Forty-four Turkish Fairy Tales

[Illustrated & Rich Folklore Tales From Oriental East]

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By

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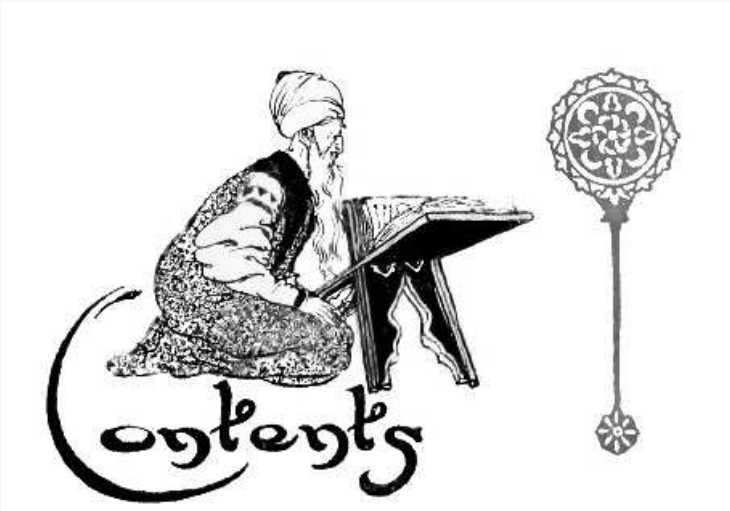
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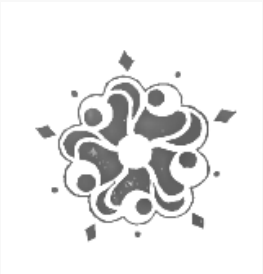
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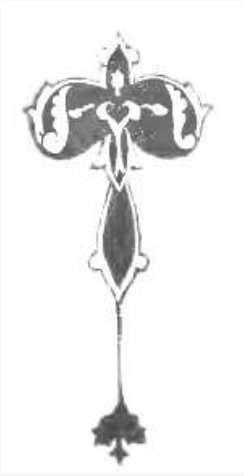
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Preface



THE stories comprising this collection have been culled with my own hands in the many-hued garden of Turkish folklore. They have not been gathered from books, for Turkey is not a literary land, and no books of the kind exist; but, an attentive listener to "the storytellers" who form a peculiar feature of the social life of the Ottomans, I have jotted them down from time to time, and now present them, a choice bouquet, to the English reading public. The

stories are such as may be heard daily in the purlieus of Stamboul, in the small rickety houses of that essentially Turkish quarter of Constantinople where around the tandir the native women relate them to their children and friends.

These tales are by no means identical with, nor do they even resemble, those others that have been assimilated by the European consciousness from Indian sources and the "Arabian Nights." All real Turkish fairy tales are quite independent of those; rather are they related to the Western type so far as their contents and structure are concerned. Indeed, they may only be placed in the category of Oriental tales in that they are permeated with the cult of Islam and that their characters are Moslems. The kaftan encircling their bodies, the turban on their heads, and the slippers on their feet, all proclaim their Eastern origin. Their heroic deeds, their struggles and triumphs, are mostly such as may be found in the folklore of any European people. It is but natural that pagan superstition, inseparable from the ignorant, should be always cropping up in these stories. Like all real folklore they are not for children, though it is the children who are most strongly attracted by them, and after the children the women. They are mostly woven from the webs of fancy in that delectable realm, Fairyland; since it is there that everything wonderful happens, the dramatis person being as a rule supernatural beings.

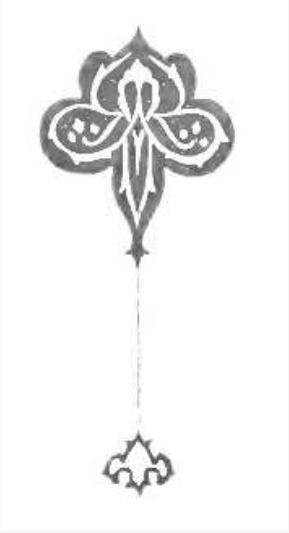
Nearly all Turkish stories belong to the category of fairy tales. These marvellous scenes are enacted in that imaginary country wherein Padishahs have multifarious relations with the rulers of the fairy world. The Shahzadas, their sons, or the Sultanas, their daughters, are either the only children of their parents, or else they appear as three or seven brothers or sisters, whose careers are associated with miraculous events from birth onward. Their kismet, or fate, is controlled by all-powerful dervishes or peri-magicians. Throughout their lives, peris, to the number of three, seven, or forty, are their beneficent helpers; while dews, or imps, are the obstructors of their happiness. Besides the dews, there are also ejderha, or dragons, with three, seven, or more heads, to be encountered, and peris in the form of doves to come to the rescue in the nick of time. Each of these supernatural races has its separate realm abounding with spells and enchantments. To obtain these latter, and to engage the assistance of the peris, the princes of the fairy tales set out on long and perilous journeys, during which we find them helped by good spirits (ins) and attacked by evil ones (jins). These spirits appear sometimes as animals, at others as flowers, trees, or the elements of nature, such as wind and fire, rewarding the good and punishing the evil.

The fairyland of the Turks is approached by a threefold road; in most cases the realm can be reached only on the back of a Pegasus, or by the aid of the peris. One must eit-

her ascend to the seventh sphere above the earth by the help of the anka-bird, or descend to the seventh sphere below the earth by the help of a dew. A multitude of serais and kiosks are at the disposal of the heroes of the tales; thousands of birds of gayest plumage warble their tuneful lays, and in the flower-gardens the most wonderful odours intoxicate the senses.

Turkish fairy tales are as crystal, reflecting the sun's rays in a thousand dazzling colours; clear as a cloudless sky; and transparent like the dew upon a budding rose. In short, Turkish fairy tales are not the stories of the Thousand and One Nights, but of the Thousand and One Days.

I. K.



The Creation





LLAH, the most gracious God, whose dwelling, place is the seventh heaven, completed the work of creation. Seven planes has the heaven and seven planes also the earth--the abode of evil spirits. In the heavenly ways reside the peris, or good spirits; in the earthly darkness the dews, or evil spirits. The light of heaven is in conflict with the darkness of earth--the pe-

ris with the dews. The peris soar to heaven, high above the earth; but the dews sink down into the darkness under the earth. Mountains bar the road to heaven, and only the good spirits can reach the Copper Range, whence the way is open to the Silver Mountains and the Hills of Gold. Evil spirits are blinded by the ineffable radiance of heaven. Their dwelling place is the depths of the earth, the entrance to which is at the spring of waters. There tarry the white and the black sheep, into whose wool the evil spirits penetrate, and are so conveyed to their realm on the seventh plane. On the white sheep they return to the earth's surface. Peris and dews are powerful, and both were witnesses of the creation of earth's original inhabitant, the First Man.

Allah created the First Man, and appointed him the earth for his dwelling-place. And when the First Mortal appeared upon the earth and the peris rejoiced over Allah's wonderful work, the Father of Evil beheld it, and envy overcame his soul. Straightway he conceived a plan whereby to bring to nought that beneficent work,

He would implant the deadly seed of sin in this favoured creature of the Almighty; and soon the First Man, all unsuspecting, received on his pure body the damnable spittle of the Evil One, who struck him therewith in the region of the stomach. But Allah, the all-merciful, the overcomer of all things, hastened to tear out the contaminated flesh, and flung it to the ground. Thus originated the human navel. The piece of flesh, unclean by reason of the Evil One's

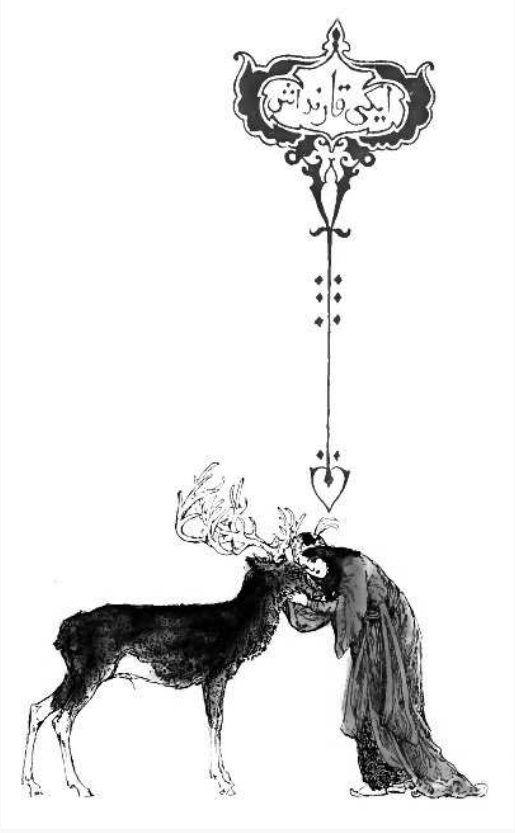
spittle having defiled it, obtained new life from the dust, and thus, almost simultaneously with man, was the dog created--half from the human body and half from the Devil's spittle.

Thus it is that no Mahometan will harm a dog, though he refuses to tolerate him in his house. The animal's faithfulness is its human inheritance, its wildness and savagery are from the Evil One. In the Orient the dog does not increase, for while the Moslem is its protector, he is at the same time its implacable enemy.



The Brother and Sister

ONCE UPON A TIME there was an old Padishah who had a son and a daughter. In due time he died and his son reigned in his stead, and it was not long before the young man dissipated the whole fortune bequeathed by his father.



One day he said to his sister, "My dear, we have spent all our fortune. If it should become known that we have no money we should have to leave this neighbourhood, as we could never look anyone in the face. We had better go away quietly now, before it is too late." So they gathered their belongings together, and left the palace secretly in the night. They journeyed they knew not whither until they reached a great plain of apparently limitless dimensions. Almost overcome by the heat of the day and ready to succumb to fatigue they presently espied a pool. "Sister," said the brother to the maid, "I can make no further step with. out a drink of water." "But brother," she answered, "who knows whether it is water or not? As we have endured so long, surely we can hold out a little longer, when perhaps we shall find water."

But the brother objected. "No, I go no further; I must drink if I am to live." There upon the sister fetched a draught, which the young man drank greedily; and scarcely had he done so than he was transformed into a stag.

The maid lamented bitterly. What should she do now? What was done was done, and they resumed their journey. They wandered on over the great plain until they came to a large spring by a tall tree; here they decided to rest. "Sister," said the stag, "climb the tree; I will go and endeavour to find food." The maid accordingly climbed the tree, and the stag went foraging in the vicinity. Soon he caught a hare, which the sister prepared for their meal. In this way the

two lived from day to day until several weeks had passed by.

Now it chanced that the Padishah's horses were accustomed to be watered from the spring by the tree. In the evening slaves brought them, and while they were quenching their thirst in a trough, the animals saw the reflection of the maid on the clear surface of the water, and timidly drew back. The slaves thinking that the water was perhaps not clean, emptied the trough and refilled it. Still the horses shrank back and refused to drink, and at length the slaves related this unaccountable incident to the Padishah.

"Perhaps the water is muddy," suggested the potentate. "Oh no," answered the slaves, "for we have emptied the trough and refilled it with fresh water." "Go back," said the Padishah, "and look around; probably there is something in the neighbourhood that frightens them." So they went again, and drawing near they caught sight of the maid in the top of the tree. Immediately they went back to their master with the news of their discovery. The Padishah, deeply interested, hurried to the spot, and, looking up into the tree, saw a maiden beautiful as the full moon, whom to see was to desire. "Are you a spirit or a fairy?" called out the Padishah to her. "Neither spirit nor fairy, but a child born of man," answered the maid.

In vain the Padishah besought her to come down; she had not sufficient courage to do so and the Padishah, aroused to anger, gave orders to



The Padishah gave orders to fell the tree fell the tree. The slaves took hatchets and hacked and split the tree on every side, and it was almost ready to fall when night came down upon them and they were compelled to postpone their task. They had hardly disappeared when the stag came out of the forest, and seeing the state of the tree, he questioned his sister as to what had transpired.

"You did well," said the stag when he had heard the story. "Do not come down under any circumstances." Then going to the tree, the stag licked it, and lo! the trunk became thicker than it was before.



Next morning the stag went into the forest again, and when the Padishah's people came, great was their surprise to see that not only was the tree whole but that it was even thicker than be. fore. Nevertheless they resumed their work, and had about half completed their task when night once more suspended the operations. To be brief, when the slaves had gone home the stag came again and licked the tree, with the same result as before, only that the trunk was thicker than ever. Scarcely had the stag gone away next morning than the Padishah came again with his woodcutters, and seeing that the tree was whole and sound he decided to seek other means to accomplish his purpose. He went therefore to an old woman who followed the calling of a witch and related the story, promising her much treasure if she would entice the maiden down from the tree.

The witch willingly undertook the task, and carrying to the spring an iron tripod, a kettle, and other things, she placed the tripod on the ground with the kettle on the top of it, but bottom upward. Then drawing water from the spring, pretending to be blind, she poured the water not in the vessel but outside it. The maiden seeing this and believing the woman to be really blind, called to her from the tree: "Mother, you have set the kettle upside down and the water is falling on the ground." "Oh my dear," began the old creature, "where are you? I cannot see you. I have brought dirty clothes to wash. For the love of Allah, come and place the kettle aright, so that I can get on with my washing."

But fortunately the maiden remembered the stag's warning and remained where she was.

Next day the witch came again, stumbled under the tree, lit a fire, and brought forth meal. Instead of the meal, however, she began to place ashes in the sieve. "Poor blind woman! " called the maiden from the tree, "You are not putting meal but ashes into your sieve." "I am blind, my dear," said the witch fretfully, "I cannot see; come down and help me." Once again, however, her ruse was unsuccessful and the maiden could not be induced to disregard her brother's warning.

On the third day the witch came once more to the tree, this time bringing a lamb to slaughter. But as she took up the knife she attempted to press the handle instead of the blade into the animal's throat. The maiden, un. able to endure the torture of the poor creature, forgot everything else and came down to put it out of its misery. She soon repented of her rashness, for hardly had she set foot upon the ground than the Padishah, who was hidden behind the tree, pounced upon her and carried her off to his palace.

The maiden found such favour in the eyes of the Padishah that he desired ardently to marry her at once, but she refused to consent until her brother, the stag, was brought to her. Slaves were therefore dispatched to find the stag and they soon brought him to the palace. This done, the twain never left each other's side; they slept together and arose together. When the marriage was celebrated, the stag

still would not quit his sister, and when at night they retired, he struck her lightly with his forefeet saying "This is the brother-in-law's bone; this is the sister's bone."

ime comes and goes, storytime more quickly, and with lovers the most quickly of all. Ours would have lived altogether happily but for a black slave-woman in the palace who was overcome with jealousy because the Padishah had chosen the maiden from the tree instead of herself. This woman awaited an opportunity for revenge which was not long in coming. In the vicinity of the palace was a beautiful garden, in the midst of which was a large pond. Here the Sultan's wife was accustomed to come for pastime; in her hand a golden drinking-cup, on her feet silver shoes. One day as she stood by the pond the slave darted from her hiding-place and plunged her mistress head first into the water, to be swallowed by a large fish which swam in the pond.

The black woman returned to the palace as though nothing had happened, and donning her mistress's robes she put herself in her place. When night came the Padishah inquired of his supposed wife what had happened that her face was so changed. "I have been walking in the garden

and have become sunburnt," she answered. The Padishah, nothing doubting, drew her to his side and spoke words of consolation; but the stag came in, and recognising the deception, stroked the pair gently with his forefeet saying; " This is the brother-in-law's bone; this is the sister's bone."

The slave was now fearful lest she might be exposed by the stag, so she set herself to contrive a means to get rid of him.

Next day she feigned illness, and by money and fine words persuaded the physicians to tell the Padishah that his consort was dangerously ill and only by eating a stag's heart could she hope for recovery. The Padishah went to his supposed wife and asked her whether it would not grieve her if her brother, the stag, were slaughtered. "What am I to do?" sighed she; "if I die evil will befall him. It is better he should be killed; then I shall not die, and he will be delivered from his animal form." The Padishah



The Padishah recovers his wife thereupon gave orders to sharpen the knife and heat water in the boiler.

HE poor stag perceived the hurrying to and fro, and understood full well its dire significance. He fled to the pond in the garden and called three times to his sister:

"The knife is being sharpened,
The water in the boiler is heated;
My sister, hasten and help!"

Thrice he was answered from the interior of the fish:

"Here am I in the fish's stomach,
In my hand a golden drinking-cup,
On my feet silver shoes,
In my lap a little Padishah!"

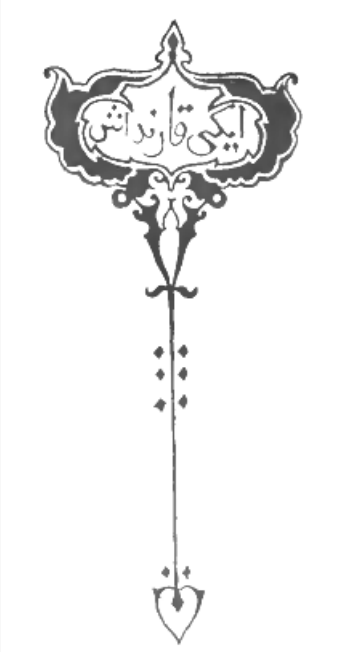
For a son had been born to the Sultan's wife even while she lay in the fish's stomach.

The Padishah, with some followers intent on the capture of the stag, came up in time to overhear the conversation at the pond. To draw out the water was the work of a few minutes; the fish was seized, its belly slit, and behold! there lay the Sultan's true consort, a golden drinking-cup in her hand, silver shoes on her feet, and her little son in her arms. Transported with joy the monarch returned to the palace and related the occurrence to his suite.

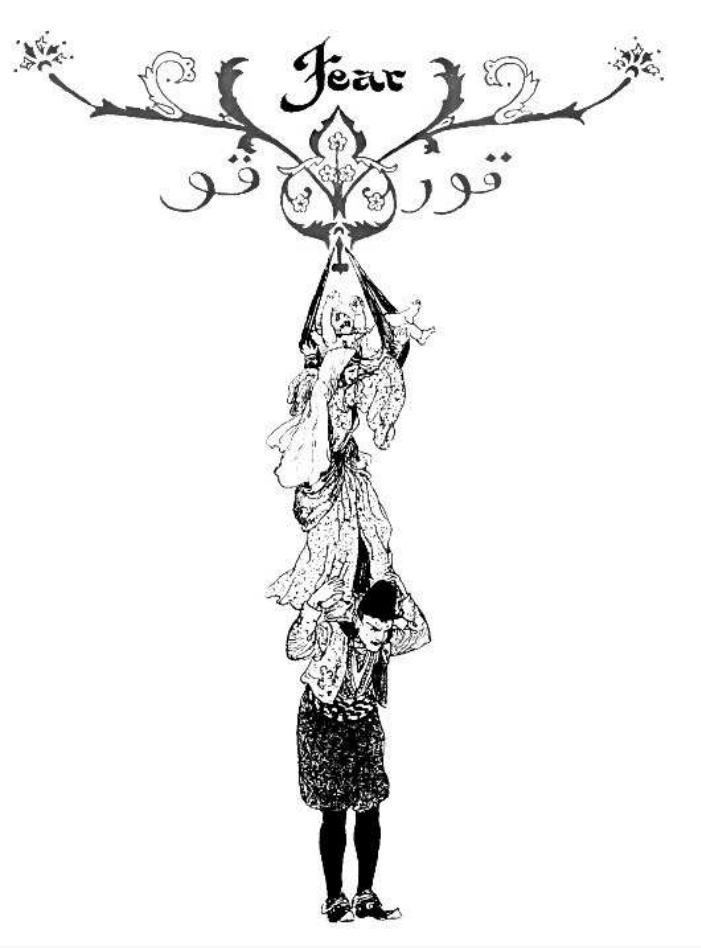
Meanwhile the stag, by chance licking up some of the blood of the fish, was changed again into human form. He rejoined his sister, and judge of the additional happiness which she felt at seeing her beloved brother again in his natural shape.

The Padishah now commanded the Arabian slave-woman to be brought before him, and demanded of her whether she preferred forty swords or forty horses. She answered: "Swords to cut the throats of my enemies; for myself forty horses, that I may ride." Thereupon was the vile woman bound to the tails of forty horses, which setting off at a gallop tore her to pieces.

Then the Padishah and his consort celebrated their marriage a second time. The Stag-Prince also found a wife among the ladies of the court; and for forty days and forty nights there were rare festivities in honour of the double wedding. As they ate, drank, and accomplished their object; let us also eat, drink, and accomplish that which we have set out to do.


ایکی قارنداش

Fear



ONCE a very long time ago there was a woman who had a son. Sitting . both together one evening, the mother

said to her son: "Go, my child, and shut the door, for I have fear." "What is fear?" the boy asked his mother. "When one is afraid," was the answer. "What then can this thing fear be?" pondered the son: "I will go and find it." So he set out, and came to a mountain where he saw forty robbers who lighted a fire and then seated them selves around it. The youth went up and greeted them, whereon one of the robbers addressed him:

"No bird dares to fly here, no caravan passes this place: how then dost thou dare to venture?"

"I am seeking fear; show it to me."

"Fear is here, where we are," said the robber.

"Where?" inquired the youth.

Then the robber commanded: "Take this kettle, this flour, fat, and sugar; go into that cemetery yonder and make helwa therewith."

"It is well," replied the youth, and went.

In the cemetery he lit a fire and began to make the helwa. As he was doing so a hand reached out of the grave, and a voice said: "Do I get nothing?" Striking the hand with the spoon, he answered mockingly: "Naturally I should feed the dead before the living." The hand vanished, and having finished cooking the helwa the youth went back to the robbers.



"Hast found it?" they asked him.

"No," replied he. "All I saw was a hand which appeared and demanded helwa; but I struck it with the spoon and saw no more of it."

The robbers were astonished. Then another of them remarked: "Not far from here is a lonely building; there you can, no doubt, find fear."

He went to the house, and entering, saw on a raised plat. form a swing in which was a child weeping; in the room a girl was running hither and thither. The maiden approached him and said: "Let me get upon your shoulders; the child is crying and I must quieten it." He consented, and the girl mounted. While thus occupied with the child, she began gradually to press the youth's neck with her feet until he was in danger of strangulation. Presently, with a jerk that threw him down, the girl jumped from his shoulders and disappeared. As she went a bracelet fell from her arm to the floor.

Picking it up, the youth left the house. As he passed along the road, a Jew, seeing the bracelet, accosted him. "That is mine," he said.

"No, it is mine," was the rejoinder.

"Oh, no, it is my property," retorted the Jew.

"Then let us go to the Cadi," said the youth. "If he awards it to thee, it shall be thine; if, however, he awards it to me, it remains in my possession."

So accordingly they went, and the Cadi said: "The bracelet shall be his who proves his case." Neither, however, was able to do this, and finally the judge ordered that the bracelet should be impounded till one of the claimants

should produce its fellow, when it would be given up to him. The Jew and the youth then parted.

On reaching the coast, the boy saw a ship tossing to and fro out at sea, and heard fearful cries proceeding from it. He called out from the shore: "Have you found fear?" and was answered with the cry, "Oh, woe, we are sinking!" Quickly divesting him self of his clothes, he sprang into the water and swam toward the vessel. Those on board said: "Someone is casting our ship to and fro, we are afraid." The youth, binding a rope round his body, dived to the bottom of the sea. There he discovered that the Daughter of the Sea (Deniz Kyzy) was shaking the vessel. He fell upon her, flogged her soundly, and drove her away. Then, appearing at the surface, he asked: "Is this fear?" Without awaiting an answer he swam back to the shore, dressed himself, and went his way.

Now as he walked (along he saw a garden, in front of which was a fountain. He resolved to enter the garden and rest a little. Three pigeons disported themselves around the fountain. They dived down into the water, and as they came up again and shook themselves each was transformed into a maiden. They then laid a table, with drinking glasses. When the first carried a glass to her lips the others inquired: "To whose health drinkest thou?" She answered: "To that of the youth who, in making helwa, was not dismayed when a hand was stretched out to him from a grave." As the second maiden drank, the others again asked:

"To whose health drinkest thou?" And the answer was: "To the youth on whose shoulders I stood, and who showed no fear though I nearly strangled him," Hereupon the third took up her glass. "Of whom art thou thinking?" questioned the others. "In the sea, as I tossed a ship to and fro," the maiden replied, "a youth came and flogged me so soundly that I nearly died. I drink his health."



ARDLY had the speaker finished when the youth himself appeared and said: "I am that youth." All three maidens hastened to embrace him, and he proceeded: "At the Cadi's I have a bracelet that fell from the arm of one of you. A Jew would have deprived me of it but I refused to give it up. I am now seeking its fellow."

The maidens took him to a cave where a number of stately halls that opened before him overwhelmed him with astonishment. Each was filled with gold and costly objects. The maidens here gave him the second bracelet, with which he went directly to the Cadi and received the first, returning without loss of time to the cave. "You part from us no more," said the maidens. "That would be very nice," replied the youth, "but until I have found fear I can have no rest" Saying this he tore himself away, though they begged him earnestly to remain.

Presently he arrived at a spot where there was an immense crowd of people. "What is the matter?" the youth inquired, and was informed that the Shah of the country was no more. A pigeon was to be set free, and he on whose head the bird should alight would be declared heir to the throne. The youth stood among the curious sightseers. The

pigeon was loosed, wheeled about in the air, and eventually descended on the youth's head. He was at once hailed as Shah; but as he was unwilling to accept the dignity a second pigeon was sent up. This also rested on the youth's head. The same thing happened a third time. "Thou art our Shah!" shouted the people. "But I am seeking fear; I will not be your Shah," replied he, resisting the efforts of the crowd to carry him off to the palace. His words were repeated to the widow of the late ruler, who said: "Let him accept the dignity for tonight at least; tomorrow I will show him fear." The youth consented, though he received the not very comforting intelligence that whoever was Shah one day was on the following morning a corpse. Passing through the palace, he came to a room in which he observed that his coffin was being made and water heated. Nevertheless, he lay down calmly to sleep in this chamber; but when the slaves departed he arose, took up the coffin, set it against the wall, lit a fire round it and reduced it to ashes. This done, he lay down again and slept soundly.



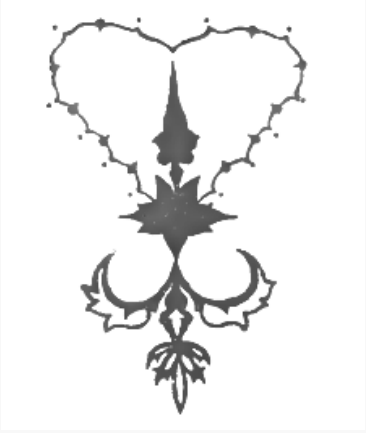
When morning broke, slaves entered to carry away the new Shah's corpse; but they rejoiced at beholding him in perfect health, and hurried to the Sultana with the glad tidings. She thereupon called the cook and commanded: "When you lay the supper tonight, put a live sparrow in the soup-dish."

Evening came. The young Shah and the Sultana sat down to supper, and as the dish was brought in the Sultana said: "Lift the lid of the dish." "No," answered the youth; "I do not wish for soup." "But please lift it," repeated the Sultana persuasively. Now as the youth stretched out his hand and lifted the lid, a bird flew out. The incident was so unexpected that it gave him a momentary shock of fear. "Seest thou! " cried the Sultana. "That is fear."



He observed that his coffin was being made "Is it so?" asked the youth. "Thou wast indeed afraid," replied the Sultana.

Then the marriage feast was ordered, and it lasted forty days and forty nights. The young Shah had his mother brought to his palace and they lived happily ever after.



The Three Orange Peris



IN olden time, when there was abundance of all things, we ate and drank the whole day long, yet went hungry to bed. At this time there lived a Padishah whose days were joyless, for he had no son.

Sorrowfully he set out with his lala, and as they wandered, drinking coffee and smoking tobacco, they came to a wide valley. They sat down to rest, and suddenly the valley resounded with the cracking of whips, and a white. bearded dervish, clad in green, with yellow shoes, appeared before them. The Padishah and his companion trembled with fright, but when the dervish approached and saluted them with "Selâmin alejküm!" they took courage and returned the greeting: "Ve alejküm selâm!"

"Whither bound, Padishah?" inquired the dervish.

"If thou knowest that I am the Padishah thou canst also tell me the remedy for my grief," answered he.

Taking an apple from his breast and presenting it to the Padishah, the dervish said: "Give one half to the Sultana and eat the other yourself," and immediately disappeared.

The Padishah accordingly went home, gave half of the apple to his consort and ate the other half himself, and before long a Shahzada, or Crown Prince, was born in the palace. The Padishah was beside himself with joy. He gave money to the poor, set slaves free, and prepared a feast for everybody.

THE Prince grew and attained his fourteenth year. One day he accosted his father with the request: "My Padishah and father, have built for me a small marble palace, with two fountains, from one of which shall flow oil and from the other honey."

The Padishah loved his only son so much that he ordered the palace to be built with the two fountains, in accordance with the boy's desire. Now as the Prince sat in his palace looking on the two fountains which yielded oil and honey, an old woman appeared with a jug in her hand, intending to fill it at the fountain. The Prince took up a stone and cast it at the old woman's jug and broke it to pieces. Without a word the woman withdrew. Next day she came again, and just as she was about to fill her jug the Prince once more threw a stone and broke the vessel. Without a word the old woman went away. On the third day she reappeared, and for the third time her jug was shattered by the Prince. Said the old woman: "I pray Allah thou mayst be smitten with love for the three Orange Peris." She then went away, and was seen no more.

From that moment the Prince was seized as with a devouring fire. He pined and faded, and the Padishah, obser-

ving his son's condition, called in physicians and hodjas, but no one could cure the Prince's malady. "Oh, Shah," said the son to his father one day, "my dear father, these people can do me no good; their efforts are in vain. I love the three Orange Fairies, and shall have no peace till I find them."

"Oh, my child," lamented the Padishah, "thou art my only one. If thou forsake me, then can I have no joy."

But as the Prince continued to get worse, the Padishah thought it better to withhold no longer his permission for the boy's setting out; he might perhaps find the three fairies and return home.

Laden with costly treasures the Prince set forth. Over hill and down dale, ever onward he pursued his way. On a boundless plain he found himself suddenly confronted with the gigantic Dew-mother. Standing astride upon two hills, one foot on each, she crunched resin in her jaws, and the sound could be heard two miles away. Her breathing raised storms, and her arms were nine yards long.

"How do you do, mother?" the youth said to her, putting his arm round her waist.

"Hadst thou not called me 'mother' I would have swallowed thee," returned the woman. Then she asked him whence he came and whither he would go.



"Oh, dear mother," sighed the boy, "such misfortune is mine that it were better you did not ask and I did not answer."

"But tell me," demanded the woman.

"Oh, dear mother," he sighed again, "I am in love with the three Orange Fairies. Can you not show me the way to them?"

"Silence!" commanded the woman; "it is forbidden to utter that word. I and my sons guard ourselves against them but I know not where they dwell. I have forty sons, who go up and down in the earth; perhaps they may know."

When evening came, before the return of the Dew-sons, the woman picked up the Prince and struck him gently, whereupon he was transformed into a water-jug.

She was only just in time, for suddenly the forty Dew-fellows appeared and cried: "We smell the flesh of man, mother!"

"But," returned the mother, "what should a man be doing here? You had better sit down to your supper."

So the Dew-fellows sat down to their meal, during the course of which the mother inquired: "If you had a mortal brother, what would you do with him?"

"What should we do with him?" they all answered in chorus. "We should love him as a brother."

N receiving this assurance the Dew-mother struck the water-jug and the Prince appeared. "Here is your brother," she said, presenting him to her forty sons. The Dews welcomed the youth with joy, called him their brother, gave him a place beside them, and demanded of their mother why she had not produced him before the meal. "My children," she replied, "he could not have eaten the food you are accustomed to; mortals eat fowl, beef, mutton and such."

Immediately one of the Dews got up, fetched a sheep, and set it before the youth.

"You simpleton!" scolded the woman; "it must first be cooked."

So the imp took the sheep away, and returned with it roasted, setting it once more before the Prince. Having eaten till he was satisfied, the Prince put the rest aside. Noticing this, the imps inquired why he did not eat it all, and their mother informed them that the children of men did not eat so much as Dew-fellows.

"Let us see how mutton tastes," said one of the imps, and in a couple of mouthfuls the whole sheep was gone.

Next morning the woman said to her sons: "your brother has great grief." "What is it?" they asked; "we may be able to help him." "He is in love with the three Orange Fairies," proceeded the mother. "We know not the dwelling-place of the Orange Fairies; we never go in their neighbourhood; but perhaps our aunt knows." "Take the youth to her," ordered the woman; "greet her on my behalf, tell her this is my son, and that I wish her, if possible, to help him." The Dews accordingly conducted the Prince to their aunt, and told her all.

This old witch had sixty sons, and not knowing herself where the Orange Fairies lived, she awaited the return of her progeny. As she was uncertain how her sons would receive the visitor, she struck him

One of the Dews fetched a sheep gently and turned him into a vessel. "We smell the flesh of man!" the Dews shouted as they ran into the room. "No doubt you have been eating human flesh," answered their mother. "Now come to your supper." The sons sat down to eat eagerly. Then the woman struck the vessel, and the sixty Dews, on beholding the little mortal, received him heartily, offered him a seat, and set food before him.

"My sons," said the imps' mother on the following day, "this child is in love with the three Orange Fairies; can you not take him to them?" "It is certain we cannot," they answered, "but perhaps our other aunt knows the way." "Then take him to her," said the woman; "greet her on my

behalf, tell her the boy is my son and will be hers; she may be able to help him."



The imps accordingly conducted the youth to their aunt and related all. "Oh, my children," she answered, "I can do nothing, but when my eighty sons return this evening I will inquire of them."

The sixty Dews took leave of the Prince, and toward evening the Dew. mother gave him a knock and turned him into a broom, which she put behind the door. Hardly had she done this than the eighty Dews came home, and began muttering about the smell of human flesh. During supper their mother asked them what they would do if they had a mortal brother. As they all swore a solemn oath to do him no harm, she took the broom, struck it lightly, and the Prince appeared.

The imps received him cordially, inquired after his health, and set food before him. Then the woman asked them whether they knew where the three Orange Fairies lived, as their new brother was in love with them. With a cry of joy the youngest Dew-son sprang up and said that he knew. "Then," rejoined the mother, "take the youth there that he may accomplish his desire."

Next morning the imp and the Prince set out on their journey. As they proceeded the young Dew said: "Brother, we shall soon reach a large garden, in which there is a pond, where the three oranges will be found.

[paragraph continues]When I cry, 'Shut your eyes--open your eyes!' do so, and seize whatever presents itself."

ROCEEDING a little farther, they came to the garden, and as the Dew caught sight of the pond he cried to the Prince: "Shut your eyes--open your eyes!" The Prince saw the three oranges on the smooth surface of the pond, seized one and put it in his pocket. Again the Dew cried: "Shut your eyes--open your eyes!" Obeying, the Prince seized the second orange, and likewise the third. "Now," said the Dew, "take care not to open the oranges at any spot where there is no water, or you will repent it." Promising to follow his advice, the Prince parted from the Dew, the one going to the right, the other to the left.

As the Prince travelled up hill and down dale he remembered the oranges and took one out of his pocket with the intention of opening it. Hardly had he inserted his knife in the peel than a lovely maiden, beautiful as the full moon, sprang out, crying: "Water! give me water!" and as there was no water near, she vanished immediately. The Prince deeply regretted what he had done, but it could not be helped now.

Some hours elapsed, he had walked many miles, and again he thought of the oranges. He took out the second, slit it, and behold! out sprang a maiden lovelier than the first. She also demanded water, and, seeing none, likewise vanished.

"I must take better care of the third," thought the Prince as he tramped wearily onward. On reaching a spring he drank of it, and resolved to open his third orange. He did so, and a maiden more lovely than either of the others appeared. As she also asked for water, the Prince led her to the spring, gave her to drink, and she remained with him.

The Prince was anxious that the maiden should enter his father's city with befitting state. So he persuaded her to hide in a tree near the spring, while he went to fetch a coach and gorgeous raiment. When he had gone away a black slave-woman came to the spring for water. Seeing therein the reflection of the maiden from the tree above, and thinking it was her own image, she soliloquised: "I am much more beautiful than my mistress. Why should I carry water for her? Rather should she carry it for me," and she threw down her jug so violently that it broke in pieces. She returned to the house, and when her mistress asked where the jug was, the negress turned upon her scornfully " I am more beautiful than you; henceforth you must fetch me water." The mistress, holding up the mirror, answered "Are you out of your wits? Look in the glass," and the negress, looking, saw that she was really black. Without another

word she again took a jug and went to the spring to fill it. Arrived there, she saw a second time the reflection of the maiden in the tree and mistook it for her own.

"I am after all more beautiful than my mistress," she cried aloud. Throwing down her jug, she once more went to the house. Again the mistress asked why she had brought no water. "I am more beautiful than you; you must fetch me water," was the retort. "You are mad, girl," returned the mistress, again holding the mirror up before the swarthy face of the slave, who, realising that she was indeed a negress, took a third jug and went yet a third time to the spring. The reflection of the maiden again appeared in the water, and the negress was just about to dash her jug to pieces when the maid called to her from the tree: "Break not your jug; what you behold in the water is my reflection, not your own."

The negress looked up, and seeing in the tree a being so wondrously beautiful lovelier than anyone she had ever seen before--she addressed her in words of honeyed flattery:

"Oh, most charming of all maidens, surely you must be tired from sitting up there so long. Come down and lay your weary head in my lap."



The bait was taken, and as the maiden's head lay in her lap, the negress took a hair pin and thrust it into her skull. But at the very moment the murderous intention was accomplished the maiden was trans formed into an orange coloured bird and flew away, leaving the negress by the tree.



Shortly afterwards the Prince returned in a magnificent coach, and clad in gold brocade. Glancing at the tree and seeing the swarthy features of the negress, he asked what had happened. "Leave me here and go away," answered the negress. "The sun has quite spoilt my complexion." What could the poor Prince do? He put the supposed maiden in the coach and took her to his father's palace.

The courtiers awaited the arrival of the fairy bride with eager curiosity; when they saw the negress they were at a loss to imagine what the Prince could find attractive about her. "She is not a negress," explained the Prince; "only as she was in the sun so long she has become somewhat sunburnt; she will soon become white again." With these words he led her to her apartments.

Near the Prince's palace was a large garden. Here one day the Orange Bird flew in, and, alighting on a tree, called to the gardener.

"What wilt thou of me?" asked the gardener.

"How is the Prince?" inquired the bird.

"Quite well," was the answer.

"And how is his black wife?" was the next inquiry.

"Oh, she is quite well, but keeps to her apartments," replied the gardener.

At this the bird flew off. Next day it came again, and repeated the questions of the previous day. On the third day also it did the same; and it came to pass that every tree on which the bird had sat withered away. Shortly afterward, as the Prince was walking in the garden, seeing so many withered trees he spoke to the gardener. "Why do you not take proper care of these trees?" he asked; "they are all withered! " Hereupon the gardener related the incident of the bird and its questions, and observed that though he had

done his utmost for the trees it was all in vain. The Prince commanded him to smear the trees with birdlime, and when the bird was caught to bring it himself to the palace. So the bird was caught and taken to the Prince, who put it in a cage.

As soon as the negress saw the bird she knew it was really the beautiful maiden. She now pretended to be dangerously ill, sent for the chief physicians, and, bribing them, got them to report to the Prince that only by eating a certain kind of bird could she possibly recover.

When the Prince heard that his wife was very ill he called the physicians before him and asked what was to be done. They told him that the Princess could only be cured if a certain kind of bird were given her to eat. "1 have lately caught such a bird," said the Prince, and he commanded that the captive should be killed and served up to his wife. But by chance one of the bird's beautiful feathers fell to the floor, and lodged, without anyone observing it, between two planks.

Time passed, and the Prince was still waiting for his wife to turn white. In the palace was an old woman who taught reading and writing to the inmates. One day, being about to ascend the stairs, she espied a bright object. She picked it up, and saw that it was a bird's feather with spots on it that sparkled like diamonds. She took the feather to her own room and stuck it in a crevice in the wall.

NE day while she was in attendance at the palace the feather fell from its position, and ere it could reach the floor, behold! it was trans formed into a lovely maiden, of dazzling beauty. The maiden swept the floor, cooked the dinner, and put everything in order, after which she resumed the form of a feather and went back to her place on the wall. When the old governess arrived home she was astonished. She looked everywhere, but could find no clue to the riddle.

Next morning while she was in the palace the feather again assumed human form and acted as on the day before. On the third day the old woman, determined to solve the mystery, instead of leaving her apartments locked the door as though she intended to go to the palace as usual, but hid herself. Soon she saw a maiden in the room, who, after putting everything in proper order, set about the cooking. When all was ready the dame ran in and caught the mysterious maiden and demanded an explanation. The latter related her adventures, telling how the negress had twice taken her life, and how she had come there in the form of a feather.