

Thesis.

Some Recent German Fairy-tales.

By

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The following fairy-tales are a translation from the German and are taken from August Sherl's "Neuer Deutscher Märchenchatz". These stories were the result of a prize-contest at Berlin, in which four-thousand and twenty-five contestants participated. Out of the one hundred stories submitted by the committee thirty of the best were sent to the judges. Three of these were awarded prizes. The first prize of three thousand marks was given to Heinrich Kraulson the author of Erika, the translation of which appears in these pages.

Once upon a time there was a hunter who early in the morning went into the Woods. There he saw flying, three wild swans with golden crowns upon their heads. He followed them in their flight and came to a calm lake within which three beautiful maidens were bathing. Their white clothes lay on the bank. The first had black hair and black eyes; the second had brown hair and brown eyes; but the third was the youngest and the most beautiful. She had eyes as blue as the dear heavens and hair shining like gold. The young huntsman ran thither but the maidens hastened out of the water. Two of them quickly gathered up their clothes and in the form of swans flew away but the youngest came to late; she concealed herself with her long hair and weeping, besought the hunter to give back her clothes so that she, too, could fly away. But the hunter said, "If you will give me a kiss, you shall have your clothes otherwise not." Then the maiden said, "That cannot be! We are three sisters who have great power. Once every year we bathe in this lake and therefore we always remain young. But if we give to a man a kiss, we lose our power and must be like ordinary mortals." However the young huntsman besought her so earnestly, that she stayed with him and became his bride that she began to love him, gave him the kiss and became his bride.

As they were walking together through the Woods, the King with his retinue came riding along. He spied the beautiful maiden, and when he heard from the hunter that the latter had found her in the Woods, he said, "She is my property; for the Woods belong to me, and everything in it is mine." No matter how earnestly the hunter pleaded, the King took her away and brought her to his palace. He intended to make her his queen because she was so beautiful. But

The maid was sad, and only wished to belong to him to whom she was engaged. She would not look at the King nor would she speak to him however much he besought her.

Then the King summoned the hunter and said, "I will give you a riddle - If in three times seven days you can solve it, you shall have your bride, but otherwise she must become my wife." - with that the hunter must be satisfied.

The King now called his council together they must think out the most difficult riddle possible. But the King thought none of them difficult enough. Finally the mother of the King, who was a very shrewd woman came. She said, "I will give him a riddle which he cannot solve. Tell him to seek, 'That - and I know not what!'" Hereupon the King was very happy; but the hunter sadly bade his bride farewell. She comforted him, gave him a little ring and said, "Turn this little ring three times on your finger and at the same time say:

"One, two, three,

Do help me!"

Then each animal in field or in forest; in air or in water, that you call upon, will help you."

Then the hunter went away and came into a dark forest. All of a sudden he heard a growling and a mighty bear came towards him. At first the hunter was terrified, but then he thought of the little ring. He turned it three times and said:

"One, two, three,

Bear do help me!"

Then the bear came up quite friendly and asked what was his wish. The hunter told him everything and the bear said: "I will bring you to our queen; she will help you if any one can." He permitted the hunter to be seated upon his back and ran away like the wind. Finally they came to a mountain upon which stood a beautiful palace but surrounded on all sides by all kinds of four-footed animals: lions and wolves; stags

and foxes, dogs and many other animals. at first they were very wild and made as if to throw themselves upon the hunter; but when they saw the ring on his finger they quietly allowed him to pass and the bear brought him to a golden throne in the middle of the palace. Upon the throne sat the queen of animals. She was very beautiful; she had very black hair and black eyes and a golden crown upon her head. Then the huntsman perceived that she was the oldest of the three sisters, and he told her everything. But she said: "Because my youngest sister loves you and has become your bride, I will help you as far as I can." She called all her animals together and said to them:

"Ye beasts of mine
 Leap forth in line!
 Seek 'that' for me
 I know not what it be,
 And on the seventh day
 Homeward wend your way!"

Then the animals, one after the other hastened away. But the huntsman remained with the queen. When the seven days were up, the animals returned, but none of them had found what that was, "that and I know not what." At length they were all there except a little dog. The sun had already set, when he came running. He was completely exhausted and limped. His tongue hung out of his mouth. He said to the queen: "I know what that is, 'that and I know not what.' I ran to the palace of the King and because I could do such clever tricks, the old queen took me and made me her lap dog. The day before yesterday the King came to his mother and said, 'mother suppose the hunter finds: 'that and I know not what!'' Thereupon she replied, 'just be at ease, my son, that is utterly impossible. Even if he himself knew it, he could not bring it here. Way beyond in the North, lies a land called Iceland. The sun shines there only one day in the year, and the mountains are so high and steep that no one can climb their sides. In the middle of the land lies a lake which is infinitely

deep. There below, on the bottom lies a magic mirror guarded by a large dragon. With this mirror, one can change each person into that very animal which he resembles the most. and this mirror he is to bring!" "When I heard that," said the little dog, "I sprang quickly out of the window, which was open, and ran the whole way here."

Then the huntsman thanked the little dog; the Queen of Animals spoke, "Further I cannot help you; for I do not know where Iceland lies, and my animals cannot come up there. Therefore my sister, who is Queen over all birds, must help you." And she commanded the bear, that he should bring the huntsman as quickly as possible to the Queen of the Birds. Hereupon the bear ran swift as the wind, the hunter upon his back. Finally he came again to a mountain upon which stood a beautiful palace, surrounded with all kinds of birds: falcons and owls, crows and sparrows and many other sorts. They made a great racket and at first made as if to throw themselves upon the hunter. But when they saw the ring upon his finger, they let him through quietly, and the bear brought him before a golden throne in the middle of the palace. Upon this sat the Queen of the Birds. She was very beautiful and had brown eyes and brown hair and a golden crown upon her head. Then the huntsman perceived that she was the second of the sisters and he told her every thing and begged her to tell him where Iceland was. The Queen said: "For my youngest sister's sake, I will help you so far as I can." And she called all the birds together and asked who had been in Iceland. But no bird had been there and no one could say where it lay, and how one could get there. Finally came an old eagle. He said, "My grandfather has told me that once he saw Iceland from a distance. It lay at the end of the world way yonder in the north, beyond a wide sea. There the whole year through it is dark night. Only for one day in summer, when the sun stands highest, it is light and one can fly thither;

But that is ~~not~~ until the first in two times seven days." That was the last day on which the hunter must return to the King. Therefore he was very sad; but it didn't help him any. He must wait that long. When the time was up, he took good-bye of the Queen of Birds and at day-break seated himself on the back of the eagle which flew with him over mountains and valley, and over a wide, wide, sea. At noon it reached Seeland and brought him to the lake which lay in the middle of the island. The hunter seated himself on the shore and was very much troubled, for the lake was very deep and the sun was already beginning to set. All at once he saw a huge whale rise to the surface. Then he remembered his ring, turned it on three times and said:

"One, two, three"

Whale do help me!"

Thereupon the whale came swimming towards him and asked what he wanted. The hunter said, "Down at the bottom of this lake lies a magic mirror guarded by a dragon. You shall bring this mirror up to me." Then the whale dubiously shook his big head and said, "That will be hard work for the dragon down there is an able fellow who will defend himself. But you have the ring of our Queen who rules over all fishes and for love of her I will gladly do it." And he dove under. The water began to rise and roll in waves and became blood-red in color, so that the hunter was both anxious and alarmed. But after awhile, the whale came and brought the mirror in his jaws. It was a hand-mirror, perfectly round and inlaid with pure gold and real pearls. The hunter thanked the whale and seated himself on the back of the eagle which bore him quickly home to the King's palace, and the sun was just sinking when he arrived.

The time in which the huntsman was to return was up; therefore the King had prepared

Once upon a time There were two Kings who lived near one-another. The one was called King Hans and the other King Claus. King Hans had a large Kingdom, but King Claus had only a small one. But They were always good friends and always kept together. When They were not busy with the affairs of State, they came together and played sixty-six; But they only played to pass away time. King Claus had only a small Kingdom but This had not caused him much trouble.

But now The wife of King Claus had given birth to a prince and of course King Hans had to stand god-father; Both the women-folks proposed so many un-necessary names which neither Hans nor Claus could bear, so the little prince was christened Erik.

A couple of weeks later, The wife of King Hans gave birth to a little one but that was a princess and Then, of course, King Claus had to stand god-father. Now as the little prince was called Erik, so the little princess was christened Erika.

But now as they were making merry over the christening, King Claus said - for he had taken a drop too much - to King Hans, "yes, I have a crown-prince; but yours is nothing but a whining old girl."

Now King Hans had also, within himself, been provoked over this fact that his was only a princess and as he likewise had taken a drop too much, he became angry and said to King Claus,

"you cannot obtain much of a Kingdom with your crown-prince, and I shall see to it that he doesn't wear any crown upon his head. After to-morrow there shall be war between us."

And right so; for upon the following day, King Hans called all his soldiers together in companies and declared war against King Claus. And that lasted only till he had chased the latter from his castle and his Kingdom.

King Claus and his wife with little Erik had to wander throughout the wide world. All that he possessed, he must leave behind. Only his crown and scepter, both of which he saved with difficulty. Aside from this he had with him only a couple of gold shillings, no more than he had had with him at the time.

As they were wandering about the world it came about that there was scarcely any-thing left to live upon and their clothes were also entirely worn out. Then King Claus said to his wife, "We must sell the crown and scepter for without land and people that has very little value." "No," said his wife, "We ought not to do that, we must save those for our little Erik. If there is nothing else left for him, then that will be still dearer to him."

King Claus had never learned to do anything except to reign and that he could not make any living by now, so he must see to it that he can begin something else.

Now as they wander far away from home in a strange Kingdom, they come to a large heath

Suddenly they come upon a little house in the middle of the heath. Sitting before the door, binding brooms, is an old broom binder.

"That trade you also must learn," thought King Claus. So he asked the old broom maker what he thought about it if he should learn to make brooms so that he might support his wife and child.

"Yes," said the old broom binder, "if you are industrious then perhaps it will go alright, and the youngster said he, will soon grow up and he can help you a little with the cutting of the heath and the selling of the brooms. and the heath, said he, 'belongs to no man. The King doesn't want it at all so that is pure gain'."

"yes," said King Claus, if he were to teach him to make brooms and would give up half of the heath-land, then he would give him his last dollar.

"yes," said the broom maker, he was in for that.

Then King Claus learned to make brooms and built up on the heath a little house for himself upon his space of the heath, and made brooms. and his wife went far and near and sold them. So they lived happily and peacefully together.

Three times a year on the high feast-days they always went to the nearest church-town to church. Then King Claus always put his crown on and took his scepter in his hand. The people nudged each other and said, "just look at that old broom-binder, what a fine hat he has on. And what a beautiful cane!"

As long as Erik was little, his father had always had to cut the heather himself but as soon as the lad had grown up a little then he undertook all the cutting. The old man had bound so busily that his part of the heath was well nigh bare. Only one spot remained and here the fairy of the heath always kept herself and she loved the youngster so much and thought so much of him that on this spot the heather always grew up again. If Erik cut on this piece one day, on the following day it would all be over-grown again.

So the time passed on until Erik was about twenty years old. During the last years, his mother had been in some-what poor health and had not been able to tend to her duties as usual. Then Erik had to take upon himself the entire selling.

To King Hans, no other children besides the princess had been born. She is now also grown up and is the most beautiful princess far and wide. She is a good maiden, extremely fond of flowers. Her father has brought her the most beautiful flowers in the castle garden. Every morning the court-ladies have to bring large bouquets of flowers to her. These are of all kinds. Only heather was not found there. King Hans did not wish to have it. For once it was prophesied him that his daughter should have a broom-binder for a husband, and for that reason he could never bear the heath flower.

Erika has now gone with her court-ladies to another Kingdom. That is the same Kingdom where King Claus had made for himself a home on the heath. The King who was ruler over this land had two children: a son and a daughter. Once before, the daughter had made Erika a visit, and the latter had always wanted to return the visit, but her father, King Hans, had always refused her; but now they were going to go. King Hans thought that perhaps some day Erika and the prince might make a couple.

When Erika was now not very far from the city where the other princess lived, then Erik came walking along the highway. He had been to the city with brooms and he still had one broom left which he carried under his arm. On one of the twigs all the flowers were still left on. Erik had cut them on the place where the heath-fairy dwelt. When the princess noticed the broom, she exclaimed, "Oh just look there - what a beautiful bouquet he has. I have never seen such beautiful flowers in all my life!" "Oh, princess," said the court-ladies, "That is only an old heather broom."

Nothing would do but they must call Erik to the carriage. The princess asked him what he would sell his beautiful bouquet for. He must say what he wanted for it - whatever he demanded, that she would give him.

"Well, I've sold enough today, so we have enough to live upon until next time - I do not want anything for it but a kiss."

But of course the court-ladies would not listen to that. However Erika gave them no

peace. In short, she must have that bouquet.

"Well Then", said the court-ladies, "They would give him the kiss. Indeed they could not bear to have a princess kiss him."

"No", said Erik, "The young lady with the beautiful hat - for Erika wore her golden crown - she should give him the kiss - he didn't want any kiss from the others."

Erika alighted, removed her white veil and gave him the kiss. In the meanwhile the court-ladies looked away but when she had given him the kiss and again entered the carriage with her bouquet, they continued their journey to the city.

When Erik came home, he could think of nothing but the beautiful lady he had met, and of the kiss she had given him. Otherwise, he had always been so contented and had sung and whistled so that his father could not understand him at all.

Finally his father asked him. "my young man", said he, "what is the matter with you? formerly you were always so happy but now you are so quiet and so thoughtful. What's happened to you?" Then Erik told him the following: He was returning from the city, said he, and had one broom left. Then a carriage of beautiful ladies had met him, and the one lady who was the noblest, had such a beautiful hat on and she liked his heather-flowers so much and had asked him what he wanted for them and he had said that he wanted only a kiss, so she had alighted and given him a kiss. And now he had to think about it all the time.

"Well", said his father, "how did the hat which she wore look?"

"Well, father", said Erik, "it looked something like yours, only it was smaller and finer."

Then his father really knew that it was Erika.

"My boy, my boy," said he, and shook his head, "that is bad."

"What do you mean by that father?" asked Erik.

"Well, my boy," said the father, "I cannot tell you that. don't put any foolishness in your head. go at once and cut heather so that we may have something to bind."

When Erik had gone out to cut and had come to that spot where the heather always bloomed so beautifully it seemed to him as if the grasshoppers always said, "cut at the right time, cut at the right time," and the quail called, "at the right time, at the right time," and the yellow-hammer sang, "at the right, right, right time."

When Erik came back home again he told his father about it.

"Yes," said his father, "after this, you must go out every day to cut. Then try it at another time. Tomorrow go out very early and then again very late in the evening."

Erik did this. He went early in the morning when the sun reflected itself in the dew-drops and he went out late in the evening when the moon was reflected in them. And when he came home with his heather, why there the dewdrops were fastened on, where the moon had reflected itself, there were real pearls and where the sun had been reflected, there were pure diamonds. This the heath-fairy had done.

But now at last the time had come when Erika ought to marry. King Hans no longer took any pleasure in the Affairs of State and wished to retire in his old age. So he said to his daughter that on such and such a day, he would invite all the princes round about and she should seek out from among them, a husband. But Erika always kept thinking about the young broom-binder and when the father told her he would invite all the princes, she thought to herself, "If he only were a prince so that he could come, you might choose him." So she

told her father that the one who should bring her the most beautiful bouquet, that one she would have; none other.

So King Hans let it be known that on such and such a day all the young princes should come to the castle, and that the one who brought the most beautiful bouquet should have his daughter for wife and he should become King.

King Claus also happened to hear of it.

Now Erik has not changed a whit. He walked around with hanging head and went as if in a dream. But the father thought, "what is there to do about it." But when he now heard that all the princes should come to King Hans' and that the one who brought the most beautiful bouquet should have his daughter for a wife. Then King Claus thought, "I shall just have to send that youngster of mine away. He never will forget that maiden anyway. And those dew drops," thought he, which were changed into pearls and diamonds, why that is in the end a good sign." So he told Erik that he should bind a beautiful bouquet of that heather which had the shining things on. Then he should put on his Sunday clothes and go with his bouquet, to the city. "There lived a princess," said he, "who was very fond of flowers." He should bring the bouquet to her on such and such a day and if they would not let him in - he should give him his hat and his cane - These he could put in his sack for a while - Then he should put the hat on and take the cane in his hand then they surely would let him in."

Erik said, "yes", and went on his journey. But he thought, "if it only were your lady and if

you only could bring the bouquet to her; but the other one - what does she want with it - who knows whether she really cares for the heather flower."

As the time now was at hand, all the princes came, some driving and some riding, all wore golden crowns and had golden scepters in one hand. In the other hand they held a beautiful bouquet, large as an umbrella and many-colored as the rain-bow. But no matter how many-colored the bouquets were, Erika did not care for a single one. Finally, for it was now towards evening and the other princes had all been up at the castle she saw something glittering up the road. As it came nearer, it was Erik and his bouquet on which the sun had so shone. When Erik came to the castle, the guard did not want to let him in, "No one gets in here today," said he, "who does not wear a crown and carry a scepter."

Then Erik thought of what his father had said to him. He opened his sack, and put his father's hat on, and took the cane in his hand. Then the guard opened his eyes. "Well," said he, "if he has a crown and scepter, why that is a different matter," he must open the door for him.

So Erik entered the castle and was shown into the saloon where all the strange princes had been. When Erik entered through the door and Erika caught sight of him, she recognized him at once.

"Oh, father," said she, "this prince is the right one, for his bouquet is the most beautiful," and she walked up to him, took hold of his hand and brought him to her father. But when Erik saw his beautiful lady before him again, he scarcely knew what was happening to him. And if Erika had not herself taken the bouquet from him, he would still, in his absent-mindedness, have held it in his hand.

Now King Hans had been provoked at himself for a long time because he had driven King Claus out of his Kingdom. They had always been such good friends before and now he never had any one to play sixty-six with, so he had inquired all about where King Claus might be living. He would so gladly have given him his Kingdom back but no mortal could tell him that. But when he noticed the crown which Erik wore, also the scepter, he made up his mind right away, that these belonged to King Claus, so he asked him if his name wasn't Erik.

"Yes," said Erik, "that is my name."

"Well then," said the King, "you are the son of my old friend - for whom I stood god-father. No other than you shall have my daughter."

Now Erik had to tell him everything that his father and mother were doing and how they had gotten on all these years.

The next morning he had several carriages hitched up and he said to Erik that he should take Erika with him and bring back both the old folks. "Erika shall marry her god-father, who shall forgive him for what he had done to him." When they had now come to the heath, Erik and his bride went out to that spot where the heather always bloomed so beautifully and he showed it to her. Then the heath fairy came to them and said to Erika that she was so glad that the heather had brought something so beautiful in her way and because Erika liked the heather-blossoms better than all other flowers. for that reason the heather should be called Erika.

After this they all went back together to the palace of the King and there the wedding was celebrated. Then King Hans said to King Claus, "I want to give up the affairs of state and shall give them over to

Erik. after that you must give up your broombinding and then both of us, in our old age, will sit and play sixty-six all by ourselves; and our wives, why they can cook a cup of good coffee, and we shall have a glass of grog."

And so they did that. Erik became King. King Hans and King Claus retired and again began their game of sixty-six. And if the last game is not ended, they are playing yet.

Light foot.

1047

In a Village lived a farmer who had a wife and four children. To his possessions belonged a strip of land, barns and granaries, cows, horses, dogs and a remarkably beautiful white and yellow spotted cat. Her name was Lightfoot.

The children loved the cat very much and played all day long with her. They gave her plenty to eat and so much especially of meat and cookies that she became very fat and therefore very lazy. She did not think of catching mice any longer. Indeed that was not at all necessary. Moreover she could not have caught a mouse for it was much more spry and quick than the fat Lightfoot who could scarcely move so she completely forgot how. When the children were at school she lay behind the kitchen stove and slept. When they came home, she allowed them to feed her, to carry her about and to take her out riding in the doll-carriage.

In the meanwhile the house, the yard, the barn and granary began to swarm with mice. The farmer complained that they gnawed the unthreshed grain, and ate the cow's fodder from out of the cribs. and that in the yard, they ran across his feet in broad daylight; so bold had the little gray pest become. On the other hand, they were so shrewd that they would not go into any trap but only playfully overturned it. In vain did they lock Lightfoot over night in the barn where the mice ravaged the most. Upon coming in the next morning, she lay snoring in the straw. Indeed the farmer who had once quietly stolen in, had noticed how a pair of young spry little mice tugged at her whiskers without her awaking.

But now his patience was at an end. He took the whip and struck the cat, whereupon she awoke and loudly crying ran away into the kitchen, behind the big tile stove.

At the table, the farmer said to his children: "This evening the cat shall be killed. I will not tolerate a worthless eater in my house. The mice will soon dance around upon my nose, while Lightfoot will hide behind the stove until they will begin to gnaw at her hide."

Whereupon the children raised a great uproar for they

loved Lightfoot very dearly.

But their father remained firm. "Since she will not earn her bread by catching mice, she must die. and with that enough!"

The cat had heard and was paralyzed with fear. Good advice was now at a premium. She resolved to flee. When the farmer had gone to the field after dinner, she stole secretly away. To the barn and to the granary, then to the cornfield she stole along, until she became very tired from the unwonted gait and out of breath so she must rest. She sat down upon the edge of a ditch and cried softly to herself. Then an owl, a distant relative of the cat, came and asked what ailed her. The cat related with what the farmer had threatened her and the owl advised her to flee to the woods where were hollow trees in which she could live and where the farmer would not find her.

Lightfoot went on her way to the woods. When she had come to the outskirts she collapsed from weariness and despair. She was barely able to sit down upon a stone but she could not walk a step farther. Now for the first time she became fully conscious of how unhappy she had become. Where should she find a home? The owl had not given her a very definite description. First of all, where should she obtain her food, she who had forgotten how to earn her bread by herself? Alas, and her stomach already began to rumble loudly.

As she thus meditated upon every thing, she began to cry pitifully and to groan. Her cries and groans penetrated far into the woods so that the little birds and hares raised their heads in fright and listened.

Then along the way, came Mr. Reynolds the fox, arrayed in hunter's hat, gun and game bag. He remained standing before Lightfoot and said "Why do you cry as that the hares for miles around, run away?" Thereupon the cat related to him all her troubles. Though she could scarcely speak for sobbing.

When she had ended Reynolds pondered a little while and then he said, "your plight is certainly a pitiable one, my dear, but I will make you a proposition

and try to help you. my wife is just looking for a maid-of-all-work: if you will hire out to us, then you shall have food and shelter. In return we ask orderliness, neatness and amiability towards our children which you also must care for." The cat was very happy to have found a way out of her difficulty and thankfully accepted the position with Mr and Mrs Reynolds. The fox conducted her to his dwelling which lay deep beneath the earth and the fat cat could scarcely squeeze through for the entrance was very narrow. Mrs Fox was an amiable wife and greatly rejoiced over Lightfoot's arrival. "Oh, now I can go with you out hunting," she cried to her husband and would have jumped for joy had not the ceiling been so low.

She had just bathed her youngest and Lightfoot must help her at once to rock the little one to sleep; then to pluck a rooster which Mr Reynolds had brought with him in his game-bag.

Upon the hearth, a hare was roasting and its odor penetrated agreeably to the nose of the poor hungry little Lightfoot. She rejoiced at the thought of eating dinner and hastened to set the table and to perform all manner of little services so as to win Mrs Reynolds' favor and thereby obtain a large piece of the roast.

Presently the three eldest of the little foxes who had been playing out of doors, came in. They were full of mischief, tumbled over one another and sprang upon their father's lap and pulled his whiskers. When they espied Lightfoot they said saucily: "Oh, a new one!"

And the eldest asked, "Will you black my boots well?" The second: "Will you brush my jacket well?" and the third: "Will you make my bed nicely?"

Finally they went to the table and Lightfoot's stomach fairly shouted for joy. But what a disappointment! The delicious hare-roast did not give up its aroma for her. She did not dare to take a place by the family table at the same time but must crouch on the bench by the stove where Mrs Reynolds brought to her the gnawed off bones. On these the poor spoiled Lightfoot could bite her teeth off when the whole Reynold family had betaken themselves to their noon-day nap after dinner was over.

Ah! how our Lightfoot wept for hunger and vexation!

When she had brought together a couple scraps of meat from the bones and had broken them with her teeth as well as she could, she had to wash the dishes. Mrs Reynolds had with all kindness strictly ordered her to do this before she went to rest. When she was through with this, she had to cook coffee, take the smallest fox from the cradle for he was awake, and play with him. Towards evening the others awoke, drank coffee, and after this Mr and Mrs Reynolds went hunting but not before they had set out for Lightfoot a whole lot of work.

Lightfoot had to work till late in the night in order to get through and also to keep in check the wild romps of the little foxes. This was all the harder for her because she was not at all used to it. Her limbs were as if they had been broken into pieces and she longed for rest and sleep. But not until midnight when Mr and Mrs Reynolds, richly laden with hares and rabbits, came home, could she seek her place of rest which was shown her in a corner on the floor. Hard as it was, Lightfoot slept soundly and dreamlessly when she had first cried herself to sleep.

Thus day after day passed by. Lightfoot received many blows because she did not always satisfactorily perform the unaccustomed labor. Moreover, Mr Reynolds who at first had been quite kind, now became very strict and when one day Lightfoot broke his best pipe-head while cleaning it, one which had been handed down from his great, great, great-grandfather, he pulled her ear and locked her up on bread and water.

Lightfoot's greatest pleasure was when she could go out walking with the children. Then she rejoiced once more to come out of the low dwelling under the earth and out into the beautiful woods and she forgot her troubles so that she tumbled gaily about with the little foxes, for she could do this again since she had become quite slender from hunger and beating. Indeed, she felt so much better than she had done when she was fat, and that made up somewhat for her lot which was

otherwise so sad.

She also learned how to catch mice again. Mr Reynolds brought to his little foxes, living mice upon which they were to try the rudiments of the noble hunter's art. They all had to stand in a row. Then he let the mouse loose and the foxes had to seize it. Lightfoot had always looked on and stealthily learned many a trick by watching. Now she thought she also could do it, and one day when there was a lesson in catching mice, Lightfoot forgot that she did not belong to that school, sprang forward when the mouse ran, and caught it first. And when she had it struggling between her teeth she could not resist, but gulped it down, hide and hair. My! how that tasted! The first warm meat she had had for a long time and Lightfoot began to feel quite pleased.

But alas! over her head a storm was brewing. Mr Reynolds was so very angry at her audacity to snatch away the mouse before the very nose of his children, that he did not at all know how he should punish her. Thereupon he called on his wife for help.

"Jay", he called, for this was his wife's christian name. "Jay, come quickly!" And when Mrs Reynolds came he told her everything.

"Ah, then we will no longer trouble ourselves with her, but chase away the ragamuffin", said the energetic Mrs Jay and Mr Reynolds found her advice very sensible.

"You are right, we no longer need a maid. Our children are as good as grown up. The girls can help you with the work and the boys can help me hunt. Then too winter is coming when we must reduce our expenditures, and a useless eater will be a burden to us."

Thus all of a sudden, Lightfoot was dismissed. But she did not at all feel unhappy over it. Indeed, when she was out of hearing distance of the family, she began to jump and sing for joy. Her limbs were light and her mind happy. She felt that now she would be able to earn her bread very well and that made her so happy.

When she came to the outskirts of the

Woods, she sat down upon the very stone, upon which she had half a year ago, so feebly cried and where she had met the fox. There she again sat down and pondered what she should do now. After a while she sprang up, turned around in a circle, clapped her paws and cried "I have it, I have it!" Then she ran straight to the farm of her former farmer and since it was evening, she glided unnoticed into the cow-barn. Here she caught a sumptuous meal of very sleek mice and then lay down in the warm hay and slept peacefully the whole night through. The next morning she was up early and ran to the granary. There she caught a number of mice, seven altogether and lay in ambush. At length the farmer came to the threshing floor and arranged his grain for threshing. Then up sprang our lightfoot in front of him and laid at his feet, first one mouse, then another, a third, and so on till the seventh. Then she arched her back and purring, continually stroked herself on the boots of the farmer - back and forth, back and forth.

The farmer was as if petrified. He could scarcely believe his eyes! Was this lean little cat his lightfoot - this industrious little mouse catcher his old lazy-bones whom he had wished to kill?

"lightfoot!" he called, and with one leap she sprang upon his shoulder and rubbed her nose on his ear. By this he knew that this really and truly was his little lightfoot for that she had always done before she became burdened with fat. Now he carried her in triumph into the house where an unrestrained rejoicing broke out - The children took her with them to bed and hugged her, continually asking where she had been. However loudly lightfoot mewled, they did not understand her language. But the mother struck the right spot: she brought lightfoot a bowl of milk over which the latter so greatly rejoiced that with one bound she sprang from out of the bed and lapped it all up. Any thing like that she had not gotten at Reynolds.

And with that it remained. Lightfoot took from the farmer-people nothing but milk. She meat she furnished for herself. Soon the farm was cleared of mice. Then Light-foot went into the neighborhood where they left to her the hunting ground with joy. and also entertained her with sweet milk. But she was not unfaithful to the farmer. She lived in the kitchen, played with the children, helped the farmer's wife to spin and always put her dear master, the farmer, at peace by her magnificent accomplishment in catching mice.

The Simple-minded Lad.

1054

A rich farmer had three sons; two of them were so smart that they could hear the grass grow, but of form were lank and insignificant looking.

However the youngest was stout and strong like a young tree, but he did not take much to study. When the other two sat at their books, he climbed trees and clambered over hedges vying with the wild colts in his chase over the meadow.

When the three lads had grown to manhood, the eldest became a school-master and the second a doctor. The school-master was so wise, that no person could understand what he said, and the doctor was so skillful that the sick were afraid and became well if they only saw him coming.

But the third, the youngest, remained a farmer; he could work like a horse and kept both house and yard in order, and whatever he undertook prospered, but because he had not learned much out of books, he appeared foolish and ignorant by the side of his brothers who were so superhumanly wise, and he was called, "the simple-minded lad."

Now the only, wondrously-beautiful daughter of the King was sick; she had a constant longing and knew not for what, and she said to her father: "Oh, if for but one single day, I could be without longing!" The King summoned many physicians but their skill was of no avail. Then he let it become known that whoever brought it about that the princess for a period of only three days might forget her longing, that one should receive her for his wife and in addition to this, half of the Kingdom as a dowry. Then came princes and barons, knights and noblemen, citizens and farmers from all over the world. They brought pearls and costly gems, all the treasures imaginable, but in spite of all this splendor, the princess could not for one single day forget her longing.

The King of Arragonia laid at her feet wondrously-beautiful silks but she said: "Oh, what shall I do with those rags?" The prince of Holland curtsied and said: "most beautiful Princess, have you a longing, perhaps, for flowers? The most glorious tulips and hyacinths in the world, I lay at your feet."

"There are enough flowers in the King's garden", answered the princess. "Keep your tulips and hyacinths."

Then said the prince sadly, "Ah, perhaps you have a longing for Dutch cheese?"

"Goodness no," cried the princess, "Take your cheese back with you."

Innumerable knights and lords had come to no purpose. — Then one day the school-master was announced. Had the knights and lords come with a great following, with steeds and carriages, then also would the school-master not come there like a beggar, for he had attached to his following seven wagon-loads of books. These were all books which he himself had at some time read.

When he was conducted into the presence of the princess, he said, meanwhile courtesying deeply three times: "most noble and worthy Princess, if you desire rest, follow my directions, then I will soon have you cured!"

"Ah you seem to me to be the right one," said the King's daughter laughing. "Still let us hear what you have to say."

Then the school-master once more bowed as deeply as he could and continued, "All the wisdom of the world from its beginning to the present time, is contained in these books which I have brought with me. He who has learned this wisdom by heart, as I have, he no more feels any longing. He will feel nothing at all and that is the most beautiful thing which the world can give. If the princess will permit me to instruct her, then she shall be healed."

The princess answered, "Indeed, indeed my school-master, you are saying strange things, yet it shall

be as you desire. You shall instruct me."

She called her court-ladies. They formed a circle about her throne. Then she motioned to the servants who brought a golden table and a golden settee for the school-master. They placed the little table in front of the princess; the chair, so that the schoolmaster sat opposite her. Then they dragged in the books and the school-master began to read aloud.

At first the princess nearly died from laughing for the school-master seemed to her so odd, but when he read further, the princess said, "wheew, but that is awful dry stuff that you are reading," "See," she said to her court ladies, stretching out her white hand, "how my flesh already creeps."

But when the master read a chapter in which it said that as a rule, longing was only imagination - that there was nothing in the whole world that was worth longing for, the princess became angry, rose and said, "This silly person maintains that my sickness is only imagination, he has insulted me; throw him into prison." —

Before the surprised school-master knew how it happened, he was sitting in prison and all his books had been dragged in to him. There he now sat and could meditate on the fact that it was harder to instruct a princess than ordinary people.

In the meanwhile the doctor had heard of the misfortune which had befallen his brother but he thought, "you are not so smart as I am," and he resolved also to try his healing power upon the princess. Wrapped in the folds of his cloak - his doctors cap upon his head, he went to the palace. He carried with him nothing but a large golden case.

When he was brought into the presence of the princess, he said, "I alone know what ails you, noble princess," here he curtsied deeply; "The seat of your longing is your heart."

"Yes, that may well be," assented the old king, who stood near by, and nodded his head.

"And therefore I alone can help you," continued the doctor. "See here." Thereupon he opened the golden case which he carried, and took out of it, a heart wholly of red marble with blue veins made like a real heart.

This heart here could experience no longing, said he, therefore he would take out the heart of the princess and put in, in its place, this heart which he himself had made.

Then the princess became very angry, sprang up and cried, "Seize him, cast him into the deepest dungeon, the fool, who dared to wish to exchange my royal heart for a heart of stone."

And before the cunning doctor could collect himself, he sat in the deepest dungeon on bread and water and meditated upon the fact that it was a very difficult proposition to heal the heart of a king's daughter.

The princess had now become quite discouraged - everyday her ailment became more serious and no saviour drew near.

But one beautiful morning just as the princess was arranging her hair which hung about her shoulders like a shimmering gold colored mantle there sounded from the castle yard, near the princess' window, a merry tune, "la-ra, ta-ra" and in the midst of it the tramping of a horse's feet was heard.

"Go and see who that is," called the princess to her waiting maid, yet she did not wait for her command to be obeyed, but hastened to the window and drew the curtain a little aside.

There she saw a wondrously beautiful youth upon a shining black horse, riding at full speed into the castle yard. He was not dressed like a knight he wore a leather doublet and his cap sat faintly upon his golden yellow locks.

It was he who was blowing the merry tune. As the princess looked out of the window, he flourished his cap in salutation, and smiled at her like the early morning itself.

"He is a bold fellow" said the princess, but she was not angry. "Go and ask him what he

wants."

"The fellow will only tell the princess herself what he wants," said the waiting-maid.

"He must wait," said the princess.

The maid went, came back and related, "The fellow says he is a free-born man, he will not wait outside like a servant."

"But isn't he a bold one?" said the princess. "Then conduct him into the ante-room." Not long after, the princess walked into the room where the throne was, seated herself upon her golden throne, summoned her court-ladies, and the strange youth was brought in.

The princess looked at him, and it seemed to her as if the sun was brighter today than usual so happy she felt when she looked into his laughing blue eyes.

There stood before her, he whom they called the simple-minded lad. He bowed low and said, "most noble little Princess, you have a longing and know not for what; if you for three days will do what I tell you, then I will give my head as a pledge that for a period of three days you shall feel no longing."

The princess said, "Promise not too much for I might take you at your word - yet tell me what I shall do."

"You shall help me, today, to hoe potatoes in my field," said the simple-minded lad.

Thereupon the princess beckoned to the court-ladies and consulted with them, but no one could tell her how to hoe potatoes for none of them had seen it done.

"Good, then I will go with you," returned the princess, "the two youngest of the court-ladies shall accompany me."

"I do not need them; leave them at home," said the simple-minded lad.

"That will never do," said the governess.

"Yes," interposed the lad, "so it must be if the cure shall succeed."

The princess said, "I will go with you to the field."

"But that will not do, with those fine clothes in which you are dressed," said the audacious fellow. He took from his game-bag a linen smock and gave it to the princess. She threw it over herself, looked in the glass and burst out laughing. Then her horse was brought and she rode with the farmer's son to his field. There they tied their horses to a willow tree and went to work.

The young farmer showed the princess how she must hold the hoe. At first it would not go at all but yet it was fun and the princess looked at her delicate hands on all sides, which were coal-black with the dirt and laughed.

But when the lad had already cleared half the field only a dozen potatoes lay near the princess. Then he laughed and said, "Now go at it vigorously!" The perspiration stood upon her brow; but because she did not want the farmer's son to laugh at her she continued to work.

When it was dinner-time her companion said to her, "Now let us eat!" He poured sour milk from a jug into a dish which he had brought with him, and handed it with a piece of dry black bread to her.

But the princess relished the meal as she never had enjoyed one in the palace. When she had eaten and her hunger was satisfied she concluded that she must rest a little. But she didn't succeed in that.

"No," said the farmer, "there would not be time to rest until the sun had set. Now she must work faithfully for the field must be made ready by evening and she had done little enough so far."

The princess also saw that and worked on. And now it went better and when evening came she had a goodly piece hoed and the work was ended.

But the delicately reared king's daughter was tired to death as she rode home. Yet

that whole day she had felt no longing.

The next morning when the "ta-ra, ta-ra" again sounded in the court yard the princess was happy again and she felt better than she had done for a long time.

But today the simple minded lad did not wait. He already stood in the ante-room when the maid-in-waiting went to see him.

It was not long before the princess came, seated herself upon the throne, beckoned her court-ladies and said to the youth who had entered the room, "What is it, I shall do today? say it - yet I will not work in the field again."

"You are not to do that either," said the bold lad, "you shall today help me herd the swine in the fields."

"Herd the swine?" said the princess, "Will that do?" - and she beckoned to her court-ladies and consulted with them; but there was no one among them who had ever seen one herd swine so they could not advise her.

But the court-marshal who stood near by, said that it would not do at all unless he, the court-marshal, were to go along.

"No," said the simple-minded lad,

"That will not do, for I can not make use of him. If the princess will not trust herself with me, then I cannot help her."

Hereupon the princess became quite thoughtful - she said, "Then I will herd swine with you to-day."

"Good," said the simple-minded lad, "but you must leave your fine clothes at home."

Once again the princess donned the linen smock, mounted her horse and rode away over the fields with the simple minded lad, to where the swine were.

At first the princess found the

swine-herding very funny. Laughing, she ran after the spry animals and drove them back if they ventured into the fields of the neighbors.

The fresh morning air, the fragrance of the meadow and the merry company of her companion pleased her well.

But as the sun rose higher and higher the poor princess became tired and was glad when she at length dared to sit down in the soft grass beside her companion, and with genuine hunger ate of the cheese and dry black bread which he handed her.

But when she assured him that now she must rest a little, she did not succeed.

"No," said the simple-minded lad - "you must help me faithfully. I cannot herd the swine alone, and if they run into the neighbors' field, then I must bear the loss."

Then the princess again had to hasten after the grunting swine and chase them back when they ventured into the neighbor's field.

At night she was dead tired and could scarcely hold herself in the saddle as she rode home, but the second day too she had felt no longing.

The following day was a holiday. Again early in the morning sounded the merry "ta-ra ta-ra," in front of the princess' window. She was all ready; dressed in a riding suit of green velvet, and went to meet the simple-minded lad.

He bowed before her, and looked today quite fine in his velvet suit, and when she looked into his laughing eyes, she was very happy in her heart.

"But today, I will not put on that detested smock frock," she said stubbornly.

"You don't have to," said the youth.

"What must I do today?" asked the princess.

"Today you shall ramble with me through meadows and woods and be my guest for dinner at my father's farm," answered the simple lad.

That pleased the princess well, and so they rode together out into the laughing summer-morn.

But scarcely had they left the palace-gates, when the simple-minded lad began to ride so fast that she almost lost her breath. Hoop-huzza! they went over ditches and fences and the princess who would not be out-done by the farmer's son flew at his side like a whirl-wind.

At length, for it was already almost dinner-time, the simple lad reigned in his charger, grasped the reins of the princess, smiled at her with his flashing blue eyes and said, "That was a good ride - now you will eat at my mother's table."

With merry "ta-ra, ta-ra," they rode up to the stately farm house. The simple-minded lad helped the princess dismount and led her by the hand into the living room.

Then the old farmer's wife came to meet them. The simple-minded lad called to her, "See, dearest mother - whom have I brought with me?" The king's noble daughter!

The farmer's wife curtsied and her husband bowed low three times before the king's daughter, and the farmer's wife said, "I hope you will be content with what we have to offer you."

The princess was pleased with the well-kept living room, its brown wainscoted walls, its brightly painted furniture and the large tile stove. The coarse white linen-cloth, which the farmer's wife herself had spun, upon the table and the pewter shining like a mirror, was more inviting to the princess than all the gold and

silver plate upon the King's table.

She ate with a relish the black soup, the roasted fowl and the cool wine.

When they had eaten, the simple-minded lad conducted the princess around the rooms of the farm-house, the stables and the granaries, and she rejoiced that he had everything arranged so well.

Then they rode together through meadows and woods but at a moderate pace, not as in the morning, and the princess laughed over the funny stories which her companion told.

"Can you guess riddles?" asked the simple-minded lad.

"Let's hear," said the princess.

"Then guess this - 'There is that which looks like a he-goat and yet has no horns!'"

"Why," cried the princess, "that is a kid."

"Wrong," said the simple-minded lad, "that is your court-marshal."

The princess laughed and said, "If any one else but you had said that, then he would have been put in prison for insulting my steward."

"Oh, no, that would be worth the trouble," said the bold fellow. "But guess this: 'There is a thing which looks like an onion, yet is not so useful!'"

"Oh," said the princess, "that is the church steeple yonder."

"Wrong," said the simple-minded lad, "that is the stewardess with the large hoop-petticoat and the small head."

The princess laughed and said, "Had any other than you said that, then he would have had to do penance in the darkest dungeon because he had insulted my best friend."

"Heavens! That might be worth the trouble of a large garden. many flowers grow in it; and yet they are only tulips - white, red, yellow and mottled! They would become tedious to look at and would give forth no fragrance, if the most beautiful rose in the world did not stand in their midst."

"I cannot guess that," said the princess.

"The tulips are your court ladies and court-gentlemen; the rose in their midst is yourself, most noble Princess," said the simple-minded lad.

"You are a rogue," said the princess laughing.

The sun was setting. They were on their homeward way and were riding thru a dense woods. Then a wild-cat sprang from a tree on to the princess and laid its paws upon her delicate bosom. Quick as a flash, the youth drew his dagger from its sheath, grasped the animal with strong arm, released the princess and stabbed the cat straight thru the heart, so that it fell down as if struck by lightning. Deeply agitated, the princess thanked her rescuer. She felt very secure in his presence and thought to herself that she would like very much to have this beautiful youth, whose arm was so strong and whose heart was so courageous, for a husband.

When they reached the palace, the sun was just sinking behind the mountains. The princess said to her protector, "You have saved my life and have kept your promise: for three days I have felt no longing. now go to the King and demand your pay."

Hand in hand, the princess and the simple-minded lad went in to the King who said, "Receive my thanks; I will keep my royal word, for

you have healed my child - half the Kingdom is yours, and if you wish, you shall have my daughter for your wife.

"Yes," said the simple-minded lad, "I would very gladly call you my own, noble Princess, but under three conditions."

Thereupon the princess became frightened, for she had hoped that he would say, "yes," gladly.

But the simple-minded lad looked at her with his laughing blue eyes and said, "For the first, I will not have it, that you ask your court-ladies what you shall do; when you are my wife, you must ask me alone."

Then the princess laughed again and was happy in her heart and said, "You will be done."

"Secondly," continued the simple-minded lad, "when I become King I shall not be idle - you likewise must not be idle."

"Yes," said the princess, that would be quite right. She would indeed work but it should not be hoeing potatoes and herding swine.

"Thirdly, you shall at once, set free my brothers - the school-master and the doctor."

Thereupon the princess became surprised beyond all bounds that these were his brothers.

"They are strange fellows," said she, "but it is perhaps not worth the trouble, to punish them so severely for their foolishness; and since they are your brothers they shall be freed."

Thereupon the school-master and the doctor were brought in. The school-master was still greener with envy than before, when he saw his brother conversing so familiarly with the King's daughter, and the doctor pretended that he did not

see the simple-minded lad.

"Would you like a position at the Court?" asked the princess. But they answered that they would not "remain in a land where the simple-minded lad was King."

Then the princess laughed and beckoned to them to depart, but to the simple-minded lad she stretched out her hand and said, "You shall be my dear husband."

The next day, the wedding was celebrated and the simple-minded lad and the King's daughter lived very happily together.

The simple-minded lad became a good and wise King, and no one called him simple-minded any more, for he knew the needs of his subjects to the least of his peasants and he and his Queen-wife, who no longer felt any longing, had work and joys through-out their lives.