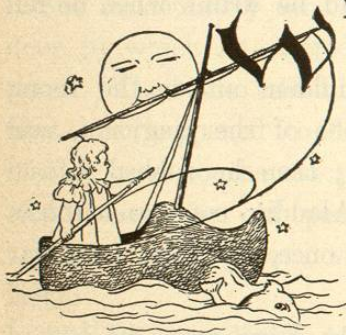


King, the beautiful Princess, and Aladdin, — and lived in peace and joy for many years, until the King died.

Then Aladdin became King, and lived to a great old age, enjoying the love of Badroulboudour, and doing good to his people.

XIX. A DUTCH LULLABY.

BY EUGENE FIELD.



YNKEN, Blynken, and Nod,
 one night,
 Sailed off in a wooden
 shoe, —
 Sailed on a river of misty
 light
 Into a sea of dew.
 “Where are you going, and
 what do you wish?”

The old moon asked the three.

“We have come to fish for the herring fish
 That live in this beautiful sea;
 Nets of silver and gold have we,”
 Said Wynken,
 Blynken,
 And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sung a song,
 As they rocked in the wooden shoe;
 And the wind that sped them all night long
 Ruffled the waves of dew;
 The little stars were the herring fish
 That lived in the beautiful sea.
 “Now cast your nets wherever you wish,
 But never afeard are we!”
 So cried the stars to the fishermen three, —
 Wynken,
 Blynken,
 And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
 For the fish in the twinkling foam,
 Then down from the sky came the wooden shoe,
 Bringing the fishermen home;
 ’Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed
 As if it could not be;
 And some folks thought ’twas a dream they’d
 dreamed,
 Of sailing that beautiful sea;
 But I shall name you the fishermen three, —
 Wynken,
 Blynken,
 And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
 And Nod is a little head,

And the wooden shoe that sails the skies
 Is a wee one's trundle-bed;
 So shut your eyes while Mother sings
 Of wonderful sights that be,
 And you shall see the beautiful things
 As you rock on the misty sea
 Where the old shoe rocked the fisher-
 men three,—
 Wynken,
 Blynken,
 And Nod.

— — —
 XX. KRINKEN.

BY EUGENE FIELD.



KRINKEN was a little child,—
 It was summer when he
 smiled.
 Oft the hoary¹ sea and
 grim
 Stretched its white arms out
 to him,
 Calling, "Sun-child, come to
 me;
 Let me warm my heart with thee!"
 But the child heard not the sea

¹ hoar'y, gray.

Calling, yearning¹ evermore
 For the summer on the shore.

Krinken on the beach one day
 Saw a maiden Nis at play;
 On the pebbly beach she played
 In the summer Krinken made.
 Fair, and very fair, was she,
 Just a little child was he.
 "Krinken," said the maiden Nis,
 "Let me have a little kiss,—
 Just a kiss, and go with me
 To the summer-lands that be
 Down within the silver sea."

Krinken was a little child—
 By the maiden Nis beguiled,²
 Hand in hand with her went he
 And 't was summer in the sea.
 And the hoary sea and grim
 To its bosom folded him—
 Clasped and kissed the little form,
 And the ocean's heart was warm.

Now the sea calls out no more;
 It is winter on the shore,—
 Winter where that little child

¹ yearn'ing, longing; lovingly desiring.

² be-guiled', led astray.

Made sweet summer when he smiled;
 Though 'tis summer on the sea
 Where with maiden Nis went he, —
 It is winter on the shore,
 Winter, winter evermore.

Of the summer on the deep
 Come sweet visions in my sleep:
His fair face lifts from the sea,
His dear voice calls out to me, —
 These my dreams of summer be.

Krinken was a little child,
 By the maiden Nis beguiled;
 Oft the hoary sea and grim
 Reached its longing arms to him,
 Crying, "Sun-child, come to me;
 Let me warm my heart with thee!"
 But the sea calls out no more;
 It is winter on the shore, —
 Winter, cold and dark and wild.

Krinken was a little child, —
 It was summer when he smiled;
 Down he went into the sea,
 And the winter bides¹ with me,
 Just a little child was he.

¹ *bides*, stays; lives.

XXI. LULLABY TO THE FAIRY QUEEN.

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

FIRST FAIRY.

YOU spotted snakes, with double tongue,
 Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;
 Newts and blindworms, do no wrong,
 Come not near our fairy queen.

Chorus. Philomel,¹ with melody,
 Sing in our sweet lullaby;
 Lulla, lulla, lullaby! lulla, lulla, lullaby!
 Never harm,
 Nor spell, nor charm
 Come our lovely lady nigh;
 So, good-night, with lullaby.

SECOND FAIRY.

Weaving spiders, come not here;
 Hence, you long-legg'd spiders, hence!
 Beetles black, approach not near;
 Worm nor snail, do no offense.

Chorus. Philomel, with melody,
 Sing in our sweet lullaby;

¹ *Phil'o-mel*, the nightingale.



E. GRUTZNER.

*“Never harm,
Nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good-night, with lullaby.”*

Lulla, lulla, lullaby! lulla, lulla, lullaby!
Never harm,
Nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good-night, with lullaby.

From “A Midsummer Night’s Dream.”

XXII. THE HISTORY OF TIP-TOP.

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

PART I.

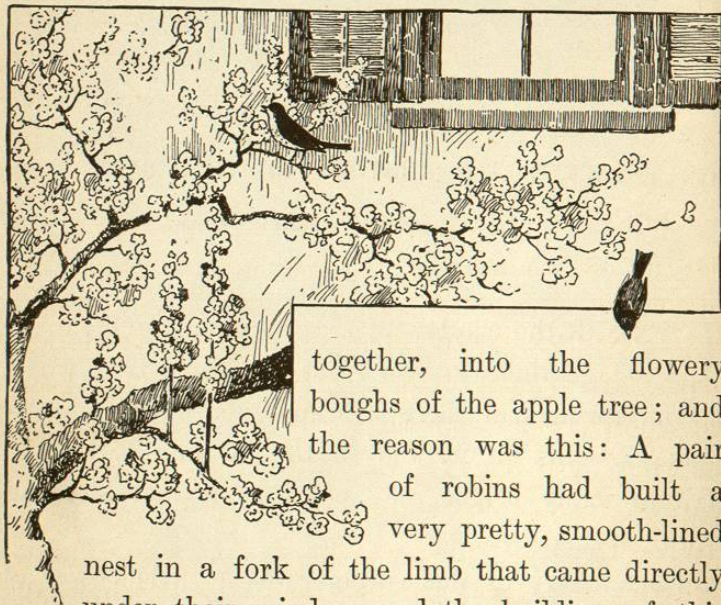
UNDER the window of a certain pretty little cottage there grew a great old apple tree, which in the spring had thousands and thousands of lovely pink blossoms on it, and in the autumn had about half as many bright red apples as it had blossoms in the spring.

The nursery of this cottage was a little bower of a room, papered with mossy-green paper and curtained with white muslin; and here five little children used to come in their white nightgowns, to be dressed and have their hair brushed and curled, every morning.

First, there were Alice and Mary, bright-eyed, laughing little girls of seven and eight years; and then came stout little Jamie and Charlie; and finally, little Puss, whose real name was Ellen, but who

was called Puss, and Pussy, and Birdie, and Toddie, and any other pet name that came to mind.

Now it used to happen every morning that the five little heads would be peeping out of the window



together, into the flowery boughs of the apple tree; and the reason was this: A pair of robins had built a very pretty, smooth-lined nest in a fork of the limb that came directly under their window, and the building of this nest had been superintended,¹ day by day, by the five pairs of bright eyes of these five children.

The robins had at first been rather shy of this inspection;² but as they got better acquainted they seemed to think no more of the little curly heads in the window than of the pink blossoms about them,

¹ su'per-in-tend'ed, watched with interest

² in-spec'tion, examination; looking over.

or the daisies and buttercups at the foot of the tree.

All the little hands were forward to help; some threw out flossy bits of cotton,—for which, we grieve to say, Charlie had cut a hole in the crib quilt,—and some threw out bits of thread and yarn, and Alice raveled out a considerable¹ piece from her garters, which she threw out as a contribution;² and they all exulted³ in seeing the skill with which the little builders wove everything in.

“Little birds, little birds,” they would say, “you shall be kept warm, for we have given you cotton out of our crib quilt and yarn out of our stockings.” Nay, so far did this generosity⁴ proceed that Charlie cut a flossy golden curl from Toddie's head and threw it out; and when the birds caught it up, the whole flock laughed to see Toddie's golden hair figuring⁵ in a bird's nest.

When the little thing was finished, it was so neat, and trim, and workman-like that the children all exulted over it and called it “our nest,” and the two robins they called “our birds.” But wonderful was the joy when the little eyes, opening one morning, saw in the nest a beautiful, pale green egg; and the joy grew from day to day, for every day there

¹ con-sid'er-a-ble, quite large. ³ ex-ult'ed, rejoiced.

² con-tri-bu'tion, gift.

⁴ gen-er-os'i-ty, willingness to give.

⁵ fig'ur-ing, appearing.

came another egg, and so on till there were five little eggs. "That makes one for each of us, and each of us will have a little bird by and by;" at which all the children laughed and jumped for glee.

When the five little eggs were all laid, the mother bird began to sit on them; and at any time of day or night, when a little head peeped out of the nursery window, might be seen a round, bright, patient pair of bird's eyes contentedly waiting for the young birds to come. It seemed a long time for the children to wait; but every day they put some bread and cake from their luncheon on the window sill, so that the birds might have something to eat; but still there she was patiently watching.

"How long, long, long, she waits!" said Jamie, impatiently. "I do n't believe she's ever going to hatch."

"Oh, yes! that she is," said grave little Alice. "Jamie, you do n't understand about these things; it takes a long, long time to hatch eggs. Old Sam says his hens set three weeks,—only think, almost a month."

Three weeks looked a long time to the five bright pairs of little watching eyes; but Jamie said the eggs were so much smaller than hen's eggs that it would n't take so long to hatch them, he knew. Jamie always thought he knew all about everything, and was so sure of it that he rather took the lead

among the children. But, one morning, when they pushed their five heads out of the window, the round, patient little bird eyes were gone, and there seemed to be nothing in the nest but a bunch of something hairy.

Upon this they all cried out, "O mamma! do come here! the bird has gone and left her nest!" And when they cried out, they saw five wide little red mouths open in the nest, and saw that the hairy bunch of stuff was indeed the beginning of five little birds.

"They are dreadful-looking things," said Mary. "I did n't know that little birds began by looking so badly."

"They seem to be all mouth," said Jamie.

"We must feed them," said Charlie.

"Here, little birds, here's some gingerbread for you," he said; and he threw a bit of his gingerbread, which fortunately only hit the nest on the outside, and fell down among the buttercups, where two crickets made a meal of it, and agreed that it was as excellent gingerbread as if old Mother Cricket herself had made it.

"Take care, Charlie!" said mamma; "we do not know enough to feed young birds. We must leave it to their papa and mamma, who probably started out bright and early in the morning to get breakfast for them."

Sure enough, while they were speaking, back came Mr. and Mrs. Robin, whirring through the green boughs of the apple tree; and thereupon all the five little red mouths flew open, and the birds put something into each.

It was great amusement,¹ after this, to watch the daily feeding of the little birds, and to observe how, when not feeding them, the mother sat brooding on the nest, warming them under soft wings, while the father bird sat on the tiptop bough of the apple tree.

In time they grew and grew; and instead of a nestful of little red mouths, there was a nestful of little fat, speckled robins, with round, bright, cunning eyes just like their parents'; and the children began to talk together about their birds.

"I'm going to give my robin a name," said Mary. "I call him Brown Eyes."

"And I call mine Tip-Top," said Jamie, "because I know he'll be a tiptop bird."

"And I call mine Singer," said Alice.

"I'll call mine Toddy," said little Toddie, who would not be behindhand in anything that was going on.

"Hurrah for Toddie!" said Charlie; "hers is the best of all. For my part, I call mine Speckle."

So then the birds were all made separate characters by having each a separate name given it. Brown

¹ a-muse'ment, fun.

Eyes, Tip-Top, Singer, Toddy, and Speckle made, as they grew bigger, a very crowded nestful of birds.

Now, the children had been early taught to say in a little hymn, —

"Birds in their little nests agree,
And 't is a shameful sight
When children of one family
Fall out, and chide, and fight," —

and they thought anything really written or printed in a hymn must be true; therefore they were very much astonished to see, from day to day, that their little birds in their nest did not agree.

PART II.

TIP-TOP was the biggest and strongest bird, and he was always shuffling and crowding the others, and clamoring¹ for the most food; and when Mrs. Robin came in with a nice bit of anything, Tip-Top's red mouth opened so wide, and he was so noisy, that one would think the nest was all his. His mother used to correct him for these gluttonous² ways, and sometimes made him wait till all the rest were helped before she gave him a mouthful; but he generally revenged himself in her absence by crowding the others and making the nest generally uncomfortable.

¹ clam'or-ing, calling noisily.

² glut-ton-ous, greedy.

Speckle, however, was a bird of spirit, and he used to peck at Tip-Top; so they would sometimes have a regular sparring match across poor Brown Eyes, who was a meek, tender little fellow, and would sit blinking and winking in fear while his big brothers quarreled. As to Toddy and Singer, they turned out to be sister birds, and showed quite a feminine¹ talent for chattering.² They used to scold their badly-behaving brothers in a way that made the nest quite lively.

On the whole, Mr. and Mrs. Robin did not find their family circle the peaceful place the poet represents.

"I say," said Tip-Top one day to them, "this old nest is a dull, crowded hole, and it's quite time some of us were out of it; just give us lessons in flying, won't you, and let us go?"

"My dear boy," said Mother Robin, "we shall teach you to fly as soon as your wings are strong enough."

"You are a very little bird," said his father, "and ought to be good and obedient, and wait patiently till your wing feathers grow; then you can soar away to some purpose."

"Wait for my wing feathers? Humbug!" Tip-Top would say, as he sat balancing, with his little tail

¹ fem'i-nine, of, or pertaining to, a woman.

² chat'ter-ing, talking noisily.

over the edge of the nest, looking down through the grass and clover heads below, and up into the blue clouds above. "Father and mother are slow old birds; keep a fellow back with their foolish notions. If they don't hurry up, I'll take matters into my claws, and be off some day before they know it. Look at those swallows, skimming and diving through the blue air. That's what I want to do."

"But, dear brother, the way to learn to do that is to be good and obedient while we are little, and wait till our parents think it best for us to begin."

"What do you girls know of flying?" said Tip-Top.

"About as much as you," said Speckle. "However, I'm sure I don't care how soon you take yourself off; for you take up more room than all the rest put together."

"O my darlings!" said the mamma, now fluttering home, "cannot I ever teach you to live in love?"

"It's all Tip-Top's fault," screamed the other birds in a flutter.

"My fault? Of course; everything that goes wrong in this nest is laid to me," said Tip-Top; "and I'll leave it to anybody, now, if I crowd anybody. I've been sitting outside on the very edge of the nest, and there's Speckle has got my place."

"Who wants your place?" said Speckle; "I'm sure you can come in if you please."

"My dear boy," said the mother, "do go into the nest, and be a good little bird and then you will be happy."

"That's always the talk," said Tip-Top. "I'm too big for the nest, and I want to see the world. It's full of beautiful things, I know. Now, there's the most beautiful creature, with bright eyes, that comes under the tree every day, and wants me to come down in the grass and play with her."

"My son, my son, beware!" said the frightened mother; "that lovely-seeming creature is our dreadful enemy, the cat,—a horrid monster with teeth and claws."

At this all the little birds shuddered, and cuddled deeper into the nest; only Tip-Top, in his heart, disbelieved¹ it.

"I'm too old a bird," said he to himself, "to believe that story; mother is chaffing² me. But I'll show her that I can take care of myself."

So the next morning, after the father and mother were gone, Tip-Top got on the edge of the nest again, and looked over and saw lovely Miss Pussy washing her face among the daisies under the tree; and her hair was sleek and as white as the daisies, and her eyes were yellow and beautiful to behold; and she looked up to the tree bewitchingly,³ and said:

¹ dis-be-lieved', did not believe. ² chaffing, making fun of.

³ be-witch'ing-ly, cunningly.

"Little birds, little birds, come down! Pussy wants to play with you."

"Only look at her!" said Tip-Top; "her eyes are like gold."

"No, don't look," said Singer and Speckle. "She will bewitch you, and then eat you up."

"I'd like to see her try to eat me up," said Tip-Top, again balancing his short tail over the nest. "Just as if she would! She's just the nicest, most innocent creature going, and only wants us to have fun. We never do have any fun in this old nest."

Then the yellow eyes below shot a bewildering¹ light into Tip-Top's eyes, and a voice sounded sweet as silver, "Little birds, little birds, come down! Pussy wants to play with you."

"Her paws are as white as velvet," said Tip-Top; "and so soft, I do n't believe she has any claws."

"Do n't go, brother, do n't!" screamed both sisters.

All we know about it is that, a moment after, a dreadful scream was heard from the nursery window. "O mamma! do come here! Tip-Top's fallen out of the nest, and the cat has got him."

Away ran Pussy, with foolish little Tip-Top in her mouth, and he squeaked dolefully² when he felt her sharp teeth. Wicked Miss Pussy had no mind to eat him at once; she meant just as she said, to "play with him." So she ran off to a private place

¹ be-wil'der-ing, blinding; confusing. ² dole'ful-ly, sadly.

among the currant bushes, while all the little curly heads were scattered up and down looking for her.

Did you ever see a cat play with a bird or a mouse? She sets it down, and seems to go off and leave it; but the moment it makes the first movement to get away, — pounce! she springs upon it, and shakes it in her mouth; and so she teases it and tantalizes¹ it till she gets ready to kill and eat it. I can't say why she does it, except that it is a cat's nature; and it is a very foolish, bad nature for foolish young robins to get acquainted with.

"Oh, where is he? where is he? Do find my poor Tip-Top," said Jamie, crying as loud as he could scream. "I'll kill that horrid cat! I'll kill her!"

Mr. and Mrs. Robin, who had come home meantime, joined their plaintive² chirping to the general confusion; and Mrs. Robin's bright eyes soon discovered her poor little son where Pussy was patting and rolling him from one paw to the other under the currant bushes; and, settling on the bush above, she called the little birds to the spot by her cries.

Jamie plunged under the bush and caught the cat with luckless Tip-Top in her mouth; and with one or two good thumps he obliged her to let him go. Tip-Top was not dead, but in a sadly draggled³ and torn state. Some of his feathers were torn out,

¹ tan'ta-liz-es, torments.

² plaint'ive, pitiful.

³ drag'gled, ruffled; disordered.

and one of his wings was broken, and hung down in a melancholy¹ way.

"Oh, what shall we do for him? He will die. Poor Tip-Top," said the children.

"Let's put him back in the nest, children," said mamma. "His mother will know best what to do with him."

So a ladder was got, and papa climbed up and put poor Tip-Top safely into the nest. The cat had shaken all the nonsense out of him; he was a dreadfully humbled young robin.

The time came at last when all the other birds in the nest learned to fly, and they fluttered and flew about everywhere; but poor, melancholy Tip-Top was still confined to the nest with a broken wing. Finally, as it became evident that it would be long before he could fly, Jamie took him out of the nest and made a nice little cage for him, and used to feed him every day; and he would hop about, and seemed tolerably² contented; but it was evident he would be a lame-winged robin all his days.

¹ mel'an-chol-y, sad.

² tol'er-a-bly, fairly well.

