

Fairy Stories and Fables

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James Baldwin



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*Oh, dream not helm or harness
The sign of valor true;
Peace hath higher tests of manhood
Than battle ever knew.*

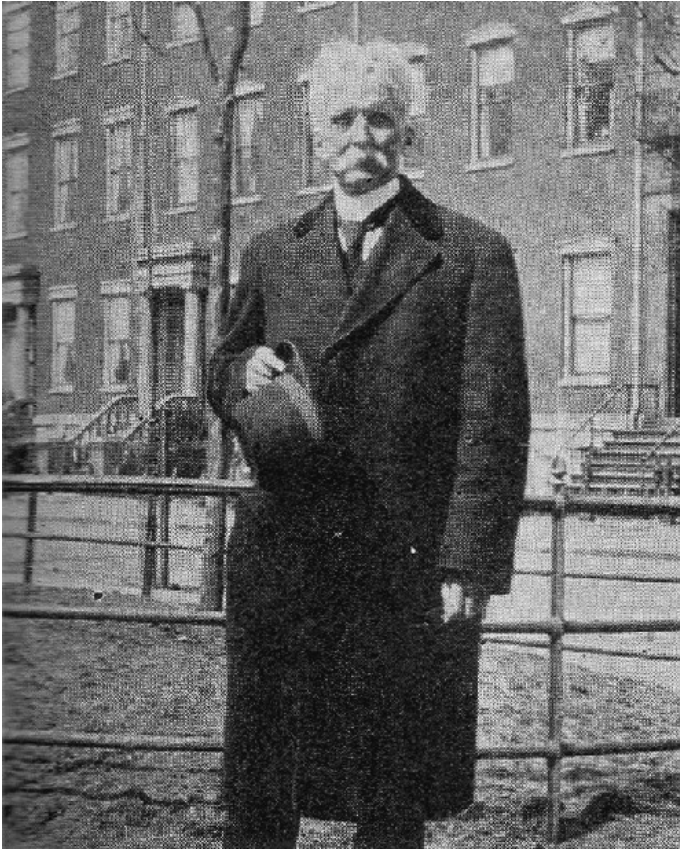
- John G. Whittier

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About the Author:



James Baldwin (1841 - 1925)

According to his biography in the *Junior Book of Authors* (1951), Baldwin, a native of Indiana and largely self-educated, began teaching at the age of 24. After several years he

became superintendent of the graded schools in Indiana, a post he held for 18 years. The last 37 years of his life he worked with publishers, first with Harper and Brothers and later with the American Book Company. In addition to editing school books, he started writing books of his own. After the publication in 1882 of *The Story of Siegfried*, he went on to write more than 50 others.

His influence was widely felt because at one time it was estimated that of all the school books in use in the United States, over half had been written or edited by him. Unfortunately, his works are much less widely known today. So far as known, only some of his books are in print and published today.

Books:

Date	Story	Category
1882	The Story of Siegfried	Legends
1883	The Story of Roland	Legends
1887	A Story of the Golden Age of	Mythology

	Greek Heroes	
1895	Fairy Stories and Fables	Readers
1895	Old Greek Stories	Mythology
1896	Fifty Famous Stories Retold	Collective Biography
1897	Four Great Americans	Collective Biography
1903	The Wonder-Book of Horses	Mythology
1904	Abraham Lincoln, A True Life	----
1905	Thirty More Famous Stories Retold	Collective Biography
1905	Robinson Crusoe Written Anew for Children	Adapted Literature
1907	An American Book of Golden Deeds	Ethical Faith Stories
1910	Stories of Don Quixote Written A new for	Fiction

	Children	
1912	The Sampo	Legends
1912	Fifty Famous People	Collective Biography
1914	In My Youth	Individual Biography

CONCERNING THESE STORIES

The longer stories in this book are called Fairy Stories, because that is the name by which such tales are always known to children; and yet only a very few contain any direct reference to fairies. The most of them have to do with talking animals and with strange incidents and transformations such as have always delighted the childish fancy. They have been drawn from a variety of sources; and liberty has been taken to make such changes in the narratives as seemed most necessary to adapt them to the understanding and needs of the children of our own time and country. Free renderings, they may be called, of some of the most popular folktales of foreign lands. The Three Bears, Tom Thumb, Jack and the Beanstalk, and Tom Tit Tot are old English favorites dressed in modern garb; Little Red

Riding Hood, Puss in Boots, Princet and the Golden Blackbird, and Drakesbill and his Friends are variants of the well-known French versions by Perrault, Marelles, and Sebillot; Little Tuppen and The Three Goats named Bruse are from Norwegian sources; and the rest are founded upon German originals. In the retelling of these tales care has been taken to avoid whatever might distress the most sensitive child as well as everything that could give a wrong bias to his moral nature or distort his perception of the beautiful and the true. The language, although not childish in form, is so adapted to the comprehension of young children, that the stories may be read by them without difficulty—affording a greater pleasure, it is hoped, than any that could be derived from the mere hearing of them from the lips of others.

Most of the shorter stories, or Fables, are derived from the collection usually ascribed to Æsop, but of which Æsop was in nowise the author. An effort has been made to give them, in each instance, a form which is attractive to young readers and understandable by them. In the case of The Ant and the Cricket, the well-known popular poem is repeated with but slight variations. In none of these Fables has the editor altered the generally accepted order of the narrative, or changed the purport of the lesson intended to be taught.

LITTLE TUPPEN

ONE day an old hen whose name was Cluck-cluck went into the woods with her little chick Tuppen to get some blueberries to eat. But a berry stuck fast in the little one's throat, and he fell upon the ground, choking and gasping. Cluck-cluck, in great fright, ran to fetch some water for him.



She ran to the Spring and said: "My dear Spring, please give me some water. I want it for my little chick Tuppen, who lies choking and gasping under the blueberry bush in the green woods."

The Spring said: "I will give you some water if you will bring me a cup."

Then Cluck-cluck ran to the Oak-tree and said: "Dear Oak-tree, please give me a cup. I want it for the Spring; and then the Spring will give me water for my little chick Tuppen, who lies choking and gasping under the blueberry bush in the green woods."

The Oak-tree said: "I will give you a cup if some one will shake my branches."

Then Cluck-cluck ran to Maid Marian, the wood-cutter's child, and said: "Dear Maid Marian, please shake the Oak-tree's branches; and then the Oak-tree will give me a cup, and I will give the cup to the Spring, and the Spring will give me water for my little chick Tuppen, who lies choking and gasping under the blueberry bush in the green woods."

The wood-cutter's child, Maid Marian, said: "I will shake the Oak-tree's branches if you will give me some shoes."

Then Cluck-cluck ran to the Shoemaker and said: "Dear Shoemaker, please give me some shoes. I want them for Maid Marian, the wood-cutter's child; for then Maid Marian will shake the

Oak-tree's branches, and the Oak-tree will give me a cup, and I will give the cup to the Spring, and the Spring will give me water for my little chick Tuppen, who lies choking and gasping under the blueberry bush in the green woods."

The Shoemaker said: "I will give you some shoes if you will give me some leather."

Then Cluck-cluck ran to Moo-moo, the Ox, and said: "Dear Moo-moo, please give me some leather. I want it for the Shoemaker; for then the Shoemaker will give me some shoes, and I will give the shoes to Maid Marian, and Maid Marian will shake the Oak-tree's branches, and the Oak-tree will give me a cup, and I will give the cup to the Spring, and the Spring will give me water for my little chick Tuppen, who lies choking and gasping under the blueberry bush in the green woods."

The Ox, Moo-moo, said: "I will give you some leather if you will give me some corn."

Then Cluck-cluck ran to the Farmer and said: "Dear Farmer, please give me some corn. I want it for Moo-moo, the Ox; for then the Ox will give me some leather; and I will give the leather to the Shoemaker, and the shoemaker will give me shoes, and I will give the shoes to Maid Marian, and Maid

Marian will shake the Oak-tree's branches, and the Oak-tree will give me a cup, and I will give the cup to the Spring, and the Spring will give me water for my little chick Tuppen, who lies choking and gasping under the blueberry bush in the green woods."

The Farmer said: "I will give you some corn if you will give me a plow."

Then Cluck-cluck ran to the Blacksmith and said: "Dear Blacksmith, please give me a plow. I want it for the Farmer; for then the Farmer will give me some corn, and I will give the corn to the Ox, and the Ox will give me leather, and I will give the leather to the Shoemaker, and the Shoemaker will give me shoes, and I will give the shoes to Maid Marian, and Maid Marian will shake the Oak-tree's branches, and the Oak-tree will give me a cup, and I will give the cup to the Spring, and the Spring will give me water for my little chick Tuppen, who lies choking and gasping under the blueberry bush in the green woods."

The Blacksmith said: "I will give you a plow if you will give me some iron."

Then Cluck-cluck ran to the busy little Dwarfs who live under the mountains and have all the iron

that is found in the mines. "Dear, dear Dwarfs," she said, "please give me some of your iron. I want it for the Blacksmith; for then the Blacksmith will give me a plow, and I will give the plow to the Farmer, and the Farmer will give me corn, and I will give the corn to the Ox, and the Ox will give me leather, and I will give the leather to the Shoemaker, and the Shoemaker will give me shoes, and I will give the shoes to Maid Marian, and Maid Marian will shake the Oak-tree's branches, and the Oak-tree will give me a cup, and I will give the cup to the Spring, and the Spring will give me water for my little chick Tuppen, who lies choking and gasping under the blueberry bush in the green woods."

The little Dwarfs who live under the mountains had pity on poor Cluck-cluck, and they gave her a great heap of red iron ore from their mines.

Then she gave the iron to the Blacksmith, and the plow to the Farmer, and the corn to the Ox, and the leather to the Shoemaker, and the shoes to Maid Marian; and Maid Marian shook the Oak-tree, and the Spring got the acorn cup, and Cluck-cluck carried it full of water to her little chick Tuppen.

Then little Tuppen drank the water, and was well again, and ran chirping and singing among the long grass, as if nothing had happened to him.

THE DOG AND THE WOLF

ONE warm day a Dog lay down under a tree in a field, and was soon fast asleep. In a little while a Wolf came out of the woods and was about to seize him and eat him up.

"Cousin Wolf," cried the Dog, "don't you see how thin I am? I am not fit for you to eat now. If you will only wait a few days, you will find that I shall make you a better meal. Master is going to have a big dinner next week, and then there will be so much to eat that I shall grow plump and fat."

"Well, if that is the case," said the Wolf, "I think I will wait a little while. You may go now, and live till after the dinner."

In two weeks the Wolf came back, but the Dog was not in the field. He was asleep on the house top.

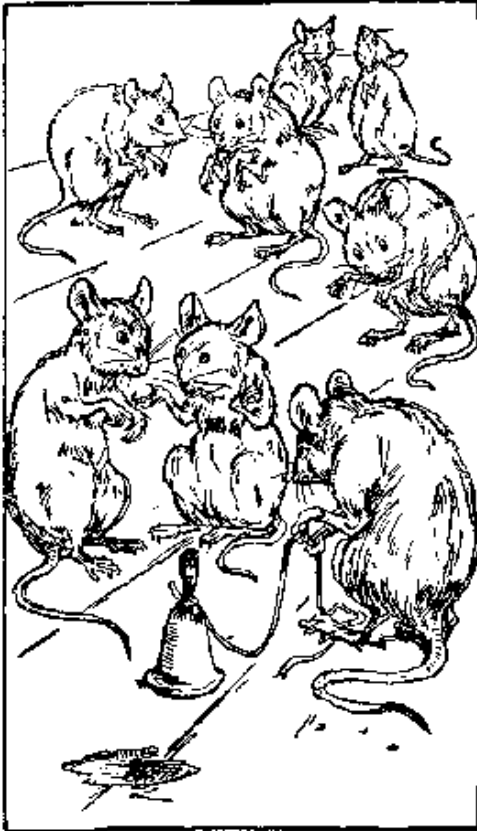


"Come down, and let me see how fat you are," said the Wolf.

The Dog woke up and said: "Cousin Wolf, if you ever find me asleep in the field again, you may eat me. But if you are wise, you will not wait till after the master has had that big dinner."

THE MICE AND THE CAT

AN OLD Cat was in a fair way to kill all the Mi-



ce in the barn. One day the Mice met to talk about the great harm that she was doing them. Each one told of some plan by which to keep out of her way.

"Do as I say," said a gray-bearded Mouse who was thought to be very wise,—
"Do as I say: Hang a bell to the Cat's neck, and then when we hear it

ring, we shall know that she is coming."

"Good! good!" said all the rest; and they ran to get the bell.

"Now, which one of you will hang it to the Cat's neck?" asked the wise one with the gray beard.

"Not I! not I!" cried all the Mice at once.

THE FOX IN THE WELL

A FOX was going through a field one day, and fell into a well. He was not hurt at all, but he could not get out. He called for help as loud as he could, but no one heard him for a long time. By and by a



Wolf passed that way and stopped to listen. Then he went to the edge of the well and looked down.

"Who is there?" he asked. "Dear Wolf, it is I," cried the Fox; "and I am so glad that you have come. You will help me out, I am sure."

"Poor little Fokie!" said the Wolf; "how did you get down there? How long have you been there? It must be very damp so deep down in a

well like this. I do pity you with all my heart. You might catch cold in such a place; and how sad it would be if you were to die!"

"Oh, Wolf, Wolf!" cried the Fox. "This is no time to talk. Help me out, quick, and then pity me afterwards."