ped	fa'-vour-ite	feign
fi-del'-i-ty	fierce'-ly	grand'-eur	im-ag'-in-a-ble
im-me'-di-ate-ly	prov'-ince	re-cep'-tion	re-pre-sent'-ing
re-treat'	sub-mis'-sion	un-civ'-il	ush'-er

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