

Some Recent German Fairy Tales.

The Faithful Little Sister,
The Weather Bush,
Little Lost Wings.

Translated by Lucy Needham.
1908."

The following stories are translations from "New German Fairy Stories" (Neuer deutscher Märchenschatz, 7te Sonderheft der Woche) published by August Scherl, Berlin.

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The Faithful Little Sister*

The mother lay on her bed and was very sick. Outside in front of the open window the little birds were singing as if for a wager. The sun shone in and looked as though it gilded every thing in the poverty stricken room. But the mother did not listen to the little birds nor look at the sunbeams, for she was so sick that she must die.

"Nicolette," said the mother with a soft voice, "Now when I am dead you must take good care of your little brother."

Nicolette stood by the bed and wept. The saddest thing that can happen to a child is the death of a father or mother, and Nicolette knew that well. The father had died a year before and since then she and her mother had never been quite happy again. What should she and her

* Von treuen Schwestern (Von Lucy Griebel),
in Neuer deutscher Märchenschatz, pp. 60-67.

little brother Oka do when her mother also was buried?

"Your little brother is still small and does not understand," said the mother, "you must now look after him and never leave him. Will you promise me that?"

"Yes dear mother," answered Nicolette and gave her mother her hand on it.

Her little brother also stood by the bed. Oka was troubled for they they liked each other very much, he was sorry that his mother was pale and sick; but still he did not understand any thing about death.

The mother looked at her two children, at Nicolette with the calm face and earnest eyes, that were as dark as violets, and at Oka with his golden locks, that curled around his brow, and his red lips that always laughed and sang, and she smiled and nodded to them. Then she closed her eyes.

The children were very quiet in order not to waken their mother, but when after awhile the neighbor woman came, she said their mother was now dead. She had been a very good and dear mother, and now the two children were left entirely alone.

When their dear mother was buried, Nicolette and Oka could not remain in the house any

longer. Really it was no house at all but only a poor hut. And the man that owned it took all that was in it, sold it and kept the money he had a right to do that.

Then Nicolette said to her little brother: "Let us wander into the wide world with one another. Here the people do not like us. Perhaps there are people on the other side of the forest who will help us! She brushed his golden curls out of his face as her mother had always done, put his cap on his head and took Alka by the hand.

He was satisfied to go into the wide world. He would gladly have gone into great woods long ago, but he had not quite dared to venture alone. His mother had always forbidden it. For his mother knew, that it was a bewitched forest. But the children did not know it.

The forest lay stretched out so far that it looked from a distance, as if a fine veil of blue vapor and fog lay spread out over it; Often when her mother was sick Nicolette had stood by the window and looked out towards the trees veiled by mist. Yonder where it looked as if the heavens and the forest touched each other, the sunset glow always beamed as strange and grand as a sea of fire. There it must be beautiful. Perhaps one could even go into the heavens and be with father and mother. Who can tell?

And so the two children held each other by the hands, went out of the empty hut and closed the door after them. Each had a large piece of bread in his hand but they possessed nothing else except the clothes they wore.

It was very early in the morning. They went over a large green meadow. On every blade of grass hung a dewdrop, that sparkled like the most beautiful diamond. But the children did not know anything about diamonds, and so they said the drops glisten like tears; for these they had often seen. Thousands upon thousands of lovely little flowers unfolded their petals. That they had closed during the night, and spread them out to the sun. The butterflies tumbled about still drunken with sleep, and the bees already diligently collected honey for their morning meal, every thing said something in their own language. But Nicolette and Oka could not understand it. They understood only the little brook, that joyfully leaped and murmured through the meadow. "I am wandering into the wide, wide world," said the brook.

Oka and Nicolette nodded to it, "yes we are too." But a lark was singing very high up in the air.

At first Oka and Nicolette hand in hand, followed along the joyous little brook. Since it too wandered into the wide world, they could journey well together. But then Oka became impatient. He left Nicolette, plucked a large bouquet of red, blue, yellow and white flowers,

chased after the butterflies, and sprang over the Mole hills which were there. From doing that he became tired and hungry, and the two children took off their shoes and stockings, seated themselves on the bank of the brook, and ate their bread, they had nothing else, that was their dinner; for Aka had played about so long, that the sun now stood high in the sky.

Then Aka took his cap off, laid his head on Nicolet's lap and fell asleep.

He slept so sound that he did not wake until late in the afternoon. Then both the children stood up and went on. But now they noticed for the first time, how alone they were in the large meadow. They met no one, and even the lark sang no longer. But the forest to which they wished to go still lay quite distant. They again held each others hands as in the early morning, and still went straight on. They were obliged to go so far that they became very tired. And they were also hungry. But they had nothing more to eat. Their bread was eaten up.

Now the brook also said farewell. It did not wish to go into the woods with them, but preferred to remain outside in the open. — "Farewell, farewell" murmured the brook and turned aside away from them, and then the children were all alone. But there flamed the golden sun set just back of the forest, and now they

could see it quite close.

Large, black and still it stood there very -grievous, it, that had appeared from the distance as pure fragrance and brilliance. Oka and Nicolette, were so afraid, they could not look at it. It seemed to them, as though a great many black eyes were looking at them out of the bushes, and it was to be sure a bewitched forest. They laid down in the grass, nestled close to one another and slept without quilt or pillow, and above them were only the silver stars, that slowly came up on the heavens to keep watch in the summer night and God's eyes. But Nicolette could not even go to sleep. She must think of her dear mother that was above the stars, and she was cold too, for they had ^{both} left their shoes and stockings beside the brook in the afternoon; besides Oka had lost his cap.

When they awoke the next morning their garments were wet from dew that ^{had} fallen from the sky in the night. But it was clear again, the sun shone and dried their clothes, and the children would have become happy again, if they had not been so hungry. Still never yet had they gone to sleep and waked

up again, without having a piece of bread.

"Come, my Oka," said Nicolette, "we will go quickly through the woods. Perhaps if heaven is not on the other side, there surely is a village, there people will give us something to eat."

On the sunshine the woods did not seem black any more but green and fresh. And that the woods were bewitched, no one had told the children therefore they could not know it. The birds sang in the branches, and the sun shone through the leaves; wherever they stepped, with their little naked was soft moss. Little squirrels stole about the boughs, and the deer sprang over the road. For because no one came into the woods and disturbed and frightened the animals, they were not very uneasy and confidently and inquisitively came quite near. "It is beautiful here!" said Oka, he tore his hand loose from his sisters and ran here and there. "If we only had something to eat today, I am so hungry."

Nicolette was also hungry too. Still there grew delicate quiet flowers at the edge of the forest but nothing, that one could eat not even any berries.

And while they searched and looked, they still went farther and farther into the forest, and they noticed that there was no road or path.

any more, it had changed all about them. The trees crowd close together, thick bushes hindered the children from seeing further than a few steps; from branch to branch climbed strange pale, large flowers, such as Aka and Nicolette had never seen, and filled the entire atmosphere with a fine, odd fragrance. Birds with gay changeable colored feathers and strange intelligent eyes, sat on branches and sang sad sweet songs, and it was so gloomy in the forest as though the sun was far far away. One could not see the sky at all.

We have lost our way, thought Nicolette and her heart sank, but she said nothing, in order not to frighten her little brother.

"There stands a bush with berries," cried Aka. he ran ahead and pushed himself through the high ferns that grew everywhere. Nicolette wished to follow him, but her red dress caught on a thorny twig, she must loosen it first.

Meanwhile Aka had reached the bush, that was filled to overflowing with shining red fruit which tasted so delicious that Aka stretched out his hand toward them. On a branch above the bush sat a little gray bird, no larger than a lark, but it had eyes that looked as wise as a persons.

"Now I will eat until I am satisfied!" cried Aka, rejoiced and plucked the first berry.

Then he heard a fine voice — it sounded as if a bird softly twittered; but still one could understand it.

For every berry, that you eat
You will forget everything for a year."

"What did you say?" asked Oka and looked around, for he did not know, who spoke — and by that time he had already put the first berry in his mouth. They tasted a hundred times better than the most beautiful cherry.

"For every berry, that you eat
You will forget everything for a year" said the fine wise bird voice again.

"It is all the same to me," said Oka, and he had already plucked two hands full of berries and stuck the fruit one after the other into his mouth. And the more he ate the more he wanted.

Then Nicolette walked up and when she saw the red ripe berries, she also began to pick them.

"For every berry, that you eat
You will forget everything for a year," said the little gray bird with beaming black eyes and hopped restlessly about on the branches.

Nicolette threw her berries away. However she hadn't eaten any yet. To forget — everything for — my mother — and all, a whole long year — for every fruit — no, O, no, I will not!

"Do not eat, Oka!" she cried. "For you will

forget everything." And she took hold of Oka's wrist and shook his little hand until the berries fell on the ground.

"It makes no difference to me, if I do forget, something when I am so hungry!" said Oka and began to weep so that all his golden locks fell all over his forehead and face. But Nicolette took him away with her. "We'll look for other berries," she said.

After they had walked a little while, they found another bush that had blue berries, almost like bunches of grapes. The gray bird was still flying ahead of them. It sat on a branch and twittered again:

"Eat - eat - eat - eat - eat - eat - eat - eat!"

The two grasped and picked as much as they wished, and ate to their hearts content.

"Now we will soon be at the end of the forest" said Oka. "I will run ahead and see whether we are not near the edge."

"No, no!" Nicolette cried anxiously. "We must stay together otherwise we will get lost!"

But Oka had already run off. Still once more he turned his head back towards her so that she could see his blue eyes, that shone like stars.

"Immediately," He cried joyously, "I will be there again, stay there - stay there Nicolette!"

"Aka, Aka!" cried Nicolette, but he was already-gone. She could not see him any more, the ferns stood so thick. There she remained standing still where she was. If she ran away now she knew well, that she and Aka would find each other again in the great overgrown forest. She must stay at the same place until he returns. Surely he will return soon. He must be afraid to be alone with all the strange things that was around here. Nicolette was afraid, she had already been afraid in the gloomy forest, when she and Aka were together, now she was left quite alone, her heart beat with fear and anxiety.

"What shall I do, what shall I do!" sobbed poor Nicolette. "I was to take care of Aka and have lost him. I was to watch over him, and he is gone. Shall I hunt Aka, or shall I wait for him? How can I find him in the large thick forest, where it is light no more? I must stay here. I have promised dear mother not to loose Aka and gave her my hand on it! Aka-Aka-Aka!" But there came no answer.

Then the gray bird flew up before Nicolette. "Come along - along - along - along!" it sang.

But Nicolette shook her head, "I cannot, how can I know, you gray little bird, whether you mean well, or whether you would lead me deeper into the forest, I cannot go from here, Aka will come back and hunt me, what shall he do, then

if I am not here? Aka - Aka - Aka!"

"Come along - along - along - along!" answered the little bird.

"No, I'll not go away," said Nicolette. "he said, I should wait for him here, I must stay here."

And she stood and listened for every sound that came to her from the forest. If a branch cracked, because a stag or a deer broke a way through the bush, Nicolette thought: "now Aka's coming!" If the wind shook the leaves, she said to herself: "Aka is coming over the withered leaves." And then she began to cry again: "Aka, Aka, Aka!" So that he could hear and find her, but he did not come.

The animals ran up to her, stopped before her and looked at her curiously and compassionately with their wise eyes, but Aka came not.

The night fell it became very dark in the forest one couldn't even see the stars, because the trees shut out the sky.

"Now Aka cannot come any more, it is too dark," thought Nicolette and squatted down in the moss. And although she did not wish to fall asleep, sleep came without her noticing it, and closed her eyes softly.

When she awoke the next morning she found beside her mossy couch fern roots and berries and fruits that she did not know. These the sympathizing animals had brought during the night. Nicolette ate and became satisfied with food, and then she listened and called for Aka again all day, until she could do it no longer, and her voice refused utterance.

But always, when the little gray bird sang "Come along - along - along - along!" she shook her head,

No I must wait.

After a while she ceased calling the entire day. Still she listened attentively to every sound. Early on the seventh day when she woke early from her sleep she could not stand up. She looked down and saw that she had half become a flower.

For no person could stay in the bewitched forest longer than six days, else he would be transformed into something or other, and only when he wished at the right time to be free, the magic had no power over him. But Nicolette did not know this.

Now she felt that her naked little feet had already changed into tender little roots and sank into the ground, her body had become a straight slender stalk, and her arms had changed into green leaves.

Still the little bird sat on a branch before her.

"Would you be free - free - free - free," urgently it sang, "then come along - along - along!" But Nicolette shook her head with the pale face and the earnest eyes. "No" she said, "I cannot go along, I must wait here for Oka. - Oka, Oka - O -". Her voice died away, Nicolette was forever silenced. Her lovely little face, had changed into a beautiful still white flower. As if formed of silver snow, and the brightness of the moon, she stood there delicate and slender and above her was spread a fragrance as from the first violets in spring. "You have wished it - wished - wished - wished - wished," chirped the little gray bird. Then

it flew away and didn't come back.

But Nicolette remained a white flower. The nourishment which she used, her slender roots took out of the ground. Her drink was the dew that fell from the sky.

She never ceased blooming. Summer and winter she stood and waited there in the enchanted forest. When the snow fell, it built around her only a protecting wall, without covering her up. She became loulier and loulier, her fine leaves spread out further and further and her slender stalk arose higher and higher. But one could look into the very depths of her calyx as though one were looking into dear true human eyes. Long, long, long, stood the poor little Nicolette in the forest waiting for Aka.

At the time when he went away he really had gone only a short distance, and wished to return to Nicolette, for he believed the edge of the forest must be near by, and gladly wished to see what lay on the other side and then go and fetch Nicolette.

But since he had eaten the red berries, he forgot, as soon as he did not see Nicolette any more, he forgot all at once, every thing which had formerly happened and what he had promised. For the first hundred steps he still thought of Nicolette, but then he saw a red squirrel, which sprang from tree to tree, and Nicolette and everything, and all other things were suddenly blotted out of his memory. As if when one writes something with a pencil upon a slate and goes over it with a wet sponge. It is gone one sees it no more. All at once it was as if Nicolette had never been, only because Aka had picked and eaten fifteen red berries from a bush. For every berry

that you eat, you will forget every thing for a year," the little gray bird had said, and now it was beginning. But Aka knew nothing more of the little gray bird and the berries, he did not think of his dear mother and the little house at home. It was just as if he had begun life anew.

He first ran after the squirrel, and then when it had gone so far away that he could not see it, he chased a butterfly that had lost its way into the forest. He was not afraid to be alone, but joyously ran straight on, or to one side as it pleased him, and after a few hours it became clearer around him. The trees did not stand so close to one another any more, one could see a little bit of the blue sky, the flowers that grew there were no more pale, but again wore beautiful, gay colours. And all at once before Aka noticed, the forest was at an end. No village was there, and heaven was not there either, but again a large, large, green meadow. The white clouds were moving along in the sky, like swans on a lake, and the dear friendly sun poured all her light and all her gold out into the world. Aka clapped his hands for joy.

There came along the road across the meadow a man with a wagon driving straight past Aka.

He stopped his wagon, for Aka pleased him as he stood there in the midst of the sunlight, without his cap and with his blue eyes and his golden hair.

"Boy" said he, "What are you doing here all alone?" Far and wide there no person and no village where did you come from?"

"From there," said Aka and pointed to the forest. "What is your name?"

He deliberated a little while. "Oka" he said then slowly and uncertainly.

"Do you live in the forest?"

"No," said Oka and shook his locks.

"Where do you live then," the man asked, who got off his wagon.

"Nowhere!" said Oka.

"Then have you no father and mother?"

Oka said no.

"Or brother or sister?" Oka shook his head again, for he had forgotten Nicolette.

"Did you come far?" asked the man and took him by the hand.

Oka followed. "I don't know," he said then. "All at once I was here."

"You cannot stay here," said the strange man. "This is an enchanted forest, did you not know? I will take you with me, you can stay with me, until we have found out where you belong."

"Alright," said Oka. They both climbed on the wagon. Oka was allowed to hold the whip, and to take the lines that the man had in his hand. "Get up!" said the man then they drove away together.

They drove the entire day for the man had come from a distance and now wished to return home. Always when they came along by a village the man got off and asked, whether anyone had lost a little boy, but no one seemed to know anything of Oka. At night they turned in at a tavern, and then they drove on again, further and further away from the enchanted forest.

And the longer they were together the more the man loved Oka. His own little son who had

been dead for several weeks, was just so pretty and happy. Now he had no child, and his wife would not be comforted.

At last - after a long, long drive they came to a house. The woman bid them welcome and kissed Oka's red mouth and then cried; for she thought of her own son who was dead. Then she fixed for him the little bed in which her boy had always slept.

Late in the evening, when Oka slept, the husband and his wife sat together before the door.

"Husband" said his wife, "We are rich and have no child, and that child is poor and has no father or mother."

The husband nodded and said: "yes, yes!" and then kept silent for a while.

What would you say to our keeping him?" said the woman and looked at her husband.

"I also thought of that," answered her husband. They gave each other their hands and so it was settled, and the next morning they asked Oka, if he would like to stay with them and be their dear child.

He was glad to do it, and so it came about that Oka had found a home. The man became his father and the woman his mother, and he became their child, and had a good home with them.

They would gladly have taken a little girl too, but that could not be; for one does not find a little child on a meadow every day. Of all that had been before, of Nicolette and his mother and all the other things Oka never thought, because he had eaten fifteen red berries.

Only often at nights, when Oka was sleeping dreams came to him. Then he saw the poor little hut in which his dear mother had died, and Nicolette, how she took him by the hand, put his cap on him and stepped out of the hut, closed the door and wandered with him into the wide world. Then indeed a very dim picture of the forest hovered before him, the bush with the red berries and the little birds that had sung:

"For every berry, that you eat
You will forget every thing for a year."

And as from a great, great distance he heard it softly call: Oka - Oka - Oka!"

But when Oka awoke in the morning, he had forgotten all again. He was a little quiet and thoughtful then, but he himself did not know why.

At other times he was always happy and gay, and little by little he became as fond of his good foster parents, who treated him exactly like their own son, as though they were his real father and his real mother. He grew and the happy child became a beautiful, good, wise and strong youth. He was five years old when his father found him, since then fourteen years had passed. He was his father's right hand man in every thing. What he attempted he attained, so that people often had to wonder.

He has a lucky hand the people said of him, but it was not that, it came because he had a clear mind and a pure heart.

After some time it happened that the old dream came more and more often at nights and more and more distinctly. He always dreamed the same the same the same and it tortured him by day because he could not remember when awake what he had seen at night. Something pretty and

something dear and yet it had been something infinitely sad. This he knew but could not make any more of it. Some where some one had called him, somewhere he had lost his way but he did not know who or where.

Finally he could not stand it any longer he went to his father and said: "Dear father I cannot bear it any longer. I am troubled with great restlessness as though I were obliged to hunt something that is dear and precious to me, that I once possessed and have lost. I do not know what it is. Perhaps I can recall to my mind later, when I am out in the world. Let me go you and mother, I want to wander about and when I have found the thing, that I myself do not yet recall and know, then I will return and bring it to you."

Father and mother became very sad. They were afraid they would lose him out in the wide world.

"Dear son," said the father, "Stay here. you shall be master over all, that I have, over my house and my farm my cattle and my money. Only do not leave us."

But Oka promised very faithfully that he would come back, he strapped up his bundle, shook hands with his father and mother and wandered out into the wide world. He did not take money or goods with him. "I am strong and healthy," he said, "I will get through the world."

Hither and thither he wandered. He saw strange cities and high mountains, large rivers and broad seas, but he found peace nowhere. There was something in him that drove him on again, where he might be. He became acquainted with strange people,

and was industrious and happy with them, but he could not stay by them.

"Some one is calling me," he said, when they wished to keep him. Then, to be sure they shook their heads over him, when he was gone, as if to say: "He is foolish."

He had wandered thus a year, then he came one day to a great, large, green meadow. It was nearly evening, the sun was on the verge of going down. Before him in the distance lay a tall forest, dark and quiet in the evening twilight. But back of the trees it flamed upward, yellow and fiery red like a monstrous sea of fire. It was the sunset glow.

Aka stood still and looked at the forest, the meadow and the glowing sunset.

It was just fifteen years today, since he had eaten the red berries, only he did not know it.

He looked at the meadow, the forest and the fiery sunset glow, and all at once he said very distinctly, so that it rang out strange and unusual in the deep stillness round about: "Here I have been once before."

There was no person far and wide nor even an animal ran before him. He saw only the forest and the evening sunset and the meadow with thousands upon thousands of flowers which had already folded their petals for their nightly slumber. And close to his side a little brook rippled hastily and eagerly and kept murmured: "I wander into the wide, wide world."

Aka stood and looked at everything until the glow of evening had slowly died out, and still all at once he knew what he had so often dreamed of. Here was where he had gone when a little child with naked feet and without a cap, and another little child had held him by the hand. Aka put his

hands to his face and his golden locks fell over his fingers. "Nicolette" he said very softly, all at once he knew the name and all, that he had forgotten had become vivid to him again.

Then he wandered on farther up to the forest. He could not go into it this evening, for night was falling. And as once before fifteen years ago he threw himself on the grass without quilt or pillow, and above him were only the silver stars and God's eyes. But Nicolette was not there as once before.

The next morning he woke up early. The forest lay there in the sunshine and did not appear ~~uninviting~~. "I will go into it," said Aka to himself, "Nicolette I cannot search for her any more, she surely has been dead a long time, but perhaps I can still find the place where I told her, she should wait for me. I will see it all once more. And then I will wander out into the world again. But if she still lives, I will find Nicolette."

Then a gray little bird that had sat on a branch at the edge of the forest flew up before him. It was no larger than a lark, but it had as intelligent eyes as a person.

"Come along — along — long — long —!" twittered the little bird. It sounded so ~~enticing~~ so passionate. Come along — long — long — long —" and then flew on before him into the forest.

"I will go with you," said Aka and he started into the forest. It was all as once before, for the forest still was bewitched. The little bird was gone, but it kept calling from some where softly: Come along — long — long — long!"

There was the bush with red berries. Today

too it hung over-loaded, and the fine sweet fragrance lay over it as before. But Oka went past. Still the self-same birds with the gaily colored, changeable feathers rocked on the twigs, and the pale creeping vines extend from tree to tree. The ferns stood by themselves almost as high as a man like a little forest in the middle of the large forest.

"Come along - long - long - long!"

"Yes, you are leading me well," said Oka, you know the way, here it was."

And there stood a bush full of delicious blue berries, almost like grapes.

"Here" said Oka, His heart beat loud and he became pale.

Still a couple of steps farther, and there stood in the middle of a bed of green moss a beautiful white flower. Her upright stem shot upward tall and slender, her pretty green leaves spread out like longing arms, and the fine pure blossom looked as if she were woven of silver, snow and moon-beams. She beamed towards Oka with a gentle radiance that encircled her, and above her lay a fragrance like the scent of the first violets in Spring. But in the deepest part of the calyx it beamed like a dear and true human eyes.

The little gray bird sang no more; but it was as if some one was softly calling: Oka! - Oka! - Oka! -

"Yes, ^{here} it was whispered Oka. Here she stood and called; but I would not listen, here, where the beautiful flower grows. Nicolette also was as fine quiet and dear as this flower. Perhaps her grave is here."

He knelt down and looked into the calyx.

He did not want to touch the flower, it was too grand! But at the thought of little Nicolette whom he once had loved so dearly, and who always brushed the locks from his fore head as his mother used to do, the tears started from his eyes, and they fell right into the middle of the calyx of the white flower.

"Nicolette," said he and laid his hand around the stem without touching it, "if you were a flower you would have been as fine as this."

And in an instant it was a flower no more. He did not know, how it happened, but suddenly he held a beautiful slender maiden in his arms, fine and pale as a forest flower. Akas' tears which had fallen on the flower still glistened on her cheeks, and her eyes were like the first violets of spring.

And it was Nicolette. There she stood in her poor little dress that she had had and that had grown with her, and yet no princess could have been more charming.

"I knew, that you would come," said Nicolette and stroked Akas' golden locks from his forehead.

Laughing and weeping they held each other by the hand as they once had done, when they were little children.

And they went together out of the enchanted forest, hand in hand, no longer little brother and little sister, but brother and sister. The little gray bird flew in front of them and showed them the way. At the outskirts of the forest he once more flew up before them. "Go on - on - on!" he twittered and one did not know whether it sounded sad or joyous. Then he flew back into the forest.

But Oka and Nicolette returned home to father and mother as Oka had promised, because what one promises one must keep, and there was great joy and happiness.

The Weather Bush*

High up yonder on the mountains, where the pine trees grow and the rivers rise, lay a quiet green valley called Kerbe. Diligent people have recovered a few acres of field and meadow land from the forest. The noisy brook turned the large black wheel of a saw mill, until far in the forest one could hear the buzzing sound of the saw which cut long boards out of the mighty pine trees.

At the upper end of the green meadow in the valley there lay under the shade of the high forest trees a little house. Thick, soft, dark green moss grew on the straw covered roof and also between the cracks of the low chimney. But in the garden in front of the house slender flower stems arose from a dense mass of green leaves, and in back of the little four cornered window crowded flower after flower. For a botanist the root digger Peter Patz lived here with his wife and child. Every morning in the spring of the year and summer too Herb-Peter with his wife Gertrude and his boy John went far upon the mountains in order to hunt and to collect medicinal roots and leaves, and also the gay colored flowers and indeed the ornamental seeds of forest growth. Other medicinal plants he grew in the garden and in flower pots. So that he could send out of the Kerbe valley down into the low lands, with large bundles of dry medicinal herbs in the fall of the year when the first frost fell through the forest and bad sickness started in the city. He sold his supplies there for a good price.

After his son John had become larger and wiser, he also took him with him on such journeys. The fresh youth sang joyously by his side, joyously the large eyes of the boys watched the deeds and activities of the people and when he was not singing or looking on, then John listened to the stories that his father knew how to relate about all the

* Der Wetterbusch. (Von Ludwig Grimm) in Neuer deutschen Märchen-schatz, Bk. 68-73.

herbs of the forest, and the forest spirits. By this John became a wise child.

But when the two once more going upward returned home they found many strange people. A rich man had built a house in Kerbe, the saw mill was enlarged, the woods around them were to be cut down, and already the strange brown workmen had started to build build a road from the valley upwards on which they intend to bring down the wood. Gertrude bitterly complained, about how wild and rough the new neighbors were. They were rough and cruel to men and animals, one could scarcely endure their curses and threats. The house and garden especially of Herb-Peter was in their way. For they must make a large curve around there. Ah, Gertrude threw her apron over her head and wept and sobbed. However that did not make the matter any better.

Herb-Peter himself soon noticed that he had some pretty bad neighbors. Indeed in the first place the new saw-miller had offered him much money, if he would only sell his "hut" (as the strangers called it). But when Peter would not agree to the sale, the rich lumber dealer had scornfully called back to him that still the Herb-Peter would yet go away with a beggars sack. And as the old man treated the father so his son Heino insulted and abused poor John, where ever he saw him. It was lucky that John was quicker than the uncouth Heino, who would gladly have wiped him out of existence.

Since a good part of the beautiful Kerbe forest had already been cut down, the plant seaker was obliged to go further upon the mountain this year than before. At noon Mrs Gertrude prepared the meal over a flickering wood fire in the middle of the forest. John had hunted the wood together before hand. And beautiful and happy was this being together in the quiet forest through which there came the fragrant odor of resin through the sunlight.

One day the three had come up the highest mountain peak. There the fir and pine trees were not so thick

on the stony ground. It only produced shrubs knee high - and before the frequent storms these had rooted themselves deep and thick among the rolling stone. But ox-eye-daisies and gentian grew very hardy and luxuriant between the stones. John had already gathered a big bundle. But he forced himself further and further into the bushes.

There suddenly he saw a strange form before his feet. The branches of five or six pine trees had stretched and woven themselves together closely over the ground. Needles were not to be seen any more, but the single branches had so grown together in so many ways that they formed a very firm thick network as large as a cake cover.

"A weather-bush!" cried John astonished. Cautiously he stepped nearer. Sure enough! Here he had the strange plant before him: just as his father once described. The bare reddish branches appeared like jagged bolts of lightning passing through one another it gave the eye pain, if one looked long at the entanglement.

Hans knew that the weatherbush drew lightning, and that he must not take it back home with him. But he wished to observe the thing right close. Therefore he laid himself on the ground, that was thickly covered with fallen pine needles, and viewed the weather-bush from all sides.

Then he heard all at once near his ear a fine little voice. John strained his eyes. See under the weatherbush there stood a little man - smaller than a finger. That had called him by name, was it a fairy or a goblin? The little man did not leave him in suspense long.

"Have you come into our neighborhood at last?" it cried. "I have wanted to speak to you for a long time!"

"Why did you not come to me then?" answered John.

That is a long story said the little creature seriously. But if you will listen a little while you shall

learn all. Come stick your head up a little closer here on to the weather bush.

Hans stretched himself up so close on the dry needles that his face came close by the little man, who took a transparent yellow stone out of his pocket and reached it to the boy and said. "Take this topaz, it will protect you from wicked brambles - as long as you carry it."

The boy received the sparkling stone with his outstretched fingers, held it towards the light a little while and friendly thanked him for the glittering play thing. But the little man meant that he should take good care of the stone. Perhaps its magic power will be right handy some time.

Hans promised, and now the strange little being began anew:

"You already know from your father much about the nymphs and elves of the forest, of the wild hunters who storm with a disordered army through the air of the goblins, which live in the depths of the mountain. But of the mandrake he has told you nothing. For almost no one knows us any more, now a days."

The little man sighed.

"For all others have a time in the night or day, by moon light or shortly before sunrise when they can go from their hiding place. But they threaten ~~us~~ death if we only venture out a little bit. Long long ago, when no man had stepped foot in this forest, we lived harmless and happy in the wilderness. But when the first people came up along the brook, they built cottages and laid out gardens, there started a discord among the forest dwellers from that time until now. The goblins and fairies and above all the wild hunters wish to exterminate the intruders in order that the primeval forest will not become the property of these people. On the contrary we mandrakes wouldn't have

any thing to do with violence and murder, we warned the people and helped them. Since then all the spirits of the wild forest have hated us. But the people have left us in the lurch, they cut protecting trees down from over our heads, live wild in every thicket hunt us with their hounds in every quiet corner, and the lightning can once light up objects. There our bad enemies the wild hunters also look for us. In the forest and meadow, in air and in light we were chased and hunted, despised and disturbed. and we were always so quiet and worked so gladly with flowers and roots!"

The little man drake looked very much distressed. And as John listened to his complaints, two large tears rolled down his cheek. But the little man caught up the bright tears. On his hands they changed to precious stones exactly like the topaz, that John had received before.

"See" continued the man drake. "There still are some good people who sympathize with our trouble. Your sympathy is worth more than costly precious stones. For sympathetic people can help us. Will you not do it also?"

"Ah, yes gladly!" said the boy. But how shall I do it?"

"You will hear it!" nodded the little man in a friendly way. "First of all you must bring our protecting roof here into safety, before the wood cutters from our valley lay it bare."

John was a little frightened. "Father says the lightning will strike the house into which one carries such a weather-bush."

"He is not all wrong there," said the little man drake eagerly. "If the wild hunter sees the crisp net work, that we have painfully woven together in the darkest thicket of the forest he would sling his spear at it. That the people call lightning. But no evil spirit needs see when you take the weather-bush away. At the time when

the church clock strikes noon, no goblin nor the wild hunter is out in the open. For they cannot endure the sound. At such time you must take away our protecting roof. You yourself can loosen the branches that hold it. Then carry it in the dark corner under the large thick fir tree near your fathers house, where the green blackberries cover the ground. No man not even a forest spirit will find it there. Will you help us?"

John cheerfully promised. To be sure he did not want tell anything to his parents; perhaps they have already feared the wrath of the wild hunter. On that account he waited until the next Sunday when his parents were down below in the village, where the church was. Then he went before noon up into the forest, waited until the clock sounded and then stormed to the paternal garden, carrying the weather-bush on both arms.

But he was not to come thither without danger. On the long tree trunks that lay beside the new road the sawmillers Heino had lain for him.

"I have you at last, you young beggar!" he cried to the frightened John and raised toward him a mighty cudgel. John was almost frightened to death. But he did not let the weather bush fall. He only held it as a protection for his face.

Crash! sounded at once. Was it the protecting topas that he carried, was it another magic that defended him or had Heino in haste taken a worm eaten limb — the terrible cudgel broke into, before it had touched John. But Heino who had expected nothing of the sort lost his balance, plunged on the tree trunks which were piled up thick close to the edge of the road and rolled over together down the slope, until the uncouth youth and the wood, that had brought him mischief, lay in the brook. Cursing and swearing Heino worked his way up again. But in the meantime John had

long ago arrived at home and hid the weather bush in the garden before the sound the striking of twelve had died away in the mountains.

From this time on John spent half days in the garden. There he held conversation with the man drakes, which one after the other came in under the enchanted weather-bush. And though the little men would not talk right out to him, yet he watched their wonderful works and activities. Where a bud could not get through the hard earth, they rolled the stone away from over the hard point; they took the little enveloping leaves from the buds, so that the flowers could unfold more freely. Every morning the mandrakes carried glistening dew drops into the calyxes, and over night they polished and cleaned every leaf on the bush, and every blade of grass. And all that was done so neatly and quickly that one could scarcely look quick enough to see how the pretty creatures bestowed themselves.

John had soon accustomed himself to strive in glad rivalry with the mandrakes in putting the garden in order. Though the dainty creatures worked more quickly yet his greater strength assisted him. And it was astonishing how gorgeous Herb Peter's kitchen-garden soon appeared.

It was good that so many medicinal plants now throve so close to the house. For without, in the forest, where the quiet activities of the mandrakes had ceased, little grew any more. Since the fir and pine trees had fallen before the wood-cutters, under which the wood cutters had formerly hid, also the red columbine and the white lilies no longer found the shade to which they were accustomed. And on the dried out-ground the blue aconite and the beautiful white and yellow saxifrage were stunted; even the

moss berries along the brook did not have as pleasant a taste as formerly, when the high forest still rustled above them. And too, the thunderstorms were now much worse than before. The wild hunter may have been enraged because the mandrakes which lived there, where the thick the thick forest had fallen had escaped him. Again and again the wild army howled and roared through the air, and hurled the thunderbolts fearfully into the earth. And great gushes of rain tore deep furrows in the land, rolled out the stones and covered the deep lowland meadow with the debris, - and farspread devastation ensued, where a short time ago there had still stood the most magnificent forest.

Even the new saw miller, who with his people was to blame for all this, noticed to his loss, how circumstances had changed. No longer did the Kerbe brook flow so uniformly as before. Today the sudden swelling stream tore the mill dam, and after a few days the water had sunk so far, that it could not turn one of the many wheels, that now belonged to the mill. Then they were obliged to have a holiday, and the mill hands together with the wicked Herms, perpetrated much mischief in the entire country.

But still the house of Herb-Peter stood unmolested. No one knew, that the topos, that John carried on his breast, kept all evil away. No man had any idea that it was the help of the mandrakes that caused the herb to thrive so luxuriantly in the garden and made the juice so healing. John always learned from his little helpers. He already knew better than his father, what secret gifts many of the plants had, when the comfrey must be dug and the poppies pulled. Because he saw how the

mandrakes mixed sap and essence, he soon mixed the roots of the forest together himself, pressed out the blossoms, cooked the roots, and filled boxes and flasks with what he obtained. So he did not need to collect large bundles with his father to take with him, on his trip in the autumn and still the drinks and salves were more efficient than before an entire load of dried blossoms had been.

Herb-Peter now took his nearly grown son farther into the lowlands than before. At last they had come to the capital of the emperor, and still every where they had found a friendly reception. In the large city there was much to be seen and they could sell the supplies which they had brought with them for a good sum. Ah! in the proud houses on the fashionable streets there lived so many people who had diseases in chest and heart, people whose vital forces were being used up before their time. The emperor himself, it was said, was no longer well. The many cares about his great kingdom had taken away all joy in life, his cheeks had become pale and because of inner unrest he could nowhere stay long. A slow fever had come over him, said the people in the large city, and if that could not be healed he must die, although he was not very old yet.

Herb-Peter would gladly have offered the emperor a remedy for the slow fever, if he had only dared to venture into the great palace of the emperor, where the many footmen and privy councillors stood in glittering uniforms and looked around so very proud and severe. But from the bottom of his heart he was sorry for the emperor.

The troubled thoughts quickly passed from Peter and his son, when at last they wandered back home again. Higher and higher they climbed up to their dear mountain land, already they were walking among the green needled forest, on which the frost had blown little stars. The atmosphere was now clear and free. John began to sing to sing from a joyous heart into the still frosty air! As he made

his clear voice sound - a forester in a green uniform suddenly stepped up to him from a side path.

"How can you sing so loudly here," he spoke earnestly, "when over there in the little hunter's lodge the emperor lies in a severe fever!"

John was startled. But still he said he did not know at all that the emperor was so near to him. Indeed he learned in the city of the emperor's sickness, his father and he himself would gladly have brought a remedy to their good sovereign, but they had hesitated before the many distinguished people.

The forester noticed the singer attentively. "Really do you believe that you know a remedy for the slow fever?" "Certainly, sir!" said John full of eagerness. "In the forest out on the mountains where the healthy wind blows, where the rain and dew are purer than in the lowland, there grow thousands of flowers full of wonderful powers. And often the plant juice will help when one scarcely has hoped. Could the emperor not try one of my drinks?" "Ask him yourself," said the forester kindly. "Come with me!" he then nodded to both. So the Herb Peter and his son John came into the hunter's lodge where the emperor lay in his sick bed.

And now it was strange, how quickly under the treatment of these two how quickly the emperor felt better than for a long time. Lively John who had to prepare every drink for him, he liked better than all the others; that had tried to cure him. He weighted John down with gifts and honors and did not wish him to go away at all.

But John told the emperor that he must go back to the mountains as soon as spring came. Just then the most powerful herbs were to be found; by then with God's help, the emperor would be fully restored. Or perhaps the emperor would like to accompany him at once.

Of course the emperor could not do that. However he sent John and his father in an especially beautiful carriage back to the Kerbe valley, so that they could go very

comfortably, and still return to him as soon as possible again.

The people in Kerbe valley had already learned from Mrs Gertrude how Herb-Peter and especially his son John had come into the great favor with the emperor. But when the gilded coach came up into the valley, the surprise of its inhabitants knew no bounds.

John and Peter became at once the most distinguished people in the whole neighborhood. Aber nobody cared for the sawmiller and his wild son Heino. The latter with sullen looks kept themselves out of sight.

But his fury toward John, who formerly had only seemed to him a beggar youngster gnawed more furiously than ever at Heino's heart. Gladly he saw from a distance how John plucked buds and flowers in the garden, and how he dug up roots here and there. Heino thought, that all this work would make the once so despised herb-hunter more and more celebrated. Then he resolved to destroy the garden that had brought such rich blessing.

Soon the occasion came John had gone to the emperor. Peter Catz and his wife Gertrude, dressed in beautiful garments. had gone along for a couple of days, because they wished to buy many things for their household. So the little house, ^{of the root-digger} stood empty.

A dark damp night had just set in when Heino stepped over the lower garden fence. at times there came a flash of lightning from the mountain tops. That showed the wild youth his way. And with both hands he began to tear up and break the plants in the gay colored beds. He tore a picket from the fence and with it dug up the rich, brown earth, where so much grew that was and healing, and began to trample and kick down what came in his way.

The thunder rolled more and more threateningly. Now wild Heino's foot struck against the weather-bush, over which black-berry bushes had extended themselves very closely. But rude fellow was now in full course. In blind rage he tore the interlacing branches — the weather-bush the protection of the peaceable mandrakes lay bare.

And at the same moment the band of the wild hunter stormed and roared in approach. A howling and blustering, a whimpering and a crashing noise went through sky and land, such as had never yet been heard in the Kerbe valley. Lightning flashed with a blue light; the first stroke hurled wild Heino to the ground; then the little house of the root digger took fire. The tall fir trees, the stretch of forest, whose shadows had spread out so lovely over the meadow, the entire Kerbe valley in a few moments presented the appearance of awful devastation. And then floods of rain came rushing down; the water rushed down in torrents from all the gutters, the otherwise so peaceful brook became a torrent. It also tore away the mill with everything that belonged to it.

But in the same night the emperor felt wonderfully strengthened because of the medicines, which John, his young physician, had prepared for him. Very early the next morning he called the son of the root-digger to him. And he gave him the most beautiful ring from his finger and said:
 "Dear John, you have given me my health again. In your youth you have already done, what the

most learned old doctors could not do. The dear lord must have conferred special favors on you. But I want to express to you my gratitude, and so ask for what lies nearest to your heart."

Then John knelt down before the emperor and said: "From childhood I have always lived in the forest and have learned to know all the good, friendly creatures that dwell there. It has often pained me, when I saw how the people destroyed the forest and drove away all the good spirits that ruled there. If the emperor would command, that a new tree should be planted for every one that is cut down, then there would be more happiness, more peace and more health in the entire kingdom. Allow me to intercede for the forest and its inhabitants."

Then the emperor smiled in a friendly way — for indeed happiness and health had also come to him out of the forest. And he did everything, as John had implored him.

So a new forest was planted in the Kerbe and round about; the mandrakes dwell there today again on broad domains hedged in by fir-trees. But John wanders through the quiet forest, where there grow the healing herbs for all kinds of diseases, and converses with the good spirits which dwell in the forest.

The Little Lost Wings.*

At the end of the world there where heaven and earth seem to touch each other, stood the little house of a fisherman. It was a poor little hut, but the people that lived there thought it the most beautiful in the world. The sun sent its first warm rays through the window, and smiled down so hot on the rose bush before the door, that its buds glowed a brighter red and had a sweeter scent than all the other roses. No little star could pass over without nodding, and even the cold moon gleamed and blinked for joy when it saw the little house and its happy people.

When the day of pleasant work was past, the young woman often sat before the door and observed Madame Sun go down, put on her most beautiful red dress, loosen her hair so that it flowed behind her like long-golden rays, watched her open the door

* Die Verlorenen Flügelchen, von Ede Siegfried,
Neuer deutschen Märchen-schatz. pp. 157-161

of heaven slowly and then quickly disappeared behind it. But one evening the sun forgot to close the door and before long a very sweet pert little angel peeped playfully through the crack. Oh! how near the earth lay underneath with its green meadows and sparkling brooks, and there the roses the wonderfully beautiful red roses! They were much more glorious and alluring than the stars that lighted the little angel to bed every night, and that seemed to be very close. One needed to fly only over the dismal gray twilight.

Slowly and carefully the little angel pushed through the crack; it was strictly forbidden to be sure, but it would not remain long, but who knows whether heaven's door will be open again. Very softly it stepped out on the threshold of clouds, spread out its golden-glistening little wings and silently flew through the air.

"Just see a shooting star," said the young woman on the earth. I wish I had a little angel. There it stood already by her side and looked at her tenderly with its brilliant star like eyes, and the young woman embraced and kissed it, showed it the house and garden, plucked the most beautiful rose from the bush for it, and when it became tired she held it in her arms

until it fell to sleep.

But when the little angel awoke the next morning, the earth did not please it any more. The sun was not to be seen, it probably was not allowed to go out because it had not properly closed the door. All the tears which the other angels had wept over their lost little sister fell as rain. The roses droopingly hung their heads, and our little angel was cold in her thin dress of mist.

"Farewell and many thanks," it said softly and gently to the young woman, who weeping, it knelt down beside her. I must go quickly back to the beautiful warm heaven now, and it wished to fly back now but Oh my, how no matter how much it tried and tried, it could not fly any more: its wings had disappeared.

Now it was obliged to remain on the cold earth and it wept bitterly. But the young fisher folk rejoiced over the beautiful little angel and cared for it as if it was their own child.

So time passed by, the little angel became large and beautiful, and those who saw it loved it. But often it was very sad, it sat under the blooming red rose bush, gazed longingly up into the heavens and sang wonderful sweet melodies, so beautiful that none of mankind could sing like it; and when one asked

it where it had learned to sing, it answered, "There above in heaven," then the people smiled they would not believe it. Still because it was really as good and beautiful as an angel they named it Angelitta.

But sorrow and trouble ruled in the land, for the old king was sick and sad and no doctor could help him. He heard of the fisherman's young daughter, who could make the heart merry and happy because she could sing more beautifully than all the nightingales, and he sent his oldest son to her and promised her treasures and precious jewels if she would come and sing to him. But she rejected all the costly gifts with scorn, "I only wish for a pair of wings so I can fly back to heaven again then I will come."

"You shall soon have them," said the prince, and summoned from far and near the most skillful workers, they were to make out of gold and silver a pair of costly wings so perfect that could be opened and folded like a fan. But in vain did she try to fly with them; they opened, she closed still her little feet stood as firm on the ground as before.

Then the king sent his second son who was the strongest and bravest man in the kingdom and when he saw Angelitta she appeared so charming that he would have staked even his life in order to get her the desired

wings.

He went with his attendants far into the forest until they came to a rugged high cliff which no one dared to climb. But the prince went alone up higher and higher, and the way led over terrible precipices and crags to the steep dangerous summit. There an eagle's thick nest hung over the dizzy depths. The young eagles picked at their enemy with their sharp bills. The prince took his ^{bright} sword killed the largest and cut its wings off, with the sharp edge of his sword. Then he hastened back, pursued by the hoarse screams of the distressed birds over the pointed cliffs, over clefts and ruins, until finally mild air surrounded him and he reached the valley and the fisher's hut. He fastened the wings on Angelitta's shoulders with silk bands, but they hung down dead and heavy, and however much she tried she could not fly.

Yet the king became still sadder and sicker, he longed for the wonder working song of the fisher's daughter. At last his youngest son went out to bring her. He was young beautiful and joyous and just reached the fisher's hut when Angelitta looked up at the beautiful prince, she forgot for the first time her desire to have wings. How beautiful and grand the world outside seemed. She forgot all longings and sadness. But he set her on his white horse and led her like a queen over the blooming meadow to the great city and the king's castle.

There she was greeted with shouts of joy, and the days passed in joy and gladness. She dwelled in fine rooms and light haired pages bore her silk train. At the table she sat at the king's side, and in the evening when all the rooms in the castle were lighted up with brightest beams, she sang her most beautiful songs, and the king and those who heard her became as joyful and happy as she herself.

You must always stay with us said the king's son and kissed her red lips that could sing so beautifully. "It is fortunate that you have no wings and cannot fly away."

One day when the prince went hunting he saw a strange gray bird, that he wished to get for Angeletta, and he followed it so eagerly that he paid no attention to his way and became lost in the forest. He blew his hunting horn in vain, his attendants had staid so far behind that no one could hear him. The forest became thicker and thicker, the branches hung down so low that the prince had to cut a way with his sword. Death silence prevailed round about, and all life seemed dead, no breeze stirred the leaves, no bird chirped in the branches. The sun went down it became still darker and colder, the world seemed suddenly to come to an end. Like a high strong wall, a gigantic block of rock stopped the way, and closely pressed against the rock, so one could scarcely recognize

her in her colorless ragged dress, crouched an old witch.

The king's son was glad to find to find at last a human being in this wilderness and asked her to show him the way out of the forest.

"You would like to know the way out?" That is wise young prince," laughed the old woman scornfully. It thought it was still another one come to be turned into stone for the sake of the most beautiful king's daughter.

What is that about the most beautiful king's daughter? asked the curious prince. Then the old woman told him that a wonderfully beautiful king's daughter was enchanted in this cliff. "Give me your gold chain, and I will take you to her," she said eagerly stretching out her hand for the glittering jewel, and before the prince had half loosened the chain from his neck, when she touched the cliff three times with her crutch.

As through a magic stroke a mysterious door opened with a ponderous crash, and the witch led the prince up high steps into a dismal hall! A gigantic beast guarded the entrance and stared threateningly at the intruder; it stuck out its mighty paw, enraged it lashed its tail about and jumped with a wild spring on its enemy. However the prince boldly stepped forward, drew his sword through the air as quick as lightning and pierced the monster, so that it fell in a heap

with a dreadful roar. Surprised the king's son looked around in the mighty hall. Thick gray pillars supported the heavy stone ceiling; the floor, the walls, everything was of the same gray monotonous and chilling gray stone. A dim light fell through a single high window and lighted up in the middle of the hall three quite similar feminine forms of wonderful white marble.

The prince stared at them as though enchanted, they were more beautiful than any he had ever seen before, and he could not take his eyes from them.

The chuckle of the old woman woke him from his dreams. Well if the beautiful princess pleases you, then take her but not the false one. The three beautiful forms there are entirely alike, you can look at them ever so long but you will not discover any difference in them. However only one of them has a heart and that is the princess. If a prince kisses her on the first night of the full moon in the year, then she will be saved and the spell broken; but woe to him if he deceives himself and kisses the false one. Then he must die, his heart chill, and he will turn to stone like the princesses. You see the gray statues there on the wall? they have all sacrificed themselves, beware, beware.

She swung her crutch the pale light was extinguished, everything had disappeared, and as the prince

recovered from surprise, the moon rose in the dark sky, he stood before his father's palace, and what he had experienced seemed to him like a dream.

But he could not forget the beautiful marble princesses and wandered about so long, until he finally found in the deep forests the gray dead cliff. At the first time he gave presents to the old woman and she opened the cliff door for him, as the first time he combatted and conquered with undaunted courage the terrible beast which tried to prevent his entrance, and then he stood in the center ^{of the hall} and looked immovable at the beautiful marble forms.

After that he came every day, and always began to be anxious and to investigate, which indeed could be the true princess.

One time he believed it must be the middle one because her locks gleamed like gold; but when he looked more closely he saw it was only the gold gleam of evening sunset that fell through the window, and then again it seemed to him as if the left was the most beautiful, and the next moment as if the right looked still prouder and more queen like; once the garments of the one seemed to be the richest, and then again the diadem on the locks of the other seemed more costly. But it was always a delusion, "Entirely alike" the marble figures, with closed eyes stood before him in fixed,

immovable beauty, and the near cause the night of the full moon, in which he was to win the princess, so much more despondent and undecided the prince became.

He always turned back from the Cliff castle more restless and in more despair, and even Angeletta's most beautiful songs could not comfort and cheer him any more.

But she requested and implored him so long to tell her his grief until he told her how he came to be in the Cliff castle, how he tried in vain to guess which was the true princess, and that his only wish was to stake his life for her, and to rescue her and to make her his beloved queen.

The Angeletta's heart became ^{still} sadder and more weary than the day, when she had lost her wings, and when it began to get dark, she took of her magnificent garments and dressed herself in her dark clothes, which she had worn as a fisher maiden, and stole softly down the stairs out of the castle and into the near forest. "I must help him," she whispered to herself.

"You little flowers, you little birds, can you not tell me which one is the princess?" The flowers shook their little heads, we don't know it. we know it not, chirped the birds we have never been there it is too cold.

"You beautiful fleecy little clouds up there you

have surely passed by." "Which of the marble princesses has a heart?"

"Don't tell it!" cried a fierce black cloud angrily, and came up quickly by her. That is indeed the disobedient little angel, and - hush! - she chased the friendly little clouds away.

The the last golden rays of the evening sun danced through the green leaves. "It is the left," whispered one, "I gazed the entire day on her beautiful face and she remained as cold and pale as before, only a true princess could be as proud as that." "No it is the middle one," said another eagerly, "I shone on the jewels in her crown and they gleamed as though bathed in fire." "No, it is the right one," cried a third one, meanwhile, "I kissed her on the brow and she smiled a little."

"That is not true," they all cried at the same time, "that is not true," and - they quarreled so violently as if they themselves were going to save the princesses.

"I cannot wait so long," thought Angelotta, and went on until she at last entirely exhausted and tired reached the dark cavern of the mighty witch of the forest. She stepped softly through the low door into a dismal hall.

She trembled and shivered she was afraid of the glistening serpents that played on the ground, and they stretched out their pointed narrow tongues at her. And she was

still more afraid of the dismal eyes, the long beard and the rough voice of the wizzard, who was dressed in a many colored cloak, and sat on a wonderful throne adorned with muscels and pearls.

"What do you want here?" he cried to the poor little angel, "But quickly answer," I have very little time. "I already know that my enemy the old witch has related the entire story of the cliff castle and the princess, but what do you want of me?"

Angelitta summoned all her courage.

I want to ask you to help the king's son and to tell me which of the three marble forms is the princess.

"Nothing more? Ha, ha," laughed the wizzard. "But I will not help you I want to keep the heart of the princess, it is fun to me to have many mens hearts and when I give a feast, they shine as the most beautiful lamps, see there!" He waved his hand through the air and it became light as day in the cave and as Angelitta became used to the dazzling splendor she saw that they were only hearts, that emitted rays of light on the golden ceiling. "This," said the wizzard pointing at the most beautiful and lightest, "this is the heart of the princess." "What will you give me for it you poor little creature?"

Can't you take my heart for it you poor little

creature?"

"Can't you take my heart for it?" asked the little angel very painfully and softly.

Then the wizzard laughed out loud and sneeringly your heart, your poor sad heart for this beautiful and radiant? And there's already a little spot on it, what is the matter with it. There out with your words!"

The little angel became very pale and cold from fear how angrily the eyes of the wizzard snapped at her!

"I flew out of heaven's door, although it was strictly forbidden, and have lost my wings."

"So, so," muttered the wizzard, and "therefore you have received in place of it a human heart. Of course one cannot fly with it."

"Take it, I beg you" sobbed the little angel, "it has become so tired with me, but you will see, how it will lighten and glow with you again. You shall surely be satisfied with me." And it did not cease begging and imploring.

"Well then," said the old wizzard at last, and his voice sounded a little bit pleased, "I will try it; until tonight I will give you time to consider whether you want to keep your heart or give it for that of the princess, but you think about it, you can never regain it again; then if you have the courage be at Cliff castle when the moon comes up."

"It will be there," said Angeletta, my beautiful king's son shall not die; I thank you." and she went on her way. She was not tired any more, it was so grand in the forest, and the fireflies with their little lanterns danced before her. "Farewell," she nodded toward the brightly gleaming king's castle, "Farewell, you good king," and she hastened by; she went faster and faster. It became very cold and dark, and the quiet as of death prevailed around her, she was all alone in the dark enchanted forest; the tears ran down her pale cheeks and she sobbed softly for fear and horror; but she still went on and on, and just as the moon came up she reached the rocky castle. She placed herself under the high curved window and waited. The king's son passed by her he went up the stairs of the stone hall. He was thinking of the beautiful king's daughter and did not see Angeletta. "Farewell, farewell" she whispered.

"It will be too late," suddenly thought the little angel full of anxiety, perhaps the wizard will not find me, I must give him a signal that I am here, and low and sweetly she began to sing. The pale moon beams kissed the tones from the lips and carried them on and on.

Then it seemed as if the whole enchanted forest

would awaken to new life: the dead trees swayed their mighty branches, there was a rustling and sighing of green leaves. The rose bushes opened a thousand fragrant flowers, and softly, softly sounded the snow drops in the green moss. Alluring and enticing the nightingales began to strike up a song, and singing and ringing filled the air, and stag and deer stepped stealthily, curiously through the blooming bushes, in order to listen to the charming sounds.

And higher and higher rose the moon, its first rays appeared to wave through the high arched window, and the prince still stood, perplexed and tortured and he did not know which one of the marble princesses he should choose.

But the little angel sang still more softly and and beautifully as if her heart would break. She sang of the warm blue heaven, of the golden sun, of the little fisher's hut and the red rose bush; she sang of the lordly king's castle, of splendor and happiness, of the beautiful king's son and his love.

Then an anxious sigh trembled through the hall and the middle one of the three marble figures slowly ^{opened} her eyes, so radiant and bright that they whole hall seemed to be filled with warmth and light.

but the prince joyfully threw his arms about her and kissed her cold lips.

Then the spell was broken and the beautiful princess released. Joy and happiness filled the hall, the bells rang, the cannons roared, the flags floated in the wind, and all jubilantly greeted the lovely bride.

But Angeletta had disappeared and remained so. "Perhaps she really was a little angel and had found her wings again," said the beautiful princess, and the stars in heaven beamed and nodded as though she were right.