THE A.L
BRIGHT STORY READERS

ISHAATHUL ISLAM HIGH SCHOOL
ERNAKULAM

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EAST O' THE SUN AND WEST O' THE MOON

DASENT

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No. 117

Grade I

BOOKS IN THIS SERIES

Grade					
P	for ages	5	to	7	32 books
1	,,	6	to	8	67 ,,
2	,,	7	to	9	69 ,,
3	,,	8	to	10	70 ,,
4	,,	9	to	11	40 ,,
5	,,	10	to	12	37 ,,
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S	for Seniors				27 ,,

Additions to the various Grades in preparation

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EAST O' THE SUN AND WEST O' THE MOON

By Sir GEORGE DASENT

Illustrated by F. E. Gorniot

E/13

VIDYODAYAM HIGH SCHOOL ERNAKULAM Date 24/11

CHAPTER I

THE WHITE BEAR

ONCE on a time, there was a poor farmer who had so many children that he hadn't too much of either food or clothing to give them. Pretty children they all were; but by far the prettiest was the youngest daughter, who was so lovely that she outshone all others, and she grew more lovely every day.

One day—'twas on a Thursday evening late at the fall of the year—the weather was so wild and rough outside, and it was so very dark, and rain fell and wind blew, that the walls of the cottage shook again. There they all sat round the fire, busy with this thing and that.

As they sat, all at once something gave three taps on the window-pane. The father went out to see what was the matter; and, when he got out of doors, what should he see but a big White Bear.

"Good evening to you!" said the White Bear.

"The same to you!" said the man.

"Will you give me your youngest daughter? If you will, I'll make you as rich as you are now poor," said the Bear.

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Well, the man would not be at all sorry to be rich ; but still he thought he must first have a bit of talk with his daughter. So he went in and told them how there was a great White Bear waiting outside, who had given his word to make them ever so rich if he could only have the youngest daughter.

The lassie said " No ! " outright, and nothing could get her to say anything else. So the farmer went out and told the White Bear. But the Bear would not take " No " for an answer, and, to speak truth, the farmer did not want him to. So they settled it that he should come again on the next Thursday.

Meantime the farmer kept on talking to his daughter, and telling her of all the riches they would get, and how well off she would be herself, till at last she thought better of it. She washed and mended her rags, and made herself as smart as she could, and was ready to start. I can't say that her packing took much time, or gave her much trouble.

Next Thursday evening, the White Bear came again to fetch her. She got on his back with her bundle, and off they went. When they had gone a bit of the way, the White Bear asked :

" Are you afraid ? "

" No, not a bit ! " said the lassie.

" Well, mind and hold tight by my shaggy coat, and then there is nothing to fear," said the Bear.

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'What should he see but a big White Bear'—*Page* 1

So on they went, a long, long way, till they came to a great, steep hill. There, on the face of it, the White Bear gave a knock, and a door opened. They came into a castle where there were many rooms all lit up—rooms gleaming with silver and gold—and there, too, was a table ready laid for supper. It was all as grand as grand could be.

Then the White Bear gave her a little silver bell, and when she wanted anything, she had only to ring this bell, and she would get it at once.

Well, after she had eaten and drunk, and evening wore on, she began to feel sleepy after her long journey, and thought she would like to go to bed. So she rang the bell. She had scarce taken hold of it before she found herself in a chamber where there was a bed made, as fair and white as anyone would wish to sleep in, with silken pillows and gold fringe.

But when she had put out the light, a man came and laid himself down to sleep beside her. It was the White Bear, who threw off his beast shape at night. But the maiden did not know this. She never saw him, for he always came after she had put out the light, and before the day dawned he was up and off again.

Things went on happily for a while, but at last she began to get silent and sad ; for there she went about all day alone, and she longed to go home to see her father and mother, and brothers and sisters.

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One day the White Bear, who had seen that she was sad, asked what it was that she lacked. She said :

" It is so dull and lonely here, and I long so much to go home to see my father and mother, and brothers and sisters."

" Well, well ! " said the Bear, " perhaps there is a cure for all this. But you must promise me one thing, and that is, not to talk alone with your mother, but only when the rest are by to hear. For she will take you by the hand and try to lead you into a room alone to talk ; but you must mind and not do that, or you will bring bad luck on both of us."

A few days later, the White Bear came to her and said, " Now we can set off to see your father and mother."

Well, off they started, she sitting on his back, and they went far and long. At last they came to a grand house, and there her brothers and sisters were running about out-of-doors at play, and everything was so pretty, it was a joy to see.

" This is where your father and mother live now," said the White Bear ; " but don't forget what I told you, else you will make us both unlucky."

" No, indeed ! I will not forget," she said ; and when she had reached the house the White Bear turned about and left her.

Then, when she went in to see her father and mother, there was such joy, there was no end of it. They all felt they could not thank her enough for all she had done for them. Now they had everything they wished, as good as good could be, and they all wanted to know how she got on where she lived.

" Well," she said, " it is very good to live where I do. I have all that I wish."

What she said besides that I don't know, but I do not think she told any of them very much. But, in the afternoon, after they had done dinner, all happened as the White Bear had said. Her mother wanted to talk with her alone in her bedroom ; but she minded what the Bear had said to her, and she would not go upstairs.

" Oh, what we have to talk about will keep ! " she said, and put her mother off. But, somehow or other, her mother coaxed her in the end, and she had to tell her the whole story.

So she told her mother how, every night, a man came and lay down beside her as soon as she had put out the light ; how she never saw him, because he was always up and away before the morning dawned ; how she went about sad and sorrowful, for she felt she should so like to see him ; how, all day long, she walked about there alone, and how dull, and dreary, and lonely it was.

" Well," said her mother, " it will most likely

be a troll! But I'll tell you how you may see him. I'll give you a bit of candle, which you can carry home in your bosom; just light that while he is asleep, but take care not to drop the tallow on him."

So she took the candle and hid it in her bosom, and, as night drew on, the White Bear came and fetched her away.

When they had gone a bit of the way, the White Bear asked, "Hasn't all happened just as I told you it would?"

"Well, I cannot say that it hasn't," said the maid.

"Now mind," said he, "if you have listened to your mother's advice you will bring bad luck on us both, and then all that has passed between us will be as nothing."

"But I have not listened to it," she said; meaning, of course, that she did not intend to do as her mother had told her.

When they reached the castle, it was the old story over again. As soon as she had put out the light, there came a man into the room, and lay down beside her. But at dead of night, when she heard that he was sound asleep, she got up and struck a light, lit the candle, and let the light shine on him.

She saw the loveliest prince one ever set eyes on. As she gazed on him, she fell deeply in love

with him on the spot. She bent over to kiss him, but, as she did so, she forgot to hold the light steady, and she dropped three hot drops of tallow on his shirt, and he woke up.

"What have you done?" he cried. "Now you have made us both unlucky. Had you held out only this one year, I had been freed. I am in the power of a witch, so that I am a White Bear by day, and a man by night. But now all ties are snapped between us, and I must set out from you to her. She lives in a castle which stands EAST O' THE SUN AND WEST O' THE MOON, and there, too, is a princess with the longest nose you ever saw, and she is the wife I must have now."

The maid wept, and was very sad; but there was no help for it, go he must.

"But may I not go with you?" she asked.

"No, that you cannot do," he replied.

"Tell me the way, then," she said, "and I'll search you out; *that* surely I may get leave to do."

"Yes, you may do that," he said, "but there is no way to that place. It lies EAST O' THE SUN AND WEST O' THE MOON, and you will never be able to find your way there."

CHAPTER II

THE SEARCH FOR THE CASTLE

Next morning, when she woke up, both Prince and castle were gone, and she lay on a little green patch, in the midst of the gloomy, thick wood. By her side lay the same bundle of rags she had brought with her from her old home.

When she had rubbed the sleep out of her eyes, and wept till she was tired, she set out on her way, and walked many, many days, till she came to a lofty crag. Under it sat an old woman, playing with a gold apple.

The lassie asked her if she knew the way to the Prince, who lived with the witch in the castle that lay EAST O' THE SUN AND WEST O' THE MOON, and who was to marry the princess with the long nose.

"How did you come to know about him?" asked the old woman; "but maybe you are the lassie who ought to have had him?"

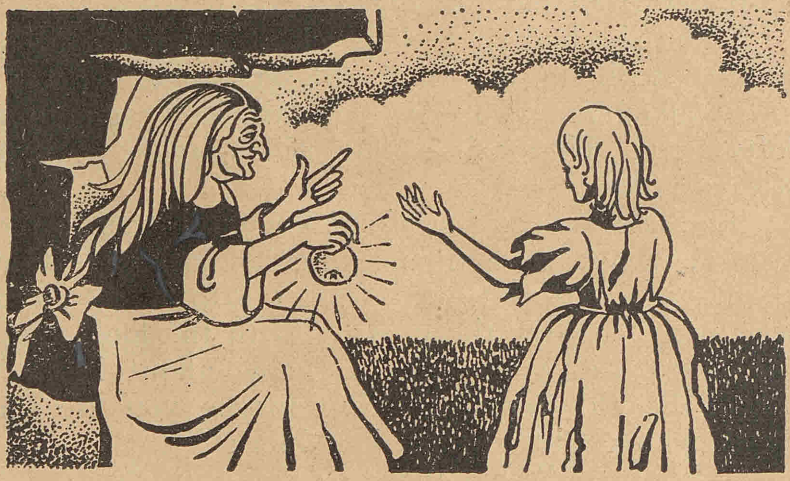
"Yes, I am," said the maid.

"So, it's you, is it?" said the old woman. "Well, all I know about him is that he lives in the castle that lies EAST O' THE SUN AND WEST O' THE MOON, and thither you'll come, late or never. But you may have the loan of my horse, and on him you can ride to my next neighbour.

"Maybe she will be able to tell you; and, when you get there, just give the horse a switch under

the left ear, and beg him to be off home; and, stay! this gold apple you may take with you."

So she got upon the horse, and rode a long, long time, till she came to another crag, under which sat another old woman, trimming flax with a gold carding-comb. The lassie asked her, too, if



'Under the crag sat an old lady'—*Page* 9

she knew the way to the castle that lay EAST O' THE SUN AND WEST O' THE MOON. She answered, like the first old woman, that she knew nothing about it, except that it was EAST O' THE SUN AND WEST O' THE MOON.

"And thither you'll come, late or never. But you shall have the loan of my horse to my next

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neighbour; maybe she will tell you all about it. And when you get there, just switch the horse under the left ear, and tell him to be off home."

And this old woman gave her the gold carding-comb. "It may be that you'll find a use for it," she said.

So the lassie got upon the horse, and rode a far, far way, and a long, weary time, till at last she came to another great crag, under which sat another old woman, spinning with a golden spinning-wheel.

This one, too, she asked if she knew the way to the Prince, and where the castle was that lay EAST O' THE SUN AND WEST O' THE MOON. So it was the same thing over again.

"Maybe it's you who ought to have had the Prince?" said the old woman.

"Yes, it is," replied the maiden.

But she, too, didn't know the way a bit better than the other two. "EAST O' THE SUN AND WEST O' THE MOON it is, I know, and that is all.

"And thither you'll come, late or never. But I'll lend you my horse, and then I think you had better ride to the East Wind and ask him; maybe he knows those parts, and can blow you thither. When you get to him, you need only give the horse a switch under the left ear, and he'll trot home by himself."

And she gave her the gold spinning-wheel. "Maybe you'll find a use for it," said the old woman.

Then on the lassie rode, many, many days, a long and weary time, before she got to the East Wind's house. But at last she did reach it, and then she asked the East Wind if he could tell her the way to the Prince who dwelt EAST O' THE SUN AND WEST O' THE MOON.

Well, the East Wind had often heard tell of the land, the Prince, and the castle ; but he could not tell the way, for he had never blown so far.

" But, if you like, I'll go with you to my brother, the West Wind ; maybe he knows, for he's much stronger than I. So if you will just get on my back, I'll carry you thither."

She got on his back, and you should just have seen how briskly they went along.

When they got there, they went into the West Wind's house, and the East Wind said to his brother, " The lassie I have brought is the one who ought to have had the Prince who lives in the castle EAST O' THE SUN AND WEST O' THE MOON. She has set out to seek him, and I have come with her. I should be glad to know if you can tell us how to get to the castle."

" Nay," said the West Wind to the lassie, " I've never blown so far ; but, if you like, I'll go with you to our brother, the South Wind. He is much stronger than either of us, and he has flapped his wings far and wide. Maybe he will tell you. You can get on my back, and I'll carry you to him."

So she got on his back, and they travelled to the South Wind, and were not so very long on the way either, I can tell you. When they got there, the West Wind asked him if he could tell the lassie the way to the castle that lay EAST O' THE SUN AND WEST O' THE MOON, for it was she who ought to have had the Prince who lived there.

"You don't say so! That's she, is it?" said the South Wind. "Well, I have blustered about in most places in my time, but I have never blown so far. However," he said to the lassie, "if you like, I'll take you to my brother, the North Wind. He is the oldest and strongest of all of us, and if he doesn't know where it is, you'll never find anyone in the world to tell you. You can get on my back, and I'll carry you there."

So she got on his back, and away he went from his house at a fine rate. And this time, too, she was not long on the way. But when they got to the North Wind's house, he was so wild and cross, cold puffs came from him a long way off.

"NOW THEN, WHAT DO YOU WANT? he roared out to them from ever so far off, so that it struck them with an icy shiver.

"Well," said the South Wind, "you need not be so cross. Here I am, your brother, the South Wind, and here is the lassie who ought to have had the Prince who dwells in the castle that lies EAST O' THE SUN AND WEST O' THE MOON; and now she

wants to ask you if you were ever there, and can tell her the way, for she would be so glad to find him again."

"YES, I KNOW WELL ENOUGH WHERE IT IS," said the North Wind. "Once in my life I blew an aspen-leaf there, but I was so tired, I could not blow a puff for ever so many days after. But," said he to the lassie, "if you really wish to go thither, and are not afraid to come along with me, I'll take you on my back, and see if I can blow you so far."

"Oh, thank you, with all my heart!" said the lassie. "I must and will get there if it is possible in any way. As for fear, however madly you go, I shall not be at all afraid."

"Very well, then," said the North Wind, "but you must sleep here to-night, for we must have the whole day before us if we are to get there at all."

Early next morning the North Wind woke her, and puffed himself up, and blew himself out, and made himself so stout and big, it was fearful to look at him. And then off they went, high up through the air, as if they would never stop till they got to the world's end.

Down below there was such a storm. It threw down long tracts of wood and many houses; and, when it passed over the great sea, ships sank by hundreds.

So they tore on and on—no one can believe how far they went—and all the while they still went

over the sea. The North Wind got more and more weary, and so out of breath that he could scarce bring out a puff. His wings drooped and drooped, till at last he sank so low that the crests of the waves dashed over his heels.

"Aren't you afraid?" asked the North Wind of the lassie.

"Not a bit," she said.

But they were now not very far from land, and the North Wind had still so much strength left in him that he managed to throw the lassie up on the shore, under the windows of the castle which lay EAST O' THE SUN AND WEST O' THE MOON. But by this time he was so weak and worn out, he had to stay there and rest many days before he could set off home again.

CHAPTER III

AT THE CASTLE

The next day, the lassie sat down under the castle window, and began to play with the gold apple; and the first person she saw was the Long-Nose, who was to marry the Prince.

"What do you want for your gold apple, you lassie?" asked the Long-Nose, as she threw up the window.

"It is not for sale for gold or money," said the lassie.

"If it's not for sale for gold or money, what is it that you will sell it for? You may name your own price," said the Princess.

"Well, if I may get to the Prince, who lives here, and be with him to-night you shall have it," said the lassie whom the North Wind had brought.

"Very well, that can easily be done," said the Princess. So she got the golden apple.

But when the lassie came to the Prince's room at night he was fast asleep. She called to him, and she shook him again and again; but, with all she could do, she couldn't wake him up, and she wept bitterly. Next morning, as soon as day broke, came the Princess with the long nose, and drove her out again.

So, in the daytime, she sat down under the



"What do you want for your gold apple?" asked the Long-Nose'—*Page* 15

castle windows, and began to comb some flax with her golden carding-comb, and the same thing happened again. The Princess asked what she wanted for it, and she said it wasn't for sale for gold or money ; but if she might get leave to go up to the Prince, and be with him that night, the Princess should have it.

But when she went up to his room, she found him fast asleep again. And with all her calling, and all her shaking, and weeping, and praying, she could not get him awake. As soon as the first grey peep of day came, then came the Princess, and sent her out again.

So, in the daytime, the lassie sat down outside, under the castle window, and began to spin with her golden spinning-wheel. That, too, the Princess with the long nose wanted to have. So she threw up the window, and asked the lassie what she wanted for it.

The lassie said, as she had said twice before, " It is not for sale for gold or money ; but if I may go up to the Prince who lives here, and be with him in his room this night, you may have it."

" Yes, you may do that, and welcome," said the Princess with the long nose, and she got the golden spinning-wheel.

But now you must know there were some proper folk who had been carried off to the castle, and, as they sat in their room, which was next that of the

Prince, they had heard how a woman had been in there, and wept, and prayed, and called to him two nights running. And they told that to the Prince.

That evening, when the Princess came with her sleeping drink, the Prince made as if to drink it, but threw it over his shoulder, for he could guess it was a sleeping drink. So, when the lassie came in, she found him wide awake ; and then she told him the whole story of how she had come there.

" Ah ! " said the Prince, " you have just come in the very nick of time, for to-morrow is to be our wedding-day. But now I won't have the Long-Nose, and you are the only woman in the world who can set me free. I'll say that I want to see what my wife is fit for, and beg her to wash the shirt which has the three spots of tallow on it.

" She'll say ' yes,' for she doesn't know it was you who put them there. But that is a work only for proper folk, and not for trolls such as they, and so I'll say that I won't have any other for my bride than the woman who can wash them out, and I'll ask you to do it." So there was great joy in their hearts that night.

Next day, when the wedding was to be, the Prince said, " First of all, I would like to see what my bride is fit for."

" Yes," said the witch, " with all my heart ! "

" Well," said the Prince, " I've got a fine shirt which I would like for my wedding shirt ; but,

somehow or other, it has got three spots of tallow on it, which I must have washed out. I have sworn never to take any other bride than the woman who is able to do that. If she can't, she is not worth having."

"Well, that is no great thing to do," they said. So she with the long nose began to wash away as hard as she could; but the more she rubbed and scrubbed, the bigger the spots grew.

"Ah!" said the old witch, her mother, "you can't wash; let me try."

But she hadn't long taken the shirt in hand before it got far worse than ever, and with all her rubbing, and wringing, and scrubbing, the spots grew bigger and blacker, and the darker and uglier was the shirt.

Then all the other trolls began to wash; but the longer they washed, the blacker and uglier the shirt grew, till at last it was as black all over as if it had been up the chimney.

"Ah!" said the Prince, "you are none of you worth a straw; you can't wash. Why there, outside, sits a beggar lassie. I'll be bound she knows how to wash better than the whole lot of you put together. COME IN, LASSIE!" he shouted.

Well, in she came.

"Can you wash this shirt clean, lassie?" said he.

"I don't know," she said, "but I think I can."

And almost before she had taken it and dipped it in the water, it was as white as snow.

"Yes; you are the lassie for me," said the Prince.

At that, the old witch flew into such a rage, that she burst on the spot, and the Princess with the long nose after her, and the whole pack of trolls



'"Can you wash this shirt clean, lassie?" said the Prince'—*Page* 19

after her—at least, I've never heard a word about them since.

As for the Prince and the lassie, who became his Princess, they set free all the poor folk who had been carried off and shut up there. And they took with them all the silver and gold, and went away as far as they could from the castle that lay EAST O' THE SUN AND WEST O' THE MOON.

THE LAD WHO WENT TO THE NORTH WIND

EVER so many years ago, more, in fact, than I can tell, there lived an old widow, who had an only son. As she was poorly and not very strong, the lad had to go up into the loft to fetch meal for cooking.

But when he got outside the loft, and was just going down the steps, who should come along but the North Wind, puffing and blowing. He caught up the meal, and went away with it through the air.

Then the lad went back into the loft for more; but when he came out again on the steps, if the North Wind didn't come again and carry off the meal with a puff. And, more than that, he did so a third time.

At this the lad became angry; and, as he thought it was hard on them that the North Wind should behave so, he thought he would just look him up, and ask him to give back the meal. So off he went.

The way was long, and he walked and walked; but at last he came to the North Wind's house.

"Good day!" said the lad, "and thank you for coming to see us yesterday."

"GOOD DAY!" answered the North Wind, for his voice was loud and gruff, "AND THANKS FOR COMING TO SEE ME. WHAT DO YOU WANT?"

" Oh ! " said the lad, " I only wished to ask you to be so good as to let me have back that meal you took from me on the loft steps. We have not much to live on, and if you are to go on snapping up the little we have, there'll be nothing for it but we must starve."

" I haven't got your meal," said the North Wind ; " but if you are in such need, I'll give you a cloth which will get you everything you want. All you have to do is to say ' Cloth, spread yourself, and serve up all kinds of good dishes.' "

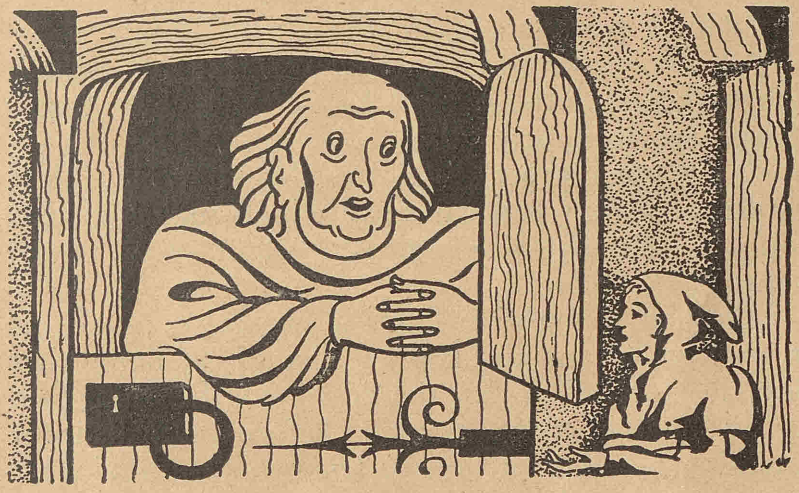
With this the lad was well content. But, as the way was so long, he could not get home again in one day. So he turned into an inn on the way, and, when they were going to sit down to supper, he laid the cloth on a table which stood in the corner, and said :—

" Cloth, spread yourself, and serve up all kinds of good dishes ! "

Scarce had he said so before the cloth did as it was bid ; and all who stood by thought it was a fine thing ; but, most of all, the landlady. So, when all were fast asleep at dead of night, she took the lad's cloth, and put another in its stead. It was just like the one he had got from the North Wind, but it couldn't serve up so much as a bit of dry bread.

When the lad woke, he took this cloth and went off with it, and that day he got home to his mother.

"Now," said he to her, "I've been to the North Wind's house, and a good fellow he is. He gave me this cloth, and when I only say to it, 'Cloth, spread yourself, and serve up all kinds of good dishes,' I get any sort of food I please."



'"I haven't got your meal," said the North Wind'—*Page* 22

"All very true, I daresay," said his mother; "but seeing is believing, and I shall not believe it till I see it."

So the lad made haste, drew out a table, laid the cloth on it, and said, "Cloth, spread yourself, and serve up all kinds of good dishes."

But the cloth did not spread itself, and not so much as a bit of dry bread did it serve up.

" Well ! " said the lad, " that's a strange thing ! There's no help for it but to go to the North Wind again." And away he went.

Late in the afternoon, he came to where the North Wind lived.

" Good evening ! " said the lad.

" Good evening ! " said the North Wind.

" I want my rights for that meal of ours which you took," said the lad. " As for that cloth I got, it isn't worth a penny."

" I've got no meal," said the North Wind, " but yonder is a ram you can have which makes golden coins as soon as you say to it : ' Ram, ram ! make money ! ' "

The lad thought this was a fine thing ; and, as it was too far and too late for him to get home that day, he turned in for the night to the same inn where he had slept before. Before he called for anything to eat or drink, he tried the truth of what the North Wind had said of the ram, and found it all right.

Now when the landlord saw this, he thought it was a famous ram, and made up his mind to have it. So, when the lad had fallen asleep, he took another ram that could not make gold coins, and changed the two.

Next morning, off went the lad with the ram. When he got home to his mother, he said :—

" After all, the North Wind is a jolly fellow, for

now he has given me a ram which can make golden coins if I only say to it, 'Ram, ram! make money.'"

"All very true, I daresay," said his mother, "but I shall not believe any such stuff until I see the coins made."

"Ram, ram! make money!" said the lad. But not a coin did it give out.

So the lad went out again to the North Wind. He was very angry, and told him that the ram was worth nothing, and that he must have his rights for the meal that had been taken away.

"Well!" said the North Wind, "I've nothing else to give you but that old stick in the corner yonder; but it's a stick of that kind that if you say, 'Stick, stick! lay on!' it lays on till you say, 'Stick, stick! now stop!'"

As the way was long, and the hour late, the lad turned in this third night at the same inn. But, as he could pretty well guess what had taken place in the case of the cloth and the ram, he lay down at once on a bench, and began to snore, as if he were asleep.

Now the landlord, who had got the cloth and the ram, guessed that this would not be a common stick, but that it must be worth something. So he hunted about till he found one which was just like it; and, when he heard the lad snore, was going to change the two. But, just as the landlord was



'The lad went home with his stick in his hand, and leading the ram'—*Page 27*

about to take it, the lad cried out, " Stick, stick ! lay on ! "

Then the stick began to beat the landlord on the head, on the back, and across the shoulders, till he jumped over chairs, and tables, and benches, and yelled and roared, " Oh dear ! oh dear ! bid the stick be still, and you shall have back both your cloth and your ram."

When the lad thought that the landlord had been beaten enough, he said " Stick, stick ! now stop ! " Then he took the cloth and put it in his pocket, and went home with his stick in his hand, and leading the ram by a cord round its horns. And so he got his rights for the meal he had lost.

WHY THE BEAR IS STUMPY-TAILED

ONE day the Bear met the Fox, who came slyly along with a string of fish which he had stolen.

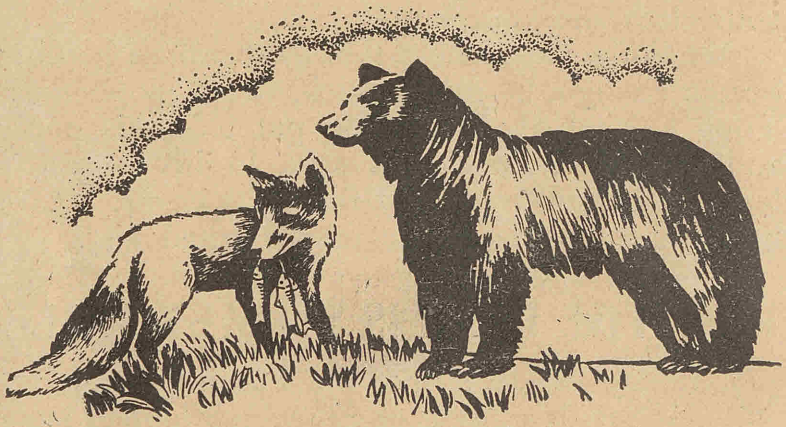
" Where did you get those from ? " asked the bear.

" Oh ! my Lord Bruin, I have been out fishing and caught them," said the Fox.

So the Bear thought he would like to learn to fish, too, and bade the Fox tell him how he was to set about it.

" Oh ! it's easy work for you," answered the Fox, " and soon learnt. All you have to do is to go out upon the ice, cut a hole, and stick your tail down into it.

"You must go on holding it there as long as you can, and you are not to mind if your tail smarts a little; that's when the fish bite. The longer you hold it there, the more fish you'll get. Then, all at once, out with it, with a cross pull sideways, and a strong pull, too."



The Bear and the Fox

So the Bear did as the Fox had said, and held his tail a long, long time down in the hole, until it was fast frozen in. Then he tried to pull it out. He gave a cross pull, and it snapped short off.

And that's why Bruin goes about with a stumpy tail to this very day.

BRUIN AND REYNARD

THE Bear and the Fox once, between them, bought a small cask of butter. They were to have it at Yule-tide, so they hid it till then under a thick spruce bush.

After that they went a little way off, and lay down on a sunny bank to sleep. But when they had lain a while, the Fox got up, shook himself, and bawled out " yes."

Then he ran off straight to the cask, and ate a good third part of it. When he came back, the Bear asked him where he had been, as he looked so round and fat.

" Oh ! " said the Fox, " didn't you hear me asked to come to a christening feast ? "

" No ! " said the Bear. " And pray, what was the bairn's name ? "

" Just-begun," said the Fox.

Then they lay down to sleep again. In a little while up jumped the Fox once more, bawled out " yes," and ran off to the cask. This time, too, he ate a good lump of the butter.

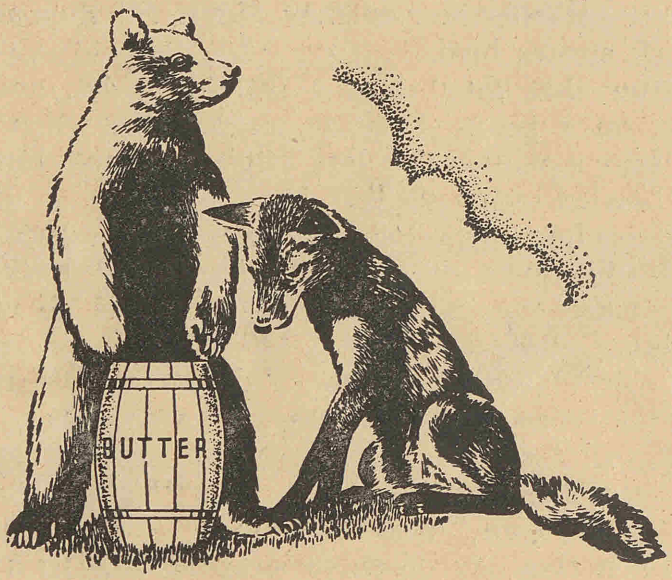
When he came back, and the Bear asked him where he had been, he said :—

" Didn't you hear me called to come to another christening feast ? "

" No, I heard nothing," said the Bear. " And pray, what was the bairn's name this time ? "

" Half-eaten," said the Fox.

The Bear thought that a very queer name, but he hadn't wondered long about it before he began to yawn and gape, and then he fell asleep. Well,



'The Bear and the Fox bought a small cask of butter'—*Page* 29

he hadn't lain long before the Fox jumped up as he had done twice before, bawled out " yes," and ran off to the cask, which this time he cleared right out.

When he got back and the Bear wanted to know where he had been this time, he said he had again been asked to go to a christening feast.

" Indeed ! " said the Bear, " and pray what is this third bairn's name ? "

" Licked-to-the-bottom," said the Fox.

After that they lay down again, and slept for a long time. When they woke up, they thought they would go and look at the cask of butter, and when they found it eaten up, the Bear threw the blame on the Fox, and the Fox on the Bear. Each said the other had been at the cask while he himself slept.

" Well, well ! " said Reynard, " we'll soon find out which of us has eaten the butter. We'll just lie down in the sunshine, and he whose cheeks and chaps are greasiest when we wake, he is the thief."

Yes, that trial Bruin was ready to stand. And, as he knew in his heart he had never so much as tasted the butter, he lay down without a care to sleep in the sun.

Then Reynard stole off to the cask once more for a morsel of butter which stuck there in a crack. He crept back to the Bear, and greased his chaps and cheeks with it ; and then he, too, lay down to sleep as if nothing had happened.

By the time they both awoke the sun had melted the butter, and the Bear's whiskers were all greasy, So it was quite clear that it was Bruin, after all, and no one else, that had eaten the butter.

QUESTIONS

EAST O' THE SUN AND WEST O' THE MOON

Chapter I—1 What bargain did the white bear make with the farmer ?

2 What strange thing occurred in the life of the youngest daughter, when living at the castle of the white bear ?

3 When the girl went to see her parents, what advice did her mother give her ?

4 Tell me what happened when the girl followed her mother's advice.

Chapter II—1 What presents did the maiden receive from the three old women of whom she asked the way ?

2 " Thither you'll come, late or never." Who said these words, and what were they spoken about ?

3 To whom did the third old woman send the lassie ?

4 Who finally took her to the castle East o' the Sun and West o' the Moon ?

Chapter III—1 What use did the lassie make of the golden apple, the carding comb, and the spinning wheel ?

2 How was it that she could not make the prince hear her on the first two nights, but was able to do so on the third night ?

3 What test did the prince set for his bride ?

THE LAD WHO WENT TO THE NORTH WIND

1 Tell me the three presents which the boy got from the North Wind.

2 How did he lose the first two ?

3 How did he use the third to get back the others ?

WHY THE BEAR IS STUMPY-TAILED

1 What did the fox tell the bear to do in order to catch fish ?

BRUIN AND REYNARD

1 How did Reynard appear to prove that it was Bruin who had eaten the butter ?

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