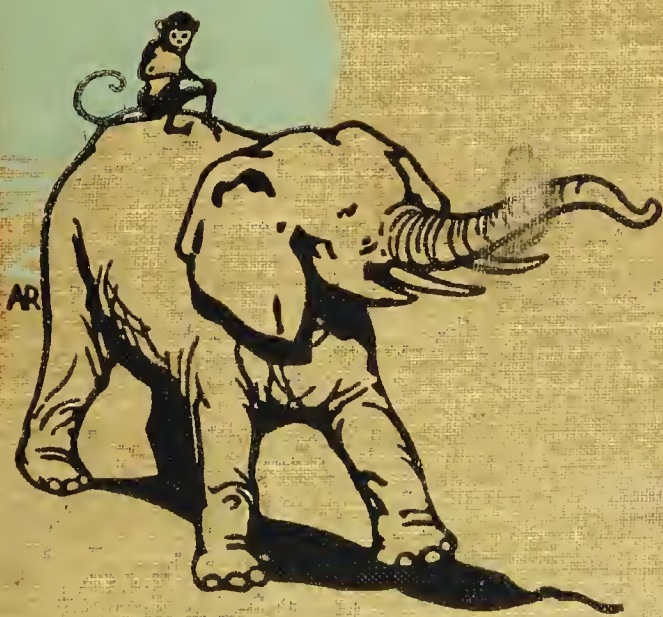
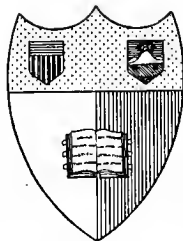


ALDINE SUPPLEMENTARY READERS

FABLES *from*
AFAR



CATHERINE T. BRYCE



New York
State College of Agriculture
At Cornell University
Ithaca, N. Y.

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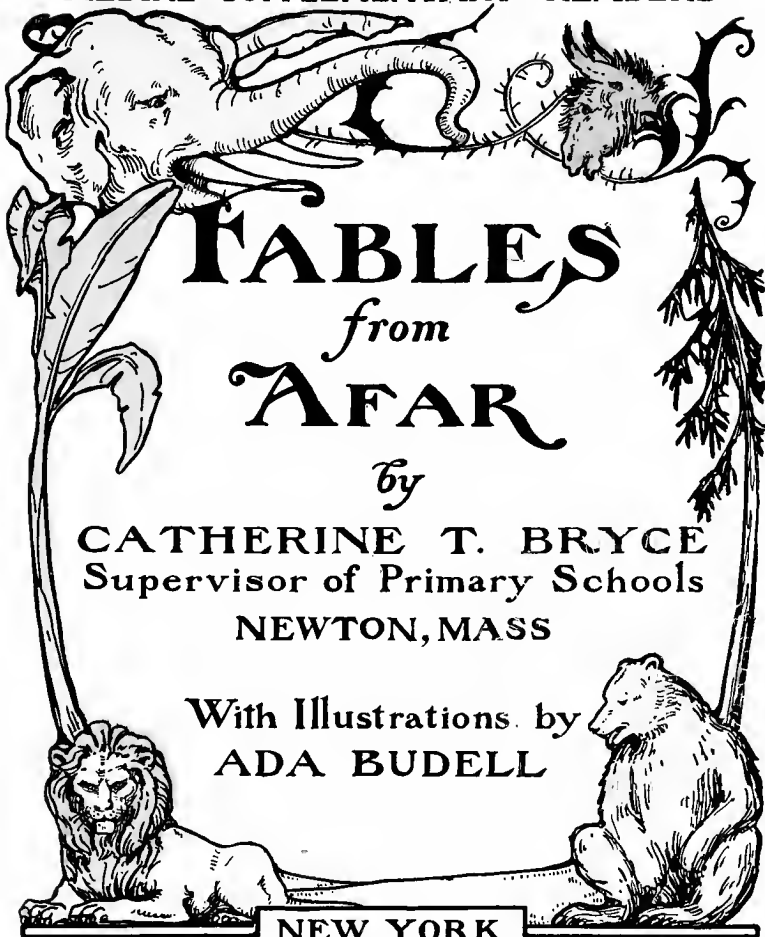
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ALDINE SUPPLEMENTARY READERS



FABLES
from
A FAR

by

CATHERINE T. BRYCE
Supervisor of Primary Schools
NEWTON, MASS

With Illustrations by
ADA BUDELL

NEW YORK

ADA BUDELL

NEWSON & COMPANY, PUBLISHERS

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TO
THE BOYS AND GIRLS
OF
HERE AND NOW

MOST of the fables in this little book are very old—older than the well-known Æsop's fables. For hundreds and hundreds of years the children in far-off lands have listened to them with pleasure.

It is in the hope that you will enjoy them as much as the children of long ago in India, China, Japan, and the Isles of the Sea that this little collection of the old, old stories has been made.

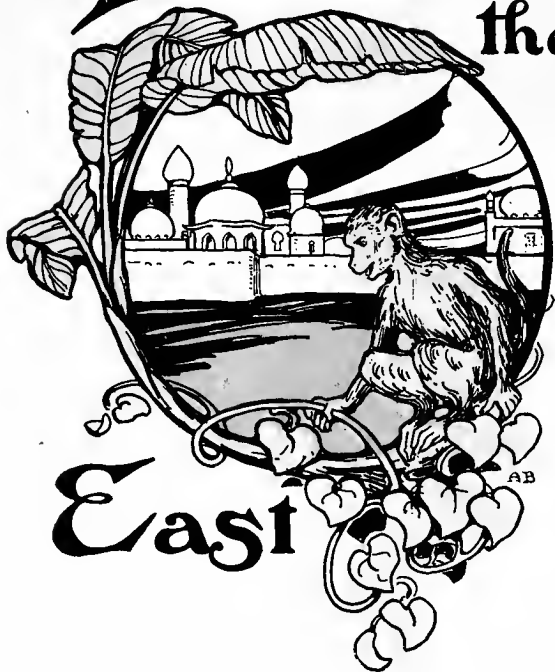
CONTENTS

	PAGE
TALES FROM THE EAST	1
The Elephant and the Ape	3
A Dumb Witness	9
The Rich Man's Guest	14
The Parrot	19
The Elephant and the Rats	24
The Raven	28
The Elves and the Envious Man	29
The Farmer and the Humming Bird	36
The Prince and the Rat	39
The Old Woman and the Crowbar	41
The Two Monkeys	45
The Monkeys and the Moon	46
TALES FROM THE WEST	51
What was It?	53
The Camel	56
The Cobbler's Song	57
The Man and the Satyr	66
The Eagle and the Crow	69
The Swallow and the Other Birds	71
The Bow	75
The Lion and the Gnat	79
The Bees	81

	PAGE
The Oak and the Vine	82
The Nightingale and the Peacock	83
The Crow and the Dove	85
The Fox, the Raven, and the Dove—Part I	86
The Fox, the Raven, and the Dove—Part II	89
The Fox, the Raven, and the Dove—Part III	93
The Fowls and the Bees	97
The Mice and the Trap	101
The Crows and the Windmill	102
The Elephant	107
TALES FROM THE NORTH	111
The Fox and the Goose	113
The Ant and the Glowworm	115
The Sun and the Little Plant	117
The Pansy	121
The Man and the Rain	125
The Bee and the Beetle	127
The Rain Cloud	128
Little Lights	130
The Two Lizards	134
The Glowworm and the Diamond	136
The Dewdrop	138
The Monkey and the Camel	139
TALES FROM THE SOUTH	143
The Rabbits and the Dogs	145
The Wise Snake	148
The Wallflower and the Thyme	150
The Squirrel and the Leopard	151
The Mimic and the Countryman	156
The Cat and the Hen	160

	PAGE
Perseverance	162
The Horse and the Stag	171
The Little Mouse's Mistake	173
The Cock and the Diamond	178
The Snake and the Hedgehog	180
The Travelers and the Bear	182
The Hedge and the Vineyard	187
The Donkey, the Cock, and the Lion	189
The Wild Boar and the Fox	191

Tales from
the



East





THE ELEPHANT AND THE APE

An elephant named Grand Tusk had for his friend an ape named Nimble.

One day Grand Tusk said proudly: "Behold me! See how big and strong I am!"

Nimble answered: "Behold me! See how quick and clever I am!"

"It is better to be big and strong than quick and clever," said Grand Tusk.

“Not so,” answered Nimble. “It is better to be quick and clever than big and strong.”

So they began to quarrel.

“Do not let us quarrel,” said Nimble. “Let us go to Dark Sage and ask him to settle the matter.”

“Agreed!” said Grand Tusk, and off they ran.

Now, Dark Sage was a wise old owl who lived in the darkest corner of an old tower.

Dark Sage listened to all Grand Tusk and Nimble had to say; then he said: “You must do just as I bid. Then I shall tell you which is better.”

“Agreed!” said Grand Tusk.

“Agreed!” said Nimble.

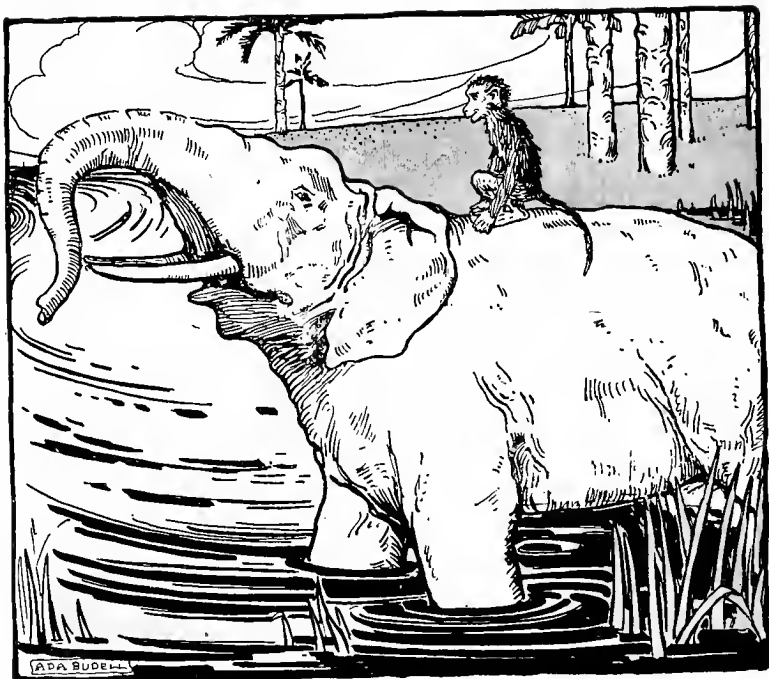
“Then,” said Dark Sage, “cross yonder river and bring me the mangoes that grow on the great tree beyond.”

Off went Grand Tusk and Nimble; but when they came to the stream, which was very wide and deep, Nimble was afraid.

“Oh, I never can cross that river!” he cried. “Let us go back.”

But Grand Tusk laughed and said: “Didn’t I tell you it is better to be big and strong than to be quick and clever? I can easily swim across the river.”

So he took Nimble up with his



trunk and put him on his broad back, and swam across in a short time.

Soon they came to the mango tree. It was very tall. Grand Tusk could

not even touch the mangoes with his long trunk; nor could he break down the tree to gather the fruit.

“I can’t get the mangoes,” he said. “The tree is too high. We shall have to go back without any.”

Then Nimble laughed and said: “Didn’t I tell you it is better to be quick and clever than big and strong? I can easily climb this tree.”

Up the tree sprang Nimble and soon threw down a whole basketful of ripe mangoes. Grand Tusk picked them up, and the two friends crossed the river as before.

When they came again to Dark

Sage, Grand Tusk said, "Here are your mangoes. Now tell us which is better — to be big and strong or to be quick and clever?"

Dark Sage answered, "I should think you would know that yourself. You crossed the river, and Nimble gathered the fruit. Sometimes it is better to be big and strong, and sometimes it is better to be quick and clever. Each thing in its place is best."

"That is true," answered Grand Tusk.

"Just so," said Nimble.

Then away they went, and from

that day were better friends than ever before.

A DUMB WITNESS

One day a poor man tied his horse at the noon hour to a tree, and sat down to eat his midday meal.

A rich man came along and started to tie his horse to the same tree.

“Do not fasten your horse to that tree,” cried the poor man. “My horse is very savage. He will kill yours. Fasten him to another tree.”

The rich man answered proudly, “I shall tie my horse where I wish.”

So he fastened his horse to the

same tree to which the poor man's horse was tied, and sat down to eat his dinner.

Suddenly the men heard a great noise, and looked up. Their horses were fighting. The two men rushed up to stop them, but it was too late. The rich man's horse was dead.

“See what your horse has done!” he cried to the poor man in great anger. “But you shall pay for it! You shall pay for it!”

So saying, he dragged the poor man before the judge.

“O wise judge!” he cried. “This man's savage horse has killed my

horse — my beautiful, kind, gentle horse! Make him pay for it or send him to prison, I beg of you.”

The judge turned to the poor man, “Did your horse kill this man’s horse?” he asked.

But the poor man said not one word.

“Can’t you talk?” asked the judge.

The poor man answered never a word.

The judge asked the poor man many questions, but he still kept his lips closed and answered nothing.

At last the judge said to the rich man: “What can I do? This poor

man is dumb. He cannot speak a word.”

“Oh, sir,” cried the rich man, “he can talk as well as you or I. He spoke to me on the road.”

“Are you sure?” asked the judge. “What did he say?”

“Indeed, I am sure. He said quite plainly: ‘Do not fasten **your** horse to that tree. My horse is **very** savage. He will kill yours. Fasten him to another tree.’”

“Ah,” said the judge, “now I see. If he warned you, he need not pay for your horse. You only are to blame. You should have heeded his warning.”

Then the judge turned to the poor man. "Why did you not answer my questions?" he asked.

"Can you not see, O wise judge?" answered the poor man. "If I had told you that I warned him not to tie his horse near mine, he would have denied it. Then you would not know which of us was telling the truth. I knew, O wise one, that if I let him tell the story alone, you would soon learn the truth."

The poor man's words pleased the judge, and he sent the rich man away without a penny. But he praised the poor man for his wisdom.



THE RICH MAN'S GUEST

Many years ago there lived in a country far from here a very wise king. One day while he was out riding, he passed a beautiful house.

“Who lives in that house?” he asked.

“O king,” answered the servant, “the richest man in the country lives there. He gives the most wonderful feasts every day to his rich friends.”

“And what does he do for the poor?” asked the king.

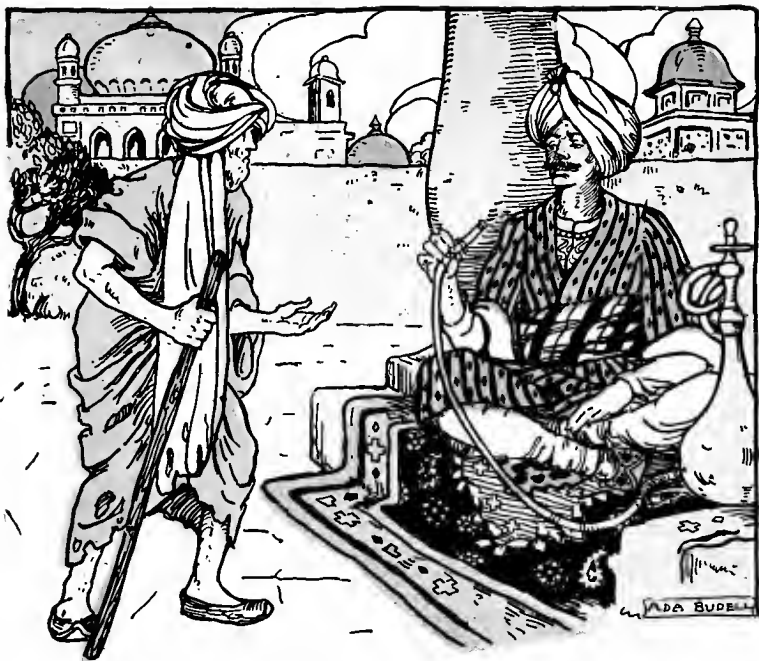
“Nothing,” answered the servant.

The next day the king dressed himself in old ragged clothes and went to the house of the rich man.

The rich man sat before his door.

“O great one,” said the king, bowing low, “pray give me a little food and let me rest in your beautiful home. I am hungry and tired.”

“Get away from here,” said the rich man in a loud, angry voice. “Get away, or I will call my servants to beat you. I will have no beggars around my house.”



The king turned sadly away.

The next day he again dressed in the old ragged clothes. But he covered them with a handsome cloak of

silk trimmed with gold and jewels. Then he went once more to the home of the rich man.

As before, the rich man sat before his door. But as soon as he saw the stranger in the rich cloak, he sprang to his feet and came to meet him.

Taking the stranger by the hand, he led him into the house and soon had a wonderful feast spread before him:

“Eat, my friend,” he said. “It is a great pleasure to have such a man as you enter my home.”

The king took up some of the rich food and broke it into small pieces.

But instead of eating any of them, he put them into the folds of his rich cloak.

“Why do you not eat the food?” asked the rich man. “Why do you put it in your cloak?”

“Because it is my cloak you are feeding, and not me,” answered the king. “Yesterday I came to you dressed like a poor man and you drove me away. To-day, because I have on this fine cloak, you make a feast for me. But I am the same to-day as yesterday — still your king.”

As he said this, the king rose, and, throwing back the rich cloak, stood dressed in the old ragged clothes.

“Forgive me! forgive me, O King!” cried the rich man. “I have been proud and selfish. But from this day no poor man shall be driven from my door. You have taught me that a man is more than his clothes.”

THE PARROT

A man once owned a fine green parrot. He taught the bird to say, “No doubt about it.”

One night the man buried some money in different places in the village. Next morning he went through the village with his bird, saying: “My

parrot is wise. He will show me where to dig for money.”

Whenever he came to a place where he had buried some money, he said, “O wise parrot, if I dig here, shall I find any gold?”

The parrot always looked very wise and said, “No doubt about it.”

Then the man would dig up the money and show it to the people who stood around.

A young man, who had watched the parrot and his owner for some time, thought, “If I had that parrot, I should soon be rich.”

So he said to the owner of the par-

rot, "For how much will you sell your parrot?"

"For one thousand pieces of gold!"

"That is a great deal of money!" cried the young man.

"But my parrot is worth it; are you not, O wise one?" said the man.

"No doubt about it," answered the parrot.

This answer pleased the young man so much that he paid the one thousand pieces of gold and walked off with the parrot.

He at once took the parrot out to look for money. Many times he asked him, "If I dig here, shall I find some gold?"

Every time the parrot answered, "No doubt about it."

But though he dug and dug, he never found a single gold piece.

At last he felt sure that the bird's



owner had cheated him. "O wise bird," he said, "I think I was a fool to give a thousand pieces of gold for you."

The parrot looked very wise and answered, "No doubt about it."

The parrot looked so funny as he said this that the young man laughed and laughed.

"Well," he said at last, "you told the truth that time, O wise one. After this I shall work. That is the only way to gain riches."

"No doubt about it," agreed the parrot, and for the second time he told the truth.

THE ELEPHANT AND THE RATS

In a country across the sea the people raise large crops of rice and sugar cane. Now it happened that once at the time of the year when the crops were ripe, a great many elephants and hundreds of rats came from the mountains and the jungle. The elephants ate most of the sugar cane and trampled down the rest. The rats destroyed the rice crop.

While they were feasting, the rain fell and the river was flooded. So when the elephants and rats reached the river on their way back to the mountains and the jungle, they found it flowing broad and fast and deep.

The elephants waded in but the little rats could not cross over.

“O elephants,” they cried, “if you will carry us across the big river, we will help you when you are in trouble.”

But the elephants laughed and said: “Help us, indeed! How can poor, weak little rats help us, who are the kings of the jungle!”

And without another word they passed over—all but one. This elephant was sorry for the rats.

“Climb on my back, little brothers,” he said, “and I will carry you over.”

The rats scrambled up on his back,

and the friendly elephant soon landed them on the other side of the river.

Before scurrying to their homes, the rats cried: "You will see that we are grateful. Some day we will help you, our good friend."

Not long after this, the people who owned the sugar cane and the rice made up their minds to catch the elephants who had destroyed their crops. They dug deep pits and covered them with grass.

The next time the elephants went to steal the sugar cane, they fell into these pits and could not get out. They bel- lowed for help.

The rats heard them and came rush-

ing to the place. From pit to pit hurried the rats, looking into each. At last they found the friendly elephant, caught like his brothers.

“Now,” said they, “we will show you how we can help you.”

At once they set to work and pushed the dirt back into the pit. As they threw it in, the elephant trampled it under his great hoofs. Soon the pit was so well filled that the elephant stepped out and got away just as the hunters came up.

When the friendly elephant found himself safe in the jungle, he said, “It always pays to be kind.”

While the rats said as they scurried to their homes, "One good turn deserves another."

THE RAVEN

One evening, as some cattle were going home from the meadow, a raven rode on the horns of one of them.

As they entered the farmyard, he called out to the farmer: "Come and take care of your cattle. My work is over for to-day."

"What was your work?" asked the farmer.

"Don't you know?" cried the raven. "I have watched your cattle all day

long, and have now brought them home safe in the evening.”

“Do you mean to say you have done all this work for me?” asked the farmer.

“To be sure I have,” said the raven. Then off he flew.

“Well,” said the farmer, as he watched the bird fly out of sight, “how many there are that take credit for things that they have never done!”

THE ELVES AND THE ENVIOUS MAN

Long, long ago, there lived in a land far away a poor cobbler who had a large hump on his back. One day he went to town to sell some boots. The way

home was long, and the poor man was tired. As he entered a forest, he was overtaken by the darkness.

“There is no use in trying to go on,” he said. “I would only run into the trees and hurt myself. There is a big hollow tree somewhere near here. I will creep into it and sleep there all night. In the morning I will hurry home.”

The cobbler soon found the tree, crept into the hollow, and fell fast asleep.

About midnight he was awakened by a noise. He peeped out of his hollow. The moon was shining brightly, and to his great surprise he saw many



little elves dancing in the moonlight.

At first the man was afraid and lay very still. But as he watched the queer little folk, he saw that they all looked happy and kind; so he crawled out of his hollow and joined them.

The elves were glad to see him, and soon he found himself having a jolly good time. He danced with the elves, told them stories, and sang to them.

At last the king of the elves said: "It is nearly time for us to say good-by, for you know we must go as soon as we hear the first cock crow. Before we go, I want to tell you how much we all like you. You are such a jolly good fellow that we want you to come and visit us again."

Quickly the elf king snatched the hump from the man's back, saying: "I will keep this to make sure that you will come back. Visit us again when

the moon is full, and I will give you back your beautiful hump.”

The elf king did this, because he thought the hump was something to be proud of and that the man would be sorry to lose it.

Before the cobbler could answer, they heard the first cock crow, and at once the elves vanished.

You may be sure the poor cobbler lost no time in hurrying home. How glad he was to be rid of his hump, and how tall and straight he walked!

When his neighbors saw him coming, they rushed to meet him. He told them his wonderful story, and they were all

glad for him — all but the tailor. This man envied his good luck.

The very next time that the moon was full, the envious man went to the hollow tree. As he crawled into it, he said to himself: “I shall sing and dance and tell stories to the elves. Then, when I see that they are pleased, I shall ask for gold — much gold.”

At midnight, when the moon was at its brightest, the elves appeared. Out from the hollow tree stepped the tailor. The elves made him welcome, for they thought he was their friend, the cobbler, come back.

The tailor danced with the elves,

sang songs, and told them stories, and they all had a jolly time.

Just before cockcrow, the king called the tailor to him.

“Now is my chance,” thought the tailor; “I will soon be a very rich man.”

“You are a good fellow,” said the elf king, “and you have kept your promise to me, so I will keep my promise to you. Here is your hump.”

So saying, he stuck the cobbler’s hump on the tailor’s back, and before the tailor could say a word, the cock crowed and the elves vanished.

Thus was the tailor punished for envying his good neighbor.



THE FARMER AND THE HUMMING BIRD

One day a farmer caught a humming bird. He was just going to eat it, when the bird said: "Oh, man, why should you eat me? I am so small—no larger than your thumb! Why, I wouldn't make a mouthful for you! What kind of a meal would that be for a great man like you? Please let me go."

“Let you go!” said the man, “no, indeed! I know that you are little, but your meat will be the sweeter; and you know little is better than none.”

“Will you let me go if I promise to bring you a pearl as large as the egg of an ostrich and worth piles and piles of money?”

“Go, go quickly!” cried the man, setting the bird free. “Hurry and bring that great pearl to me.”

The humming bird flew to a high tree and sat smoothing her bright plumage.

“Where are you?” cried the farmer. “Oh, I see you. Why don’t you go at

once and bring me the great pearl you promised me?"

"I did not promise you a pearl," answered the humming bird. "I asked you if you would let me go if I did promise you one. You did not wait for any promise. You were in such a hurry to get the pearl. How silly you are! Do you ever think? Look at me! Do you think for one moment that a bird as small as I could carry a pearl as large as an ostrich egg?"

The farmer hung his head. He was ashamed to think how easily he had been fooled.

"Cheer up," said the bird, "I have

taught you a lesson worth more than a hundred pearls. Always think before you act.”

THE PRINCE AND THE RAT

One night a prince was awakened by a noise in his room. He listened. It was the gnawing of a rat.

The prince tapped on his couch. The gnawing stopped for a short time and began again.

The prince then called his servant and told him to make a light and look for the rat. Soon they found an old sack in a corner of the room. The noise seemed to come from inside it.

“Ah!” said the prince, “the rat has got shut in there and cannot get out. Open the sack.”

The servant opened the sack, but could see nothing. Then he let the light shine into it, and there in the bottom lay a dead rat.

“Oh!” cried the servant, “can the rat that just now gnawed have died so suddenly!”

As he said this, he turned the rat out of the sack on to the floor. When, spring! dash! the rat was up and off at full speed.

The servant stood looking after it, too surprised to move, but the prince

laughed and said,—

“Do you not remember the old saying,—‘Never call an enemy dead till you see him buried’?”

THE OLD WOMAN AND THE CROWBAR

Once in a land far from here and in a time far from now, there lived a little boy who hated to go to school.

“But you must go to school,” said his parents. “Do you want to grow up without any wisdom?”

“But I learn so slowly!” he said, as he dragged along on the road to school.

Passing a house on his way, he saw



an old woman standing before her door. She held a great crowbar of iron in one hand. This she kept

rubbing and rubbing and rubbing with a small file.

Like all small boys, this boy liked to ask questions. So he stopped and said, "Good mother, why are you rubbing that crowbar with the file?"

"I have lost one of my knitting needles," answered the old woman, "and I am making another."

"But," cried the boy, "how long do you think it will take you?"

"That I do not know. I only know that I need a knitting needle and am going to make one," replied the old woman.

The boy walked on, thinking deeply.

At last he threw up his head and walked straight to school.

“Learning isn’t as slow as making a knitting needle out of a crowbar with a file. I do not know how long it will take me to get wisdom; I only know that I need all the learning I can get, and I’m going to work hard,” he said, as he entered the door of the schoolhouse.

And he did work hard, and grew in time to be the greatest man in all the land. The old woman with the crowbar had taught him a lesson that he never forgot, and that he taught to thousands of his countrymen.

THE TWO MONKEYS

Two monkeys were wandering near a village one day, when they found a tree covered with ripe fruit.

“See this tree!” cried one of the monkeys. “How good this fruit looks! Let us gather some at once and eat it.”

“No, no,” answered the other, who was a very wise monkey. “Just think for a moment. This tree grows near the village. The fruit is ripe. If it were good fruit, it would have been gathered. But, as you see, no one has touched it. Let us leave it. I am sure the fruit is not fit for food.”

“What nonsense!” said the other.

“I am sure the fruit is good, and I am going to eat some at once.”

“As you please,” answered the wise old monkey, “but I will look somewhere else for my supper.”

The foolish monkey gathered the fruit and ate all he wanted. But it was his last meal. The fruit was poison. Next day when the wise monkey returned to the fruit tree near the village, he found his foolish friend dead.

THE MONKEYS AND THE MOON

One night a little monkey went to a well to get a drink. As he bent

over, he saw the moon shining on the water. In great fear he ran to the other monkeys.

“My friends,” he cried, “the moon has fallen into the water!”



“Where? where?” asked the others.

“Come with me and I will show you,” said the little monkey.

He led them to the well, and they crowded around and looked down.

“Yes, there she is!” they cried. “We have lost our beautiful moon! How dark and dreary the night will be without her! What shall we do? What shall we do?”

“Listen to me,” said an old monkey. “There is only one thing to do. We must draw the moon out of the well.”

“Yes! yes! yes!” shouted the others. “We will. Only tell us how.”

“See that branch growing over the

well? We will make a chain from it and draw the moon out in a minute.”

“Good! good!” cried all the others. “Let us do it at once.”

Soon a chain of monkeys was swinging from the branch, down over the well. But, alas! Just as the little monkey at the end of the chain nearest the water was about to reach out and grasp the moon, a dreadful thing happened. The branch broke, and all the foolish monkeys fell into the well and were drowned. But the moon went on sailing through the sky.

Tales from the



West





WHAT WAS IT?

One day some men saw something moving on the water.

“Look! look!” they cried in fear. “It is a ship of war! It is coming to shore! Soon we shall all be killed!”

One old man stood still and said nothing.

The “something” came nearer.

“No, it is not a ship of war,” cried one of the men. “It is a fire ship.

When it comes to shore, it will set fire to our houses.”

“But we can run away. So it is not so bad as a ship of war,” said another.

The old man stood still and said nothing.

The “something” came nearer.

“It is a boat,” cried a man. “It has floated loose from some ship. I hope it will come to shore. If it does, it is mine, for I saw it first.”

“No, it is mine!” “It is mine!” “It is mine!” cried all the others.

The old man stood still and said nothing.

The "something" came nearer.

"It is not a boat," said one of the men. "It is a large bale."

"There may be fine silks in it," said another.

"I saw it first," shouted the man who had spoken before, "so it is mine."

"We'll see about that!" answered the other men. "I think we'll all have a share of the good things it holds."

The old man stood still and said nothing.

The "something" came close to the shore.

Then the old man spoke.

"Look, my friends," said he. "It

is neither a ship of war, a fire ship, a boat, nor a bale. It is nothing but some sticks of wood floating on the water.”

The men turned and walked slowly away. But the old man drew the sticks up on the beach and took them home for firewood.

THE CAMEL

The first man that ever saw a camel was frightened and ran away.

The second man ran a little way, then stood and looked at it.

The third man crept close up to it and looked it over carefully.

The fourth man put a halter on it and made it his servant.

THE COBBLER'S SONG

A poor cobbler lived in the basement of a large house in Paris. He had to work from early morning until late night to make enough money to keep himself and his wife and children. But he was happy in his little dark room, and sang all day as he mended the old shoes.

On the floor above him lived a very rich man. His rooms were large and sunny. He wore fine clothes, and had plenty of good things to eat. Still he

was never happy. All night long he lay awake thinking about his money—how to make more, or fearing lest it be stolen. Often the sun was shining in at his windows before he fell asleep.

Now as soon as it grew light enough to see, the poor cobbler always got up and went to work. And as he hammered, he sang. His song floated up to the rooms of the rich man and woke him.

“This is dreadful!” said the rich man. “I cannot sleep at night for thinking of my money, and I cannot sleep in the daytime because of the singing of that silly cobbler. If he had something to

worry about, he would not sing so much. I must think of a plan to stop him."

So the rich man sat down and thought the matter over.

"Let me see," he said to himself; "what worries men most?"

"Why, money, to be sure! Some men worry because they have so little. The cobbler has little enough, to be sure; still, that does not worry him. He is the happiest man I know.

"Other men worry because they have too much money. That is my trouble. I wonder if it would worry the cobbler if he had too much. That's the idea! Now, I know what I shall do!"



A few minutes later the rich man entered the cobbler's poor home.

“What can I do for you?” asked the cobbler, wondering that so fine a man

should enter his little shop.

“Here, I have brought you a present,” said the rich man; and he gave the poor man a purse.

The cobbler opened it and saw it was full of shining gold pieces.

“I cannot take all this money!” cried he. “I have not earned it. Take it back.”

“No,” answered the rich man, “you have earned it by your songs. I give it to you because you are the happiest man I know.”

Then without waiting for any thanks, the rich man left the shop.

The cobbler turned the gold pieces out on his table and began to count

them. He had counted to fifty-two, when he looked up and saw a man passing by the window. He quickly hid the gold in his apron and went into the bedroom to count it where no one could see him. He piled the coins up on the bed. How golden they were! How bright! He had never seen so much money before. He looked and looked at the money until everything in the room seemed golden and bright. Then he counted it slowly.

“One hundred pieces of gold! How rich I am! Where shall I hide it for safe keeping?”

First he hid it under the covers at

the foot of the bed where he could see it from his workbench. Then he sat down and looked towards it.

“It makes quite a lump under the covers,” he said; “perhaps some one else will see it and steal it. I think I will hide it under the pillow.”

While he was putting it under the pillow, his wife came into the room.

“What is the matter with the bed?” she asked.

The angry cobbler glared at her, and drove her from the room with angry words—the first cross words he had ever spoken to her.

Dinner time came, but he could not

eat a mouthful. He was so afraid somebody would steal his treasure while he was at the table. By supper time he felt worse. Not a note did he sing all day long. Not a kind word did he speak to his wife. He went to bed half sick with worry and fear. All night long he tossed on his pillow. He dared not go to sleep lest he should wake to find his gold gone.

So day after day passed, and the cobbler grew more and more unhappy. He worried about his money all day and all night. He was afraid to trust his wife. He was afraid to trust his children. He no longer sang at his work, and spoke

nothing but cross, angry words. His heart seemed as hard as the yellow gold.

But upstairs the rich man was happy. "That was a good plan," he said to himself. "Now I can sleep all day without being wakened by the cobbler's song."

For a month the cobbler worried over the hundred gold pieces. He grew thin and pale, and his wife and children were most unhappy. At last he could bear the worry no longer, so he called his wife and told her the whole story.

"Dear husband," she said, "take back the gold. All the gold in the world

is not worth as much to me as one of your old glad songs.”

How happy the cobbler felt just to hear her say this! He picked up the purse and ran upstairs to the rich man's room. Throwing the gold on the table, he cried: “Here is your money. Take it back. I can live without your money, but I cannot live without my song.”

THE MAN AND THE SATYR

One winter's night a man was lost in a large forest. He stumbled on in the darkness, cold and tired, trying to find his way out.

At last he saw a light. He went

towards it, hoping to find a woodman's hut.

As he drew near he saw that the light came from a cave. The man entered and found that it was the home of a satyr.

“I am cold and tired and lost,” said the man. “May I spend the night in your cave?”

“Come in and sit down by the fire,” answered the satyr.

The man did so, and as his fingers were stiff with cold, he began to blow upon them with his warm breath.

“Why do you blow on your fingers?” asked the satyr.

“Because they are cold,” answered the man.

“Will that make them warm?” said the satyr.

“Certainly,” answered the man.

The satyr said no more, but soon brought the man a bowl of hot soup. It was so hot the man could not sip it. So he blew upon it.

“Is the soup not hot enough?” asked the satyr.

“Yes,” answered the man, “it is too hot.”

“Then why do you blow upon it?”

“To cool it,” answered the man.

“Get out of my house at once,”

screamed the satyr. "I will have no one here who blows hot and cold with the same breath."



THE EAGLE AND THE CROW

A crow once saw an eagle carry a little lamb away to her nest.

"That is an easy way to get food,"

thought the crow. "I shall steal a lamb myself."

Down from her tree she flew and pounced upon a lamb. To her surprise she found it was too heavy for her to carry away.

"I must leave it and fly home without any supper," she thought.

But that was easier said than done. For when she tried to fly away, she found that her feet were caught in the lamb's wool.

While she was struggling to get away, the farmer saw her. He caught her and took her home to his children.

“What kind of a bird is this?”
asked the children.

The farmer laughed and said: “A little while ago, she thought she was an eagle. Now, I think, she knows she is nothing but a crow. If she had always kept this in mind, she would now be free.”

THE SWALLOW AND THE OTHER BIRDS

A swallow saw a farmer sowing a field with hemp seed. He at once called all the little birds to him; and

soon they were perched in a tree overlooking the field.

“Do you know what kind of seed that farmer is sowing?” he asked.

“No, but I hope it is something good to eat,” answered a jolly jay.

“Well, it isn’t,” said the swallow. “It is hemp. When it is grown, it will give threads. Men will take these threads and make nets of them. The nets will be used to catch us.

“Let us get to work to-day and pick up all the seeds before they grow; then we will be safe.”

The other birds only laughed at him. “Oh, swallow!” one cried, “you are

becoming as great a croaker as the raven. I don't believe one word of your story."

"Nor do I," said another. "And even if nets are made and spread before us, must we be caught in them? Have we not eyes? Have we not sense? Don't worry; we know enough to keep out of nets." And away the birds flew.

A little later, when the hemp first appeared above the ground, the swallow again urged the birds to pull it up. But again they only laughed at him.

"Then," said the swallow, "I shall leave you."

So the swallow flew into the city and built his nest under the eaves of a barn and was safe.

One day as he was flying along a street, he saw a farmer driving his wagon to the market place. It was the same farmer the swallow had seen sowing the hemp. The wagon was loaded with cages, and in the cages he saw some of the very birds he had warned.

“Unhappy birds!” he cried. “Now that it is too late, you know that I told you the truth.”

THE BOW

A hunter was once the owner of a good strong bow. So strong was it that the hunter could shoot farther than any other man. For this reason every one called him the Chief Hunter.

It made the hunter very proud to have all the people praise him. He forgot that much of the credit was due to his good strong bow.

One day he took up his bow to put a new cord in it.

“What a plain, ugly bow it is,” he thought. “The Chief Hunter should have a better bow than this.”

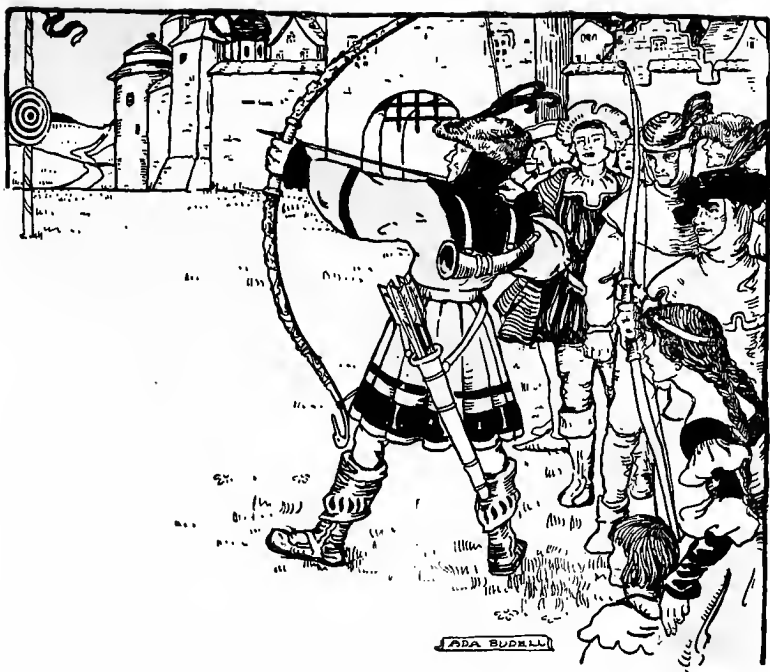
Still he did not want to buy a new

one, for he knew the old bow was strong and sure. So he took it to a wood carver and said:—

“Here, good man, carve my bow. Make it beautiful and fit for the hand of the Chief Hunter.”

When the bow was done, the Chief Hunter was delighted. Deep in the wood were carved fair flowers and pictures of the chase. Every one admired the bow and said, “Now the Chief Hunter will be able to shoot even better than before!”

Soon after the bow was finished, there was a great shooting contest. Hunters from far and near were pres-



ent. One after another stepped up and shot at the mark.

“Good! good!” shouted the people whenever a hunter shot straight and

true; “but wait, only wait till our Chief Hunter tries his beautiful bow, then you will see what fine shooting is!”

Proudly the Chief Hunter stepped forth. Every eye was upon him. He took careful aim at the mark, then bent his bow. Slowly, carefully, with a strong hand, he drew back the arrow. Just as he was about to let it go, there was a sharp “snap!” and the beautiful bow hung in two pieces from the ends of the cord. The deep carving had weakened the good strong bow and made it useless.

“Alas!” cried the man, “why did I

do this thing! I should have prized my good bow for its strength. For after all that is the best thing that a bow can have.”

THE LION AND THE GNAT

A lion and a gnat lived in the same forest. The lion was king over all the animals.

“Why should the lion be our king?” cried the gnat.

“Because he is the strongest,” answered the other animals.

“I don’t know about that,” said the gnat. “If I kill him and prove that

I am stronger, will you make me king?"

All the animals roared and laughed till the forest rang at the thought of the little gnat killing the great lion. But just for fun they promised to make him king if he killed the lion.

The next day the gnat came upon the lion fast asleep under a tree.

"Now is my chance," he thought. So he crept up to the lion and stung him on the ear.

"See, he bleeds!" he cried. "I have killed the mighty lion! Look, he is dead! He moves no more! Now I shall be king!"

Just then the lion rose and stretched himself and walked away. He never knew that the gnat had stung him.

THE BEES

A bee once said to a man, "Is any other animal so good a friend to man as the bee? Think of all the honey we make for him!"

"Yes," answered the man, "the sheep is a better friend than the bee. Man could get along without honey, but he must have wool for his clothes.

"Besides, the sheep gives its wool without hurting man; but when man

takes your honey, he must look out for your sting.”

THE OAK AND THE VINE

An oak tree and a vine grew side by side.

One day the vine said to the oak, “How old are you?”

“More than a hundred years,” answered the oak.

“A hundred years!” cried the vine. “What a slow grower you are! Why, I am not one year old, and I am nearly as tall as you.”

“True,” said the oak, “but while it

has taken me more than a hundred years to grow to my present size, I have seen more than a hundred vines like you grow up, wither and die, while I still live and go on growing.”



THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE PEACOCK

There was once a nightingale who could find no friend among the other singing birds. Some were jealous be-

cause she sang so much better than they. Others would have nothing to do with her because she sang at night instead of in the day, as they always did. So she was very lonely.

Near her home lived a peacock. The peacock was lonely, too. The other feathered folk would have nothing to do with him. Some were jealous of his beautiful feathers. Others said he was proud.

One day the nightingale flew down to visit the peacock.

“Beautiful bird,” she said, “I cannot but admire thee.”

“And I always admired thee, sweet-

est singer," he answered.

"Let us be friends, then," said the nightingale, "for men love you for your great beauty and me for my song."

"Agreed," answered the peacock. And from that day neither was lonely nor sad.

THE CROW AND THE DOVE

Once upon a time a crow and a dove visited a peacock. On the way home the crow said:—

"What do you think of Mr. Peacock? Did you ever meet such a rude person? What an unpleasant voice he has! And did you notice his feet?"

How ugly they are. Now tell me, did you ever know any one so silly and proud?"

"To tell the truth," said the dove, "I did not notice his voice or his feet or his pride. I was busy every minute thinking how beautiful his feathers are, how kingly he carries his head, and how handsome his tail is."

THE FOX THE RAVEN AND THE DOVE

I

A hungry fox once thought of a plan to get a dinner. "I will lie down under this tree and pretend to be

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would have no children left. So she flew to the wise old raven and asked for her help.

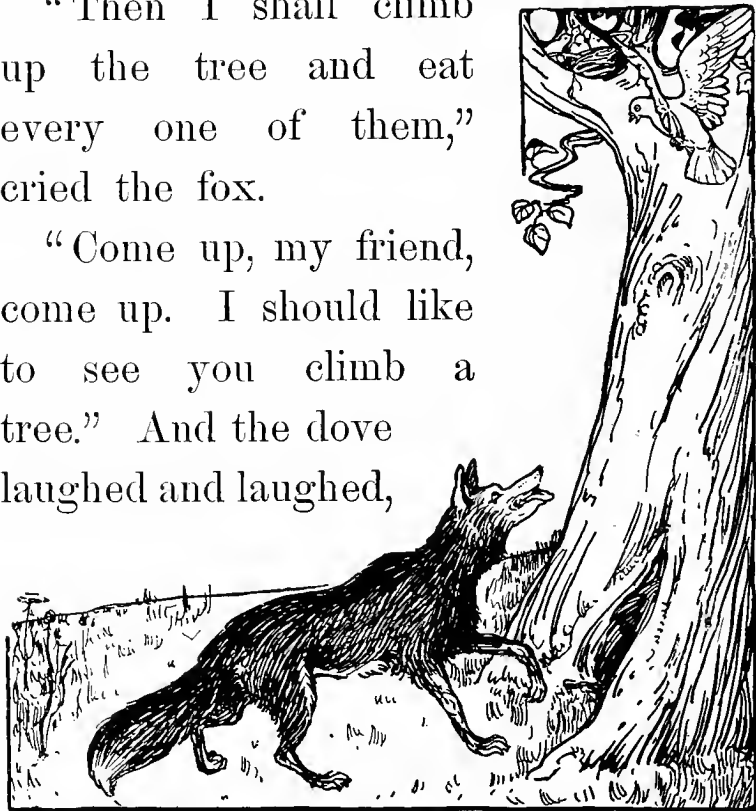
“You silly dove,” said the raven when she had listened to the dove’s story. “You silly, silly bird! Don’t you know that a fox can’t climb a tree? If he could, do you think one little bird would satisfy him? No, indeed! He would have climbed to your nest the first day and eaten every bird. Next time he tells you he is coming up to your nest, just laugh and say, “Come on, my friend.”

Next day the fox again called to the dove to throw him down a little

bird. But the dove answered, "You shall have no more of my babies."

"Then I shall climb up the tree and eat every one of them," cried the fox.

"Come up, my friend, come up. I should like to see you climb a tree." And the dove laughed and laughed,



and all the other birds and the raven laughed with her.

“I told her what a cheat you are,” croaked the raven. “This is the second time I have seen through your tricks.”

Again the old fox had to creep to his home hungry because the old raven was so wise.

“Early or late, rain or shine, I will get even with that old black croaking raven,” he said. “How I hate her!”

III

Now the old raven was very proud because she had outwitted the fox.

“I am the wisest bird in the woods,” she croaked. “No one is so clever as I. Even that sly old fox could not fool me. The rest of you are very foolish.”

So she strutted about and bragged and made fun of the other birds until they all grew tired of hearing her and she hadn't a friend left among the feathered folk.

One day as she sat on a tree, the fox came along.

“Aha, Mr. Fox,” she cried, “what are you up to to-day? You might as well tell me at once, for I am so clever you can't fool me.”

“That is true,” said the sly old fox. “You are the wisest bird I ever knew; and you are so beautiful, Mrs. Raven; and you have such a proud walk. You walk just like a queen.”

The silly raven was so pleased that she flew down to the ground and strutted up and down before the fox.

“There is one question I have always wanted to ask you, Mrs. Raven. What do you do when it is cold and the wind blows?”

“Why, I just tuck my head under my wing,” answered the raven.

“Tuck your head under your wing! How can you, Mrs. Raven? There

seems to be no room under your wing for your head," said Mr. Fox.

"This way, to be sure," said Mrs. Raven, and she tucked her head under her wing.

But these were the last words she ever spoke. Quick as a flash Mr. Fox pounced upon her and ate her up.

As he licked his lips, he said: "Well, I said I would get even with that old raven. But if she had not grown proud and foolish, I never could have caught her. This is the time she did not see through my trick."

THE FOWLS AND THE BEES

Many, many years ago, in a far-away village, the people were very poor. They hardly had enough to eat. So they called a meeting of all the men to see what could be done to help them in their trouble.

Many plans were talked over, but none seemed good, until at last the oldest man in the village rose and spoke:—

“My friends, out in the country around us live many chickens, ducks, geese, pigeons, and bees. Their homes are very poor, and often they die for want of a little care. If we could get

them to live with us, we could have all the eggs and honey we need as well as a plump fowl now and then. Let us ask them to make their homes with us.”

This plan pleased all the men present, and they went at once into the country to visit the chickens, ducks, geese, pigeons, and bees.

The men promised them good homes, nests, hives, food, and care, if in return they would give the people of the village a few eggs and one of their young ones now and then, or some honey in the comb.

The fowls and bees agreed and

moved into the village. For a long time all went well. The people treated them kindly and had all the eggs, honey, and fowl they wanted, and all were happy and contented.

But after a while the old folks who had brought the fowls and bees into the village died. The young people then grew tired of caring for them.

“What a noise those animals make!” they cried. “The cackling of the hens and the crowing of the cocks, the quacking of the ducks and the cooing of the pigeons, drive us wild. Then, too, almost every day somebody is stung by one of those hateful bees.

They are more trouble than they are worth. Let us drive them away.”

So the chickens, the ducks, the geese, the pigeons, and the bees were driven from the village.

Before long the people wished they had them back again. They grew poorer and poorer. At last they knew that the fowls and bees had given a great deal in payment for their homes and care. So men were sent into the country to ask them to come back. But it was too late. The little animals had already found homes in other villages where they were well cared for.

THE MICE AND THE TRAP

A mouse trap was set with a piece of bacon. Two little mice saw the trap and stopped to look at it.

“Oh, just smell that bacon!” cried one. “How good it smells, and how good it looks, and how good it will taste! Let us get it. See, there is a door into the little room in which it hangs. Come, hurry!”

“Wait a moment,” replied the other mouse. “I see that there is only one door into the little room, and so only one door out. If anything happens to close that door after we get in, we are caught. So I say, don’t go in.”

“Pshaw!” cried the second mouse. “What a coward you are! Well, I shall go myself, and trust to luck to show me a way out.”

Into the little room he stepped. “Snap!”

The little door was closed. But “Luck” never showed the little mouse a way out of the trap that he entered so foolishly.

THE CROWS AND THE WINDMILL

There was once a windmill that stood on a little hill. All day it swung its great sails round and round. The farmers brought their corn from all the



country round about, and the ever busy mill ground it for them. Thus it was ever doing good and never harm to any one.

In a wood near by lived a great many crows. They were afraid of the busy mill.

“It is trying to kill some of us,” they said. “That is why it is always swinging its great arms. We must get rid of it in some way.”

So a meeting of all the crows in the wood was called. From far and near they came flying to a great tree near the mill.

When all had arrived, the meeting was opened by the blackest crow in the flock. “My friends,” said he, “you see standing before you our foe, the dreadful windmill. We have met to-day to

see what can be done to stop it. Has any one a plan?"

"Yes," cried a young crow, "I have a plan. Let us all fly to the mill, when it has stopped swinging its arms this evening, and tear it to pieces."

"Good! good! good!" cried all the young crows.

Then a wise old crow stepped out and said, "Does the windmill ever leave its place on the little hill?"

"No," cried all the crows.

"Does it ever chase you?"

Again all the crows called, "No!"

"Then, my friends," said the old crow, "how can the windmill harm you?"

“If we go near it, we shall be killed by its long arms,” cried the other crows.

“Can it kill you if you do not go near?” asked the old crow.

“No,” answered the others.

“Then I must say your fears are very silly. The only thing for you to do is to keep out of its reach,” said the old crow.

“Quite true,” said all the other crows, after a minute’s thought; “quite true!”

Then away they all flew to their nests.

THE ELEPHANT

The lion, king of the beasts, and an elephant were great friends. The other animals thought this very strange.

“How can the lion care to have the elephant for a friend?” said the deer. “His eyes are so small! Not large and soft like mine; nor can he run swiftly. He is not at all beautiful, and he is so clumsy!” As he finished speaking, the deer bounded away among the trees to show the other animals how beautiful and graceful and swift he was.

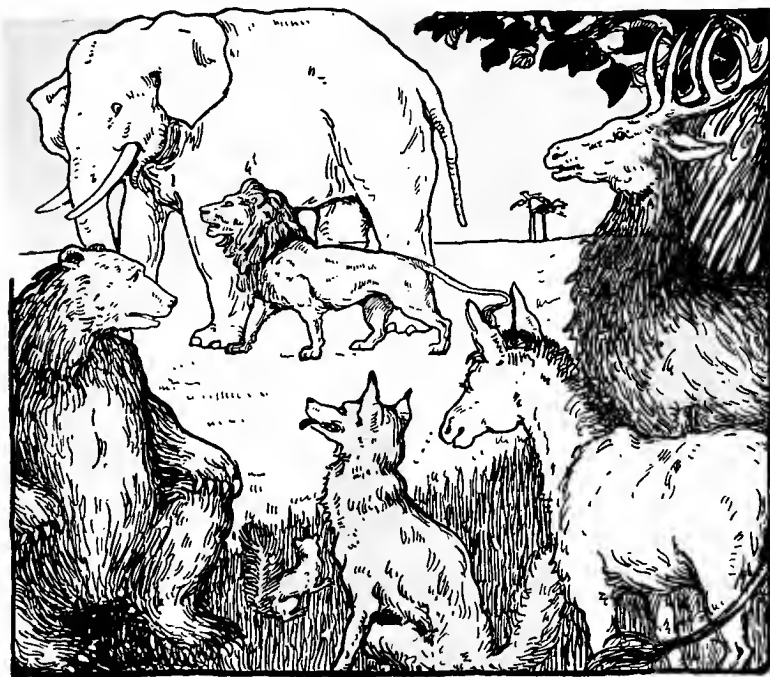
“Yes, and he is so rude,” said a little squirrel, “he crowds and pushes

so! And his manners at table are truly shocking!" So saying, the squirrel cracked a nut and ate it, to show what fine, dainty manners he had.

"If he had a fine, bushy tail, like mine," said the fox, "I could understand why the lion should choose the elephant for a friend. But just look at his tail! Such a tail! It is more like a rope than anything I can think of." And the fox looked proudly at his fine, bushy tail.

"Or if he had beautiful, strong, sharp claws like mine," said the bear, "I could understand why the lion admires him. But he has no claws. For the

life of me, I can't see why the lion cares for him!" Then the bear fell to sharpening his fine, strong claws on a tree trunk.



“Have you seen his great tusks?” asked a cow. “I believe the lion thinks they are horns. Now, of course, every one admires horns, but I should think the lion would choose for a friend an animal whose horns grew up and not down.” So saying, the cow marched off with her horns in the air to show how horns should be worn.

“My friends,” said the donkey, “I know why the lion has chosen the elephant for a friend. It is because he has beautiful long ears, just like mine.” And the donkey walked away to the brook, where he could admire his beautiful ears in the clear water.

Tales from
the



North





THE FOX AND THE GOOSE

One day a fox caught a fine, fat goose asleep near a lake. Holding her fast by a wing, he made off with her.

The poor, frightened goose cackled and hissed in her fear; but the fox only laughed at her.

When he reached a safe place, he put the goose down, holding her fast with a paw.

“Oh, Mr. Fox, pray let me go,” begged the poor goose. “You know I never did you any harm in all my life.”

“Now,” said the fox, “tell me the truth. If I were a goose and you were a fox, and you had caught me as I have caught you, what would you do?”

“Why,” answered the goose, “that is an easy question to answer. I would fold my hands, shut my eyes, say a grace, and then eat you.”

“That is just what I am going to do,” said the fox.

So he shut his eyes, folded his hands, and began to say grace.

But as soon as she felt herself free, the wise old goose spread her wings and flew away. When the fox looked up, he saw her swimming far out on the lake. He was left to lick his lips for supper.

“It serves me right,” he said, as he crawled away to his hole. “I should know better than to take the advice of a goose.”

THE ANT AND THE GLOWWORM

One very dark night a little ant was traveling to her home. Just in front of her crawled a glowworm. “How lucky I am,” thought the ant. “The

light of the glowworm shows me the way so clearly!"

At last she reached her home. "I must thank the glowworm for his light," she thought. So she called out, "Neighbor Glowworm!"

The glowworm turned around. He did not know the ant had been following in his light.

"A blessing, neighbor, on your kindly light!" called the ant. "I thank you for it. Good night."

"What!" cried the glowworm. "Have you been making use of my light? Do you think I shine for such as you? Rather than do that, I'll put

out my light at once.”

So saying, he hid his light.

Just then a traveler passed by. As the glowworm was not shining, he did not see it, and hurrying along he stepped on it and crushed it to death.

THE SUN AND THE LITTLE PLANT

Once upon a time a little plant grew on the edge of a forest. The ground around it was poor and hard; the weather was cold, so the poor little plant grew very slowly.

“Why don’t you hurry and grow?” cried the tall, strong trees in the forest. “Look at us! Come, try to

grow straight and beautiful, too. Then you will be our sister.”

The little plant tried and tried, but she couldn't grow fast, so the trees tossed their branches and refused to speak to her.

One day an old crow hopped down beside her. “Why don't you grow, little plant?” he asked.

“I can't,” sighed the little plant.

“Can't! can't!” cawed the old crow. “Don't talk to me! I'll tell you what is the matter with you,—you are lazy, that's all! Can't grow, indeed! Can't! Can't! Can't!” he mocked, as he flew away.

“The crow is just right,” said the wind. “You must grow! I’ll make you!” So he blew, and blew, and blew with all his might. The poor little plant was almost torn from the ground. But she grew no faster. Indeed, for many days she hardly seemed to grow at all.

One day the sun, peeping through the branches of the tall trees, saw the little plant.

“Why don’t you grow, little one?” he asked.

“She is lazy,” cawed the old crow.

“She won’t try,” said the wind.

The little plant looked up into the sun’s kind face. “Indeed, I do try,”

she said. "I try, and try, and try! But the ground is so hard and cold that I just can't grow any faster."

"You poor little plant!" said the sun. "I am so sorry for you, for I know that you have tried. Now I will help you, and my brother, the rain, will help, too. Won't you, brother rain?"

"To be sure I will," answered the rain. "All that you need, little plant, is a friendly hand to help you. Look up, little one, and be glad."

So the sun shone on the little plant and warmed her; the rain softened the hard ground, and the little plant tried

harder than ever. She was so happy that she just laughed in the sunshine and the rain, and grew and grew until she became the loveliest tree in the forest — the graceful linden tree.

THE PANSY

Once upon a time there lived a king who had a most beautiful garden. He was very fond of his garden and had many trees and lovely flowers planted in it. One day the flowers and trees began to wither away.

“I am of no use in the world,” said the oak tree. “I never have any



beautiful flowers on my branches. I might as well wither and die.”

“I might as well die, too,” said the rosebush. “Of what use am I?”

Every year I am covered with flowers, but I never bear any fruit that is good for anything.”

“What good can I do?” sighed the vine. “I cannot even grow alone, but must cling to this old wall or lie on the ground, and I am so small that I cannot even cast a cool shadow. I might as well be dead!”

When the king saw all his plants drooping and dying, and heard their complaints, he felt very sad. He could not bear to stay in the garden and was turning to leave it, when he saw a little pansy at his feet. She held up her sweet, cheerful face and smiled,

while all the rest looked sad. The king said, "Dear little pansy, what makes you bright and blooming when all the rest are fading?"

"I knew," answered the little pansy, "that you wanted me here, because it was here you planted me. So I thought I would just try to be the best and brightest little pansy that could be."

When the other flowers heard what the little pansy said, they were ashamed of themselves.

"You are right, little sister," they cried. "We will try, also, to be the best and most beautiful plants we can be."

So the king did not have to leave his beautiful garden, but lived in it and was happy, and tried to be the best king in the world.



THE MAN AND THE RAIN

One evening a man was riding home from town. He carried a purse full of gold. The rain was pouring down and the man's clothes were wet through.

This made him very uncomfortable, so he began to complain.

“What an awful day it has been!” he grumbled. “I hate the rain! Why could I not have had a pleasant day for my journey!”

His way led him through a thick wood. As he was riding along under the dripping trees, a robber sprang out. He pointed a gun at the man and pulled the trigger. The man would have been killed, but in the rain the powder had become damp, and the gun did not go off. The man put the spur to his horse and rode quickly away.

When he was out of danger, he said to himself: "What a stupid fellow I was to grumble about a little rain! If the sky had been bright and the air clear and dry, I should now be lying dead in the forest. After this I shall take whatever weather comes and make the best of it."

THE BEE AND THE BEETLE

A little bee was flying gayly from flower to flower in the garden. He visited each blossom, gathering sweets from all.

A beetle, who was watching him, said: "Friend Bee, I have heard that

some flowers contain poison. Yet I see that you gather something from each one. Are you not afraid?"

"No," answered the bee. "It is true that a few flowers do contain poison. But in each flower there is something good. I take only the good and do not touch the poison."

THE RAIN CLOUD

There had been no rain for days and days. The gardens and fields were all withered and brown. The little brooks were dry.

Day after day the people looked up

into the sky. "Oh, if it would only rain!" they cried.

One day they saw a great rain cloud floating above them. "Now it is going to rain!" they said.

But the great cloud passed over and did not give one drop to the thirsty land.

On and on it floated till it came to the great ocean. Then it poured down floods of water.

"How kind I am!" said the cloud to a mountain. "I have given away every drop of my rain."

"And how much good have you done?" asked the mountain. "The ocean did not need the rain, while the

land is dry and brown for want of it. Why didn't you give it to the land? Is it kind to help only those who have plenty?"

LITTLE LIGHTS

One night, when the sun had disappeared and the birds had tucked their heads beneath their wings to rest, one of the night birds flew close to an electric light.

"Of what use are you?" asked the bird. "You give so little light compared with the sun!"

"I do the best I can," said the

light. "Think how dark this corner would be if I were not here. People walking and driving might run into one another and some one might get hurt."

"That's true," said the bird, and away he flew. Then he came near a gaslight standing apart from houses and busy streets.

"Of what use are you?" asked the bird. "You do not give as much light as the electric light!"

"I do the best I can," said the light. "Do you not see that steep bank just beyond? If I were not here, some one might fall."

“That’s true,” said the bird, and away he flew. Soon his sharp eyes spied a lamp in a window.

“Of what use are you?” asked the bird. “You do not give even as much light as the gaslight!”

“I do the best I can. I am in the window to throw light down the path, that Farmer Brown may see the way when he comes home. I do the best I can.”

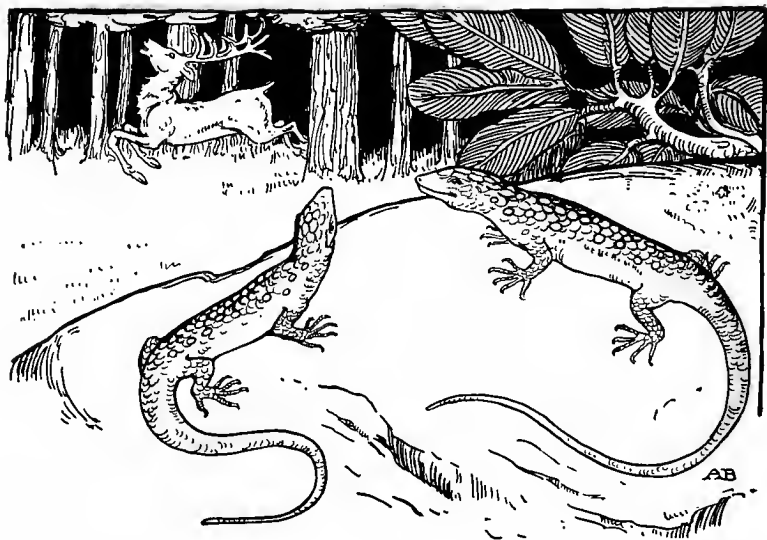
“That’s true,” said the bird, and away he flew. But again his sharp eyes spied a light—a tiny candle light in a nursery window.

“Of what use are you?” asked the

bird. "Your light is so small. You do not give even as much light as a lamp."

"I do the best I can," said the candle, "and I can be easily carried from room to room. Nurse uses me when she gives the children a drink of water at night, or sees that they are snugly covered up in bed. I do the best I can."

"That's true," said the bird, and away he flew, thinking, as he saw the many lights here and there, little and great, "All are helpers!"



THE TWO LIZARDS

One day two lizards sat on a rock basking in the warm sunshine.

“How pleasant it is here,” said one. “I think no other animal in the world enjoys life as much as lizards do.”

“I don’t know about that,” replied the other. “I must say I think we have a most dreary life. Look at that stag yonder. Think how free and happy a life he leads! He goes where he pleases, and every one admires him. What stately antlers he wears! What soft brown eyes he has! How swiftly he runs! Oh, I wish I were a stag! That’s the life for me.”

Just then four fierce dogs rushed up. The frightened stag ran to a near-by thicket for safety, but his antlers were caught in the low branches. There he was held fast till the dogs came up and made an end of him.

“Well,” said the contented lizard, “what do you think of the stag’s life now? For myself, I had rather be a humble lizard and feel safe, than the stateliest stag in the world.”

THE GLOWWORM AND THE DIAMOND

As a lady was walking in the garden one day, she lost a diamond from her ring. All day the jewel lay in the grass, sparkling in the sunlight.

When it grew dark, a glowworm, who envied the sparkling diamond, thus spoke to it:—

“Are you that wonderful thing called

a diamond, — so bright, so beautiful, so costly? Where now is your light? See how dull you are alongside of me! I care not what any one says, I am more bright and more beautiful than you!”

The diamond answered: “You only shine dimly in the darkness around you. My brightness bears the test of day, and is made most beautiful by that same light which shows you only as a dark, ugly worm.”

THE DEWDROP

Once upon a time a dewdrop fell into the ocean.

“Oh, now I am lost in this great water,” it cried.

But it was caught in a shell and there grew into a beautiful pearl. Then it was happy and felt glad that it had fallen into the water.

“Surely, I am much more lovely now than a dewdrop,” it thought.

One day a diver, seeking for pearls, found it and tore it from its shell.

“Alas!” sighed the pearl. “This is the last of me! Now I am lost forever!”

Ah! but the pearl was wrong. The diver took it to a jeweler, who was making a crown for a great king.

“This is just what I have been looking for!” he cried, and placed it in the front of the king’s crown.

THE MONKEY AND THE CAMEL

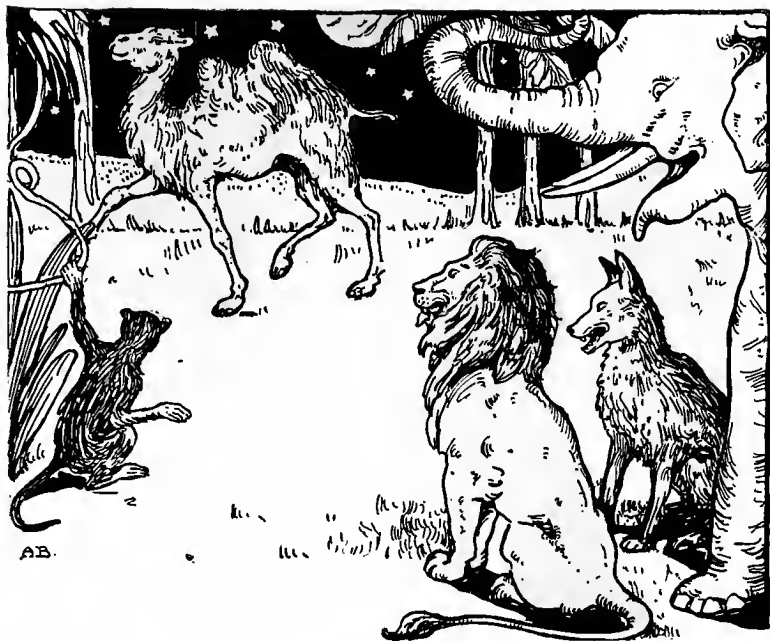
One night when all the wood folk had gathered together to have a good time, the monkey danced to amuse them. He was so nimble, so graceful, and so very funny that every one was delighted. The wolf grinned till he showed all his great teeth. The ele-

phant waved his trunk and bellowed with glee. The lion roared, "More! more!" and all the other animals clapped their paws and stamped their hoofs and shouted, "Encore! encore!"

Now this made the camel very angry, for, you must know, he was in those days a very jealous animal.

"Do you call that dancing!" he cried. "Just watch me, and I will show you what fine dancing really is!"

Everybody knows that the camel is the most awkward creature in the world. Even when walking, he goes Hippity, hump! hippy, hump! And only think how he must look dancing!



He was so slow and so clumsy that the other animals just shouted and laughed and made fun of him, and by and by they began to throw things at him. Sticks and stones went flying

through the air, till at last the jealous camel ran away, cut and bleeding from many wounds.

“It serves him right,” said the lion. “In the first place no one should envy another. And in the second place no one should try to do what he was never meant to do.”

Tales from
the



South





THE RABBITS AND THE DOGS

One day a little gray rabbit was chased by some dogs. Breathing hard, he ran into some bushes. In these bushes was his hole, and he might have gone into it and been safe.

But just as he drew near his home, he met a white rabbit.

“My friend,” said the white rabbit,

“what is the matter? You look as if you had been running.”

“I should think I have been running,” panted the gray rabbit. “I am almost dead. The hounds have been chasing me.”

“Hounds, where are they?”

“See, yonder in the field.”

The two rabbits crept to the edge of the bushes and looked out.

“Hounds!” said the white rabbit. “Those are not hounds.”

“Not hounds!” cried the gray rabbit; “what are they, then?”

“They are nothing but curs,” said the white rabbit.

“Curs, indeed!” answered the gray rabbit; “you are a fine fellow not to know curs from hounds!”

“Stupid!” cried the white rabbit, “I tell you they are only curs — poor, silly curs!”

“They are hounds, I say!” shouted the gray rabbit.

“They are curs!” shouted the white rabbit.

So they quarreled and shouted names at each other until suddenly the dogs pounced upon them and tore them to pieces.

THE WISE SNAKE

A duck walking beside a brook began to brag of his cleverness.

“Just look at me;” he said, “I am the most wonderful person in the world. I can run on the earth, swim in the water, and fly in the air.”

“Don’t brag,” said the wise old snake; “the stag can beat you on land, the eagle in the air, and the trout in the brook.”

The old duck hung her head and waddled away.

Next day a cat and a bird came down to the brook for a drink. A fish swam near, and all three began to brag.

“I am better than you,” said the cat, “for I walk on the land.”

“I am the best,” said the bird, “for I fly in the air.”

“No, I am the best,” said the fish, “for I swim in the water.”

“Be still and stop bragging,” said the wise old snake; “the duck can do all those things.”

After the cat and bird had gone home, the old snake said to the fish: “It seems to me that everybody likes to brag but myself. Here I am the wisest animal in the world, yet no one ever hears me brag.”

THE WALLFLOWER AND THE THYME

One day a wallflower, who had grown tall and proud, looked down at a little thyme plant at her feet.

“You poor little thyme,” she said, “how I pity you! I must say that you are the sweetest plant in the garden, but how slowly you grow. All summer you have grown only a few inches from the ground, while see how tall I am!”

“Dear friend,” answered the thyme, “I know I am very small, but I have grown without any help. I quite pity you, who cannot rise even a few inches from the ground without a wall to climb by.”

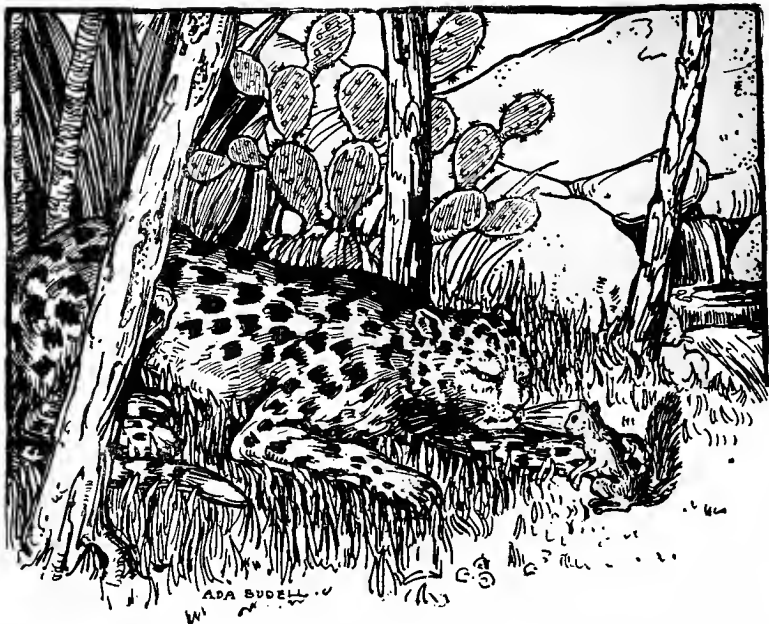
THE SQUIRREL AND THE LEOPARD

A merry little squirrel was frisking in the trees one pleasant day in fall. Making a flying leap from one tree to another, he missed the branch and fell right down on the back of a great leopard.

The leopard, who had been sleeping under the tree, woke with a start. Quickly he put out his great paw and caught the little squirrel.

“What do you mean by waking me?” he screamed.

“I did not mean to waken you! I didn't know you were there! I fell!” cried the frightened squirrel.



“Well,” growled the leopard, “you will never fall again and scare me so, for I am going to eat you.”

“Please, please, let me go, good

leopard,” cried the squirrel. “My baby squirrels are in my nest waiting for me. Listen! don’t you hear them calling? Please let me go!”

“Be quiet!” growled the leopard; “I will let you go if you will answer a question.”

“Yes! yes!” cried the little squirrel. “I will answer a thousand questions if you will only let me go.”

“Tell me, then, why you, a poor little squirrel, are always merry and happy, while I, the great king of the leopards, am always sad,” said the leopard.

“O king,” said the squirrel, “I will

gladly tell you, for I know why it is so. But pray let me speak to you from a branch of this tree. I can see you better there. Besides, I always feel more at home in a tree.”

“Go!” growled the leopard, raising his paw.

Quickly the squirrel climbed to a high branch in a tree near by.

“Now I am safe!” he cried. “Listen well, O leopard, to my words. I kill no other animals, but live on fruit and nuts. I wish evil to none, envy none, and live at peace with my neighbors. I work hard gathering food for my family, and storing nuts

for winter. I have all I want, and so am happy and merry.

“You spend your time hunting and killing other animals. You are at war with all the wood folk. In short, my works are good and yours are wicked. That is why I am merry and you are unhappy.”

As he finished speaking, the squirrel scampered off to his nest.

The leopard stood, lashing his tail in fury. He wished he had killed the squirrel. But it was too late. The little squirrel was beyond his reach.



THE MIMIC AND THE COUNTRYMAN

Once upon a time a rich man gave a party to all his friends and neighbors. First they had a great feast, and after the feast an entertainment.

One of the men hired by the rich man to entertain his guests was a great mimic. He whistled like the birds, barked like a dog, crowed like a cock, and did many wonderful things.

At last he came on the stage with

something hidden under his coat. Then he began to squeal like a pig. How the people laughed! "He has a real live pig hidden under his coat," they cried. "Only a real pig could squeal so!"

The mimic opened his coat. There was nothing but a bundle of wool.

Then the people clapped their hands and praised the mimic. "Wonderful! wonderful!" they cried.

But a tall countryman stood up and said: "It is not at all wonderful. The mimic's cries did not sound the least like the squeals of a real pig. I can do better than that myself."

“Do it, then!” cried the people. “Let us hear you!” and they laughed and jeered at him.

“I will, if you will come here tomorrow,” said the countryman.

Next day all the people came to hear the mimic and the countryman, and to decide which could squeal more like a pig.

First the mimic took the stage, and again he was greeted with cheers.

Then the countryman came out. Now, he really had a little pig hidden under his coat. Thrusting his hand inside his coat, he pinched the little pig’s ear. Of course this made piggie

squeal; and the more the countryman pinched his ear, the louder the little pig squealed.

“Now, my friends,” said the man who gave the party, “you have heard the mimic and the countryman. Which has imitated the squeal of the pig better?”

“The mimic! the mimic!” cried all the people. “Why, the noise the countryman made sounded more like the creaking of an old barn door than the squealing of a pig!”

“Indeed! Then you must blame Mr. Pig, for he did all the squealing himself,” said the countryman; and he

opened his coat and showed them the little live pig.

“See, gentlemen,” he said, “what fine judges you are !”

THE CAT AND THE HEN

One day a cat met a hen and her little chickens.

“Mrs. Hen,” said the cat, “let us be friends.”

“Agreed,” answered the hen, and they walked on down the road.

“You walk first,” said the cat, “and I will walk behind and see that none

of your chickens stray away and are lost.”

On the way the hen found some wheat. She called her little chickens to share it. But no little chickens came. She looked around. Only the old cat was in sight. He looked sleek and smiling.

“Where are my little chickens?” cried the old hen.

“Well, if you will know, I suppose I may as well tell you. I have killed them every one, and now I shall kill you, too.”

As he said this, he pounced upon the old hen and caught her fast.

But she cackled so loudly that a man heard her and ran up and drove the cat away.

When he had heard the hen's story, he said, "You foolish hen, don't you know that no cat was ever a true friend to a hen?"

Since that day hens have never trusted cats.

PERSEVERANCE

One day a poor young man picked up a piece of paper from the street. On it was written these words, "He who earnestly wills can do anything." The young man read these words over



and over and over. "I believe that is a true saying," he said. Placing the paper carefully in a fold of his turban, he walked on.

As he turned a corner, he came face to face with the most beautiful

maiden he had ever seen. The young man stood aside to let her pass, and watched her till she was out of sight, then he said aloud, "I will marry that lovely maiden."

"Marry that maiden! Ha! ha! ha!" mocked a man who stood near. "Do you know who that maiden is that you thus speak of marrying as you might a serving maid? That is the Princess Pearl, daughter of the king!"

For a moment the young man felt that it was hopeless to think of marrying a princess, but, remembering the words on the paper, he lifted his head proudly and walked off, saying, "Prin-

cess though she be, I, and I only, will marry her.”

Next day the young man went to the king’s palace and asked if he might marry the princess. The king looked at his poor clothes, but forgot to look at his earnest face. “Marry my daughter!” he cried; “why, man, you are crazy! Be off with you!”

“I go now, O king,” said the young man, “but I will come again. For I tell you, in spite of everything, I will marry the princess.”

Next day the young man came again, and the next and the next. At last the king grew angry. “Am

I to be tormented all the days of my life by this madman?" he cried to his wise men. "I shall have him put to death!"

"O sire," said the wisest of the wise men, "give heed to my words. Set the young man an impossible task, and tell him, if he succeeds, you will give him the princess for his wife."

"What task?" growled the king, not quite pleased with the old man's advice.

"O sire, it is now more than a hundred years since the Great Crown Ruby was lost in the River Tigris; set the young man to find it. This

is my advice," said the old man.

"Good! good!" cried the king, greatly pleased.

Next day when the young man came to the palace, the king said, "You may marry my daughter, if you will bring to me the Great Crown Ruby that lies at the bottom of the Tigris."

"I will, O king," answered the young man.

"Then go," said the king, "and let me see your face no more till you return with the gem."

Away went the young man to the river. "He who earnestly wills, can do anything," he repeated as he

walked. "I will dip every drop of water out of the river if I can find the ruby in no other way."

Day after day, and week after week, he returned to the river and worked with a will dipping up the water. At last the fish became alarmed.

"We must stop this foolish fellow, or we shall all die," they said.

So an old fish swam to the top of the water and asked him what he wanted.

"The Great Crown Ruby," he answered. "I must have it."

"Well, stop dipping out the water and I will get it for you," said the fish.

Down to the bottom of the river he dived and soon returned and dropped the ruby in shallow water where the young man could easily get it.



In great joy he ran to the palace. "What! Back again!" cried the king, not at all pleased to see him.

"Yes, O king, and here is the Great Crown Ruby!" cried the young man, handing him the gem. "Now may I marry the princess?"

The king just glanced at the ruby, then looked long and earnestly into the young man's eyes. At last he held out his hand and said, "Yes, you shall marry my daughter, and I am proud to have for a son a young man who knows how to try to keep on trying as you have done."

THE HORSE AND THE STAG

Long ago, before people had the use of horses, a horse and a stag were at a quarrel as to which was going faster.

“Run a race,” said the stag, “and we will make the one who wins the king of the forest.”



The stag won the race with ease and became king of the forest. This made the horse very angry. “I will fight the stag,” he said, “and kill him. Then I shall be the king.”

The horse was afraid that he could not kill the stag alone, so he went to a man and asked him to help.

In great said: "Yes, but you must
"What! Be the stag. Then I will kill
not at all pl"

"Yes, O a bridle on the horse and
Great Crown, n his back. Soon they
man, hand with the stag, and the man
may I am.

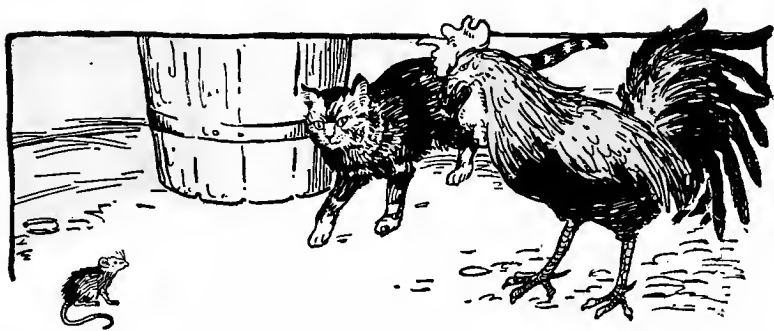
The horse was glad when he saw
the stag lying dead before him.

"Thank you, kind friend," he said
to the man. "Get off my back, please.
I must go back and be king of the
forest."

"Not so," said the man, "I helped
you, and now you must help me." So
saying, he drove the horse home and

made him spend all his time working hard.

“Alas!” sighed the horse, “this is my punishment for bringing harm to another.”



THE LITTLE MOUSE'S MISTAKE

A little mouse once asked his mother if he might go out for a walk.

“Yes, my son,” she answered, “but look out for the cat.”

“How shall I know the cat when I see it?” asked the little mouse. “You know I have never seen a cat.”

“Oh, a cat is the most awful looking creature in the world,” said the mother mouse. “So big! so strong! so cruel!”

“Well, I will look out for it,” answered the little mouse, and away he ran.

He had not been gone long when he rushed home, panting and trembling with fear.

“Oh, mother!” he cried, “I have seen the cat! What an awful, awful creature it is!”

“You are right, my son,” cried the mother. “How thankful I am that you got home safe! Where did you see it, and how did you know it was the cat?”

“I saw it right out there in the yard, and I knew it was the cat because it was so big and strong and looked so cruel.

“It went walking around the yard on two legs—”

“Two legs!” cried the mother. “What are you talking about?”

“The cat! It had two long yellow legs, with sharp knives growing on them. On its head it had a great

red tongue. It ruffled its feathers, and flapped its wings, and screamed, 'Cock-a-doodle-doo!' at me. I was so frightened! I ran away as fast as I could!"

"You silly little mouse!" said the mother. "That wasn't the cat. That was the old rooster. He wouldn't hurt you."

"Well, he looked big and strong and cruel, and he made a dreadful noise, so I thought that he was the cat. But, O mother, I saw such a beautiful creature in the yard. She had soft gray fur just like mine, and four feet like mine, and a nice long

tail, and she said, 'Purr! purr! purr!' in the softest, sweetest voice. I was just going to run up close and make friends with her, when that dreadful rooster screamed and frightened me away."

"You silly, silly little mouse!" said the wise old mouse. "It is a good thing for you that he did! That creature with the soft fur and sweet voice is the cat. If you had gone any nearer to her, you would never have come home again. Run from the rooster if you wish, but never, never go near the beautiful creature you saw in the yard."

THE COCK AND THE DIAMOND

While scratching in the garden one day, a cock found a diamond. He did not know what it was and called all his friends to see it.

“Look, how it sparkles!” he cried. “What do you think it is?”

“Pshaw!” said an old gray goose, “that is nothing to make such a fuss about. It is only a piece of glass.”

“Let me see!” the old brown duck quacked, as she pushed her way close to the sparkling stone. “A piece of glass, did you say, Mrs. Goose! That shows how little a goose knows! A piece of glass, indeed! Listen to me.

That is a diamond. Do you understand — *a diamond!*”

“A diamond!” answered the goose; “what is a diamond? It sparkles just like a piece of glass, I am sure.”

“A diamond costs ever and ever so much money,” said the duck. “It is worth hundreds of pieces of glass.”

“What use is it?” asked the goose. “You can’t eat it. It is not worth as much as a grain of corn.”

“Eat it, indeed!” quacked the duck. “A grain of corn!” Turning her back on the goose, she continued, “Why, Mr. Rooster, you are very rich! That diamond cost more than a barrel

of corn! Eat diamonds, indeed!"

"I do not feel at all rich," answered Mr. Rooster. "Of what use is it to me? Like Mrs. Goose, I would rather have one grain of corn than a barrel of diamonds."

"You are just as silly as Mrs. Goose," said the old duck, as she waddled proudly away.

THE SNAKE AND THE HEDGEHOG

One cold winter morning a hedgehog went to the home of a snake.

"Mrs. Snake," she begged, "please let me come in and warm myself. I am half frozen."

The snake was sorry for the hedgehog, and at once invited her to come in.

At first the hedgehog was very quiet, and kept in a corner of the house. But as she grew warm she grew bold. Soon she spread out her spines, taking up most of the room and hurting the friendly snake.

“Mrs. Hedgehog,” said the snake, “I invited you to come into my house to get warm. I did not mean that you should fill the whole house and stick me with your sharp spines. You must either take less room or leave at once.”

“Indeed!” sneered the hedgehog. “This house is quite large enough for me. I am very comfortable, and intend to stay here. If you don’t like it, get out yourself.”

“Ah, me!” said the snake, as she crawled out into the cold, “this is what one gets for allowing an evil person to enter her house. I should have known better.”

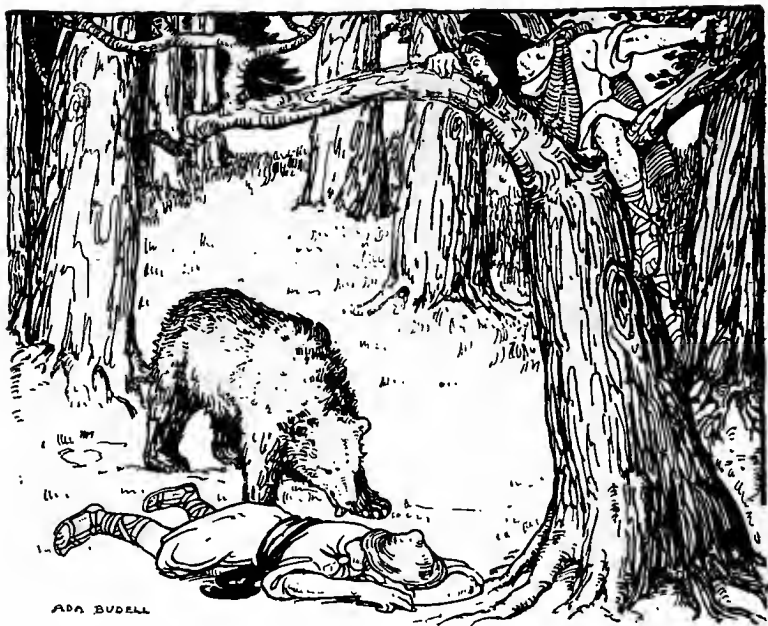
THE TRAVELERS AND THE BEAR

Two men were once traveling together. Their names were Mr. Do and Mr. Boast. On their way they came to a deep, dark forest. As they en-

tered it, Mr. Do said: "I am afraid that we shall meet with some wild animals in these woods. I see many strange tracks on the ground."

"Oh, do not be afraid," answered Mr. Boast. "If any wild beast comes near us, we can easily drive it away. I am not afraid to meet the most savage beast single-handed. Look at my arm! See how strong it is! And every one knows how brave I am! I tell you what it is, Mr. Do, I don't know what fear means!"

"Good! I am glad I have such a strong, brave friend. Let us go on," said Mr. Do.



Suddenly they heard a low, savage growl.

“A bear! It is coming this way!” cried Mr. Do. “Stand by me, Mr. Boast, and we will drive it away.”

But Mr. Boast gave one look towards the bushes from which the growl came, and quickly climbed a tree, leaving Mr. Do to meet the bear alone.

When Mr. Do saw the brave, strong, fearless Mr. Boast climb the tree, he was so surprised that he couldn't move for a second. Then it was too late to run.

Quickly he threw himself flat on the ground and pretended he was dead. He had read somewhere that wild animals never touch a dead man.

Out from the bushes rushed a great black bear. Straight up to Mr. Do he came and began sniffing around him.

But Mr. Do kept very still. He held his breath and never moved. After a while the bear made up his mind that the man was really dead, so he walked off without hurting him.

When Mr. Boast saw that the bear had gone, he came down from the tree. He felt ashamed to think he had shown Mr. Do what a coward he was. So he made believe it was all a good joke.

“Ha! ha! Mr. Do,” he said. “I went up the tree to be out of the way while you and your friend, Mr. Bear, were telling each other secrets. Tell me, what did the bear say to you when he

had his mouth so very near your ear?"

"Listen carefully, and I will tell you," answered Mr. Do. "He said, 'You are a very foolish man to travel with such a boaster and coward as your friend in the tree'; and I think he was just right. So, Mr. Boast, hereafter our ways lie apart. You go your way and I will go mine. Good day to you."

THE HEDGE AND THE VINEYARD

A foolish young man became owner of a fine vineyard. A hedge of brambles grew around it.

"The grapes in the vineyard are

fine," he said. "But what is the use of that hedge of brambles? They bear no grapes and cover ground that might be filled with grapevines. Besides, they are so ugly, and their long thorns are so sharp. I will not have such a hedge around my vineyard. Dig it up."

His servants dug up the brambles as they were bidden. As soon as the hedge with its sharp thorns was gone, men and animals stole the grapes and tore down the vines.

"Alas!" said the foolish young man, when he saw what harm had been done, "now that it is too late, I

see that the hedge was most useful, for without it I can have no vineyard.”

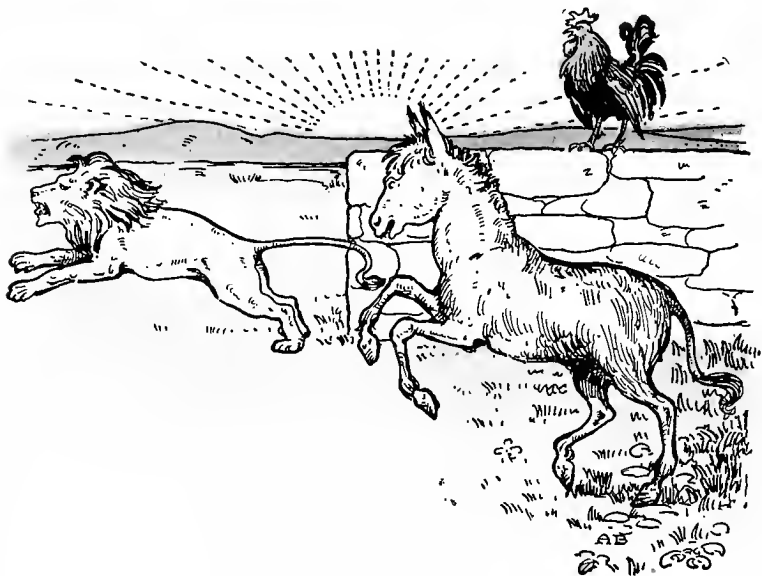
THE DONKEY, THE COCK, AND THE LION

It is said that there is nothing in the world that a lion hates so much as the crowing of a cock.

A donkey and a cock lived on the same farm. One day a lion saw the donkey and made up his mind to eat him.

Just as he was about to pounce on the donkey, the cock happened to crow. The lion at once ran down the road as fast as he could go.

“Haw! haw! haw!” laughed the donkey. “What a coward a lion is, after all! If he runs so from a little cock, what will he do when he sees me coming after him!”



So off went the donkey, galloping after the lion. The lion heard him coming and ran until he was beyond the sound of the cock's crow. Then he turned and made an end of the foolish donkey.

THE WILD BOAR AND THE FOX

A wild boar was sharpening his tusks against a tree when a fox came along.

“Why are you sharpening your tusks now?” he asked. “There is neither hunter nor hounds in sight; nor is there any other danger that I can see.”

“True,” answered the wild boar. “There is no danger just now. That is why I am busy. When danger does arise, I shall have no time to sharpen my weapons. I must be ready to use them.”



