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The New Fairy Book

William Andrews

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MY INTERVIEW WITH THE KING.
(Gerald, the Gentle Giant.)

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Introduction.

In the following pages it has been my desire to furnish a fresh collection of fairy stories, written by authors who love children, and know the kind of tales that give them pleasure. Something more than providing enjoyment is attempted. It is hoped that some useful life lessons may be learnt from this book.

It may not be out of place to here state that the tales, before printing, have been read to some of my young friends, and have been much appreciated, and now they are brought together in book-form

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Princess Beauty.

ONCE upon a time, in the days which we all love to read and hear about, when mighty kings and beautiful queens reigned over vast and powerful kingdoms, and wore golden crowns studded with brilliant gems upon their flowing locks, whilst their magnificent robes of velvet and ermine swept the marble floors of their stately palaces; in those days when beautiful young princesses, with hair of dazzling gold reaching to their knees, won the love of gallant princes who would dare the vengeance of wicked giants, and the fury of fiery dragons, for the sake of their lady loves; when fairy godmothers never wearied in their task of surrounding their loved ones with every happiness and blessing which they could think of, and thought no present too rich

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matches? No, I see you have not. Here is my penny, and look, mamma has sent you this nice piece of cake for your lunch. I hope the old woman is not in her tantrums to-day."

THE PRINCESS AND MATCHIE.

Then Matchie would tell his experiences of the night before, but somehow his troubles never seemed so bad when the princess was by.

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quite as powerful and mighty a monarch. All his greatness, however, did not please him nor satisfy him. One great sorrow had crushed his whole

KING SADMAN.

life, and made him a gloomy, wretched creature. So miserable was he, that for ten years he had never been seen to smile, although his subjects did everything in their power to make him.

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Lovelocks and the Prince.

"And there are fairies dancing in the dell,
And sweetest music when the moonlight falls
Upon the shamrock and the clover rings."

ONE summer evening, as the sun was sinking behind a range of mountains, all the blue hare-bells by the way-sides were ringing merry peals, and a large humble-bee seated upon a yellow dandelion-throne, murmured an evening melody ere he flew to his nest in the fern-covered rocks near.

And the music of the hare-bells was wedding chimes, and this is how it came about.

Once upon a time, ever so many years before the hare-bells were ringing their merry music, a little girl, who lived with her grandmother in a tiny thatched cottage at the foot of one of the mountains, in fetching water from the well, was so unlucky as to break her pitcher upon the stone rim. Lovelocks, that was the little maid's name, seated herself upon a grassy bank, and burst into tears, for she knew her grandmother was

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staff, said, "I, too, saw her take a thorn from a lambkin's foot."

So the queen held council. Just then another fairy arrived, he was seated in an acorn-carriage drawn by four golden-winged moths, four may-

LOVELOCKS AND THE PRINCE.

flies were servants, two driving, and two standing behind.

When the queen saw him, she waved her wand, and lo! a splendid royal equipage, with powdered servants, and seated within, a handsome

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Cinderina and the Elves.

CINDERINA was first cousin to Cinderella, as you may guess from the name, yet she was no slut, but a pretty blue-eyed girl, with cheeks like roses, and curls like—well, gold, or the yellow-rayed sunflower that shook its great round face in at the open lattice with every wave of July air that flowed through the garden, and tossed the flowers together to rob them of their perfume.

No fairy godmother had Cinderina, but to whisper the truth—and it must go no further—her godmother was not a very sweet tempered old lady: her chin and nose!—well we must refer you to Punch, or a pair of nut-crackers.

Poor Cinderina! it had been oh! so hot all the morning; and she had been up since four o'clock, before the dew was dry on the grass.

With her pretty arms in the suds, twirling the dolly-stick, hanging out the clothes, she had got through the washing, and the snow-white linen

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through the lattice kissed them clear away before they could fall.

Swayed by the breeze, a convolvulus bell

CINDERINA.

peeped in at the open casement, and perched inside of it was the prettiest little fairy that ever I saw, or you either. As she listened to god-

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Prince Florimel and the Serpent-Woman.

IN that long ago period which we sometimes speak of as "once upon a time," there lived in a lonely little island on the sea that washes the shores of Greece an old man, who, if all the stories told about him were true, was a magician of no small power. The habitation of the old man was a marble tower on the highest part of the island, and there he lived alone, save for the society of his only daughter—his only child, indeed—and the presence of their servants.

He had dwelt upon the island for many years, and his daughter had grown up from infancy into a beautiful woman, when the few poor fishermen and cultivators of the soil who lived on the lower parts of the island saw one day, with much surprise, the servants come down the steep and winding path that led from the tower to the beach, carrying heavy boxes, which they placed aboard a small vessel that had cast anchor off the

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