

A colorful illustration of four children in a forest setting. On the left, a girl in a green dress and blue hat stands near a tree, looking at a book. In the center, a boy in a blue tunic and a girl in a green dress with a straw hat walk together, both holding and reading books. On the right, a boy in a white shirt and blue pants stands reading a book. The background features rolling green hills, trees, and a blue sky with a single cloud. The ground is a mix of brown dirt paths and green grass.

CLASSICS TO GO

FAIRY TALES

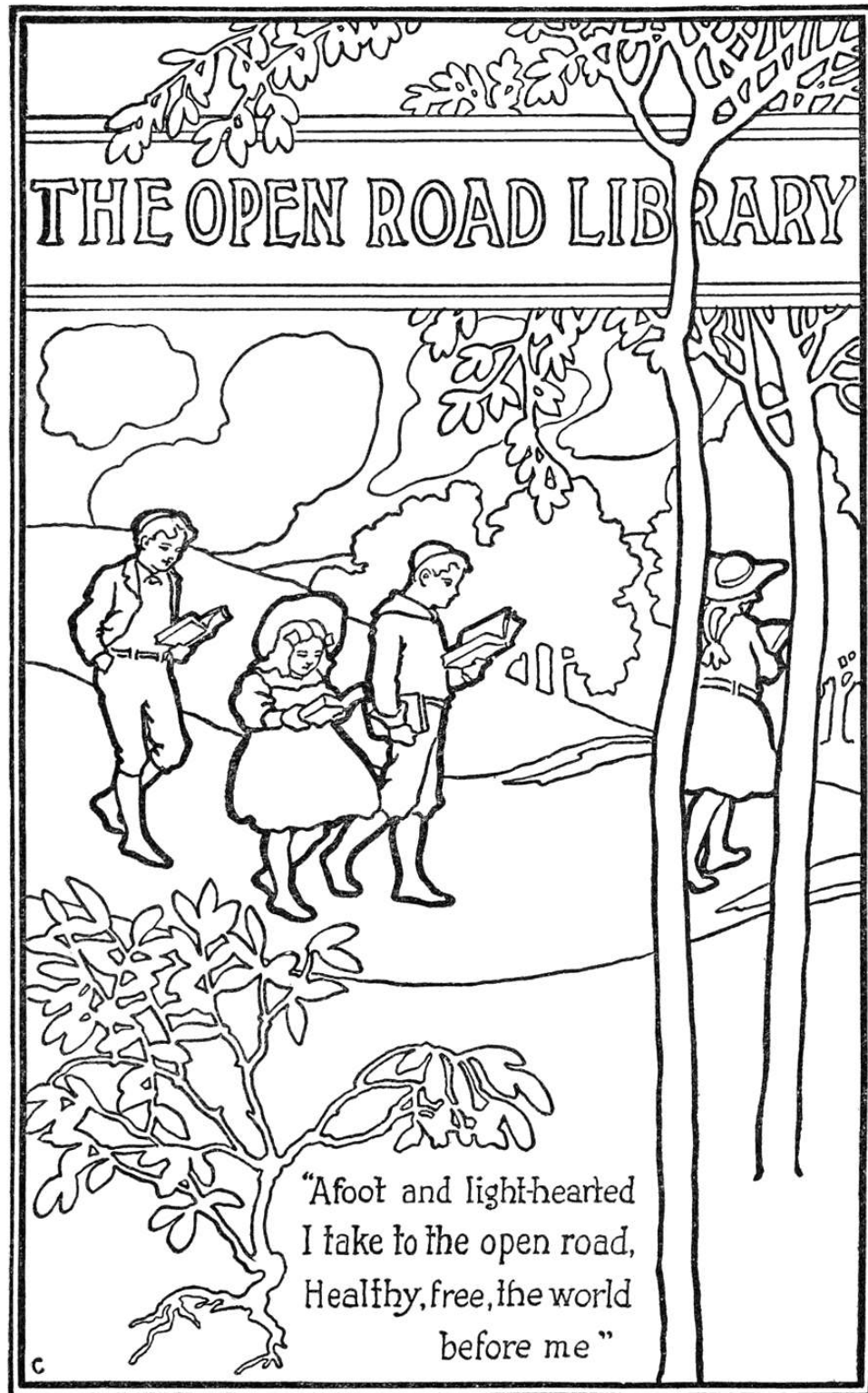
VOLUME 2

MARION FLORENCE LANSING

Fairy Tales

Volume 2

Marion Florence Lansing



THE OPEN ROAD LIBRARY

"Afoot and light-hearted I take to the open road, Healthy, free, the world before me."

PREFACE

The division of *Fairy Tales* into two volumes was rather for the sake of keeping the books small and of uniform size in the series, "The Open Road Library," than because there was any difference in the age of children addressed. Some of the best stories have been reserved for this book.

The plan has been to gratify interest awakened in the tales of the first volume by a parallel in the second. Thus in the first we had the droll of "Hans in Luck," to which "Clever Alice" corresponds in this. The "Frog Prince" and "Beauty and the Beast" are paralleled by the "White Cat," in which a princess instead of a prince is restored from the spell of an animal disguise. The first volume recounts in "Doll-in-the-Grass" the story of twelve sons sent out into the world by their royal father to win their fortunes; the second tells of six sons, who later become Pleiades, sent forth to learn trades. And so the comparison might be continued. The incidents of fairy and folk lore appear in numberless combinations. Close similarity of plot has been avoided, and stories which correspond in general motif have been put in different volumes. About an equal number of tales from each of the great story-tellers—Perrault, Andersen, Grimm, etc.—is to be found in each book.

The atmosphere of these tales is healthful, and their tone, while not in most cases didactic, is distinctly moral and uplifting. In a simple and direct way right is rewarded and wrong is discountenanced; the thief among the six brothers has to be the palest star in the Pleiades. The grotesque and horrible have been introduced only where they are so exaggerated that no sane child would fail to appreciate

their extravagance. Cruel stepmothers are a tradition of fairy lore, but tales of cruel brothers and sisters do not appear in these volumes.

We have discriminated between these fairy tales and stories of a more heroic nature, which lay claim to having actually happened in some stated place. Tales like "Jack the Giant Killer" and "Tom Thumb," in which this saga element is predominant, have been carried forward into a succeeding volume, *Tales of Old England*. As in the last pages of the *Rhymes and Stories* a few of the simplest fairy tales were introduced, so this book leads from the supernatural of the fairy tale to the heroic of the saga.

M. F. LANSING

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

CONTENTS

PAGE

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY IN THE WOOD	1
THE EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES	16
THE GOLDEN GOOSE	27
THE ELVES AND THE SHOEMAKER	34
THE KING OF THE CATS	38
THE FIR TREE	41
PLEIADES, OR THE SEVEN STARS	62
BLUEBEARD	67
THUMBELINA	79
CLEVER ALICE	105
RIQUET WITH THE TUFT	114
SNOWDROP	130
THE WHITE CAT	152



THE SLEEPING BEAUTY IN THE WOOD

Once upon a time there lived in a distant land a King and Queen who were very unhappy because they had no children; they were more sorry than words can tell.

At last, however, the Queen had a daughter. There was a very fine christening. For her godmothers the little Princess had all the fairies that could be found in the land (there were seven in all), so that each of them might give her a gift, as was the custom of fairies in those days. By this means the Princess would be sure to have all the perfections imaginable.

After the christening was over, all the company returned to the palace, where a great feast was spread for the fairies. Before each fairy was placed a magnificent cover, with a case of massive gold in which were a spoon, a fork, and a knife, all of pure gold set with diamonds and rubies. But as they were all sitting at table, they saw coming into the hall a very old fairy, who had not been invited because it was more than fifty years since she had been out of a certain tower, and she was believed to be either dead or enchanted.

The King ordered a cover laid for her, but he could not give her a case of gold such as had been given to the others, for only seven had been made. The old fairy fancied she was slighted, and muttered some threats between her teeth. One of the young fairies who sat beside her heard these threats, and judging that she might give the little Princess some unlucky gift, went, as soon as they rose from the table, and hid herself behind the hangings. In this way she

could be the one to speak last, and might be able to repair, in so far as it was possible, any evil which the old fairy might intend to do.



Meanwhile the fairies began to bestow their gifts upon the Princess. The youngest gave for her gift that she should be the most beautiful person in the world; the next, that she should have the wisdom and understanding of an angel; the third, that she should have wonderful grace in everything that she did; the fourth, that she should dance perfectly; the fifth, that she should sing like a nightingale; and the sixth, that she should play with the greatest charm and skill on every kind of musical instrument.

When the old fairy's turn came she stepped forward, shaking her head more with spite than with age, and said that the Princess should pierce her hand with a spindle and die of the wound. This terrible gift made the whole company tremble, and everybody began to weep. At this very instant the young fairy came out from behind the

hangings and, in a clear voice, said: "Be of good cheer, O King and Queen; not so shall your daughter die. It is true that I have not the power to undo entirely what my elder has done. The Princess shall indeed pierce her hand with a spindle; but instead of dying of the wound she shall only fall into a deep sleep, which shall last a hundred years, at the end of which a King's son shall come and wake her."

The King resolved to do all in his power to avoid the misfortune foretold by the old fairy. He immediately issued an edict forbidding any one, on pain of death, to spin with a distaff and spindle, or even to have a spindle in his house.

Fifteen or sixteen years afterward, when the King and Queen were at one of their country villas, the young Princess was running about one day in the castle. She went from room to room till she came to the top of a tower, where a good old woman was sitting alone, spinning with her spindle. This good woman had never heard of the King's edict against spindles.

"What are you doing there, my good woman?" said the Princess.

"I am spinning, my pretty child," said the old woman, who did not know who she was.

"Oh, how pretty!" exclaimed the Princess. "How do you do it? Let me see if I can do it."

She had no sooner taken the spindle than, either because she was very quick and a trifle heedless, or because the decree of the fairy has so ordained, she pierced her hand with it and fell in a swoon.

The good old woman, in great alarm, cried out for help. People came running in from all directions. They threw

water on the Princess's face; they unlaced her; they struck her on the palms of her hands and rubbed her temples with cologne water; but nothing would bring her to.

Then the King, who had come up on hearing the noise, remembered the prediction of the fairies. He knew very well that this must come to pass, since the fairies had decreed it. He had the Princess carried into the finest apartment in the palace, and laid upon a bed embroidered with gold and silver. One would have taken her for a little angel, she was so beautiful; her cheeks were carnation, and her lips like coral. Her eyes were closed, it is true, but she was heard to breathe softly, which satisfied those about her that she was not dead. The King gave orders that they should let her sleep quietly until the time came for her to awake.

The good fairy who had saved her life by condemning her to sleep a hundred years was in the kingdom of Mataban, twelve thousand leagues away, when this accident happened to the Princess; but she was promptly told of it by a little dwarf who had a pair of seven-league boots,—that is, boots with which he could cover seven leagues of ground at a single stride. The fairy set out immediately, and arrived at the castle about an hour later in a fiery chariot drawn by dragons.

The King handed her out of the chariot. She approved everything he had done; but, as she had great foresight, she thought that when the Princess awoke she would be much perplexed and troubled at finding herself all alone in this old palace. So this is what she did. She touched with her wand everything in the palace except the King and Queen,—governesses, maids of honor, ladies of the bedchamber, gentlemen, officers, stewards, cooks, scullions, guards, porters, pages, and footmen; she touched

also all the horses in the stable with their grooms, the great mastiffs in the courtyard, and even little Pouste, the Princess's tiny spaniel that was lying on the bed beside her.

The moment she touched them they all fell asleep, not to wake again till their mistress did. This was done in order that they might be ready to serve her again when she had need of them. Even the spits that stood before the fire, as full as they could hold of partridges and pheasants, fell asleep, and the fire itself as well. All this was done in a moment. Fairies are not long in doing their business!

And now the King and Queen, having kissed their dear child without waking her, left the castle, issuing a proclamation that no one should come near it. These commands were not necessary, for in less than a quarter of an hour there grew up all around the park such a vast number of trees great and small, and of bushes and brambles, twining one within another, that neither man nor beast could pass through, and nothing could be seen but the very top of the towers of the palace, and that, too, only from a great distance. Every one knew that this was the work of the fairy in order that the Princess, while she slept, should have nothing to fear from curious people.

A hundred years passed, and the kingdom was in the hands of another royal family. The son of the reigning King was hunting one day in that part of the country, and asked what those towers were which he saw in the middle of a great dense wood. Every one answered according as he had heard. Some said it was an old haunted castle; others, that all the witches of the country held their revels there. But the common opinion was that an ogre lived there, and that he carried thither all the little children he could catch, secure that no one would follow him, for he alone had power to make his way through the wood.

The Prince did not know what to believe; but finally an aged man spoke to him thus: "May it please your Highness, more than fifty years ago I heard my father tell that there was in that castle a Princess, the most beautiful ever seen; and that she was to sleep there a hundred years, and that she would be awakened by a King's son for whom she was waiting."

The young Prince was all on fire at these words. He had not a moment's doubt that he was the one to carry through this rare adventure, and filled with love and longing for glory he instantly resolved to look into the matter. As soon as he drew near the wood, all the great trees, the bushes, and the brambles gave way of themselves to let him pass through. He walked toward the castle which he saw at the end of a long avenue. As he looked around he was surprised to see that none of his people had been able to follow him, for the trees had closed in again as soon as he had passed between them. He did not stop or turn back for this; a young Prince, drawn on by love and the desire for glory, is always valiant.