Some Recent German Fairy Tales.

A Translation.

by

Raymond Woodard Brink.

A short time ago, the "Woche", one of the leading German weekly papers, offered prizes for the best fairy tales. The thirty best stories were to be published in a book called "Neuer deutscher Marchenschatz", and the authors were each to receive a hundred marks. The winner of the first prize was to be awarded 3000 marks. In response to this generous offer, 4025 stories came to the office. The reading committee sifted out the hundred best stories, and sent them to the committee of prize judges. This committee consisted of seven eminent writers and critics, headed by her Majesty Queen Elizabeth of Roumania (Carmen Sylva). This committee chose the thirty best stories and awarded the prizes. Besides the thirty stories, the "Neuer deutscher Marchenschatz" contains a story written as an introduction, by one of the seven judges, Dr. Heinrich Seidel. Of these thirty-one stories, the following are translated in the present collection:
Ein Marchen als Einleitung(A Story as an introduction) by Heinrich Seidel, Die Wunderbrille(The Magic Glasses) by Ludwig Boerne which appears on page 20 of the original collection, Schattendorf(Shadowville) by Heinrich Federer, page 40 in the German Book, Das Glaserne Hauschen(The Little Glass House) by Gertrud Lundehn, page 111 as printed in the German.

Raymond Woodard Brink.

My dear children, and highly respected old folks, I would like to tell you a story, too, for the beginning of this book of fairy tales. But it is quite different from the others, is quite true, and happened just a little while ago. And now listen how it goes.

There was once a king of Paper Land, who had many millions of soldiers, that were all made of lead and marched on their heads. He would smear them over with black paint and then march them night and day over endless paper, leaving very queer tracks along behind them. Wise people that have learned how to read could learn a good deal from them, how things were going on in war and peace, and business and traffic, and how the world is wisely ruled by their queen with the aid of the blues, the yellows, the blacks, the reds and the goldens. One can find beautiful stories there to read, in which virtues are rewarded, and vices punished, and wonderfully beautiful poems, that rhyme gracefully at the beginning, at the end, and in the middle. And if anyone wants to know what has happened in the whole world, from Honolulu to Where-you-will, or from Sydney in Australia to Any-where-you-can-think of, why there it stands in black and white. If anyone wants to know where the tallest giraffes are, the thickest potatoes, the most elegant neckties, or the sweetest gingerbread hearts, he can also find help here. And then the pictures! If something but happens in t the world, the big peep-machines with the glass eyees are right behind it, and--snap-- there is a picture. So that Vesuvius has not had time to break out in his last eruption before he stands on paper for the whole world to see.

But now, one day, when the king examined the work of his diligent lead soldiers, and that of the peep machines, he missed something. That which is new to-day and old again to-morrow was present in full

force. But the work was lacking in those things that have never been and can therefore not grow old. That must be changed; he pressed a button, and after a short time, his Prime Minister appeared, and stuck his head in the door. "Stories!" said the king.

"Very Well!" answered the minister and withdrew.

Then a great letter went out through all the world to the learned writers and story-makers. It said that three bags of gold pieces would be given for the best story, two bags for the second best, and one bag for the third. But the thirty best ones should be bound together into a book with beautiful pictures-- just like a gallery of honor.

Ha! Now the mail began to work, and everyday it brought stories, and stories, and again stories. Many people had some already, and these were naturally the first on the scene, and the others sat and wrote, and wrapped them up and sent them away. Never, I suppose, since the world began have there been so many stories going on journeys as at this time.

They came by the hundred-weight; for all, old and young, rich and poor, high and low, were in it; the watchman on his tower, the cobbler in his cellar, from princes down to day laborers, from high-born dames down to servant girls,-- all were there. All four faculties were represented, and even the very flower of the land, the lieutenants, and young lawyers did not despise entering. And many who had never thought of such a thing before, felt that suddenly a talent for stories had sprung up in them, and very secretly they commenced to write. So Fortune ran its course, and when the time hda come, 4025 stories had been told.

You dear children and highly respected old folks, do you know just what that means,-- 4025 stories? Look , in this beautiful book

that now lies before you, only thirty of them are printed, and yet it is a grand collection. If one should print all of the 4025 stories that were sent in, 134 such collections as this would be necessary. But do you know everything that could be printed in 134 such books as these with the same kind of type? I don't believe you have any idea of it; for I flatter myself that, for the time, I am the only one who does know it. These 134 books would be able to take Goethe's complete works twice over,-- and take it all together he has written not a little But they would not come near to filling half of it. Wieland was also very diligent, and has written fully as much as Goethe; but his complete works will not be sufficient, and one must take all the writings of Jean Paul, E.T.A. Hoffman, and Fritz Reuter to help out, in order to stop this throat. But there is still a gap left open, and it takes Schiller's complete works to fill the vessel to overflowing. Does n't that sound like a fairy story? Therefore it is not possible to praise enough, the heroic courage, the energy and zeal with which the brave men who first examined them worked their way with smoking heads through these thousands of princesses with golden hair, these crowds of kings and queens, these hosts of Giants, dwarfs, gnomes, elfs, and water nixies. But it is most to be wondered at that they were not caught in the magic woods; for in these stories there were so many magic woods horrible, terrible, and dangerous to human welfare, that one might have covered all the land on this sphere of ours with them. But these brave men have completed their task, and are now, I hope, still alive. They were finally able to hand over to the prize judges, the hundred chosen stories for the final trial.

Now a queen comes into almost every fairy story, and she shall not be wqnting in this true one. For she sat among the prize judges, a

perfectly real, genuine queen.

But now what happened next was still more like a fairy story. Among all the wise and learned men, the high-born and cultured women, who brought their fragrant or showy bouquets to be shown, came a simple workman with heavy steps, who carried in his hand a bunch of blooming heather on which the dew glistened with the shimmer of pearls and the gleam of diamonds. And see there,-- there was no question about it, the prize belonged to him.

And so it happened that the story of Cinderella, of
or of dumb Hans, has come to life agian here, and the poor dull, and insignificant had brilliantly won the crown. The good old stories still remain true.

* * *

THE MAGIC GLASSES.

In a beautiful city of the Orient, there once lived an old woman named Mariana; but the people called her the "Old Spectacles Mother" because she wore great spectacles witha pair of thick round glasses in a cheap horn frame. The old lady did not live up there where the big, splendid houses stood, but far out in the poor people's quarter. Her little cottage was one of the smallest and plainest there. It was just the right size for the old woman and her beautiful grand-daughter Fatmene who lived with her. But now you must not think that because Mariana was so poor that she was sullen or discontented. On the contrary it would have been hard to find a happier person. And the wonder ofit was that she always thought whatever she had was beautiful and good. She wore the same old clothes in winter as in summer. But when the people would tease her about it or offer sympathy, the old lady would laugh and say:"Whywhat do you want? My dress is still pretty and good; I would not change it for the handsome clothes of a queen!"

As she drank her thin gruel in the morning, she would think it was chocolate, and at noon whan she sat at her meal of meat and potatoes,-- she could seldom cook anything else for herself,-- and someone would wish to add a piece of meat to it, she would object, and imagine that she had such expensive roast fowls that even the Sultan himself could not have anything better on his table. Often in winter the old woman had no money to buy firewood to heat her stove, and it became bitterly cold in her little room; but,she did not feel cold. For when she opened the stove door, she saw a bright fire flaring inside, and she felt warm and comfortable.

Her spectacles were what made the old woman have such a contented vision. Through these everything appeared beautiful and good. Seen through these glasses the whole world appeared to be a genuine Paradise

The people did not know that the glasses had this magic power. When they heard Mariana speak in that way, they thought she was not quite in her right mind and laughed about it. Others again wished to convince Mariana that she was wrong, that her dress was old, her stove cold and her food poor. They even became angry with the old woman who would not let them teach her. Still others tried to help Mariana with alms and gifts, and felt grived when she refused their generous presents saying:"I need nothing, I am as rich as the Sultan. Good people, please stop these things, you are all in want much more than I."

So without any fault of Mariana's, there had often been quarreling and trouble, and it had finally come to such a pass that the old wman and Fatmene lived by themselves away from ither people. She had only one guest with her whom she never lost,--Content.

But to-day she had gone out among the people; for to-day was the city's greatest holiday. This very day the Sultan Abdallah entered into his capital. A few months before, his father had died, very old and deeply mourned by the people, and his son had succeeded to the throne. The very first thing he did, the young Prince had made a journey to the grave of the Prophet, and had there said a hundred times a hundred prayers, that God might grant him a happy reign, and his subjects blessings and properity. Then he had come back to his capital city, and to-day would make his entrance into it. So all the people were in great excitement. All the windows, balconies and roofs were densely packed. Whoever could find no place there, stood on the broad main street, through which the ruler would ride on his way to the palace The crowd stood closely packed on both sides of the street.

Among the people in the very first row stood Mariana, and her beautiful grand-daugheter. They were happy becaus e they would soon

see the Sultan; for Mariana was a loyal soul, and loved the young sovereign, of whom many good and beautiful things were told.

All those around her were dressed in fine clothes. Only poor Mariama who had no fine clothes had come in her everyday dress. Many people were angry about this, and thought that the old woman should go away; she was out of place here; she should at least step back a little, so that the Sultan would not see her. But these suggestions were not well taken by Mariana. She answered:"The Sultan will be glad when he sees me; for I have such fine clothes that the Sultan himself will certainly wear no better." But that was going too far for the poeple. "What", they cried, "What's that the old fool imagines? The Sultan will have no finer clothes than she, the old rag-bag?" So they started to quarrel and wrangle loudly. It might have gone hard with the old woman, but that just then the Sutlan came riding along, and at sight of him, verything else was soon forgotten.

People shouted wildly:"Long live the Sultan!" And there was no end to the waving of flage and handkerchiefs, the throwing of floers and the cries of joy. But the young Prince rode along. Beautiful and noble-looking, from his white horse, he gracefully and joyously thanked the people on all sides for his splendid reception, unfil he had vanished within the doors of his palace. Still the people had not seen him enough. Again and again on the next day, they ran together in great crowds, as soon as the ruler showed himself. Mariana was always to ,be found in the throng, although the people always wished to send her away again, and told her that she must not show herself to the Sultan in her old clothes. And the quarrel did not pass over quickly, but grew worse and worse so that the old woman, against whom the whole world seemed angry, finally attracted the attention of the Sultan

and he had his Grand Vizier look into the cause of the quarrel. After Abdallah had considered it, he commanded that the old Mariana should be left in peace. From then on she was let alone by the people, and could admire the Sultan without interference, and to her heart's content.

Fatmene generally stayed at home; for she was agood diligent child and wished to neglect none of her work. "I am so young," she liked to say, "I can still see many beautiful sights; now I will work awhile, and let Grandma, who must have so much to worry her, go out for a walk."" Then after her return in the evening, the old woman would tell the young girl, everything she had experienced and seen, how the Sultan looked and what clothes he wore.

"Yes," Mariana said, "It is wonderful. Everyday it seems as if there could not be a finer garment than the Sultan wears that day. But on the next day, he always has on a richer and more splendid one. But still--"

The old woman stopped and seemed to sink into gloomy meditation. Fatmene looked up at her grandmother greatly surprised, and then asked:

"What then? What do you mean then".

"And still," Mariana went on after a short pause, " and still the Sltan is no longer as grand as he was. It seems as if he were no longer as happy as he was on the first days. And the way his downright happiness brightened up his face wasreally the most beautiful part of him."

"Oh, you must have deceived yourself, grandma!"

"But child, you surely know that my spedtacles never deceive. When I see a thing through them, it always gets full justice."

Fatmene had to grant this, and so she did not contardict her any more. Still for the whole evening, they both thought of the Young

Prince, and speculated as to what could be the cause of his trouble.

But how frightened Fatmene was when early the next morning, a servant of the Sultan appeared, and in the name of his master ordered Mariana to com with him to the palace.

"Oh, Allah," she mourned, "do not let the Sultan be wicked and have my grandmother beheaded!"

Mariana quieted the child as well as she could, and went with good courage. In the palace she then saw all the splendor that was hidden from the common people: high, wide halls of marble and ebony, studded with gold pearls and precious stones, and set off with the most beautiful paintings and costly carpets. Everwhere fountains spread freshness and fragrahce. On a golden throne in the most magnificent room sat the Sultan. When the old woman entered, he dismissed all his officers and attendants, and Mariana took a place beside his armchair.

It seemed to be hard for him to day anything. Several times he started to say something, but he always stopped again. But he finally said:"Mariana, can you think why I have had you come here?"

"No, I am a simple old woman. I do not know what my Lord and Sultan can want of me."

"It has been told me that you are always contented,"Abdallah went on,"that you find everything in your life beautiful and good and well arranged."

"That istrue," answered Mariaha, "I am quite contented. But would it not be the greatest sin if I were not?"

"But still you are very poor, Mariana; you have no palace, and no costly furniture, and beautiful gardens, no servants, no fine horses, nothing good to eat, and no--"

"That is not so," Mariana interrupted, "I do have good food, per-

haps better than you. This morning I drank a cup of chocolate,-- you have probably never had anything so good. You do not need to laugh a bout it." she went on, somewhat angrily, when the Sultan smiled, "And if I do not have a palace, and beautiful gardens, and everything that you have, I'm not poor merely on that account. My house is beautiful too."

Then she commenced to t ll the Sultan how fine it was at her home, and even if it was small, why it was pleasant and comfortable.

"No one," she said at the end, " could be better off, take it all together, excepting you, great Master."

"Yesm you see, Mariana, that I now have everything beautiful that there can be in the world. When I wake in the morning, a servant hands me the most delicious coffee. A slave sings sweet songs, accompanied by the lute; another fans, to refresh me. Artists hurry hither to show me their new works. poets come to read their versees before me, and the wisest and most clever men in the world, vie with one another t entertain me with profound discourse. Before I have expressed a wish, yes, even before I am conscious of one, it is already fulfilled. And still I am not happy and contented. Everything I see and hear seems tedious and stale to me. Nothing gives me any real pleasure, and the d day becomes so long to me that even in the morning, I wish that it were evening and time to go to sleep."

The Sultan paused as if waiting for the old woman to speak, but she thoughfully looked straight ahead and said nothing.

"That, " the Sultan then went on, "Thta is why I have sent for you My Grand Vizier has told me that you always appear happy, Now you must tell me how it comes. If you will tell me how to manage it, I will reward you royally."

Mariana took off her spectacles, and said: "Just try these glasses master. Then perhaps it will be better. But you must polish them yourself for a half an hour every morning and evening, or else they will grow cloudy. Have yourslef waked to-morrow very early-- at sunrise at the latest,- and then make the first trial."

With these words the old woman gave the Sultan the glasses, and went away. She would n't accept rewards or thanks.

Abdallah was ver eager to try the spectacles, and he could therefore hardly wait for evenng to come. Then he lay down to sleep early and commanded his servants to wake him very early next morning. This was all done as he commanded. And next morning when the troop of servants came into his bed room to ask for the orders of the Sultan, they were almost overcome by surprise. For something had happened that had never happened before, something wuite unheard of. The Sultan had jumped up from bed quite unaided, and now bade his servants to leave the room, as he wished to dress himself. The people were scarcely out of the room when he sat down jsut as he was in his shirt, took a silk cloth, and with it conscientiously polished the glasses a good half hour, so that the sweat ran down his face from the umusual work, He quickly dressed himself, and then, with the glasses on his nose, went into the garden.

The Sultan did not know how it happened,-- but the world seemed to him to be transformed, and he thought that he had been changed him self.

Not for a long time, never indeed, had he felt so well and happy. How brightly the sun shone, how brightly the fresh dew drops sparkled on all the grass and flowers, and how fragrant and fresh was the cool morning breeze that fanned his brow. He went constantly farther

and deeper into the garden by a way he had never gone before. It was not laid out artificially, planted with palms, camelias and magnolias, great avenues leading to grottos and marble statues, to little temples and pavilions. No, it lead him away, where the trees grew wild high lonely plane trees annd gnarled oaks, where forget-me-nots, and violets eryngo, and gold-cup grew, all mixed together on grass meadows. Everything seemed so wonderful to the Sultan, that he thought that until now, he msut really have been blind to be able to pass all this by heedlessly. How beautiful is each blade of grass, this one big and strong, that one slender and delicate, stirred by every breath of wind. In the morning dew, the whole meadow was like a gleaming veil. The crickets chirped there, and the frogs croaked from a near-by pond.

To the Sultan this music sounded much better than singing, and the playing of mandolins. He picked a good many flowers, here a white or blue, there a red or yellow. He saw with astonishment and reverence how the Great Father had endowed even the smallest things with grace and beauty for the pleasure of those who walk through his great world with open eyes and carefree minds. From sheer happiness he rolled on the ground, and at last turned a somersault in the the grass. But then he was frightened a little. "For", he thought, "what would the people say, if they should see that I, the mighty Sultan, the ruler of so many millions, had turned a somersault?" But luckily, no one had seen him except a little white Spitz dog, that bounded toward him, barking loudly, and jumped on the Sultan. He had hitherto paid no attention to the little animal, but now, in his carefree mood, he was greatly pleased with the company of the merry little beast. The dog frisked ahead, and the Sultan went on with him over fields and meadows, how long neither of them knew.

Gradually, however, Abdallah began to feel peculiar and uneasy;

in his stomach he had a feeling that he did not recognize, but that troubled him. Was there a wicked wrom in there that troubled him so? The Sultan did not know, and the Spitz could give him no help. Suddenly he saw a little cottage, not far away and partly hidden behing the trees. In front of it sat an old man with his wife and son. Each had standing beside him, spade rake, and hoe. They were country people who had just been working in the field and were now eating their breakfast of black bread and milk-soup. They did not know the Sultan. But when he asked them very politely, if he might not eat with them, they very cordially invited him to do so.

The Sultan kept eating one piece of bread after the other, and one dish of soup after the other, and the good people were heartily glad to see how good it tasted to their visitor. He could not prasie the food highly enough, and swore over and over again that nothing had ever tasted so godd to him before in his whole life. That it had been black bread with milk-soup, he would not believe for a minute, and thought that that he must have eaten something especially fine.

"Oh, no, sir," the old man said, "You have only had a good healthy hunger, and the meal has therefore tasted good to you."

Still Abdallah thought: "I do not know what hunger is. I have never had it, and certainly have n't it now." And he asked the people if he might come againsoon. This they said they would be glad to have him do, but would not take the ring that the stranger wanted to give them. "For," they said, "We have not taken you in for the sakeof pay, but to gain favor in God 's eyes and yours. Good-bye, sir, and come again soon."

Thanking them heartily, the Sultan, with the little Spitz, who had been allowed to drink some of the soup also, went on the way back to to the palace. There he found everybody in excitement, for they had

commenced to fear that some misfortune might have befallen him. But they quickly calmed themselves when they saw the Sultan, and only wondered at his cheerful mood and his big spectacles. And because they thought that everybody must imitate the ruler, they also wore cheerful faces and set glasses on their noses. But they were ordinary glasses, not magic ones such as the Sultan wore,-- they did no good. Only the spectacle-makers had prosperous times; they rubbed their hands together happily and chuckled to themselves.

So Abdallah lived several weeks in great content. If he had anything to worry him at all, it was because Mariana would accept no reward, and would not come to the palace again. "I am not needed there now, " she said, " and it pleased me best to stay at home in peace."

Now as it chanced, the Sultan received a visit from the powerful Caliph Beniro, of Bainai. The Caliph had previously been on very friendly terms with Abdallahs father, and he came now on his visit to the grave of the prophet, to congratulate the young prince. He brought many hundreds of followers with him, each one clothed a little mofe handsomely than the other. They all rode on handsome horses or clumsy camels. And it took a good half hour before the last one had entered the gate of the palace. Then, in honer of the distinguished guest, a feast was proclaimed to which all the greatmen of the realm were invited. The choicest things to eat were there, and ample justice was done the wine; and-- you know how it is, well enough,-- it made them talkative and confidential. The Caliph became that way, and so asked the Sultan across the table; "Abdallah, what kind of specs, have you really got on there, anyway? They are not beautiful, your eyes are good, so why do you wear them?"

The Sutan smiled and said: "These glasses are very valuable. They

are worth more to me than half of my kingdom. Therefore I polish them myself a half hour every morning and evening, so that they remain very clear."

Then Beniro laughed so heartily that the Sultan became alittle bit angry. But he would say nothing because the other was his guest, and so only asked hum why he laughed so loudly.

"Oh, that is too funny," said the Caliph, "It's certainly new to me for a Sultan to do anything himself. Do you polish your own boots too?"

"No", said Abdallah somewhat quietly

"Now then, as far as I am concerned, go ahead and wear the glasses if you want to. But you will not shine them any more yourself. That is really toomuch of an innovation."

The Caliph was laughing so heartily that the Sultan had to laugh with him, and they drank with each other, and were soon the best of friends, speaking of something else. At mid-night Beniro mounted his horse and rode away with his attendants. He wished to ride at night on account of the heat.

The Sultan went into his bedromm very tired and weary. Still, he sat down on a stool, as he had been accustomed to do for a long time, and took up the glasses to polish them. But suddenly the Caliph's mocking words occured to him, and besides he was so tired.

"Oh, just to-night," the Sultan thought, " the faithful Ibrahim can help me." So he gave the glasses to the old man with the command to polish them carefully a half hour, lay down, and immediately went to sleep.

On the next morning the glasses lay by the Sultan's bed as usual. But he did not get up as happily as formerly. For he had a guilty

feeling and was anxious lest the glasses had turned dark. So he breathed freer when he looked through them and found them just as bright and clear as before. He praised old Ibrahim, and thereafter had him polish the glasses every mornig and evening. The Sultan knew he could depend on the good fellow.

But one morning-- oh, horrors!-- when the Sultan put on his spectacles, the glasses had turned dim, and he could no longer see through them. He called Ibrahim an idler and a sluggard. But the latter protested:"I am innocent. I have polished them faithfully, and when I last had them in my hand they were bright, clear, and transparent."

The Sultan sent for Mariana, and told her what had happened. When the old woman heard how her glasses had been treated, she became furious. She who had previously been such a peaceful gentle woman was as if transformed, and cried to the sultan:" So that's how you value my present! I have given you the most precious thing that one can have, which is worth more than your whole kingdom and you have ruined and wasted it.

The Sultan wished to excuse and explain himself to Mariana. But she would not listen and became constantly more furious, and at last cried to the Sultan:" I will not help you. You don't deserve such a precious gift! You Lazy-bones!"

But that was too much for Abdallah. The poor old woman dared to call him, the mighty prince, a lazy-bones. Full of rage he commanded Mariana to be seized and taken to prison. He had the spectacles thrown into a well that lay outside the city in a field. It was so deep that no one had ever been able to draw water from it. Therefore many people believed that it was not a well at all, but some passage straight to hell

The well was therefore commonly called the "Devil's well".

The poor Mariana lived on bread and water in jail, and had time to meditate on the fact that it is not prudent for one to express too clearly and plainly his opinions of the mighty ones of this earth,-- at least to their faces. And when she thought of her dear grand-daughetr, she was worried almost to death, and wept bitter tears. But things were not to stay that way very long. And now just listen how a change came about.

At that time a youth known as Gunther the fiddler was travelling through the Orient. He was from a distant island and looked quite different from the poeple of the Sultan's kingdom. He had bright blue eyes blond locks, and a face as rosy and fresh as a peach blossom. He played on the violin where ever he went,-- and how he played! His music sounded at first like deep longing, then like joyous hope, and at last like loud triumph and rejoicing. There was no one who would not follow him no one who was not as if bewitched and transformed by his playing. Wicked people abandoned the malicious projects they had in their minds against others, and helped those whom they had wished to wrong. At his playing old ill-will vaished from the heart, corroding enmity, from the soul, and bitter hatred from the mind. Sad people became happy, the oppressed joyful, the anxious reassured, and the despairing, confident. Plants and animals, and even inanimate Nature itself, seemed susceptible to the magic song of the youth. The animals pricked up their ears, trees bent down their heads, flowers turned their faces to the music, and the houses threw their doors, gates and windows, wide open to let the sweet tones sound in their full strenth.

On this evening the youth entered the capital city. Since it was already dark, he was not noticed, a fact which suited him just right. For he wished to go to the prison to help old Mariana, of whose sad fate

he had heard. He sat down near the prison in the shadow of a wall, and waited till it was mid-night and all the people slept. Then he commenced to play softly, and tremblingly, then constantly fuller, brighter, and more joyfully.

Mariana rubbed the sleep from her eyes and listened. She did not know what it was. Had she been dreaming? Or did she really have her spectacles. Was the world as beautiful again as before, did she live with Fatmene in her little cottage? And what was this then. Then indeed the doors and windows of her prison cell flew open, and in streamed the exulting strains that seemed to make the whole house burst open. The old woman did not suffer any more there. She hurried out there the music came from, and no one held her back. For all the guard of the prison, as well as many other people surrounded the youth, who encircled by the light of the moon, seemed as mysterious and as glorified as a messenger from heaven. When he saw Mariana coming he stopped playing, and had the people go back to their chambers. But he led the old woman to her house, and commanded her to stay there and not let herself be seen. He himself would not stop, for, he said, there was still a good deal for him to do that night, and he went harriedly away to the palace of the Sultan.

Abdallah lay in his silken bed. Sleep had deserted him; for he th thought of the injustice he had done Maraiana, and he would gladly have changed places with many a day laborer to whom hard work and a clear conscience had given deep sleep. Then up from the street there sounded something like a gentle reproof, which constantly becamemore penetrating and more clear. The Sultan jumped up from bed, threw on the first clothes that came to hand, and alone and unnoticed hurried from the palace to the prison. He wished to take the old woman from jail

and lead her in honor back to her home. But he did not find her. Haunted by anxiety he therefore hurried to her home.

Mariana recognized him even at a distance, for by this time it had become light. But she did not want the Sultan to find her. Still the beautiful violin player had told her that she must not go out. So she told Fatmene to tell the Sultan that her grand mother had died in prison. The child did as she was bidden. Then the Sultan broke into tears and wept loudly, calling himself the murderer of the old woman; for she must have died from sorrow over her imprisonment.

The beautiful Fatmene was sorry for the Sultan, and she would gladly have told him the truth, but she did not dare do it now, and so remained silent. Abdallah also pitied her, from the bottom of his heart, for she was now quite alone. He wanted to provide the girlwith the means of a living, and send her immediately, a hundred camels loaded with gold pearls and precious stones. Fatmene sent everything back; but Abdallah did not despair;" I will not leave you alone, and if you will accept neither presents nor help from me, I will at least stay wih you to guard you from thieves and wicked people."

So the Sultan stayed in the house of the good Mariana, adn tried to comfort Fatmene as well as he could. But the good Grandmother stayed up in a little bit of a room under the roof, and did not let herself be seen. The Sultan therfore believed now as before that the old woman had died in prison. But avery evening Fatmene came to her grandmother, told her what had happened during the day, and received advice from the wise old woman.

This went on for a long time. The Sultan, helpful where he could be, fetched water from the well for Fatmene, or brought her wood from the neighboring forest and learned to split it up for her with a hatchet

For thanls, Fatmene sang him beautiful sdngs or told him of her experiences, or of the lives of other people. In return the Sultan told of his youth, and how the court of his father had been conducted, and of other princes and their histories. So, for both of them, the time went by as if on wings. For what one had to tell, was new and instructive to the other. With each day they became happier and more intimate, and the Sultan could not get over wondering over how well he felt in the little house, and how well he slept in his little room.

But one day the Sultan' s Grand Vizier came, and asked his master: "Return to your palace. A foreign embassy had arrived which you must receive. There are also many other matters of administration that you must discharge."

Deeply troubled because they must part, the Sultan and Fatmene sat beside each other, and he felt that he loved the girl more that anything else in the world, and he could never, never leave her. So, quickly resolved, he asked Fatmene ifshe would become his wife, and come with him to his palace.

The young girl was terribly frightened at this. She the poor, Fatmene should become the Sultana, and move from the unassuming little cottage to the stately palace? She did not knw waht to answer, and instead of any reply, she ran in donfusioh from the room and up to her grandmother. She told the latter what had happened. The old woman had indeed expected something of the kind, for she laughed to herself a little slyly, but did not let Fatmene, who had buried her face in her grandmother's apron, nhotice anything, but said very earnestly: "I will give you my blessing at the wedding, and let you go with the Sultan, if Abdallah will find my spectacles for me again."

Fatmene ran down and said to the Sultan:"I will gladly take you for my husband, but you must first give me back my grandmother's glass-

es."

The Sultan promised it should be done immediately, hurried to his palace, had all his officers and soldiers assembled, and promisd them half his treasure if they would go and get his glasses for him from the well. Many looked serious at that. They would rather forego all the treasure in the world than let themselves be pulled into the well and go post to hell. But ten especially brave and bold officers bound themselves together, provided themselves with long ropes and ladders, and decided to climb down into the well.

At first everything went all right. They let the chords and ropes which they had fastened above, deep down into the well, without anything special happening. But they had scarcely resolved to go down, when a horrible fellow came towards them; it really must have been the devil or one of his followers. He had fiery eyes, his breath was like pitch and brimstone, his hands had sharp claws, and from each finger a tongue of flame shot out. The demon drove the brave men back, and cried with a rumbling voice:" VENIAT IPSISSIMUS, VENIAT IPSISSIMUS!" And as often, either by night or day, as the brave men renewed their efforts to climb down into the opening, the monster would come out of his hole, roar his "VENIAT IPSISSIMUS" and frighten the men back.

So finally they had to go back to the palace in great dejection without having accomplished their purpose. But the Sultan was still sadder than they; for Fatmene still insisted that she must have the glasses again, or she would not become the Sultan's wife, and Abdallah felt more and more strongly every day that he could not live without the maiden. He was nearly in despair. Finally, on the advice of his Grand Vizier, he decided to go to a very old monk, who, since time immemorial had lived assa hermit in the wilderness, and who was reputed o

to possess great wisdom. The Sultan put the matter before the old man asked for counsel.

"Indeed," the old man said, "you must go yourself!"

"What, must I climb down into that well, that dirty, dark well, and perhaps have the devil get me?"

"Well there isnothing else to be done, Abdallah. For the words that the devil, or whoever it was, constantly cried were Latin, and meant:"He must come himself in his very own person'. I think he meant you by that, Sultan. For it was you who had the glasses thrown into the well."

The Sultan went away, it must be confessed, in no kindly temper. For it did not please him at all for the old man to command him to go down into the horrible well himself. He spent a sleepless night. But, because he saw not ither way out of it, and because his passion for Fatmene became constantly stronger, he decided to go down into the well next morning and look for the glasses. Nothing really happened when Abdallah went down into the shaft. The fiery demon did not appear and the old man appeared to have been right. But the Sultan went constantly farther and farther down. The men who were upon guard above, had been unable to see him now for a long time.

But the farther down he went, the darker and gloomier it became in the unfathomable shaft, so ,that the Sultan became quite frightened about it. But he would not give up. For what was life worth to him, if he could not win his dear Fatmene? The Sultan had already been going down hours and hours; he had constantly become more and more discouraged. He was about at the end of his strength, when coming up from below him, he heard a confused noise as of hammering and stamping, pounding and striking. The father down he went the greater the noise

became, until at last it grew into a deafening uproar.

Finally it suddenly grew quite light, and the Sultan stood in front of a glass door on which was written "Labor"in golden characters. It lead into a brightly lighted, immensely wide hall.

It was from here that the turmoil came; for here everything was in constant motion. The big room was filled with tremendously large glass boxes, connected with one another through glass tubes. Water was constantly flowing into the chests and drawn up in a thousand separate streams. Everywhere comical dwarfs that looked like little India- rubber men, worked with the flashing, foaming, frothing water. The Sulcoùl not tell whether they were really of rubber or not.

As he entered, a vigorous, elderly man came towards him with the words:"It is well that you come, Abdallah. Your spectacles are just ready. We had lots of work to make them clear again. We have had to wash them steadily for four months and three days, but now the glasses are bright again."

In the meantime a little rubber dwarf brought the spectacles, and at the command of his master gave them to the Sultan. Abdallah did not knaow what to say to it all. But Mr. Labor,-- that was the man who had received the Sultan,-- said:"I have no time for talking; in my workshop the work must go on without interruption. Otherwise the springs, rivers and seas, would have no water, for I have to send it up to the light of day for them from here. Besides you must make haste, Sultan, for your attendants and Fatmene are already awaiting your return with fear and anxidty."

So the Sultan stayed ony long enough to thank Mr. Labor briefly and started on his way back.

In his overwhelming joy, he no longer felt any weariness. Like

a squirrel he jumped up from round to round, and often even jumped o-ver one or two. The descent had seemdd endless and wearisome to him, climbing up seemed like play. When he saw daylight again, it seemed to him he had climbed up in a few minutes. His attendants cried to him

Just one jump, and he stood on earth again. But how he looked!--covered over and over with dust and dirt. Still he did not think about that. His people wished to hold him back, in order to bring him other clothes first, but he shook them loose, and ran as quickly as he could to Fatmene's house.

The maiden saw him coming towards her, as breathless and radiant with joy, he waved the glasses high above his head. She called her grandmother. When the old woman saw her glasses, and the joy that shone from her child's eyes, all enmity vanished from her heart, and she ran toward the Sultan with Fatmene. Abdallah, deeply moved when he saw Mariana again, sank down on his knees and kissed the hands of both women. Smiling kindly, the old woman joined the hands of the young couple and blessed the two happy people.

The wedding was performed that very day. The grandmother gave her children the spectacles. She thought she would not nedd them her-self any longer, but the young people would always value them. They promised this, and kept their word faithfully, as long as she lived, and the spectacles have not become dim again.

* * *

SHADOWVILLE.

When the husband of the good-wife Martha died at Shadowville, she put on a blck dress and covered her face with a veil. She would lift the veil over her forehead only when she was with her little boy, Frank, for he was ajolly youngster, and would not tolerate the black cloth for a minute.

Now there lived in the house, a little girl, Bertha, partly a servant and partly a member of the family. She was of a bright disposition had light hair, a loud voice, and lively hands and feet. But by far the liveliest of all was her tongue. When Bertha laughed, her little tongue would buzz round like a fly wheel.

Dame Martha's house hada hogh gray gable, and looked very gloomy. Just behind stood some large fir trees which threw a heavy shade into the sitting room. Back of the trees, one could see mountains full of woods and rocks. Cloud caps always lay on their heads. They made the whole village shady. Only for two hours at mid-day could the sun peep over the mountain tops, and say:"Hello, dear Shadow Folks." Then it must say good-bye again.

It was beautiful in this shady valley for all that. The village lay to the right and left of a mountain stream, and there were no poor people there. The little girld wore blond braids. The boys would show their gleaming teeth in laughter. Yellow and great blue plums grew in the gardens. The schoolhouse was too small, but it had a good old teacher who never took astick in his hand. He would merely touch the lazy ones on the cheel with chalk, and say:"Be honest and do not rub it aff until your father and mother have seen it." But on the way home the children would rub off the spots for one another.-- Everyone was happy in this village.

The old people would sit at the windows when the sun came out, and say:"How easy it is too be happy,-- so much sun!" The men worled diligently in the meadow or workshop, and only when the sun came out would they lay down their shovels and planes, and say:"Look at the sun! How fine he is!" then they would shovel and plane again.

And then the wives at home!-- My gracious what wives! They sewed simply beautifully, and mended the boys' stockings so well that with the best glasses, you could n't see where the hole had been. But at noon and night, a blue smoke went up fromthe chimneys and it smelled so good inthe street, from the cooking and baking that one would think there was a church festival or some other great feast.

Later the girls would sit in front of the door in the quiet restful evening, and sing their songs with the black-birds. The boys would sit opposite on the fence and whistle an accompaniment, or would chase each other around the village well. Under the windows the father and Mother would satnd, give each other pinches of snuff, sneeze, and then say:"Bless you". Yes it was lovely in Shadowville. And when the watchman went through the streets at eleven o'clock he would hear a low contented snore, from every bed-room window. Everyone was asleep Every light was out. The only lamp burned in the house farthest back. There Zachar the wizard lived alone. No one knew where he came from, or how old he was. At times he would jumparound like a young man, at others he would creep around like a very old one.

At times he would have fresh red cheeks; and then again he would be wrinkled like an apple in April. No one knew what he worked at in his house. People called him only, "the Magician". His garden and that of Dame Martha joined together. And so Frank and little Bertha saw him and were not afraid of him like the other children. He often

threw juicy apples and yellow butter pears over the fence to little Frank.

Still he was a bad man. He had done such savage and cruel things out in the world, that no wine could refresh him any longer, no dance could please him, no song could make him happy. He had made sport of so many people that no one could love him any more, and he was driven from town to town. He could no longer find rest. Then he went into the forest to a bda spirit, and asked:"What must I do to have peace?"

"I cannot give you peace," the Devil answered, "but I will give you as much magic power as you want, with which you can take peace from other people. They shall not be any better off than you."

And Zachar was content with this. He went back to the people, and every where there were broken heads and quarrels.

One day he came to quiet Shadowville, and bought the house beside Dame Martha's garden. At the village well he angrily watched two children dividing an apple. They had no knife, and so little Frank and then Bertha would bite off a piece until only the core was left. "Just wait!" Zachar said, "in a year you will pound each other to death for an apple."

He went into the tavern and bought as much wine for the people as they would drink, in order to get them excited. But the men of Shadowville stood up after the third glass, and said, " It is enough." He threw apples and pears among the school children, and it really did happen that the boys would strike and the girls would scratch each other. But after half an hour they were like brothers and sisters again. He gave the teacher books to read that contained wild, dangerous matter. But the teacher did not understand even the first sentence, and threw the writings into the fire unread. This went on for a year, two years, threew years, ten years, and still Zachar had

not succeeded in bringing unhappiness into the village.

All night he would study old books for some new charm to try in morning. So the watchman saw a light in Zachar's house every night. The wizard gave the girls beautiful clothes, and thought that each would rather have more beautiful ones. But no! Each maiden thought she did have the prettiest and ech one was delighted. When they wished to build a new schoolhouse, he said to the people on the left of the stream "You must see that the new schoolhouse comes on your side. The neighbors across the stream wish to have everything, the church, the townhall and the schoolhouse!"-- Then he ran over to the villagers on the right bank and excited them:

"I understand that the people over there don't want to leave you the schoolhouse, and yet you have the larger and more beautiful location for it. Don't let yourselves be cheated."

"Now there will surely be a quarrel", he thought, and gleefully rubbed his hands together. But behold on Sunday the men of the community decided:" We would rather have peace than a new schoolhouse, and so we will keep the old one. As soon as we have enough money, we will build two schoolhouses at the same time, one on the right for the boys, the other on the left for the girls."

Then Zachar who was very angry, ran back to his wicked magician in the woods and said:"Look here, I can't do a thing to those Shadowville people. Your magic is too weak."

But the devil wrinkled up his hot forehead, and said:" My magic is plenty strong enough, but you are too weak! I will give you still one year's time. If by that time you cannot get the village into trouble, I will take away your magic, and you must die."

" Then how shall I begin with those fools in the village?" Zachar asked desperately.

"You have begun things wrong." the devil answered. "You wish to catch the net chuck full of fish the first thing. At first one must angle for a single fishm and that, indeed, a little, young, and inexperienced one. Therefore begin with a child. There is just such a foolish boy in your neighborhood. Get hold of him. He is good looking and rich, the others lookeup to him. Depict foreign countries so brightly to him that he will no longer want to stay at home. Then go with him on the wildest spree in the world. Then let him return home. It will no longer please him here, and he will drag dozens of the villagers out into the world with him. So discontent and unhappiness will come into the valley." Then Zachar went back to Shadowville, and tried to get acquainted with Dame Martha.

But Dame Martha still wore the veil over her face and went out only very seldom. She still mourned constantly for her dead husband, and wished that little Frank and her servant girl were also not quite so happy. Shewould scold him when the boy would slide down the banisters whistling, and when he stood on his head in the grass, and had to laugh because he saw everything upside down, she would go for him again Indeed she closed up the shutters when the sun shone, and let the fir trees grow high up over the house so that it gradually grew darker and darker in the rooms. "If one is happy," she would often say, "he will surely be punished. Why if I had not laughed so much earlier, I would not have to weep so much now. My husband might still be alive."

"No, Auntie," Bertha interposed gaily, " He would have died still sooner. For that rascal over yonder never laughs, and therefore the people don't trust him. But we folks of Shadowville laugh." And as often as Frank was scolded, she would go to him and say: "Just you whistle and sing. Stand on your hadd. That's fine!" So Frank thought

of his little cousin as much as or even more than he would of a little sister.

Zavhar thought:"I must begin with the girl. I see she counts for a good deal in this house."

So when Bertha was setting out stakes in her bed of beans in the garden, he stepped over to the fence, and asked quietly:

"Miss Bertha, what have you planted, beans or sweet peas?"

"The gentleman can learn that at harvest time if he has patience to wait." she laughed.

"What a coarse thing!" Zachar thought. But aloud he said very politely:"Oh, at harvest time, then, if I understand it correctly, the good young lady will possibly give me a sample to try?"

"He can have twenty ofthe sticks on his back, but I shall not give him a single one of the beans." Bertha said and turned her back to him. Then she began ti sing so loud that Zachar had to stop his ears and run away.

"There is nothing to be done with that impudent girl! he thought "Well I will try it with the woman!"

He seldom attended church, for the devoted, happy singing and organ playing of the village people, always hurt this wicked soul. But this Sunday he put ona handsome gray suit with silk-hemmed sleeves, a red-figured velvet waistcoat, and a snow white cravat on a fresh shirt. He wore a very high collar, gloves of the softest leather, and in his hand he swung a cane with an ivory head. Under his arm he carried a thick prayer book with gilt edges and a silver clasp.

So he went into church and sat down next to dame Martha and her son No ome sang the holy song so loudly, or fixed his eyes on them so devoutly as Zachar; and Madam Martha thought:"What a pious man!"-- When she droppeda withered violet from her song book, he stooped quickly

and picked it up. He handed it to her with a deep bow, and Dame Martha thought again:"What a polite man!" Afterward he wiated in front of the church and escorted her home. Then he acted so polite, and evey time he said "Dame Martha" , he bowed so gracefully, that the widow would gladly have lifted her veil a little to please him. He asked the boy whether he rode well and knew how to carry a gun.

"No" Frank said mournfully, "Mother has sold our horses, and Father's gun is all rusted." Then Zachar asked Dame Martha to send the boy over to him. He wanted to let him ride on his white horse, and shoot with his rifle,-- things a healthy boy must know how to do.

"Is he not too frivolous?" the widow asked anxiously.

"Dame Martha," Zachar answered and bowed low again, " playing with wooden hobby horses and paper caps is certainly fun, but riding on a live horse, and shooting at partridges, hawks and foxes is really serious, and has already made many rattle-brains into serious men."

"Oh, please then, please take Frank over as often as you wish," repied the good woman. Now she really lifted her veil a little, and smiled at Mr,Zachar.

"You will not regret it!" answered the wizard.

Bertha dropped two cups and aplate when she heard that Frank wanted to go over to the neighbor's. "No good will come of it," she thought, "but I have nothing to say!-- I am only a little servant, who would listen to me?"

So began Frank's intimacy with the wizard. The boy learned to ride at first near home, then over the fields, and finally down through the valley. Zachar rode with him on his black horse, and whenever they had to turn back at the foot of the valley, he would say:" That surely is not very far,-- a child' s run! But you are already a young man! You

should ride out of this hollow. My, but you will open your eyes! What a world! What long roads, what streams and brooks, what spread of landscape! One can gallop all day long and still find no end."

"Oh, if I might only ride there!" Frank said eagerly.

And if they would shoot a hare in the woods, Zachar would grumble that a hare was not of any account. "Out in the world one could hunt for deer and wild boars. There the meadows tremble at the tramp of the horses, the bugles ring tra lala lala!-- and the woods are full of sweet springs and blue berries." And Frank sighed again: "Oh, if I might hunt out there once!"

Then Zachar showed him a shell in which one could see through a colored glass, cities and blue seas, rail-roads, a whole army of beautifully clothes people, and soldiers with caps, helmets and flying colors. When Frank held his ear to the shell, he could plainly hear the music, the rustle of the silken clothes and the commands of the general.

From now on the village could no longer attract him. "How tiresome it is!" he mourned, "It is too tiresome for the sun himself, and therefore he leaves us so quickly.-- There is too little sun here!" He would not go out to work or play with his companions any more, because he read in Zachars books which beckoned and called to him:"Go out into the world Frank. The world is beautiful, the world is large, and you are young handsome, active., and rich. So fare forth in to the world. Here you will get rusty and pine away."

"Mother, let me go away," he begged, "Zachar will go with me."

"Yes, my dear madam", Zachar assured her, "let him go away. He hasa restlessness of spirit which you must let him get rid of."
But Dame Martha would not hear of it. "That is too merry for Frank." she said.

"What's that, too merry?" asked Zachar, "Here in the village it is too merry, here one knows nothing of want or sickness-- but the world, Heavens, that is something terribly serious. There Frank would see how people must pinch themselves, and suffer and sigh. There, thousands have lost laughter forever."

"You might better have said happiness", said Bertha who was just setting the dinner table. "They have lost peace and have brought home trouble instead."

"You have nothing to say about it." Martha warned her, and asked the neighbor in to eat dinner with them. When they had finished the soup and dumplings, the widow only half refusdd the request to go away with the roast goose, she even nodded a little; and when at last she had drunk a wineglassful of wine she said:" Yes, yes, Mr. Zachar, I see you mean well by little Frank. So go on the journey and bring the boy back to me when the has become a manly lad."

"I will care for him like a mother", the wizard said earnestly. But his malicious pleasure because he would finally be able to throw Frank out into the world and so corrupt the village, was so great, that he could not conceal a wicked twinkle in the corner of his eye. Bertha saw it. Frank was so dear to her! She went sadly into the kitchen and wept. But as soon as Zachar had ridden out of the valley with Frank, she came to Martha and said:"You are a wicked mother and have given your son to the devil."

Then the widow got angry:--"If you are really wiser than I why, I can't use such a smart maid."

Then Bertha packed her bundles together and went to her aunt, an herb woman in the forest, who knew many secrets of body and soul. She told the story of Frank and Zachar.

"Help me good,woman!" she ended.

"You must hunt for him, or else harm will come from this," the woman said.

"But I am poor and ignorant." the little maid complained. Then her aunt placed a gold ring on her finger and said:"This is a magic ring; kiss it and your wishes will be fulfilled at once. Just try it!"

"I want to be a handsome knight", Bertha wished, and kissed the ring.

She was immediately changed into a splendid youth with short hair, tight white riding trousers, with spurs and belt, and plumed hat, like a knight. In front of the door a horse neighed impatiently. "Now ride after the two", the old woman commanded, and helped Bertha to mount "God be with you!"

Then the young knight rode away. He kissed the ring, and behold he was already far away on a dusty road with two riders before him, Zachar on the black horse, and Frank on the gray. He reined, greeted them, and politely asked if he might ride intheir comapny. Zachar sullenly wrinkled up his forehead. But Frank , in a friendly way said: "Yes". The riders did not recognize Bertha. Only Zachar sniffed with his hooked nose as if he were smelling of something. The sun burned, the dust flew into one's eyes and nose. The horses jogged wearily and hung out their tongues.

"How hot it is!" Frank complained.

"We shall soon get to the end" Zachar promisdd, "That blue streak there is the ocean, and there where that gray haze lies is the city. There we shall find shady halls, and the sea breeze will blow in from the water through the streets."

"I'm tired too," said the transformed rider, "but the city still

lies a long way off."

"We shall be there by noon," Zachar promised, and softly murmured some magic charm. Then the trees and hedge posts on the way seemed to fly by much faster.

"No we shall not get there before evening", Bertha replied, and kissed the ring. Then while the blue streak yonder did not really get any nearer, the sun seemed to grow hotter and hotter, the dust thicker, and horse and rider more tired. Tree and fence would not go by at all. "Now if I might only lie down behind the mountains!" Bertha went on, "there it is dool and shady. At home my brothers are now sitting in the village under the trees or at the spring, while we are almost fainting." Then Frank sighed and looked almost angrily at Zachar. For the first time he commenced to wonder if he might not have done better if he had stayed aht home.

Late at evening they came, dead tired, into the great city, and Bertha took herself away. For several weeks Frank now lived in revelry He never thought of his little village and his mother. The shops full of fine clothes and sweet things, the fountains with dragons and hawks of marble, the palaces and towers, the noisy people, the wonderful theater, the ocean with its ships and shells, the music of the soldiers and the ball at the king's. Oh, how wonderful it all was, especially the ball! There he saw several pretty maidens, who wore shoes almost as small as almond shells, and whose hair lay like golden crowns fastened to their heads. It floated from their heads and veils like clouds in the morning. One was especially beautiful. Her dress was snow white, and her face was quite like that of the little girl at home. Her little hands were like ivory and her throat rose up fromher collar like a lily stem. When she laughed her little mouth opened like a dark red rose. Beside this gril the other ladies could not please

Frank at all. He danced onlu with her. And when he had drawn her behind some large flower stalks, he asked:"Are you a daughter of the city"

"No", she said sadly, "I am from a little village."

"Oh," he answered, " where you are at home, it must be even more beautiful than in this king's palace!"

"Oh, yes I would gladly be at home again where I am happy!", she answered, and a bright tear glistened in her eye. Then he kissed the tips of her fingers and was about to say:"Follow and I will lead you home," when Zachar stepped up behind, and said commandingly:" Come, Frank, the King wishes to see you."

But when Frank lay down in his bed that night, he thought a long time of his Bertha at home, who was so much like the young lady. Outside the wagons rumbled throguh the streets, and the bold lanterns shone glaringly into the room. Then he thought of his peaceful village his dear mother, the dark fir trees behind the house, and how if he were now in his room there, he would be hearing only the forest rustle, the spring chatter, and he would sleep much more peacefully. It seem- to him as if he must run home again to his mother, just to give her a kiss and tell her good-night. When he went to sleep, in his dreams he saw his mother with both arms stretched out to him. She now wore a still longer and heavier veil.

The follow ng days he lost his homesickness somewhat. Then Zachar sailed with him out onto the ocean. They landed on a green island, and there climbed a mountain on which the bluest bunches of grapes grew clear up to the top. Then they hunted in forests, took part in many feasts, and after several months returned again to a large city. There one day they wereeating in a garden where counts and beautiful women were sated at marnle tables, and were eating tarts and sweet fruits. Behind the dhade of ~~a~~ the lemon trees a band played wonderful

music. Zachar chattered and cracked some capital jokes, and Frank, who had lately been a little homesick again, laughed and said:"It is fine to be here." But suddenly he became quite pale and said Sh!

The music cease d and only a single trumpeter played on. But what a song! So simple so sweet, and so sad! Just hearing it made one homesick. There was nothing of the city in it, but in this song one would thing he saw the village and heard its bells and springs, its limdens and its children. Frank knew the song. How often and how beautifully Bertha had sung it at home:

"Far away is my mother,
My home's far away,
My life is unhappy,
Slow drags on each day."

"Who is the trumpeter?" Frank asked,"I want to see him."

"A foreign artist, " the waiter said, "nobody knows him."

Zachar seized Frank by the arm, but the boy broke free and rushed through the trees to the music stand. There stood the musician; it was a young man whom he did not know but who still seemed familiar to him.

"One would think it might be Bertha's brother"and his eyes became wet.

"We must go away," he commanded Zachar angrily, "I cannot stay here;I have had enough of the city!"

"What do you want then?" the wizard asked anxiously, "Go hunting"

"That disgusts me!"Frank said.

"On the ocean?"

"We 've been there already."

"In the theater?"

"That is all false stuff!--I wish I could go home, Zachar, home!"

Then zachar's eyes glittered terribly. Still he smiled again, and mocked:"Home? So that the people will laugh and the boys cry:'The foreign Jack!?"

That evening Frank went to sleep still sadder that on the first night. Indeed because of Zachar, he was half afraid to go home, and on account of his village he was half ashamed to. But in his dreams he saw his mother again, and she stretched out her arms to him, and called from under her veil:" Oh, come home Frank, come home!" When he waked his pillow was wet from tears. He turned it over, and in so doing saw how brightly the moon shone outside into his room. He was just going to lie down again when he heard passionate weeping just outside his door. "What is that?-- some one's weeping!" he thought. He slipped into his trousers, and stepped out into the hall. Here a chambermaid with a white cap sat at a table. Covering her face with her hands, she wept bitterly. The candle on the table was evidently burned to a stub. But from the hall table the moon shone over her light hair and soft fingers.

"What's the matter?" asked Frank compassionately.

"Oh, you can't help me any!" the little thing wailed between her fingers.

"Perhaps I can, who knows?" Frank encouraged the girl.

"Then give me back my mother and my village!"

"Your mother, Your village? Why I have lost them both myself!" Frank cried.

"Then you are as poor as I." the girl returned, and took her hands from her face.

Frank saw before him the dear face of Bertha.

"Bertha is it really you?" he cridd joyfully, and embraced her.

It seemed to him he had already found half of home.

"Yes the maiden admitted and became quite red. "I ran after you in order to save you from the wizard. I came to youas a rider, as a maid of honor, as a musician and now as a chambermaid. But now I can do nothing more. I am home sick, I must go back."

"I too," Frank said quickly, "We will fly together, at once!"

They changed their clothes and crept softly from the inn, so that Zachar might not wake. They took tight hold of hands. Bertha kissed the ring. Then the ground sank beneath them just as if they were birds They swept high over the roofs and steeples of the city, out into the country. Soon the city lay far behind them in the darkness. Far below them broad strams, yellow fields of grain, and dark forests swept by. Here and there they would here a night watch or the striking of the hour from the villages below. Finally they saw the mountains which became constantly clearer and larger. Already the two had reached their blue shade.

"Now it is not much farther", they whispered to themselves happily.

This night Madam Martha could not sleep. Did the moon shine too brightly, or was she afraid in her lonely house? Surely it is n't good to be as lonely as she. How often she had wept for the boy and for the little maid! The people of the village had told her what a magician Zachar was, how he had tried to get the village into a quarrel about the schoolhouse, and to corrupt the teacher with poisonous books. Now he was after her Frank, and had gradually turned his head. "Now see that you set things right, again!" they said. "You have also cast out that good little Bertha. You are alone, are you, and must weep? Well it really serves you right!"

Madam Martha almost fainted when she heard it. Then for very

shame she drew the veil down lower over her face, and wept more bitterly than at her husband's coffin. At night she got up every time the clock struck, opened the window and called for her little girl and boy. How gladly she would have heard them both laugh again in her house! Then she ran down stairs again and opened her fron t door as if her two dear ones must come in there.

On this moonlight night, she had no peace at all. She was constantly getting up and running about in the room. Every instant she thought she heard the door bell ring. Suddenly she saw a light shining over th there in Zachar's house.

"What is that?" she thought, frightened, "Who lives over there now?"

In the meantime Frank and Bertha had crept softly into the garden, and sat down on the old bench under the apple tree. They did not want to wake their mother. They had become very thirsty from their journey, so Frank shook down a fine ripe apple, and first he and then Bertha would bite a piece off from it, just as they had once done at the village fountain. Just then the sleepless widow looked out of the bedroom window and cried out joyfully. Like a boy, she ran down the stairs, unbolted the door and caught Frank and Bertha in her arms. She laughed and wept for joy.

"At home, at home!" Frank rejoiced, "Now I am all right again."

"But", Bertha laughed roguishly, "Is n't it too shady here?"

But Frank stopped her little mouth, and cried:"Oh, we have enough sun if you stay with us!"

Just then the light over at Zachar's flared sulphur-yellow, and green like lightening, and then disappeared. It was as if it had sunk into the earth.

"That is Zachar,-- the devil," Frank said calmly. "Hut I'm not

afraid ofhim any longer. I'm really at home. He has no power over us here."

From now on, the three lived happily together in the peace of their home and village. Madam Martha hung her veil in the farthest corner of her closet, and now let everyone see her face, which was still very beautiful.

"Go on and laugh some more!" she often said to Frank or to Bertha if it became too still in the house for her.

Zachar's home had slowly decayed and commenced to crumble. Spiders and thorns had covered the walls. Then finally the people dug up these brambles, and cleaned and rebuilt the old house, and made it into a pretty and bright schoolhouse. Every morning and afternoon, little boys, and girls with pig-tails, could be seen peeping from its twenty-four bright windows, uutil the hand of the teacher would seize hold of an ear or a braid of hair, and turn the inquisitive little people back to the black board. "Stay at home", he would always say then, "never stray out into foreign countries." Why how familiar his face is to us! Why it is little Frank! He has become a school-teacher and is just having his pupils sing:It Is Good To Be At Home!"
Then there is a knock at the door. His wife, the jolly Bertha, stands outside, and asks:"Husband, which would you rather have for dinner, apple pudding or almond tarts?"

"Apple pudding", Frank said quickly, "for the apples grow in our own village."

In a quarter of an hour it was cooking, and smelled so good from the kitchen, that one's mouth fairly watered. But all the other kitchens smelled good too, from the spicy soups or juicy meats. And after thatm people returned happily to their labor, and at evening

sang in the streets.

So people still live in Shadowville to-day, and are contented with sun and shadow alike.

* * *

THE LITTLE GLASS HOUSE.

What strange wishes would be heard if a kind fairy should come to us and grant us each one wish! "A horse" one would cry; and long hair another; a third would wish for a better digestion, while a fourth would wish that he might have ginger bread a whole day. Thus it is now and has always been,-- at the right time, nothing occurs that is at all wise.

But to-day I wish to tell of how a strange wish did once bring happiness to a clever workman.

He lived in a little house which he had inherited from his father, had plenty of work and might have been entirely happy, had his wife not spoiled his life a little. Now she was by no means a Xantippe, nor was she unpleasant or ugly. No, she was apretty, mild little wife, but, Heaven knows how it happened, she could not keep her house, her clothes or her cupboard in order.

If the man could not find some of his things, she would run to him eagerly, turn things upside down, and finally bring out the thing sought for from some corner where no one expected it. "Where did you thing it was?" she would laughingly ask the man. "It was stuck fast in the stovepipe, my dear. I don't know myself how it came there." And she always said this so earnestly that the man could not be angry. In the first part of his married life he had made sport of it, laughed and, indeed hunted, but gradually the thing began to go too far for him. He became angry when this thing could not be found to-day, and that to-morrow. He delivered long lectures, or scolded her severely, but all this had no result except that his little wife began to sob as if heart-broken, and promised a hundred time to reform. But she did not reform, and the poor cabinet maker Hansemann had to look for his

as before. Finally he had given up his scoldings and fits of anger; he wished to have peace, and indeed, loved his wife dearly. In the end he expected to cure her of her weakness by his own example of goodness and friendliness. But when this had no effevt either, and it looked worse and worse in his house, he became a sad, quiet man, who did his work but at other times preferred the woods and fields to staying in his own house.

It was on a spring evening while Hanseman sat alone in his work-shop giving way to gloomy thoughts. Out side the young grass sprouted, and the swallow that had worked busily during the daytime mending their nest, now sat peacefully together each twittering something softly into the other's ear. All around it was still and peaceful, and the man's heart became very heavy when he thought of his own restless home. A gentle breeze made him look up; there before him stood a tiny little fellow with a gray beard reaching to his knees. When the frightened carpenter would have jumped up, the dwarf layed a finger on his lips and said "SH!" then he slowly drew near.

"No one must see me! I am a moss elf and live outside inthe forest."

Hansemann looked terribly frightened, for he knew that the moss elves were wicked little fellows. What did such a sprite wish in his house? The dwarf read his thoughts from his face.

"You need fear nothing", he said and his voice sounded sad, "I do not come on a wicked errand. I want to ask you something. I know that you are a man that can keep silence, and that you must do. Not a soul must know of this. Make a coffin for me; outside it must be snow-white, and lined inside with rose-colored silk, and in it must be a pillow of rose-red silk and a cover. But I must haveit by to-morrow night at twelve o'clock. Will you undertake it?" And when the carpen-

ter hesitated, he added quickly:"It will not be to your harm, only you must bring it to the grove of seven oaks, yourself, and entirely alone. Lay it down there by the third oak fromthe right and wait. Also bring a large spade with you, it must be dug deep. One other thing, the coffin must not be more than a foot and a half long."

Slowly the moss elf stepped backward. "It will not be to your harm" it whispered once again. Then he vanished; the carpenter drew a sigh of relief.

"Shall I do it, or shan't I?" he asked half aloud. "If I don't do it, who knows what mischief the kittle fellow may do me? If I do it how shall I set about to make it so secretly?"

But still he did it. In the morning of the next day, he procured the red silk, and with great difficulty made the cushion himself. And when his wife questioned him as to what he was making alone in the closed workshop, he betrayed nothing.

Madam Hansemann was not extremely inquisitive, but when her husband went out at night at half past eleven with a package under his arm, and a spade, ,she looked at him very strangely and even took a couple of steps in order to follow him. But she felt a light sprinkle onher face. Besides she was tired and a little frightened, so she let him alone, lay down in her bed, and slept in peace of mind.

In the meantime, the carpenter walked to the wood with his load, and did not stop until he reached the place designated. The rain dripped softly down, and this was the only noise around. He waited patiently quite a while; but when no one appeared he finally angrily wished to start on the way home.

Hark-- something rustled behind him;-- hush,--somethingmoved in front of him. Fire-flies flashed out, and in the twinkling of an eye the whole place was alive with little figures, who all apeared sober,

almost sad.

The little imp who had been with him the day before, now came. In his arms he carried a tiny figure which he laid in the coffin. It was ahideous creature, a regular she-devil, and the carpenter almost had to laugh out loud, so greatly did the doft rose color contrast with the brown withered face. The little moss elves, however, seemed to have another idea of beauty; they were all very sad, and each wished to caress the dead once more.

"She was my most beautiful child" , said the moss elf king softly, "and she shall therefore be buried just as are people. But now make haste; the time is short!"

The little coffin was locked up. Hansemann dug a deep hole, then put it in, and shoveled the earth on top again. The dwarfs stanped it down firm so that no one could find a trace of it.

Suddenly the whole band vanished and only the king was left behind

"Now you must wish something for yourself", he said, "I will prove to you that I am grateful."

"Wish something?" the carpenter took hold of his spade more firmly Well what one thing in all the world? Where should he seek a good idea so quickly? Yes, indeed he had a good many wishes, but which one was wisest and best?

"Don't you know anything at all? Or nothing for your wife?" asked the moss elf. Then the clock in the village began to strike twelve.

"Quick, hurry up. The wish must be made before the last stroke dies away, or it is all of no use."

Then the dwarf was gone. There the poor man stood, the cold sweat breaking out all over him. Four, five, six, he counted-- he could indeed take that much--"For my wife?"--seven"Oh, if she were not so disorderly! How I became angry again for the first time when I could not

find my boot jack!" -- ten, eleven--

"Then I wish that we lived in a little glass house in which one could always see where things were!"

Twelve!-- The sound slowly died in the night air, the wish had been made, and deeply sighing, the carpenter wiped his brow. Well he had certainly done a fine job! Now his senses first came back to him, and with them the knowledge that he had made a very foolish wish.

What would his wife say to it?-- and --great Heavens! what if his little house should now really be made of glass?

He hurried back, thinking of nothing but his glass house. It still rained very softly and gently. "Kling,ling" he heard when quite a way off. There his house actually stood, add every time a raindrop fell on the glass roof, it rang loudly "kling ling" It was really a little house of glass.

The poor man could stand it no longer, but sat down on the glass sill, and his tears flowed out to migle with the rain, until he finally wen t to sleep.

It was abright clear morning. The rain clouds had vanished, and the golden sun came out. When it saw the glass house, it stopped still in astonishment. What was this? A house into whose every corner one could se? The sun gradually came nearer and nearer;his eyes constantly becoming larger and more smiling. This was interesting; one should look into this more closely. Well there were certainly all sorts of things to see, and the sun was curious. With perfect freedom he saw everything in the house, and even the woman herself who lay sleeping in her bed.

Then the letter looked up. How light it was already! And where was her husband? yes and where was she? Little Mrs. Hansemann rubbed her eyes but everything remained as it had been. Overhead shone the

blue heaven, and outside in front of the door sat her husband. One could see him quite plainly. Now life came to her.

"Hansemann, Hansemann, come in here! Heaven help us we are bewitched!"

Her cries and weeping wakened the man; he jumped up and came into the room, his head sunk down and his shoulders hunched up.

"Oh, Hansemann where have you been? What on earth has happened to us?" wailed the woman, "I cannot get up, everyone will see me." Great tears rolled down her cheeks. Hansemann sighed heavily, and wept with her because he felt so badly too. Finally he drew out his handkerchief, and dried his own eyes and those of his dear wife.

"If you only won't cry so much," he entreated, "I will tell you all about it! Oh, if I had only left the whole thing alone!"

His wife waited very quietly, while he related the whole thing from beginning to end. Her tears gradually dried, but when her husband stopped, she crept deep under her covers, and said: "I will lie here, I am ashamed of myself almost to death; do whatever you want to!"

No prayers or entreaties would help; she would not stir. And there was nothing left for Hansemann to do but cook his own coffee.

Well it certainly astonished the neighbors when they heard about it! The baker's boy had seen it first, and the news naturally passed red hot from house to house. People came running hither from all sides in order to see the glass house. But when anyone asked how it cam that way, the cabinet maker only shrugged his shoulders; he made no answer. The gossips obtained a deal of pleasure from the glass house, for now, at last one could see so clearly into every corner of their dear neaighbors house. It looked simply terrible! In every corner the dirt was thick, and in the closets, which were also of glass, everything lay all mixed together. Everyone exclaimed against such a disorderly wife.

but everyone praised and also pitied the man, who was so diligent from morning to night, for the woman always lay in bed and had made no motion towards getting up.

Hansemann took great pains; he kept the house work done up as well as he could, and was busy in his workshop. He could scarcely fill all the orders; for the people came from every direction, and ordered the most beautiful things of him; for the first time, now, one could see how well and beautifull he worked. He did everything with a light heart, for he noticed that his wife began to be ashamed of herself. He was glad of it, and he hoped that she would now really begin to do differently.

Yes, Mrs. Hansemann was very much ashamed of herself. At first she had only thought:"Everyone can see me if I get out of bed!" But with time she did not think of this any more. Now she was ashamed because all the world could take apeep at her housekeeping, and see how very badly it looked. And as her shame and remorse increased, she also noticed how pale and sad her husband looked, and then she saw that he could not stand it much longer to do the house work and his own work too. This touched her greatly. Very early one morning, before it commenced to grow light, she jumped out of bed, washed and combed herself as clean as a pin, and then went to clearing and straightening up. The neater and cleaner things looked around her, the happier she became. Finally she began to sing a merry kittle song. At this her husband waked up. He lay there speechless and stared at his wife. She just noticed that he was awake, when she came running to his bed, and knelt down beside him. Laughing and weeping she kissed him. "Oh, Hansemann, can you forgive me? Things shall certainly be different with us now. If we must really live in a glas s house, it shall at any rate, shine

inside and out, so that one can look in with some pleasure."

This time the cabinet maker knew that his wife was really in earnest. Shouting with joy, he drew her toward him and kissed her, not caring that the milkman came by and saw it all.

From now on the glass house was really a beautiful one. There were no corners that the dear neighbors were not at libefty to see, and they could also see how they lived, and what the two cooked. So it has remained until this day.

What!-- do they still live there in the little glass house? Certainly! Any one that does not believ it may go there himself, and see! It is not very far from the grove of seven oaks.

* * *