LITTLE RED-CAP.

HERE was once a sweet little maid, much beloved by everybody, but none of all by her grandmother, who never knew how to make enough of her. Once she sent her a little cap of red velvet, and as it was very becoming to her, and she never wore anything else, people called her Little Red-cap. One day her mother said to her,

"Come, Little Red-cap, here are some cakes and a flask of wine for you to take to your grandmother; she is weak and ill, and they will do her good. Make haste and start before it grows hot, and walk properly and nicely, and don't run, or you might fall and break the flask of wine, and there would be none left for grandmother. And when you go into her room, don't forget to say, Good morning, instead of staring about you."

"I will be sure to take care," said Little Red-cap to her mother, and gave her hand upon it. Now the grandmother lived away in the wood, half-an-hour's walk from the village; and when Little Red-cap had reached the wood, she met the wolf; but as she did not know what a bad sort of animal he was, she did not feel frightened.

"Good day, Little Red-cap," said he.

"Thank you kindly, Wolf," answered she.

"Where are you going so early, Little Red-cap?"

"To my grandmother's."

"What are you carrying under your apron?"

"Cakes and wine; we baked yesterday; and my grand-

LITTLE RED-CAP.
"Oh, dear how uncomfortable I feel, and I was so glad this morning to go to my grandmother!"

And when she said, "Good morning," there was no answer.

Then she went up to the bed and drew back the curtain; there lay the grandmother with her cap pulled over her eyes, so that she looked very odd.

"Oh, grandmother, what large eyes you have got!"

"The better to see with."

"Oh, grandmother, what great eyes you have got!"

"The better to see with."

"Oh, grandmother, what large hands you have got!"

"The better to hold of you with."

"But grandmother, what a terrible large mouth you have got!"

"The better to devour you!" And no sooner had the wolf said it than he made one bound from the bed, and swallowed poor Little Red-cap.

Then the wolf, having satisfied his hunger, lay down again in the bed, went to sleep, and began to snore loudly. The huntsman heard him as he was passing by the house, and thought,

"How the old woman snores—I had better see if there is anything the matter with her."

Then he went into the room, and walked up to the bed, and saw the wolf lying there.

"At last I found yourself old woman!" said he; "I have been looking for you a long time." And he made up his mind that the wolf had swallowed the grandmother whole, and that she might yet be saved. So he took a pair of shears and began to slit up the wolf's body. When he made a few snips Little Red-cap appeared, and after a few more snips she jumped out and cried, "Oh dear, how frightened I have been! it is so dark inside the wolf!" And then out came the old grandmother, still living and breathing. But Little Red-cap went and quickly fetched some large stones, with which she filled the wolf's body, so that when he woke up, and was going to rush away, the stones were so heavy that he sank down and fell dead.

They were all three very pleased. The huntsman took off the wolf's skin, and carried it home. The grandmother got back the cakes, and drank the wine, and held up her head again, and Little Red-cap said to herself that she would never more stay about in the wood alone, but would mind what her mother told her.

It must also be related how a few days afterwards, when Little Red-cap was again taking cakes to her grandmother, another wolf spoke to her, and wanted to tempt her to leave the path; but she was on her guard, and went straight on her way, and told her grandmother how the wolf had met her, and wished her good-day, but had looked so wicked about the eyes that she thought if it had not been on the high road he would have devoured her.

"Come," said the grandmother, "we will shut the door, so that he may not get in." Soon after came the wolf knocking at the door, and calling out, "Open the door, grandmother, I am Little Red-cap, bringing you cakes." But they remained still, and did not open the door. After that the wolf slunk by the house, and got at last upon the roof to wait until Little Red-cap should return home in the evening; then he meant to spring down upon her, and devour her in the darkness. But the grandmother discovered his plot. Now there stood before the house a great stone trough, and the grandmother said to the child, "Little Red-cap, I was boiling sausages yesterday, so take the bucket, and carry away the water they were boiled in, and pour it into the trough."

And Little Red-cap did so until the great trough was quite full. When the smell of the sausages reached the nose of the wolf, he snuffed it up, and looked round, and stretched out his neck so far that he lost his balance and began to slip, and he slipped down the roof straight into the great trough, and was drowned. Then Little Red-cap went cheerfully home, and came to no harm.
It was the middle of winter, and the snowflakes were falling like feathers from the sky, and a queen sat at her window working, and her embroidery frame was of ebony. And as she worked, gazing at lace out on the snow, she pricked her finger, and there fell from it three drops of blood on the snow. And when she saw how bright and red it looked, she said to herself, "Oh, that I had a child as white as snow, as red as blood, and as black as the wood of the embroidery frame!"

Not very long after she had a daughter, with a skin as white as snow, lips as red as blood, and hair as black as ebony, and she was named Snow-white. And when she was born the queen died.

After a year had gone by the king took another wife, a beautiful woman, but proud and overbearing, and she could not bear to be surpassed in beauty by any one. She had a magic looking-glass, and she used to stand before it, and look in it, and say,

"Looking-glass upon the wall, Who is fairest of us all?"

And the looking-glass would answer,

"You are fairest of them all."

And she was contented, for she knew that the looking-glass spoke the truth.
Grims Fairy Tales.

Now, Snow-white was growing prettier and prettier, and when she was seven years old she was as beautiful as a day, far more so than the Queen herself. So one day when the queen went to her mirror and said,

"Looking-glass upon the wall, Who is fairest of us all?"

It answered,

"Queen, you are full face, as long as her feet would carry her; and when the evening drew near she came to a little house, and she went inside to rest. Everything there was very small, but so pretty and clean as possible. There stood a little table ready laid, and covered with a white cloth, and seven little plates, and seven knives and forks, and drinking-cups. By the wall stood seven little beds, side by side, covered with clean white quilts. Snow-white, being very hungry and thirsty, sat down on each plate a little porridge and bread, and drank out of each little cup a drop of wine, so as not to finish up one portion alone. After that she felt so tired that she lay down on one of the beds, but it did not seem to suit her; one was too long, another too short, but at last the seventh was quite right; and so she lay down upon it, committed herself to heaven, and fell asleep.

When it was quite dark, the masters of the house came home. They were seven dwarfs, whose occupation was to dig underground among the mountains. When they had lighted their seven candles, and it was quite light in the little house, they saw that some one must have been in, as everything was not in the same order in which they left it. The first said, "Who has been sitting in my chair?"

The second said, "Who has been eating from my little plate?"

The third said, "Who has been taking my little loaf?"

The fourth said, "Who has been tasting my porridge?"

The fifth said, "Who has been using my little fork?"

The sixth said, "Who has been cutting with my little knife?"

The seventh said, "Who has been drinking from my little cup?"

Then the first, looking round, saw a hollow in his bed, and cried, "Who has been lying on my bed?"

And the others came running, and cried, "Some one has been on our beds too!"

But when the seventh looked at his bed, he saw little Snow-white lying there asleep. Then he told the others, who
Came running up, crying out in their astonishment, and holding
up their seven little candles to throw a light upon Snow-white,
"O goodness! O gracious!" cried they, "what beautiful
child is this?" and were so full of joy to see her that they
did not wake her, but let her sleep on. And the seventh
dwarf slept with his comrade, an hour at a time with each,
until the night had passed.

When it was morning and Snow-white awoke and saw the
seven dwarfs, she was very frightened; but they seemed quite
friendly, and asked her what her name was, and she told them;
and then they asked how she came to be in their house;
and she related to them how her step-mother had wished her
to be put to death, and how the huntsman had spared her life,
and how she had run the whole day long, until at last she had
found their little house. Then the dwarfs said,

"If you will keep our house for us, and cook, and wash,
and make the beds, and sew and knit, and keep everything tidy
and clean, you may stay with us, and you shall lack nothing."

"With all my heart," said Snow-white; and so she stayed,
and kept the house in good order. In the morning the dwarfs
went to the mountain to dig for gold; in the evening they
came home, and their supper had to be ready for them. All
the day long the maid was left alone, and the good little
dwarfs warned her, saying,

"Beware of your step-mother, she will soon know you are
here. Let no one into the house."

Now the queen, having eaten Snow-white's heart, as she
supposed, felt quite sure that now she was the first and fairest,
and so she came to her mirror, and said,

"Looking-glass upon the wall,
Who is fairest of us all?"

And the glass answered,

"Queen, thou art of beauty rare,
Blest Snow-white living in the glen
With the seven little men
Is a thousand times more fair."

Then she was very angry, for the glass always spoke the
truth, and she knew that the huntsman must have deceived
her, and that Snow-white must still be living. And she thought
and thought how she could manage to make an end of her,
for as long as she was not the fairest in the land, Snow-left her
no rest... At last she thought of a plan; she painted her face
no rest... At last she thought of a plan; she painted her face
so as to look like Snow-white; and so she disguised herself as a
old pedlar woman, so that no one would have known her. In this disguise she went across
the seven mountains, until she came to the house of the seven
little dwarfs, and she knocked at the door and cried,

"Fine wares to sell! Fine wares to sell!"

Snow-white peeped out of the window and cried,

"Good-day, good woman, what have you to sell?"

"Good wares, fine wares," answered she, "tapes of all
colours;" and she held up a piece that was woven of variegated
silk.

"I need not be afraid of letting in this good woman,"
thought Snow-white, and she unbarred the door and bought
the pretty lace.

"What a figure you are, child!" said the old woman,
"come and let me lace you properly for once."

Snow-white, suspecting nothing, stood up before her, and
let her lace her with the new lace; but the old woman laced
so quick and tight that it took Snow-white's breath away,
and she fell down as dead.

"Now you have done with being the fairest," said the old
woman as she hastened away.

Not long after that, towards evening, the seven dwarfs came
home, and were terrified to see their dear Snow-white lying
on the ground, without life or motion; they raised her up,
and when they saw how tightly she was laced they cut the
lace in two; then she began to draw breath, and little by little
she returned to life. When the dwarfs heard what had
happened they said,

"The old pedlar woman was no other than the wicked
queen; you must beware of letting any one in when we are
not here!"

And when the wicked woman got home she went to her
glass and said,

"Looking-glass against the wall,
Who is fairest of all?"
And it answered as before,

"Queen, thou art of beauty rare,
But Snow-white living in the glen
With the seven little men
Is a thousand times more fair."

When she heard that she was so struck with surprise that all the blood left her heart, for she knew that Snow-white must still be living.

"But now," said she, "I will think of something that will be her ruin." And by witchcraft she made a poisoned comb. Then she dressed herself up to look like another different sort of old woman. So she went across the seven mountains and came to the house of the seven dwarfs, and knocked at the door and cried,

"Good wares to sell! Good wares to sell!"

Snow-white looked out and said,

"Go away, I must not let anybody in."

"But you are not forbidden to look," said the old woman, taking out the poisoned comb and holding it up. It pleased the poor child so much that she was tempted to open the door; and when the bargain was made the old woman said,

"Now, for once your hair shall be properly combed."

Poor Snow-white, thinking no harm, let the old woman do as she would, but no sooner was the comb put in her hair than the poison began to work, and the poor girl fell down senseless.

"Now, you paragon of beauty," said the wicked woman, "this is the end of you," and went off. By good luck it was now near evening, and the seven little dwarfs came home. When they saw Snow-white lying on the ground as dead, they thought directly that it was the step-mother's doing, and looked about, found the poisoned comb, and no sooner had they drawn it out of her hair than Snow-white came to herself, and related all that had passed. Then they warned her once more to be on her guard, and never again to let any one in at the door.

And the queen went home and stood before the looking-glass and said,

"Looking-glass against the wall,
Who is fairest of us all?"

And the looking-glass answered as before,

"Queen, thou art of beauty rare,
But Snow-white living in the glen
With the seven little men
Is a thousand times more fair."

When she heard the looking-glass speak thus she trembled and shook with anger.

"Snow-white shall die," cried she, "though it should cost me my own life!" And then she went to a secret lonely chamber, where no one was likely to come, and there she made a poisonous apple. It was beautiful to look upon, being white with red cheeks, so that any one who should see it must long for it, but whoever ate even a little bit of it must die.

When the apple was ready she painted her face and clothed herself like a peasant woman, and went across the seven mountains to where the seven dwarfs lived. And when she knocked at the door Snow-white put her head out of the window and said,

"I dare not let anybody in, she seven dwarfs told me not."

"All right," answered the woman; "I can easily get rid of my apples elsewhere. There, I will give you one."

"No," answered Snow-white; "I dare not take anything."

"Are you afraid of poison?" said the woman, "look here, I will cut the apple in two pieces; you shall have the red side, I will have the white one."

For the apple was so cunningly made, that all the poison was in the rosy half of it. Snow-white longed for the beautiful apple, and as she saw the peasant woman eating a piece of it she could no longer refrain, but stretched out her hand and took the poisoned half. But no sooner had she taken a morsel of it into her mouth than she fell to the earth as dead. And the queen, casting on her a terrible glance, laughed aloud and cried,

"As white as snow, as red as blood, so black as ebony! this time the dwarfs will not be able to bring you to life again."

And when she went home and asked the looking-glass,

"Looking-glass against the wall,
Who is fairest of us all?"

at last it answered,
"You are the fairest now of all." Then her envious heart had peace, as much as an envious heart can have.

The dwarfs, when they came home in the evening, found Snow-white lying on the ground, and there came no breath out of her mouth, and she was dead. They lifted her as though if anything poisonous was to be found, cut her face, combed her hair, washed her with vinegar and wine, but all was no avail—she, poor child, was dead, and remained dead. Then they laid her on a bier, and sat all seven of them round it, and wept and lamented three whole days. And then they would have buried her, but she looked still as if she were living, with her beautiful blosoming cheeks. So they said,

"We cannot hide her away in the black ground. And they had made a coffin of clear glass, so as to be looked into from all sides, and they laid her in it, and wrote in golden letters upon it her name, and that she was a king's daughter. Then they set the coffin upon the mountain, and one of them always remained by it to watch. And the birds came and mourned for Snow-white, first an owl, then a raven, and lastly, a dove.

Now, for a long while Snow-white lay in the coffin and never changed, but looked as if she were asleep, for she was still as white as snow, as red as blood, and her hair was as black as ebony. It happened, however, that one day a king's son rode through the wood and up to the dwarfs' house, which was near it. He saw on the mountain the coffin and beautiful Snow-white within it, and he read what was written in golden letters upon it—then he said to the dwarfs,

"Let me have the coffin, and I will give you whatever you like to ask for it."

But the dwarfs told him that they could not part with it for all the gold in the world. But he said,

"I beseech you to give it to me, for I cannot live without looking upon Snow-white; if you consent I will bring you to great honour, and care for you as if you were my brethren."

He said no more to the good little dwarfs, but laid upon him and gave him the coffin, and the king's son called his servants and bid them carry it away on their shoulders. Now it happened that as they were going along they stumbled over a bush, and with the shaking the bit of poisoned apple flew out of her throat. It was not long before she opened her eyes, drew up the cover of the coffin, and sat up, alive and well.

"Oh dear! where am I?" cried she. The king's son answered, full of joy, "You are near me," and, telling all that had happened, he said,

"I would rather have you than anything in the world; come with me to my father's castle and you shall be my bride."

And Snow-white was kind, and went with him, and their wedding was held with pomp and great splendour. But Snow-white's wicked stepmother was also bidden to the feast, and when she had dressed herself in beautiful clothes she went to her looking-glass and said,

"Looking-glass upon the wall, Who is fairest of us all?"

The looking-glass answered,

"O Queen, although you are of beauty rare, The young bride is a thousand times more fair."

Then she raved and cursed, and was beside herself with disappointment and anger. First she thought she would not go to the wedding, but then she felt she should have no peace until she went and saw the bride. And when she saw her she knew her for Snow-white, and could not sit from the place for anger and terror. For they had red-gold ball-shoes, in which she had to dance until she lost themdead.