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MODERN GERMAN FAIRY STORIES.

by

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THE LITTLE BOY AND HIS HORSE.

by--George Rufler.

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There was once a very small boy whose name was Freddy. He lived in a house that stood at the bottom of the slope of a mountain not far from a dark pine forest. The house was built of pine logs and covered with shingles and all the cracks were stopped up so tightly with clay that the wind could not get in, no matter how hard it tried. Then the little house laughed at him, and smoked quite contentedly out of the chimney which once had been a stove-pipe; however it thought to itself: "No matter how hard you go at it, what difference does it make to me?" At that the wind became angry and followed along behind the smoke, but that was a nimble fellow who danced around on his nose very anxiously. In the house there was only one room, and in the room a single window, but the sun liked it and always shown in when the day was most beautiful. Then the little boy was alone; for his father was already dead, and his ^{MOTHER} washed at strangers houses. Every day she bought for her boy a piece of bread and a little butter, and each year and a new pair of pants or a jacket for the money which she got for washing; but she did not earn enough so that she could send Freddy to school. But that did not make him feel sorry and he did not even know that they were so poor. In the summer time he tended his nanny-goat outside, her name was Thin-Beard; she sought her food where it was steepest and she always ran along. But Freddy knew that she would at least come back of her own accord for that reason he seated himself meanwhile quietly by the stream, that ran down from the mountain a ziz-zag right through the thick of the slender pine. They would gladly have caught him, but they were not swift enough for that. Now the little stream wanted to go straight way down into a big city, that lay far away in the valley, and it skipped quite boldly forward over the naked feet of the little boy and said:

"Stand up little Freddy, come along, come along you should help for the owners and sawmill." "I am not so foolish," said Freddy, "He would not give me a red cent for it; but you could quickly wash away a few shovel fulls of yellow clay for me, couldn't you?"

And from the clay Freddy moulded all kinds of curious things, Thin-Beard the nanny goat and John the millers hired-hand who always let him ride the donkey, or he made the donkey itself. But when he was modeling he thought of nothing else: he saw nothing and heard nothing, not even the blackbird, which was warbling her sweet song. This is the way it was in summer; when winter came Freddy sat in the room on a chair which he had made for himself, and in the stove crackled pine wood, that he had to gether for himself. At his feet lay Puss the cat. She was already old and so lazy that she hardly wanted to purr, and when the clouds would allow the sun shown through the window and wondered at the boy, who whittled the most beautiful things from Sycamore, Maples. He used a knife for this that had belonged to his father, and it was so sharp that he could hav cut hair and beard with it,

This was the day before Christmas and he was working on a beautiful horse which held one of his front feet up, and threw its head back in fine fashion; one could have believed it would neigh in the next instant. With three feet it stood on smooth board on which were wheels, and thus it could also walk. The horse of course did not have a saddle, but he had a bridle which was a narrow brown leather strap, that the miller's apprentice had given him three days before. When the sun was sinking Freddy had finished all his work, and his eyes sparkled with joy. "Now I will ride out, old Puss" he said, "Do you want to go with me."

"No" said the cat, "it is too cold for me outside, and this evening it will snow, then I cannot find my way home again, when you have fallen from the horse."

"Do you really mean that I will fall off?" "Surely," growled the cat, why you have no claws at all; "What will you hold fast with?"

Then the mother came home from her work and said: "Lay the knife aside Freddy, Christmas eve is here, then one must not whittle and twist, or the Hackelberg will come and take you with him." "No mother, when it is dark two angels will very quietly open the door of heaven, which is there where the sun is gone down, and the Christchild will ride down to the earth on a silver white horse and give it to the children,"

"Yes" said the woman and turned away and lit the pine sticks; then she opened the cupboard and set bread and butter on the table.

Then Freddy said very thoughtfully; "Mother why does it not come to us? I surely have always been good."

But the mother dropped her eyes and whispered: "Because we are too poor. The Christchild comes only to people who have money and we have none,"

"But that is a pity" said the little boy, and as the mother heard this she began to cry bitterly. Then Freddy ran to her placed his head in her lap and said: "don't cry mother, I have a big horse. its name is Huppdiauupp, and I will sell it; I will get much money for it and then the Christchild will come to us also."

After he had said this he took his horse and went with it from the room, and his mother kept crying softly and did not notice

him; but since she was very tired her eyes closed tightly, and she fell into a deep sleep.

The little lad opened the door quietly set the horse asside seated himself on it and called: "get up". But the horse did not understand this at all; for it was still to young, and it also had a hard head and did not want to go. "If I only had a whip"said Freddy, but since he had none he got off and pulled his horse along behind him by the bridle and so it had to mind him whether it wanted to or not. Where the sun had gone down there slowly came up a dark range of cloud mountains; but the greatest part of the sky was still unclouded. Here the dear moon wandered and shown brightly but she had not been full for a long time as she had given some of her light to the young stars which she was passing by in return for that the stars had permit her to cling to them a little now and then; for it is no small matter to stride along up there, much higher than the highest church tower, and not get dizzy. In all the air a solemn silence prevailed; the dark fir trees stood entirely motionless and held their breath as though they were waiting for a king to pass by. But the earth shivered gently; She was cold and would gladly have had a soft white cover, to wrap around herself and to sleep gently. The little boy was also cold, cobut only for a little while; he soon became warm from walking and then his heart beat from egariness to sell the dear horse. As he now troted along a fox first met him.

"Where are you going Freddy?" "To sell my horse." do you want it? I hear you are a rich man and eat roast goose ever day. Then you surely cannot always go a foot."

"Of course not," comma,

Said the fox, "but I see what you are leading there, that is a white horse. I care to ride only bays, they are more becoming to my new fur."

"oh I see then pardon me", said Freddy, and went on. Then he came across a raven that wore a thick black coat and called in a low voice: "trot, trot!"

"Yes" answered Freddy, "It just does not want to and I am sorry that I have no whip. but tell me dear uncle Hardbill, Don't you want to buy my horse?"

"I would not think of it?" croaked the raven quite offended, "I have wings and can fly."

"That is another matter," said Freddy, "I did not know that."

A stretch further on a sparrow met him and asked again: "Master Greyhead, you have so much to do on the streets, don't you want to buy my horse?"

"Yes if it were summer," said the sparrow, then I could use one very well, now in the winter time it is a burden to me to feed my own team. But I'll tell you what we will go down into the city, for there one can get rid of such a horse any day." Do you see how they light up with their thousand lights? just come here, I will go with you. I have to hunt up a couple of more horses anyway which are under my care."

Then Freddy was glad at heart; for where else could he find a director, who understood so well how to send him into the world and to get along with all people.

The road sloped down hill. The sparrow and Freddy stepped along lightly and the horse was close at their heels.

"Now one can see that he can walk real well if he only wants to," said Freddy, and Master Greyhead said real comly: "Yes one must have a great deal of patience with such unreasonable beasts,"

They went by the watermill the big wheel was having an evening rest, and for that reason the brook also had nothing to do and called to Freddy, "Go home, go home, it is cold out here. the flowers have gone to bed, the frog is sleeping deep in the mud, the bat clings to his nook and the cuckoo does not sing when I call to him. The wind is waiting behind the hill. Go home, go home, dear child." "Do you hear what he wants to make you believe," said the sparrow. "You must not listen to him, he is one who is always going down hill. he who wants to make something of himself in the world must let the wind blow around his nose. The little boy determined to be lead by this good docterine but when he say the brightly lighted windows of the millers house, he could not help but think: "Now they are sitting in there by the warm stove and celebrating Christmas,"

It was not long untill they were in the city. There stood high houses, which were backed up so close to each other that the street could hardly get through and the little boy became downright afraid. Of course his mother had a few times taken him with her but that was in broad daylight. He had never had a desire to walk in alone; he would rather be there where the trees russtle and the birds sing. Now all the windows were light, and behind the bright panes stood the most beautiful things. On the foot-path went many people wh seemed to be in a great hurry, and all carried packages and bundles under their arms. It was lucky, that no more wagons went along, and for that reason Freddy chose the road. But even there he did not stay undisputed.

First a fat woman sailed over accross the way; She carried a big band-box on each side, puffed like an old steam engine, and gave Freddy such a shove that he fell to the ground with his horse. But he at once stood up again and alos helped huppdwupp onto his feet. "Ond mustn't mind anything of that kind," said the sparrow, "That happens to me ever day."but back there some are coming who are dangerous associates; let us see to it that we press past them quickly." But they couldn't manage to do that. Three street-arabs came along and they see more with one eye than any one else with two. The first two seized Freddy by his jacket, and the third planted himself very boldly and said, "Say, woodened Freddy, you were going to have your horse shod by the blacksmith, weren't you? you can have that done cheaper here we will help you shoe it for nothing." "That is not necessary"said Freddy, for I want to sell it anyway." Then the three roared with laughter, but then the bold one again spoke: "Say listen you shall not sell your horse; we will not allow it. give it to me, then I will not tell that you stole it." And with that he reached for the rign and wanted to snatch away th only thing the poor boy possessed. Then the sparrow whispered: "Pull off you wooden shoe and give him one on the head." Then Freddy thought this was good advice and he did accordingly. A big fight began and even if there were three of the others they lacked such wepons as Freddy had, and received many a blow. Perhaps it would at least had gone hard with the little boy but aman shot between them like lightening in a thunderstorm; he had a bright helmet on his head and sword at his side. More over under his nose he wore a mustache which was a span long and always shiverd as though it were afraid of the

curious word that flew past it. He ordered: separate you boys? keep piece or I will sprinkle peper and salt on you! who started it?" "He" the three cried in the same breath. "No!" they, chirped the sparrow, but no one listened to him. "You see Mr. Pliceman, he still has the wooden shoe in his hand," said the impudent one. "Be still!" thundered the man we will find out the truth of the matter. you put on your wooden shoe and tell why you are here on the street with that horse!" "He stole that horse" said the impudent one, "No", Freddy called quite boldly and free, "this horse belongs to me," I made it myself." This man could not easily believe that: "That sounds very suspicious to me," follow after me we will soon find out the truth," so Freddy had to follow, and the bad boys shouted for joy: "There, thats what you get for it, now you will be put in jail," They gave a shout for joy and wanted to follow along behind; but the fellow with the helmit painted to his sword and then they were glad to leave.

Now the man went a head with long steps and Freddy, the sparrow, and Whuppdiauupp the horse followed him as fast as their feet would carry them. and the poor did not feel right around his heart and he thought, this is a bad adventure. But the sparrow said to him quite low: "This is nothing at all, I have gottenein to a much wors scrape and at the next cross street he gave Freddy the wink, and unnoticed they turned off to the right, and let the man of law go straight a head he noticed nothing, he only heard his own steps. "Thats the way one must shift with such people," said the sparrow, "You must never let youself be leddby their instructions, if you wish to become an able fellow." But just wait we will soon be at the right place. here in this house lives a merchant who deals in cats and dogs, in donkeys and horses.

You see don't you? his entire window is full of them, you go in there and try your luck."

Then the little boy opened the door and went in and said to the merchant: "Here is my horse Huppdiauupp; I would like to sell it. "Will you but it from me?" "Why not?" said the merchant, "whats the price?" a thousand dollars." "But that is to high for me." So the merchant looked quite serious; "Don you see, my horses are much more beautiful than yours and still cost less than a thousand dollars." "Yes" said Freddy, "I can well believe that your horses are dead too, and mine is alive; I know that because I made it myself. but see here what will you give me for it?" "half a cent" but that is entirely to little for me," said the little boy, and quickly went out of the door, and Huppdiauupp was so indignant that he made a regular jump over the threshold. and little Grayhead was also vexed when he heard this and peeped quite distinctly: "Such a vulgar fellow! it is to bad that I was not with you in there, I would have told him my opinion of him. but just wait! do you notice that funny fellow that is hobling along there. just look, his spider legs always curve in a little, his body is so slim, that he throws no shadow, and his face looks as though it were plastered with copper money. Ask him, he is certainly a horseman. I will tell you, one always makes the best horse trades on the street." Then Freddy waited until the gentleman approached then he said to him quite modestly: "Dear Sir, dont you want to buy my horse? my mother and I have no money at all." But the gentleman only said, "Beggar trash!" and he was past, and they all three stood there, Freddy his horse and the sparrow, and they did not know what to make of it. "Don't cry," said the little sparrow, who was the first to regain his selfcon-

trol; "Thats the way the people are." I know them from my grain dealing." "Well, I am not crying at all," said Freddy very bravely, but at the same time his heart ached at that old horse, which has won in a race and is waiting in vain for its rider to come and pat its neck. "I don't like to stay in the city at all any more, I want nothing further to do with these people here. I know quite well to what I will do. Tell me master Grayhead, "Have you seen the Christchild yet?"

"I should say so, I see him ever year, and out of his sack falls every thing that one would care to quietly pick up. To day he rode at the Eastern gate and he will come out again at the west gate, if you want to talk to him we must make hast to reach the bench out there at the fountain, for he will soon past by there,"

And now the three went out of the city together. There were no more persons to be seen, and Freddys wooden shoes went "clap, clap," on the hard frozen high-way. And since the boy was cold he pulled his fur cap down over his ears, and stuck his hands into his pockets. He said: "Master Greyhead, shall I loan you my pocket handkerchief? from it you can make yourself stockings for your necked legs." But the sparrow laughed and said, "I dont need it, that makes no difference to me. going barefoot suits me excellently even in winter. but now look around you, here we are at the place. Just seat yourself on the beench and rest yourself; but be careful that you do not fall asleep. in the meantime I will watch and tell you when the Christchild comes."

"Now the little boy sat there and the sky became darker and darker; and the stars put out all of their lights, and the moon disappeared. There it seemed to Freddy as though the world was becoming more and more quiet and he himself was becoming more

and more tired, and at last there came flying down out of the air softly very softly, what seemed a hundred thousand butterflies. they seated themselves on the bare limbs of trees, and when they had no more room there they fluttered down to the road and the grass and covered the entire earth, "Now they have woven a white dress," said the sparrow; "That is really too bad! but what is one to do? the Christ child has given away horse and stockings and must not walk on the hard earth. do you see here he is coming already."

Great goodness there Freddy had really fell asleep! but he had to open his eyes again! he saw gleaming light that came nearer and nearer. Then Freddy stood up and it was easy for him to go, so wondrously easy, that he always struggled toward the light. At last he saw that it was a gentle Angel-child with long curls and blue garment; It had nothing in its hands and walked with bare feet and walked so lightly that no tracks were made on the snow and all the light that Freddy had seen came out from its eyes, and around its mouth a smile played, as though Mother Mary had just kissed its lips. "Are you the Christchild?" Freddy asked. "Yes", it answered and looked at him quite a long while so that the warmth flowed through him clear to his toes and finger tips.

Then the little boy took heart and asked very fervently: "Dear Christchild the people won't have anything to do with me, and no one sees my need, you buy my horse from me. I whittled it myself. You surely do not want to go back into heaven a foot, you can pay for it whatever you want to."

"Oh," Said the Christchild, I have no money at all." Said the That astonished Freddy. "No money" and you bring the children so many beautiful things? ever year you have been at the rich millers house, of course you never knew where we poor people lived!"

"Yes little boy," said the Christchild, and at that smiled very strangely," How that happens I cannot tell you, and you are not poor at all."

"But mother says so"

"Give me your hand" with this hand you whittled out the beautiful horse?" "Yes"

"There is a gift in your hand," said the Christchild, "A rich man cannot buy it for a whole sack of money" and he stroked his hand and blessed him. But Freddy was not at all satisfied and complained: "Have you no more nuts in your pocket, or a fig or a cake?" Then the Christchild said sadly, "Really I did not think of you and have given everything away." But if you want to loan me your little horse Huppdiauupp then you shall see such a beautiful christman tree as no child on earth has received to day."

That pleased Freddy very much, and the Christchild seated itself and took the little boy in its arms, and master Greyhead, was allowed to sit in front between the ears of the horse, as he had not left Freddy. And now it was a marvel to see, how the horse became larger and larger, and it was as though wings were growing on him, and he raised himself up gently, and left the earth under him. It no longer snowed; the sky had again become clear, and the stars shown triumphantly like diamonds in the dark hair of a queen. And as they now floated in the air, and mounted higher and higher, the heart of the poor little boy raised itself with them; it became expanded from joy, but it was remarkable that he could not feel it beat at all and his limbs were so light that he could have jumped to the stars, And he did not feel at all when he struck his feet against the neck of the horse. but he did not think of that any longer.

He was happy; for his own work carried him upward to the stormy sky. Far below he saw meadows and forests, and then the hills expanded and the rocks extended out like giants. From a distance the bells sounded softly, so softly as though their clappers were covered with velvet; They rang the holy festival. And they flew higher and higher, and the earth became smaller and smaller, as small as the wheel of a mill and even smaller. At last they came by the moon, who was just cleaning his lantern, which had almost gone out and he nodded real friendly to Freddy: "Excellent you will soon be able to fly yourself."

And then they got to heaven, and it was so magnificent that it indescribable. There appeared a palace, larger than any on the earth; it was built of transparent blue chrystall, and in this palace was a beautiful room and in the room stood a table that glistened as though it were a single diamond, but on it stood a green fir tree, on which thousands of stars hung as light, five hundred which burned with quiet luster and the other five hundred glistened and flamed as though they were the children of the sun.

"Isn't that magnificent Master Sparrow," said the little boy.

But he answered: "Well yes but a cherry tree where the fruit glistens dark red from among the green leaves, I don't know but what I would rather have that!"

Then the Christman child led them to the table; for under the fir tree the God who was very old set in a very simple wooden easy chair. He looked as gracious, as a father looks at his children, and on his left knee he rocked a little angel that sang with a sweet sad voice: "don't sleep little child, poor and

small! Do you want to aim at the target? Do you want to play marbles with me? Or have you little wings? Anty will give you a doll; Mother will cook you some chicken-soup, but ah, she eats alone. Snow is your resting place, if you do not get up from the cold bed you will soon be in the dark."

Freddy did not know what that meant and his heart was thinking of something quite different.

"Oh, dear God," he said modestly, "Now since I am here I would very much like to see my father again."

"Yes," said the Christchild, "I believe, he is not here at all, he got to another place, because he scolded and beat your mother." "Oh" said Freddy, "that makes no difference my mother has also whipped me, but I love her anyway."

"That is a different matter," said the Christmas child, and the dear Lord smiled a little bit. The little boy was about to cry; but he took courage and said: "See, dear God I brought a beautiful horse with me; Its name is Hupdiuupp. It is standing outside before the door; for in here it is too slippery for him, as he has no shoes yet. But it is no ordinary horse; for it carried all of us to heaven. The people did not want to buy my horse from me, they do not know what it is worth, the Christchild has no money, so you take it and give me what I ask for it."

And when Freddy had finished saying this the dear God sat the angel on the floor to walk away; then he stretched out his right hand, and pulled the little boy to him, and then Freddy knew that his request was to be fulfilled. At ten o'clock a strong boy knocked on Freddy's mother's window. "Washer-woman up, get up! I am the millers boy. I found your boy down by the fountain; he is almost frozen to ice." How the mother was frightened! but

they rubbed the little boy with snow, by and by he became warm again, and the mother held him on her lap, the entire night and kept saying: "My poor boy!" but Freddy lisped very drowsily: "I am not poor. I can make the Christchild from snow-white stone, and it will shine like the sun."

The poor mother did not know what to answer to that, but she threw both arms around him to warm him; for out doors the wind had awakened and rattled on the roof. At last both the mother and the son fell asleep, at the right stood Need and at the left stood Sorrow and kept watch over them. These are the angels of the poor people, and the one whom they want to raise up, they make strong and firm, so that he becomes a hero and victor in combat with the whole world.

Once a man had a little daughter that was born deaf and dumb, sat sat in the corner and looked straight ahead, and did not know what to do all day long. And when the evening come she crawled into her little bed and fell asleep. Then all who were in the house said: "She is best off when she is asleep; for what shall she do when she is awake?"

The child no longer had a mother but there was an old nurse who cooked and washed and kept the house clean, and after she had brushed the dust from all corners she seated herself in the lazy chair at the spinning wheel and all the children that were in the house and the neighbor children besides sat around in a circle. There they had stories told to them, of which each seemed more beautiful than the other.

But the deaf and dumb child sat in a corner and looked out and would so gladly have heard the stories too, and every day it became a little sadder at not getting anything of all this, but it could not tell that either.

Then one morning she awoke in bed very early and saw that a swallow was flying by the window and another one and still another and she thought; "Do you want to go out and see how the swallows fly?" So she got up and put on her little skirt, and tied a scarf around her and went out. All the other people were still, and on the street not a soul was stirring. But the swallow soared after each other, and flew around the corner, and then the child followed them and farther and farther she went and watched them. She went from one street to another, and at last out to the open field, there she stood still and looked around, for she had never been out here before. Then the sun very big and golden,

* "Aber nicht weiter Sagen," By Anna Schieber, Page 140-147 of "Neuer deutscher Marchenschatz."

arose from behind the forest and sent many thousand beams over the world. And one flew to the child, who opened her hand and tried to catch it. But it was quicker, moved suddenly back and forth, and leaped into a little golden cup that stood level with it on the ground. Then the child stooped and picked the cup up, and it was astonished, for it had never before seen anything so golden and glistening. In the meantime the sunbeam slipped on, I do not know where. Then there came over the field an angel, which bent over and looked here and there on the ground. At last he saw the child and the little cup in her hand. "Oh!" he said, "here I am hunting and hunting and you have it. That is a little rainbow cup, I set it on the earth yesterday, that the rainbow should come and stand in it, for it must never stand on the bare earth. Now I am to set up a new one over there behind the forest, and I have forgotten to bring a new little cup down from heaven with me. If I fly up again then Saint Peter would scold me. "If you will give me that little cup I will give you something also".

But the child only shook its head for it did not understand any of it, "What do you want for it", asked the angel, "tell me" then he saw that the child was deaf and dumb, and he said, "Then I will give you something, even though you have not filled my desire. You shall hear all this day what the animals and plants and wind say, and you shall be able to talk to them. Today is my birthday and the great Lord gives me a wish free and I need something for myself. And he stroked the child's hair very gently, took the cup and flew away.

Then the child heard a buzzing, a singing and a ringing and did not know where it came from, she stood up and did not want to stir from the spot, for fear that the sound would cease.

Then the green grass blades which the wind moved back and forth talked to one another, and the grass said to the little flowers: "Open your eyes, the sun is here already,"

And on the pear-tree was a starling's nest, The young starlings called for food, and their mother said: "Immediately, children immediately, father has been gone a very long time and just now he is coming with a worm in his bill."

And after the child had listened quite a while it went across the field and came to a low fence, and behind the fence, two horses grazed on a green pasture, a young one and an old one, and both of them were spotted black and white. And the young one made happy bounds, but the old one stood and sunk its head and sad eyes.

"Good morning, iron gray horse," said the child and was astonished that it could talk, "doht you want to tell me a story."

Then the iron gray horse picked up his head and looked at the child and said. "I know a story, to be sure but only one, and realy it ought to stay in our family, for it happened to us, but if you will promise no to repeat it, then I will tell it to you."

The child said, "I will not repeat it." The grey horse said:

"Then listen. I learned the story from my grand father. He lived far, far back in gypsy land and he was white as snow, and had a waving mane, and he ran around free and had never seen a person. And there was also a beautiful young black mare. that had a white star on her forehead, and she was dearer to him than can be expressed, and he would gladly have run over the plains with her. But she did not want to, she would rather run alone.

And once they come along a beautiful woman, who had on a

little golden crown, and had a soft fine voice and she seated herself on a stone, and clapped her hands once and called: 'Inocent little gray harse, little gray horse, come, carry me quickly, as quick as the wind to that place where my father and brother are.'

And my grand father's greatgrand father was still a young fast white horse at that time, and he heard it and had^{to} go hither whether he wanted to go or not. She stroked his back very gently and then he let her climb on-- he did not want to, but he had to. Then he carried her a long way, and when in this manner he had carried her quite a ways. he said: "Climb down beautiful woman, get off, my back can not carry, I must run far over the palin! Trot, trot, trot," Then she said gently: "Go on, my white horse, go on; I will give you golden shoes, that shall glisten, and gleam, and you shall be called gold white horse.

And she got off and put golden shoes on his hoofs, then he troted another piece with her and thought: "When I get homeand my beautiful black mare sees how I shine, then she will run over the plain with me", And as he thought of this he flew along like an arrow, and when he had trotted another long distance he saw towers and walls and it frightened him so that he went bolt upright into the air and said: "get off" Oh woman and let me run over the meadow, and if you do not want to, then I'll throw you off! Trot! trot, trot," "Ah; she said and got off and looked straight into his eyes, now carry me you wild horse, into my father's city and castle, there hangs a rein of heavy gold, harnah, my little horse, how that will adorn you."

And when she looked into his eyes in that manner then he had to let her get on whether he wanted to or not. Then they

came to the gate of the city and rode in, and when they were inside the watcher's slammed the gate shut, and led the white horse into the barn, so that he could not go back out to the wild freedom, but he had to wear a golden rein, and the princess who had ridden him held the rein in her hands, and he had to carry her where ever she wished to go. Then he started to hang his head, and when he thought of the far away plain he neighed loud from home-sickness.

"Do you see" the people said to one another, "how he enjoys himself," for they did not understand his language.

Now the black mare ran alone over the plain. You know that's the way she wanted to do. But it was not nearly so beautiful as she had expected, and the time seemed so long to her when the beautiful white horse would not come no more.

And one day a vagrant student came along. He had sore feet and the soles of his shoes had been worn through, and when he saw the black mare, he thought: "Such a horse would be handy for me. But that is a free animal and would not let itself be caught", and he whistled to it a little.

Then the beautiful animal came walking up and said; 'I would do you a favor if you would do one for me; I will carry on my back to the city if you will again procure my white horse for me. He must be in there and I must have him: I must run over the plain with him.'

The vagrant student was satisfied with that, for he thought; Such a white horse when in the city would be easily found. He rode and rode until they were covered with dust and then came to the city-gate. Then the watchers blew their horns, and the princess rode out on her white horse and shook hands with the student. For it had long been said: if such a rider should come on such a horse,

he should marry the princes and that also came to pass now. The student did not know how it happened, and as he sat beside his bride at the table, the mare stretched her head into the room and said: "If I do you a favor you do me one also, now let me run over the plain with my white horse?"

"The princes said: "First we will ride to the church, you must wait a while" And after a while the mare came again and asked permission to go, the princes said, "we must go hunting first; you must wait a little while longer." Then the white horse and mare waited a while again, and stood beside each other in the barn, and trotted along beside each other, and after a long time they had a colt, that was spotted black and white, and it was an iron-grey colt/

Then the princes said: "Now you can run to the plain, but the iron-grey colt will stay here, on it my little son shall ride when I have one.

Then they went out of the barn together and wanted to go out of the gate and run over the plain. But then the mare turned around again, and could not go away from her little iron-grey colt. and the white horse turned around again because he could not go away from his mare. and both satayed in the city and wore golden bridles, longed for their freedom and could not get out. And their children and grand children and great grand children were all iron-grey horses, and none of them ever got back to the distant plain, but all wore bridles and never become free.

"Then the horse looked on ahead and hung its head,
"That is a beautiful story but it is a little sad!" said the child

"Don't you know another one?"

"No but don't tell it to my colt, it still knows nothing about it."

Then the child went on and came to an old elder tree, which hung its limbs clear to the ground, and the child seated itself under the green roof and said: "Elder tree, do you know a story for me? But if possible a comical one".

"Indeed, I know a story," said the elder, "It has been cut from the body you might say. But of course one would not like to have the people learn of such things. If you will not repeat it then I will tell it to you."

The child said: "~~Th~~will not repeat it."

The elder said: "This was a hundred years ago when I was a young tree. A peasant boy came along and he had a happy face and brown curly hair, the kind of love, and he whistled along. He made short work of it, pulled out a knife and cut off one of my beautiful limbs, "stop" I said, for that thing hurt. But he did not listen to me, seated himself on the grass, and started to whittle and whittle, out all of the pith that was in the limb, a funny little man with a big head, a huge nose on his face and besides a small body. He made it dance on his hand and every few moments it fell on its nose, because its head pulled it over and just as often it stood up again of itself: The peasant boy and I both had our fun, for the little man was "pith O my pith" and of course that was some of my business.

The peasant boy said, "I wish it were alive and could experience something out in this world if only for seven days.

Then the figure foved and stretched itself and grew before my eyes and jumped from the boys hand, became a man of nice size, made a grimace like a nut cracker, and said: "I beg to be excused and after seven days, I will come again," Said it and leaped away, fell on its nose and stood up again, fell again and stood up again, and so with falling and getting up again it got out of our sight.

In the morning the boy had stepped on a wish-root and did not know it, and then his first wish of that day was fulfilled.

But the pith tumbler came to a city and in this manner went topsy-turvy around over the market place. Then the shoe maker's apprentice started to laugh and the fat baker who stood in the house door laughed until he had to hold his stomach, and the pig herder, who was driving out his pigs, laughed and the hangman who was about to hang a swindler, and the magistrate, who stood at the town hall window and was about to take a pinch of snuff, all laughed, and when the cross daughter of the rich man in the city heard it, she stepped to the window and wanted to see what it was, and whether she wanted to or not she had to laugh and was still laughing when her father came home. She had not laughed for years: The reason was she had stuck her nose into a vinegar jug when she was a little child and there she got a sour disposition. And her father had promised that any one who could make her laugh, could have her for his wife.

Then he went down and got the pith tumbler and led him to his daughter and said, "This is your dear husband, he shall make you laugh three times a day,"

"Ah" the daughter said to the tumbler, "What a big head you have," "yes" said the tumbler, "but there is something in it too."

The daughter asked: "What is in it any way?"

"Elder pith," said the tumbler, "It makes the people wise and happy and wealthy,"

She spoke again: "Ah, what a big nose you have!"

He said "yes" this nose scents luck eighteen miles away."

She said: "what a little body you have,"

"Ah, it grew ten fold in one hour, just leave it that will come out all right, ^{yet} I am still young; I will become seven times as old as this.

Then they celebrated the wedding on that same day, and when the relatives come the tumbler was to tell from whence he come.

"My father is Mr. Elder." he said," and I did not know my mother. My father sits on his own estate, and every one in our country knows him;"

Then they kept silent, for they thought, he was a distinguished gentlemen and they did not want to irritate him.

On the first day ~~the~~ woman laughed seven times, on the second only six, and on the third five, and this way it went down to the seventh. Then she would laugh no more, and the sour disposition won the upper hand. For the pith-tumbler did not care to tumble and run any more, he felt a drawing and shrinking in his joints, and felt that he must die. "But all with honor," he thought,"

He said to his wife: "Wife, if you cannot laugh then I will not stay with you, three times a day that is the least."

She said: "I can not laugh, you look so grey to me and you are always getting smaller:

He said, "Grief over your sour disposition causes that, I took a laughing wife, I did not want a cross woman, I want to go and visit my father, Mr. Elder," he said it and leaped over the

market place but not as quickly as seven days before, went topsy-turvy out of the city and fell on his nose and got up again, until he fell in the grass at my feet. Then there was still a quarter of an hour of the seven days left, in which he should live. and that was just time enough for him to tell me the story, and when the quarter of an hour was over he made one more leap and shriveled up and shriveled m until he was only as long as a finger, and as dry as a frog's skeleton. And when the peasant youth came on the next day he found that thing in the grass and said: "Here lies something that one would think had been a little pith-tumbler- man,"

But I could not tell him the story because we did not talk the same language,"

"Ah the child said," That was beautiful, I wish I knew what the sour woman did when her husband did not come back again.

"Yes" the elder saidm "I don't know that either, but my father used to say, there must be something left over to guess."

The child went on and came to a marsh, and there was a green plain where the pigs grazed, and one of them lay away from the others, in a soft wallowing place, and grunted very comfortably, and looked down before himself.

"Good day pig," the child said, dont you know a story for me? "A story" grunted the pig, "Oh yes indeed I know one, it is honorable to our family, but you must not repeat it, or the people will think that I want to put on airs.

The pig said: "That was a thousand years ago, then my grand father lived, he was the famous wild-boar with the golden bristles back there in the forest. One day he the misfortune to get entangled and stuck in an oak with his tusks.

And he would have wretchedly lost his life, if a boy had not come that way. The lad sang and whistled and had a sack under

his arm.

"Boy" my grand father called, "Help me out, I will reward you for it." "That came to pass" said the boy, threw his sack on the ground, took out his knife, and cut out the wood, one little piece after another from around his tusks until he was free.

"You shall be rewarded." said my grandfather, "when I can do you service then come out and call, "hui" three times and I will come and help you."

"Of course I will help myself" said the boy, but to be sure one cannot always know," took his sack on his back and started to walk on and it rattled helter-skelter in the sack.

"If this isn't going to far" said my grandfather, what have you in there?

"Wood for brushes" the boy said, I am a brush maker, have been learning for three years; now I will seek my fortune,"

"There , take three golden bristles from me; they can bring you luck," said my grandfather. The boy took them and went on And when he got to the city he found work with a master and he had the most beautiful work to do because he was an apt apprentice. Then one day there came the kings daughter who reigned over the land since the old king had died, and she saw the beautiful boy and wanted him to make a fine, beautiful brush for her silky hair,

Then the boy made the brush, which was the softest and finest that could be found, and he put in a golden bristle and took it to the kings daughter, the Kings daughter said. "Whence did you get the golden bristle? there must be more where these come from, make me a brush with two such, if you make it you will receive one hundred florins. if you will not I will have you thrown in a dungeon!

Then the brush-maker went and made a new brush. The other

two golden bristles were in it, and it was still finer than the first one, and he took it to the princes.

And the princes said, "Where there are three there must be more. Make me a brush with none but golden bristles. If you make it you shall become my consort! if you do not make it you shall die."

Then the brush-maker went out into the forest and called hui! three times. and when my grandfather appeared and asked what he desired, he said: "If I have rescued you from death you can also rescue me from death. Give me enough golden bristles for an entire brush or I must die."

Then my grand father called all the members of the family together for he could not decide it alone--and he asked: "Which would you prefer that I had died wretchedly in an oak or that I have no more golden tail bristles?"

Then they said unanimously: "That you have no more golden tail bristles," Then my grand father let as many bristles as the boy needed for a brush be pulled out, and the boy went away and made the brush and brought it to the king's daughter,

Then the King's daughter said, " you have saved your life, but you shall not be my consort till I see where you got the golden bristles."

The boy said. "Will you promise me before all the people that I shall become your consort if I tell you where I got the golden bristles?"

Then she promised it before all the people, and he went in to the forest again, and called to my grand father and said: "Let me ride you to the royal palace. The princes will not marry me until she sees whence I have the golden bristles."

My grand father replied, "Why should I consider that matter long? Get on my back and I will carry you there!"

Then the golden tail bristles had grown out again, and the brush-maker stuck a green bough on his hat and he got on my grand father and rode into the King's palace.

Then the King's daughter became angry and said, "I will not now or ever take a pig rider for a consort;; go back where you come from."

But my grand father began to grunt loud and grunted louder and louder. Then all the people came together and stood around the castle, and asked what was going on. And the brush-maker stepped forth and asked the people, "What one should do to one who does not keep his promise." Then all the people said, "She can no longer rule this land, but shall be led out into the forest to live on acorns until she reforms." Then they led the King's daughter out into the forest and I don't know what become of her.

But the brush-maker become King and kept all promises, that he made and those he could not do he did not promise, and that's the way one should always do. He kept my grand father for a riding-animal, until he died, then he put a golden wild boar in his coat of arms, and his descendents keep that to this very day."

Then the pig curled^u up its tail and made little, satisfied eyes, for this had been a family story and it did him good to be able to tell it.

The child said, "Accept my thanks, I would only like to know farther what became of the King's daughter, but if you do not know I will go on."

And it went on and reached a beautiful big apple-tree:
"You surely know a beautiful story. if you will tell it to me then

I will thank you for it.

The apple-tree said; "Plenty of stories, old and new. Such a family that reaches clear back to paradise is not short of stories. But of course one does not tell them to every body, I am not in the mood either to tell stories. Here I have been ripening an apple this whole summer; "It placed itself boldly and farwardly on the outer most tip of a limb, there it sat and laughed at life, became round and full and got red cheeks, and this morning the wind blew through my limbs so and I said; "Children hold on tight, and if one of you wants to fall, so to be sure to fall near the trunk, for a well bred apple should do that.

But my frivoloty up there dances back and forth with the twig, and does not hold on tight and falls down the slope clear down to the edge of the brook, do you see there he lies. If some one should find him, so person will know from whence he come, and I don't like such a thing you see, that is my story, but you must not repeat anything of this sort that one likes to keep to himself."

"The child said , "I will not repeat it, and I will get the apple again for you and lay it close to your trunk."

"That too?" said the apple tree, "I no longer want it; I will give it to you."

"Thank you," said the child, and walked down the slope, until it got to the apple, and then it seated itself on the bank and bit into the apple, Then a little fish jumped up in the water. It glistened like silver in the sun, and made smacking sound and dove down into the water again. And the child thought that the fish smacked because it wanted some of the apple, so it bit off a little piece and threw it into the water. Then the little fish plunged up again, smacked once again and said; "You mean well,

child, but I don't eat apples, A little gnat if I could catch it or a little worm would suit me better."

The child said; "Why do you smack then? perhaps you know a story to tell me."

"Ah", said the little fish, "stories as they happen down here under the water. But the water nymph does not like to have them repeated, you must tell no one else."

The child said; "I will not repeat them."

The fish said: "Down here in the water in the hollow stone there lives a hermit-crab, He has got around a good deal, has done much mischief in his life, and now must pay for it all, has a snail shell hanging on him which he must always carry around, I don't know why. Yesterday a green frog sat on the flat stone, and started to sing, was thinking of no harm. The hermit crab came and said; "Frog, frog, the stone is mine, get out."

The frog said; "Let me finish singing my song first," The hermit crab said: "I'll pinch you to death," He siezed him with his claws, the frog screamed as loud as he could. Then the pike came swimming, the gray criminal with the moss on his back, thought; "you are just right for me." The hermit-crab for fear let his snail shall go, and the pike bit into his naked body and wanted to swallow him. He swallowed and swallowed, choked and choked, and then the crab let the frog loose and he jumped away and screamed. Then the crab caught the pike with the pincers, they both bit hard at each other, pinched, and struggled, until they were both dead,"

They floated down the brook together, and got into the river. If they do not get stuck any place they will float to the ocean. Do you see I smack because there is peace from the pike."

The child said; "That is remarkable story. I would like to know what has become of the frog."

The little fish said; "I can talk no longer but must go down to father and mother."

The child went on and came to a broad slope, where broom bloomed like gold, and the sun shone on it, and a soft breeze blew, and the butterflies flew around, and the bees buzzed, And since the child was tired it stretched itself out, listened to what the butterflies said to the wind, and what the bumble bees buzzed. After a time he said to the broom bush, broom bush. do you know a story?"

"Only one," he said; "It will soon be told. but you must not repeat it, it concerns one of our family, so one does not like to have it got out."

"The child said; "I will not repeat it." The broom bush said it is the story of the broom, that wants to sweep before all doors. Once there came a woman who gathered broom switches to make brooms from them and sell them. When she had enough gathered she sat down and pulled her bread out of her pocket and started to eat. Then the goblin Zizegeg came out of the forest, and made a pious face and said; "Little woman, give me a little bit of your bread."

The woman said; "I am a poor widow and have nothing to give away, then every one might come running to me."

Zizegeg said; "If you have nothing to give away, then I will give you something any way. Here you have a broom that sweeps of itself. You must not sell it and it will sweep your kitchen and chamber, in the house and in front. of the house,

Just walk along behind it and let it sweep. wherever it wants to, and then you will see how much good it will do you." And he gave her new magnificent broom.

Then the woman went home and sold all her brooms but this one. She kept this one. set it in front of the door and went to bed. And she woke early in the morning. The broom was sailing back and forth, knocked on the outside door and called; "Let me out, out."

The woman said; "First sweep in here, then you can go out.

Then the broom called; "Let me out, I will do that afterwards;" Then she let him out and he sailed around the house, swept a little but not much. dirt together here and there. hopped before the neighbor's house and started to sweep and scratch. It called out aloud; "Ah, what a lot of dirt is lying here, heaps of it and more inside! Open the door, I want to sweep inside."

Then the neighbor stuck his head out of the window and said, "What noise is that? each one sweeps before his own door!"

"Ah" said the woman that was walking along behind. "It isn't I, it's my broom, I can't keep it, with that the broom went on, whirled up dirt, scratched out the corners, and rigorously swept everywhere, with the woman following and thinking of what wares she would get if her broom would clean things up every where. And every where she received scoldings, and once a dog came out and pulled on the woman's shirt until it was torn.

Then the broom and the woman got to the magistrate's house. There the broom raised the loudest out cry, so this man is the mayor and its' dusty here, and worst of all in the house. Let me in, I must sweep.

Then the mayor came out, he was a strong man, and he

siezed the broom and said to the woman; "What do you get for sweeping? now you shall have your wages,"

And when the woman saw what was coming she ran as fast as she could and continually cried; "It isn't I its my broom;" And she went to her house and locked herself in and did not come out to us again. But Zizegeg sat behind the mayor's house and laughed until he roared and when the mayor threw the broom away, he come come out and rode away on the broom, This is my story."

"It is amusing'said the child. "I would only like to know what the woman is doing in her house."

But the broom bush gave no answer, for in the meantime the sun had gone down behind the forest. and the bu terflies had flown away, and all become quiet and sleepy.

"Can I stay here over night?'the child asked, Then the wind blew, and kissed and stroked the child, and a little,bird sat on a limb and sang the child a lullaby. and little by little it become dark, and as the child lay in this way and looked at the sky, a little star glistened delightful and gentle from far away.

"Little star, star do you know a story for me?" the child asked.

"First you must go to sleep," said the wind. The stars can tell their stories only when one is asleep."

Then the child fell asleep and while it slept, the little star became larger and larger and sank, andwhen it stood on the meadow, it was the child's mother, and she kissed and caressed and said; "just wait a while my poor child. In heaven I will tell you stories, they are a thousand, thousand times more beautiful, than all those together, that there are down there,"

And the child smiled in its dreams, and smiled again until

it awoke in the morning, There its father and aunt and the neighbors stood around, scolded and said; 'Thank heaven she's here. she might have gotten her death, all alone out there how did she ever get out there?'

Then the child was led back to the house and sat in its little corner and gazed woen ahead and smiled. and loged no more for the stories of the nurse for the child kept telling herself over and over again what it had heard out side: That was enough to do it for a long time, and the most beautiful story was yet to be told .

"It has become idiotic too" said the nurse, when she saw it smiling continually, "that is from sleeping out doors. If only her mother would soon take her."

But of course the nurse did not know what the child had experienced, for it could not tell her, and if it could have told her it would not have dared for one must keep his promise: that is to be seen by the story of the wild boar with the golden-bristles.