

FAIRY TALES

FOR ESTONIAN SCHOOLS

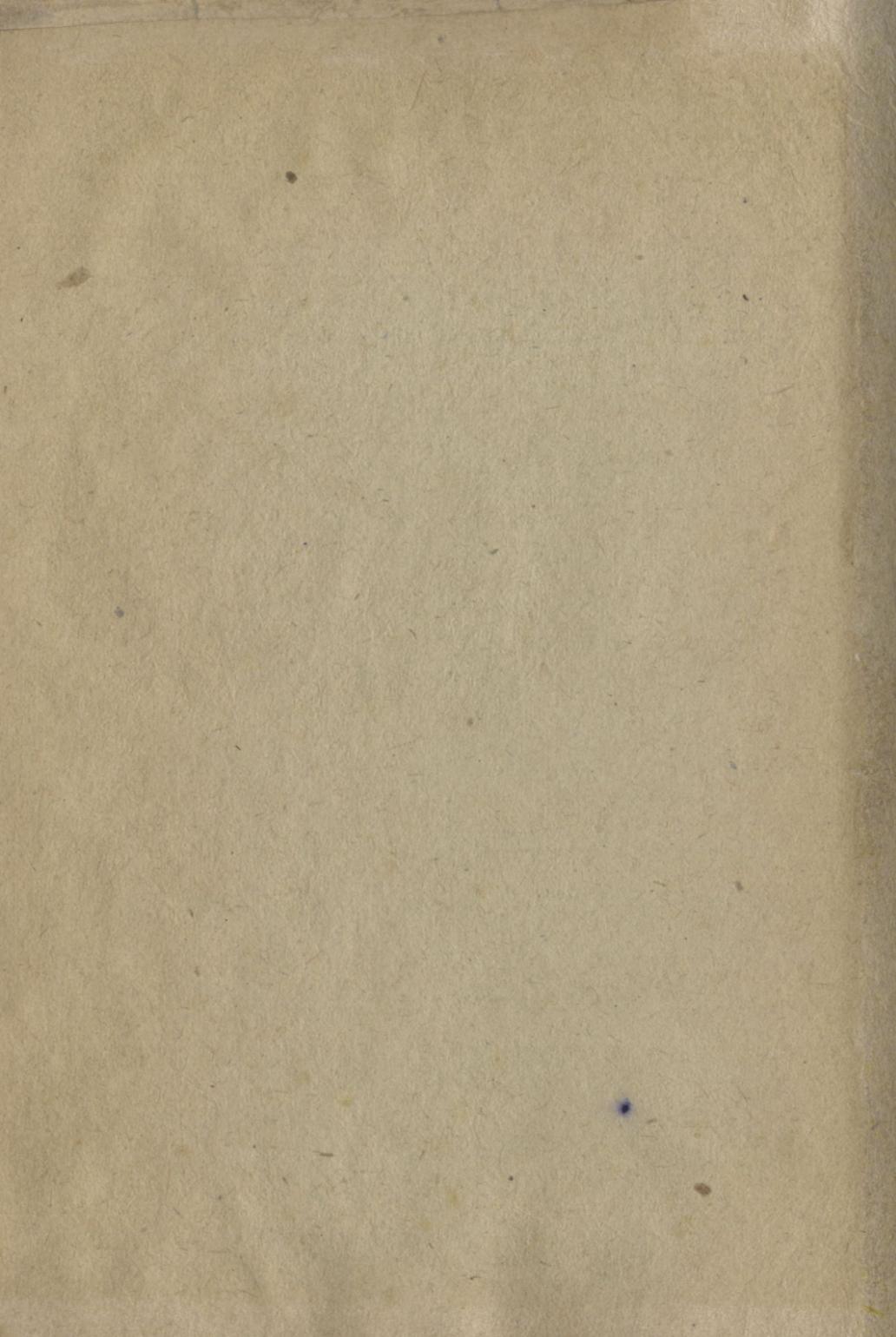
EDITED

BY

ELINOR HÜNERSON

TALLINNAS, 1920

EESTIMAA KOOLIÕPETAJATE VASTASTIKKU ABIANDMISE SELTSI
RAAMATUKAUPLUSE KIRJASTUS

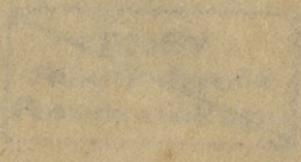


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FOR PATRONIAN SCHOOLS

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ELINOR HENDERSON



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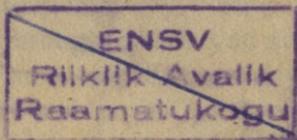
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1. Little Red Ridinghood.

Once upon a time there was a little girl, who lived with her mother and father in a pretty cottage. She was seven years old; and on her last birthday her mother had given her a red hood, such as ladies wore when they went riding. She often wore this hood, because she liked it very much; and so people called her Little Red Ridinghood.

Now one day her mother said to her: „I have heard that your dear grandmother is ill, and I want to pay her a visit and see how she is getting on. You can take her a bottle of wine and some of the cakes that I made yesterday.“ Little Red Ridinghood fetched a basket, and her mother put the things in carefully; and then she put on her little hood. When she was quite ready, her mother said:

„You must go straight to your grandmother's cottage, and not loiter on the way. They say that there is a wolf in the wood through which you are going; but if you keep to the road he won't do you any harm. Now, will you be a good girl and do as I tell you?“

„Yes, dear mother,“ said Little Red Ridinghood, and, after giving her a kiss, she set out.

Soon she came to the wood. As she was walking along, who should come to her but the wolf. She had

never seen him, and so she was not afraid; and when he said: „Good morning, Red Ridinghood!“ she said „Good morning!“ too.

Wolf: „Where are you going with your basket?“

Little Red Ridinghood: „I'm going to my grandmother's. She's not at all well, and I'm bringing her some wine and some cakes that mother made yesterday.“

W.: „Have you far to go?“

L. R. R.: „Oh no, granny's cottage is only another mile along the road, close by two big oaks.“

W.: „Then why do you go so quickly? Why don't you listen to the pretty songs of the birds? Look at those beautiful flowers. Don't you think your grandmother would like a bunch? I'm sure it would give her pleasure.“

L. R. R.: „Yes, it would; she's very fond of flowers. Will you help me to pick them?“

W.: „I'm sorry I can't stay; I have to pay a visit to an old uncle of mine. Good bye!“

Little Red Ridinghood said „Good bye!“ to her new friend, who quickly disappeared among the bushes. He ran as fast as he could to the cottage by the two oaks and knocked at the door. A weak voice from inside answered: „Who's there?“ and the wicked wolf then said: „I'm Little Red Ridinghood, and I've brought you some wine and some cakes that mother made yesterday.“ Then the old woman said: „The door isn't locked, turn the handle.“ The wolf did so, saw the poor old grandmother, and ate her up. Then he put on her cap, got into the bed, and waited.

When Little Red Ridinghood had a nice bunch of flowers she walked on to the little cottage. She knocked at the door, and a gruff voice said: „Who's there?“ She answered: „I'm Little Red Ridinghood, and I've brought

you some wine and some cakes." The gruff voice said: "The door isn't locked, turn the handle." She went in and said:

"Granny, why are your eyes so big?"

"So that I can see you better!"

"Granny, why are your ears so long?"

"So that I can hear you better!"

"Granny, why is your mouth so big?"

"So that I can eat you better!"

And with these words the wolf jumped out of the bed, and ate her up.

"Not long afterwards the huntsman went by, and heard strange noises. (The wolf was snoring.) He said to himself: "I'm afraid the poor old woman is very ill. I must go and see how she is." He went in and saw the wolf. "Have I found you at last?" he said; and he was just going to shoot him, when he thought: "Perhaps he has swallowed the old woman whole." So he took a big pair of scissors and cut open the wolf, who was sleeping very heavily. Soon he saw something red — and then Little Red Ridinghood came out — and then the poor old grandmother. But the wolf was still fast asleep. "We must fetch some big stones," said the huntsman; and he put them inside the wolf. "Now get me a needle and some strong thread!" He sewed the wolf up with it. Soon after this the wolf woke up, and felt very thirsty. He couldn't understand why he seemed so heavy. He slowly went out of the cottage to the brook. But as he was bending over to drink, he fell in; and he couldn't get out again, but was drowned.

The poor old grandmother enjoyed the wine and the cakes, and Little Red Ridinghood was glad she was no longer inside the wolf, and was quite sure she would in future always do as her mother told her.

2. The Wishing Ring.

Once upon a time there was a young farmer, who worked very industriously, and yet did not seem to get on. One day, as he was ploughing his field, a strange old woman came along; and this is what she said to him:

„Why are you working like this, and all for nothing? Go straight on for two days, until you come to a great oak, standing by itself and higher than all the other trees. Fell it, and your fortune is made“.

The farmer did not wait to be told a second time. He took his axe, and when he had gone straight on for two days, he saw the great oak. He began felling it at once; and when it came crashing down, a nest fell from its boughs on to the ground, and two little eggs in it were broken. From one of them came a gold ring, from the other a wonderful bird, which grew and grew until it was very large. Indeed it seemed to the farmer as if it would never stop growing. It rose a little above the earth, then said to the frightened farmer:

„You have set me free, and I reward you for it by giving you the ring that was in the other egg. It is a wishing ring. If you turn it on your finger and say to yourself a wish, that wish will be fulfilled. But you can only have one wish: after that it is like any other ring. Therefore think carefully before you wish“.

The bird flew away quickly, beating the air with its great wings. The farmer put the ring on his finger and started on the way home. In the evening he came to a town, and went to a goldsmith who had many costly rings in his shop. The farmer showed him the ring, and asked him what it was worth.

„Next to nothing,“ replied the goldsmith. Then the farmer laughed aloud, and told him it was a wishing ring, and worth more than all the rings in his shop put together.

Now this goldsmith was a bad man. He invited the farmer to stay the night, saying: „It will bring me good fortune, if a man with a treasure like yours spends the night here.“ He gave him several bottles of wine to drink, and talked to him like a friend; but, at night, when the farmer was asleep, he cleverly took the ring from his finger, and put another one in its place, which looked exactly like the wishing ring.

In the morning he could hardly wait until the farmer left. As soon as he was gone, he hastened into his shop, closed the shutters, locked the door, and said, as he turned the ring on his finger: „I wish to have a hundred thousand sovereigns.“

Scarcely had he spoken the words, when sovereigns came raining down. The coins fell on his head, his shoulders and his arms; they fell all over his body. He tried to reach the door, but the rain of gold made it impossible. Soon he was buried beneath the gold, and still it rained. At last the floor could bear the weight no longer, and he and the gold fell into the cellar. When the neighbours heard the noise of it, they burst open the door; but they were too late to give him any help, he was already dead. So they said: „What a misfortune to have so much money!“ and helped themselves to as much as they could lay hands on.

Meanwhile the farmer went home with a light heart, and showed the ring to his wife. „Now we are happy people“, he said; „our fortune is made. But we must be careful to choose the right thing.“

His wife at once said: „Don't you think it would be a good thing to have some more land? There is a nice piece between two of our fields; what do you say to our wishing for that?“

But he replied: „I'm sure we can do better than that. Why, if we work hard for a year, we may perhaps be able to buy it.“

So they worked very industriously; and as the harvest was good, they had enough money to buy the piece of land, and even something over. „Do you see,“ he said, smiling, „that piece of land belongs to us now, and we still have our wish!“

Then his wife thought it would be well to wish for another cow and a horse. „My good wife,“ said the farmer, jingling the money in his pocket, „why should we use our wish for getting such a trifle? I believe we shall get a horse and cow even without it.“

To be sure, by the end of the second year they had made enough money to buy the cow and the horse. Then the farmer was pleased and said: „Again we have got what we wanted, and the wish is still ours. What fortunate people we are! But his wife spoke to him seriously, and tried to persuade him to make use of his wishing-ring.

„I can't understand you,“ she said, quite angrily; „you used always to complain and to wish that you had all sorts of things; and now, when you might have anything you please, you work from morning till night, and let the best years of your life go by. You might be a king; you might be a great big farmer, you might have chests full of silver and gold in your cellar; and you are nothing, just because you will not decide on your wish!“

„Do not keep worrying me about this wish,“ the farmer answered firmly. „We are both of us still young, and

life is long. Remember there is only one wish in the ring. It would be easy to make a mistake; how bitterly we should regret it! Perhaps a time will come when things go wrong, and we shall want the ring badly. Have we not been fortunate, since we have had the ring? Be reasonable, my dear. Meanwhile you can go on considering what you would like me to wish."

What the farmer said was true, the ring seemed to have brought them good fortune. With every year the farmer grew wealthier; but he still worked hard all day. Then in the evening he used to sit at his ease on a bench in front of his comfortable house, and smoke his pipe, and talk with his neighbours.

The years went on, and still no wish had been spoken. Sometimes his wife suggested a wish, but he always replied that there was still plenty of time. At last she saw, that she could not persuade him, and so she gave up speaking about the ring altogether. Though the farmer often looked at his ring, and turned it on his finger, he took good care not to utter a wish.

Thirty, forty years had gone by; the farmer and his wife had grown old, their hair was white as snow, but the wish had not yet been uttered. Then God was good to them, and let them both die in the same night.

Their children and grand-children stood around them, weeping. One of them suggested that they should take the ring from the old man's finger as a remembrance; but the eldest son said:

"No, let our dear Father take this ring into the grave. He always treasured it; and Mother used often to look at it too. Perhaps she once gave it to Father, when they were young."

So the old farmer was buried with his wife, and on his finger was the ring which was supposed to be a wishing-ring, but which was not; and yet it had brought him as much happiness as a man could desire.

3. The Daisy and the Lark.

Just before you reach the station, close by the roadside, there stands a cottage. In front is a little garden full of flowers, separated from the road by a fence; and on a bank outside the garden there grew, among the freshest of grass, a little daisy. The sun shone as brightly and warmly upon the daisy as upon the beautiful large flowers inside the fence, and therefore it grew from hour to hour, so that one morning it stood fully open with its delicate white petals, which surrounded the little yellow sun in the middle like rays.

It never entered the little flower's head that no one saw her, hidden as she was among the grass; she was quite contented; she turned towards the warm sun, looked at it, and listened to the lark who was singing in the air.

The daisy was as happy as if it were the day of some great festival, and yet it was only Monday. The children were at school; and whilst they sat and learned their lessons, the little flower upon her green stalk learnt from the warm sun and everything around her, how good God is. Meanwhile the little lark said in her clear and beautiful song all that she felt in silence! — and the flower looked up with a sort of reverence to the happy bird who could fly and sing; it did not distress her that she could not do the same. „I can see and listen,“ thought she; „the sun shines on me, and the wind kisses me. Oh how fortunate I am!“

There stood on the other side of the fence several grand, stiff-looking flowers; the less fragrance they had, the more airs they gave themselves. The peonies puffed themselves out, so that they might be larger than the roses. The tulips had the brightest colours of all; they knew it quite well and held themselves as straight as a stick, so that they might be the better seen. They took no notice at all of the little flower outside the fence; but she looked all the more upon them, thinking: „How rich and beautiful they are! Yes, that noble bird will surely fly down and visit them. How happy am I, who live so near them and see their beauty!“ Just at that moment the lark flew down, but he did not come to the peonies or the tulips; no, he flew down to the poor little daisy in the grass, who was nearly frightened from pure joy.

The little bird hopped about and sang, „Oh, how soft is this grass! and what a sweet little flower blooms here, with its golden heart, and silver dress!“ for the yellow middle of the daisy looked just like gold, and the little petals around were white as silver.

How happy the little daisy was! No one can imagine how happy. The bird kissed her with his beak, sang to her, and then flew up again into the blue sky. It was a full quarter of an hour before the flower recovered herself. Half ashamed, and yet altogether happy, she looked at the flowers in the garden; they must certainly have noticed the honour and happiness that had been conferred upon her, they must know how delighted she was. But the tulips held themselves twice as stiff as before, and their faces grew quite red with anger; and the peonies, they were so thick-headed, it was indeed well that they could not speak, or the little daisy would have heard something not very pleasant. The poor little flower could see

well that they were in a bad temper, and it distressed her.

Soon after, a girl came into the garden, with a knife sharp and bright, she went up to the tulips and cut off one after another. „Oh! that is terrible,“ sighed the daisy, „it is now all over with them.“ The girl then went away with the tulips. How glad was the daisy that she grew in the grass outside the fence, and was not a grand flower! She felt really thankful; and when the sun set, she folded her petals, went to sleep, and dreamed all night of the sun and the beautiful bird.

The next morning, when the sun rose and our little flower — fresh and cheerful again — opened out all her white petals in the bright sunshine and clear blue air, she heard the voice of the bird; but he sang so mournfully. Alas! the poor lark had good reason for sadness; he had been caught, and put into a cage close by the open window. He sang of the joys of a free flight, he sang of the young green corn in the fields, and of the delight of being borne up by his wings into the blue sky. The poor bird was certainly very unhappy; he sat a prisoner in his small cage!

The little daisy would willingly have helped him, but how could she? Ah, that she did not know. She quite forgot how beautiful everything around her was, how warmly the sun shone, how pretty and white her petals were. Alas! she could only think of the imprisoned bird — for whom she was unable to do anything.

All at once two little boys came out into the garden; one of them had a knife in his hand, as large and sharp as that with which the girl had cut the tulips. They went up straight to the little daisy, who could not imagine what they wanted.

„Here we can cut a nice piece of grass for the lark,“ said one of the boys; and he began to cut deep all round the daisy, leaving her in the middle.

„Tear out the flower,“ said the other boy, and the little daisy trembled all over for fear: for she knew that if she were torn out she would die, and she wished so much to live, as she was to be put into the cage with the imprisoned lark.

„No, leave it alone!“ said the first, „it looks so pretty“; and so it was left alone, and was put into the lark's cage.

But the poor bird loudly complained of the loss of its freedom, and beat its wings against the sides of its cage: and the little flower could not speak, could not say one word of comfort to him, much as she wished to do so. Thus passed the whole morning.

„There is no water here!“ said the imprisoned lark: „they have all gone out and forgotten me; not a drop of water to drink! My throat is dry and burning; there is fire and ice in me, and the air is so heavy. Alas! I must die, I must leave the warm sunshine, the fresh green trees, and all the beautiful things that God has made!“ And then he put his beak into the cool grass, to refresh himself a little — and his eye fell upon the daisy, and the bird knew her again, and said: „You too will wither here, you poor little flower! They have given you to me, and the piece of green around you, instead of the whole world which was mine before! Every little blade of grass is to be to me a green tree, every white petal a fragrant-flower! Alas! you only remind me of what I have lost.“

„Oh! that I could comfort him!“ thought the daisy, but she could not move; yet the fragrance which came from her delicate blossom was stronger than is usual with this flower; the bird noticed it; and although, panting

with thirst, he tore the green blades from the earth, he did no harm to the flower.

It was evening, and yet no one came to bring the poor bird a drop of water; he stretched out his slender wings, and shook them several times — his song was a mournful „pipi“ — his little head bent towards the flower, and the bird's heart broke from thirst and desire.

The flower could not now, as on the last evening, fold together her petals and sleep; she bent down sadly to the ground.

The boys did not come till the next morning; and when they saw the bird was dead, they wept bitterly. They dug a grave, on which they scattered flower petals; the bird's dead body was put into a pretty red box; like a king was the poor bird buried! — while he yet lived and sang they forgot him, left him suffering in his cage, and now he was highly honoured and bitterly regretted.

But the piece of earth with the daisy in it was thrown into the road; no one thought of her who had felt most for the little bird, and who had so much wished to comfort him.

4. Briar Rose.

In olden times there lived a King and Queen, who lamented day by day that they had no children, and yet never a one was born. One day, as the Queen was bathing and thinking of her wishes, a Frog skipped out of the water, and said to her, „Your wish shall be fulfilled, — before a year passes you shall have a daughter.“

As the Frog had said, so it happened, and a little girl was born, who was so beautiful that the king almost

lost his senses ; but he ordered a great feast to be held, and invited to it not only his relatives, friends, and acquaintances, but also all the wise women who are kind and affectionate to children. There happened to be thirteen in his dominions, but, since he had only twelve golden plates out of which they could eat, one had to stop at home. The fête was celebrated with all the magnificence possible, and, as soon as it was over, the wise women presented the infant with their wonderful gifts: one with virtue, another with beauty, a third with riches, and so on, so that the child had everything that is to be desired in the world. Just as eleven had given their presents, the thirteenth old lady stepped in suddenly. She was in a tremendous passion because she had not been invited, and, without greeting or looking at any one, she exclaimed loudly, „The Princess shall prick herself with a spindle on her fifteenth birthday and die!“ and without a word further she turned her back and left the hall. All were terrified, but the twelfth fairy, who had not yet given her wish, then stepped up; but because she could not take away the evil wish, but only soften it, she said, „She shall not die, but shall fall into a sleep of a hundred years' duration“.

Then the King, who naturally wished to protect his child from this misfortune, issued a decree commanding that every spindle in the kingdom should be burnt. Meanwhile all the gifts of the wise women were fulfilled, and the maiden became so beautiful, gentle, virtuous, and clever, that every one who saw her fell in love with her. It happened on the day when she was just fifteen years old that the Queen and King were not at home, and so she was left alone in the castle. The maiden looked about in every place, going through all the rooms and chambers just as she pleased, until she came at last to an old tower.

Up the narrow winding staircase she tripped until she arrived at a door, in the lock of which was a rusty key. This she turned, and the door sprang open, and there in the little room sat an old woman with a spindle spinning flax. „Good day, my good old lady,“ said the Princess, „what are you doing here?“

„I am spinning,“ said the old woman, nodding her head.

„What thing is that which twists round so merrily?“ inquired the maiden, and she took the spindle to try her hand at spinning. Scarcely had she done so when the prophecy was fulfilled, for she pricked her finger, and at the very same moment she fell back upon a bed, which stood near, in a deep sleep. This sleep extended over the whole palace. The King and Queen who had just come in, fell asleep in the hall, and all their courtiers with them — the horses in the stables, the doves upon the eaves, the flies upon the walls, and even the fire upon the hearth, all ceased to stir — the meat which was cooking ceased to frizzle, and the cook at the instant of pulling the hair of the kitchen-boy lost his hold and began to snore too. The wind also fell entirely, and not a leaf rustled on the trees round the castle.

Now around the palace a thick hedge of briars began growing, which every year grew higher and higher, till the castle was quite hid from view, so that one could not even see the flag upon the tower. Then there went a legend through the land of the beautiful maiden Briar Rose, for so was the sleeping Princess named, and from time to time Princes came endeavouring to penetrate through the hedge into the castle; but it was not possible, for the thorns held them as if by hands, and the

youths were unable to release themselves, and so perished miserably.

After the lapse of many years, there came another King's son into the country, and heard an old man tell the legend of the hedge of briars; how that behind it stood a castle where slept a wondrously beautiful Princess called Briar Rose, who had slumbered nearly a hundred years, and with her the King and the Queen and all their court. The old man further related what he had heard from his grandfather, that many Princes had come and tried to penetrate the hedge, and had died a miserable death. But the youth was not to be daunted, and however much the old man tried to dissuade him, he would not listen, but cried out, „I fear not, I will see this hedge of briars!“

Just at that time came the last day of the hundred years when Briar Rose was to wake again. As the young Prince approached the hedge, the thorns turned to large fine flowers, which of their own accord made a way for him to pass through, and again closed up behind him. In the courtyard he saw the horses and dogs lying fast asleep, and on the eaves were the doves with their heads beneath their wings. As soon as he went into the house, there were the flies asleep upon the wall, the cook still stood with his hand on the hair of the kitchen-boy, the maid at the board with the unplucked fowl in her hand. He went on, and in the hall he found the courtiers lying asleep, and above, by the throne, were the King and Queen. He went on further, and all was so quiet that he could hear himself breathe, and at last he came to the tower and opened the door of the little room where slept Briar Rose. There she lay, looking so beautiful that he could not turn away his eyes, and he bent over her and

kissed her. Just as he did so she opened her eyes, awoke, and greeted him with smiles. Then they went down together, and immediately the King and Queen awoke, and the whole court, and all stared at each other wondrously. Now the horses in the stable got up and shook themselves, — the dogs wagged their tails, — the doves upon the eaves drew their heads from under their wings, looked around, and flew away, — the flies upon the walls began to crawl, the fire to burn brightly and to cook the meat, — the meat began again to frizzle, — the cook gave his lad a box upon the ear which made him call out, — and the maid began to pluck the fowl furiously. The whole palace was once more in motion as if nothing had occurred, for the hundred years' sleep had made no change in any one.

By-and-by the wedding of the Prince with Briar Rose was celebrated with great splendour, and to the end of their lives they lived happy and contented.

5. Puss in boots.

There was once a miller, who at his death had no other legacy to leave to his three children than his mill, his ass, and his cat. The property was soon divided. The eldest son took the mill, the second took the ass, and, as for the youngest, all that remained for him was the cat. This share in his father's property did not appear much worth, so the youngest son began to grumble. „My brothers,“ said he, „will be able to earn an honest livelihood by going into partnership; but when I have eaten my cat and sold his skin, I shall be sure to die of hunger.“

The cat, who was sitting beside him, chanced to overhear this. He at once rose, and, looking at his master with a very grave and wise air, said, „Nay, don't take such a gloomy view of things. Only give me a bag, and get me a pair of boots made, so that I may stride through the brambles without hurting myself, and you will soon see that I am worth more than you imagine.“ The cat's new master did not put much faith in these promises, but he had seen him perform so many clever tricks in catching rats and mice, that he did not quite despair of his helping him to better his fortunes.

As soon as the cat got what he asked for, he drew on his boots and slung the bag round his neck, taking hold of the two strings with his forepaws. He then set off for a warren plentifully stocked with rabbits. When he got there, he filled his bag with bran and lettuces, and stretched himself out beside it as stiff as if he had been dead, and waited till some fine young rabbit, ignorant of the wickedness and deceit of the world, should be tempted into the bag by the prospect of a feast. This happened very soon. A fat, thoughtless rabbit went in headlong, and the cat at once drew the strings and strangled him without mercy. Puss, of course, was very proud of his success; and he immediately went to the palace and asked to speak to the king. He was shown into the king's cabinet, when he bowed respectfully to his majesty, and said, „Sire, here is a magnificent rabbit, from the warren of the Marquis of Carabas“ (that was the title the cat had taken it into his head to bestow upon his master), „which he desires me to present to your majesty.“

„Tell your master,“ said the king, „that I accept his present, and am very much obliged to him.“

A few days after, the cat went and hid himself in a corn-field, and held his bag open as before. This time two splendid partridges were lured into the trap, when he drew the strings and made them both prisoners. He then went and presented them to the king as he had done with the rabbit. The king received the partridges very graciously: indeed, he was so pleased, that he ordered the messenger of the Marquis of Carabas to be handsomely rewarded for his trouble.

For two or three months the cat went on in this way, carrying game every now and then to the palace, and telling the king always the same story, that he was indebted for it to the Marquis of Carabas. At last the cat happened to hear that the king was going to take a drive on the banks of the river, along with his daughter, the most beautiful princess in the world. Puss went off to his master. „Sir,“ said he, „if you will follow my advice your fortune is made. You need only go and bathe in the river at a place I shall show you, and leave the rest to me.“

„Very well,“ said the miller's son, and he did as the cat advised. Just as he was bathing, the king went past. Then the cat began to bawl out as loud as he could, „Help! help! or the Marquis of Carabas will be drowned!“

When he heard the cries, the king looked out of the carriage - window. He saw the cat who had so frequently brought him rabbits and partridges, and ordered his body-guards to fly at once to the help of my Lord Marquis of Carabas.

Whilst the poor marquis was being fished out of the water, the cat came up to the royal carriage and told his majesty that, as his master was bathing, some robbers had stolen his clothes, although he had cried out „Stop thief!“ with all his might. The king immediately commanded the

gentleman of his wardrobe to go and fetch one of his most magnificent suits of clothes for the Marquis of Carabas. The order was executed in a twinkling, and soon the miller's son appeared splendidly attired before the king and the princess. He was naturally a handsome young man, and in his gay dress he looked so well that the king took him for a very fine gentleman, and the princess was so struck with his appearance that she at once fell over head and ears in love.

The king insisted on his getting into the carriage and taking a drive with them. The cat, greatly pleased at the turn things were taking, ran on before. He reached a meadow where some peasants were mowing the grass. „Good people,“ said he, „if you do not tell the king, when he comes this way, that the field you are mowing belongs to the Marquis of Carabas, you shall all be chopped as fine as mincemeat.“ The king did not fail to ask the mowers to whom the meadow belonged. „To the Marquis of Carabas, please your majesty,“ said they, trembling, for the threat of the cat had frightened them mightily. „Upon my word, marquis,“ said the king, „this is fine land of yours.“ „Yes, sire,“ replied the miller's son, „it is not a bad meadow, take it altogether.“ The cat, who continued to run on before the carriage, now came up to some reapers. He bounced in upon them, „I say, you reapers,“ cried he, „see you tell the king that all this corn belongs to the Marquis of Carabas, or you shall every one of you be chopped as fine as mincemeat.“ The king passed by a moment after, and asked to whom the corn-fields belonged. „To the Marquis of Carabas, please your majesty,“ said the reapers. „Really, dear marquis, I am pleased you own so much land,“ remarked the king. And the cat kept still running on before the carriage and repeating the same instructions to all the

labourers he came up to, so you may fancy how astonished the king was at the vast possessions of the Marquis of Carabas.

At length the cat arrived at a great castle where an ogre lived, who was immensely rich, for all the lands the king had been riding through were a portion of his estate. He knocked at the big gate, and sent in a message to the ogre, asking leave to pay his respects to him. The ogre received him as civilly as an ogre could possibly do, and bade him rest himself. „You are very kind,“ said the cat, and he took a chair; „I have heard, Mr. Ogre,“ he went on to say, „that you have the power of changing yourself into all sorts of animals, such, for instance, as a lion or an elephant.“

„So I have,“ replied the ogre, rather abruptly, „and to prove it, you will see me become a lion.“ And, in a moment, there stood the lion. The cat was seized with such a fright, that he jumped off his seat, made for the window, and clambered up to the roof. After a time, he saw the ogre return to his natural shape, so he came down again and confessed that he had been very much frightened. „But, Mr. Ogre,“ said he, „it may be easy for such a big gentleman as you to change yourself into a large animal; I do not suppose you can become a small one — say a rat or a mouse.“ „Impossible indeed!“ said the ogre, quite indignantly; „you shall see!“ and immediately he took the shape of a mouse and began frisking about on the floor, when the cat pounced upon him and ate him up in a moment.

By this time the king had reached the gates of the ogre's castle, and it looked so grand that he expressed a strong wish to enter it. The cat heard the rumbling of the carriage across the drawbridge, so he ran out in a

great hurry, and stood on the marble steps, and cried, „Welcome to the castle of the Marquis of Carabas!“

The marquis handed out the princess, and, following the king, they entered a great hall, where a magnificent feast was laid out, which had been prepared for some of the ogre's friends. They sat down to eat: and now we come to the end of our story. The king was delighted with the good qualities of the Marquis of Carabas. So his majesty, after drinking five or six glasses of wine, looked across the table, and said,⁷ „It rests with you, marquis, whether you will become my son-in-law.“ The marquis replied that he should only be too happy; and the very next day the princess and he were married.

As for the cat, he became a great lord, and ever after only hunted mice for his own amusement.

6. Cinderella.

Once upon a time the wife of a certain rich man fell very ill, and as she felt her end drawing nigh she called her only daughter to her bedside, and said, „My dear child, be pious and good, and then the good God will always protect you, and I will look down upon you from heaven and think of you“. Soon afterwards she closed her eyes and died. Every day the maiden went to her mother's grave and wept over it, and she continued to be good and pious; but when the winter came, the snow made a white covering over the grave, and in the spring-time, when the sun had withdrawn this covering, the father took to himself another wife.

The wife brought home with her two daughters, who were beautiful and fair in the face, but treacherous and

wicked at heart. Then an unfortunate era began in the poor stepchild's life. „Shall the stupid goose sit in the parlour with us?“ said the two daughters. „They who would eat bread must earn it; out with the kitchenmaid!“ So they took off her fine clothes, and put upon her an old grey cloak, and gave her wooden shoes for her feet. „See how the once proud princess is decked out now,“ said they, and they led her mockingly into the kitchen. Then she was obliged to work hard from morning to night, and to go out early to fetch water, make the fire, and cook and scour. The sisters treated her besides with every possible insult, derided her, and shook the peas and beans into the ashes, so that she had to pick them out again. At night, when she was tired, she had no bed to lie on, but was forced to sit in the ashes on the hearth; and because she looked dirty through this, they named her Cinderella.

One day it happened that the father wanted to go to the fair, so he asked his two daughters what he should bring them. „Some beautiful dresses,“ said one; „Pearls and precious stones,“ replied the other. „But you, Cinderella,“ said he, „what will you have?“ „The first bough, father, that knocks against your hat on your way homewards, break it off for me,“ she replied. So he bought the fine dresses, and the pearls and precious stones, for his two stepdaughters; and on his return, as he rode through a green thicket, a hazel-bough touched his hat, which he broke off and took with him. As soon as he got home, he gave his stepdaughters what they had wished for, and to Cinderella he gave the hazel-branch. She thanked him very much, and going to her mother's grave she planted the branch on it, and wept so long that her tears fell and watered it, so that it grew and became a

beautiful tree. Thrice a day Cinderella went beneath it to weep and pray, and each time a little white Bird flew on the tree, and if she wished aloud, then the little Bird threw down to her whatever she wished for.

After a time it fell out that the King appointed a festival, which was to last three days, and to which all the beautiful maidens in the country were invited, from whom his son was to choose a bride. When the two stepdaughters heard that they might also appear, they were very glad, and calling Cinderella, they said, „Comb our hair, brush our shoes, and fasten our buckles, for we are going to the festival at the King's palace.“ Cinderella obeyed, crying, because she wished to go with them to the dance; so she asked her stepmother whether she would allow her.

„You, Cinderella!“ said she; „you are covered with dust and dirt — will you go to the festival? You have no clothes or shoes, and how can you dance?“ But, as she urged her request, the mother said at last, „I have now shaken into the ashes a tubful of beans; if you have picked them up again in two hours, you shall go.“

Then the maiden left the room, and went out at the back-door into the garden, and called out, „You tame pigeons, and doves, and all you birds of heaven, come and help me to gather the good beans into the tub, and the bad ones you may eat.“ Presently, in at the kitchen-window came two white pigeons, and after them the doves, and soon all the birds under heaven flew chirping in down upon the ashes. They then began, pick, pick, pick, and gathered all the good seeds into the tub; and scarcely an hour had passed when all was completed, and the birds flew away again. Then the maiden took the tub to the stepmother, rejoicing at the thought that she might now go to

the festival; but the stepmother said, „No, Cinderella, you have no clothes, and cannot dance; you will only be laughed at.“ As she began to cry, the stepmother said, „If you can pick up quite clean two tubs of beans which I throw amongst the ashes in one hour, you shall accompany them;“ and she thought to herself, „She will never manage it.“ As soon as the two tubs had been shot into the ashes, Cinderella went out at the back-door into the garden, and called out as before, „You tame pigeons, and doves, and all you birds under heaven, come and help me to gather the good ones into the tubs and the bad ones you may eat.“ Presently, in at the kitchen-window came two white pigeons, and soon after them the doves, and soon all the birds under heaven flew chirping in down upon the ashes. They then began, pick, pick, pick, and gathered all the seeds into the tub; and scarcely had half an hour passed before all was picked up, and off they flew again. The maiden now took the tubs to the stepmother, rejoicing at the thought that she could go to the festival. But the mother said, „It does not help you a bit; you cannot go with us, for you have no clothes, and cannot dance; we should be ashamed of you.“ Thereupon she turned her back upon the maiden, and hastened away with her two proud daughters.

As there was no one at home, Cinderella went to her mother's grave, under the hazel-tree, and said, —

„Rustle and shake yourself, dear tree,
And silver and gold throw down to me.“

Then the Bird threw down a dress of gold and silver, and silken slippers ornamented with silver. These Cinderella put on in great haste, and then she went to the ball. Her sisters and stepmother did not know her at all, and

took her for some foreign princess, as she looked so beautiful in her golden dress; for of Cinderella they thought not but that she was sitting at home picking the beans out of the ashes. Presently the Prince came up to her, and, taking her by the hand, led her to the dance. He would not dance with any one else, and even would not let go her hand; so that when any one else asked her to dance, he said, „She is my partner.“ They danced till evening, when she wished to go home; but the Prince said, „I will go with you, and see you safe,“ for he wanted to see to whom the maiden belonged. She flew away from him, however, and sprang into the pigeonhouse, so the Prince waited till the father came, whom he told that the strange maiden had run into the pigeonhouse. Then the stepmother thought, „Could it be Cinderella?“ And they brought an axe wherewith the Prince might cut open the door, but no one was found within. And when they came into the house, there lay Cinderella in her dirty clothes among the ashes, and an oil-lamp was burning in the chimney; for she had jumped quickly out on the other side of the pigeonhouse, and had run to the hazel-tree, where she had taken off her fine clothes, and laid them on the grave, and the Bird had taken them again, and afterwards she had put on her little grey cloak, and seated herself among the ashes in the kitchen.

The next day, when the festival was renewed, and her stepmother and her sisters had set out again, Cinderella went to the hazel-tree and sang as before: —

„Rustle and shake yourself, dear tree,
And silver and gold throw down to me.“

Then the Bird threw down a much more splendid dress than the former and when the maiden appeared at the

ball every one was astonished at her beauty. The Prince, however, who had waited till she came, took her hand, and would dance with no one else; and if others came and asked, he replied as before, „She is my partner.“ As soon as evening came she wished to depart, and the Prince followed her, wanting to see into whose house she went; but she sprang away from him, and ran into the garden behind the house. Therein stood a fine large tree, on which hung the most beautiful pears, and the boughs rustled as though a squirrel was among them, but the Prince could not see whence the noise proceeded. He waited, however, till the father came, and told him, „The strange maiden has escaped from me, and I think she has climbed up into this tree.“ The father thought to himself, „Can it be Cinderella?“ and taking an axe he chopped down the tree, but there was no one on it. When they went into the kitchen, there lay Cinderella among the ashes, as before, for she had sprung down on the other side of the tree, and, having taken her beautiful clothes again to the Bird upon the hazel-tree, she had put on once more her old grey cloak.

The third day, when her stepmother and her sisters had set out, Cinderella went again to her mother's grave, and said, —

„Rustle and shake yourself, dear tree,
And silver and gold throw down to me.“

Then the Bird threw down to her a dress which was more splendid and glittering than she had ever had before, and the slippers were of pure gold. When she arrived at the ball they knew not what to say for wonderment, and the Prince danced with her alone as at first, and replied to every one who asked her hand, „She is my partner.“ As

soon as evening came she wished to go, and as the Prince followed her she ran away so quickly that he could not overtake her. But he had contrived a stratagem, and spread the whole way with pitch, so that it happened as the maiden ran that her left slipper came off. The Prince took it up, and saw it was small and graceful, and of pure gold, so the following morning he went with it to the father and said, „My bride shall be no other than she whose foot this golden slipper fits.“ The two sisters were glad of this, for they had beautiful feet and the elder went with it to her chamber to try it on, while her mother stood by. She could not, however, get her great toe into it, and the shoe was much too small; but the mother, reaching a knife, said, „Cut off your toe, for if you are queen, you need not go any longer on foot.“ The maiden cut it off, and squeezed her foot into the shoe, and concealing the pain she felt, went down to the Prince. Then he placed her as his bride upon his horse, and rode off; and as they passed by the grave, there sat two little doves upon the hazel-tree singing, —

„Backwards peep, backwards peep,
There's blood upon the shoe;
The shoe's too small, and she behind
Is not the bride for you.“

Then the Prince looked behind, and saw the blood flowing; so he turned his horse back, and took the false bride home again, saying she was not the right one. Then the other sister must needs fit on the shoe, so she went to the chamber and got her toes nicely into the shoe, but the heel was too large. The mother reaching a knife, said, „Cut a piece off your heel, for when you become queen you need not go any longer on foot.“ She cut a piece off

her heel, squeezed her foot into the shoe, and, concealing the pain she felt, went down to the Prince. Then he put her upon his horse as his bride, and rode off; and as they passed the hazel-tree, there sat two little doves, who sang, —

„Backwards peep, backwards peep,
There's blood upon the shoe;
The shoe's too small, and she behind
Is not the bride for you.“

Then he looked behind, and saw the blood trickling from her shoe, and that the stocking was dyed quite red; so he turned his horse back, and took the false bride home again, saying; „Neither is this one the right maiden; have you no other daughter? „No,“ replied the father, „except little Cinderella, daughter of my deceased wife, who cannot possibly be the bride.“ The Prince asked that she might be fetched; but the stepmother said, „Oh, no! she is much too dirty; I dare not let her be seen.“ But the Prince would have his way; so Cinderella was called, and she, first washing her hands and face, went in and curtsied to the Prince, who gave her the golden shoe. Cinderella sat down on a stool, and taking off her heavy wooden shoes, put on the slipper, which fitted her to a shade and as she stood up, the Prince looked in her face, and recognising the beautiful maiden with whom he had danced, exclaimed, „This is my true bride.“ The stepmother and the two sisters were amazed and white with rage, but the Prince took Cinderella upon his horse, and rode away; and as they came up to the hazel-tree the two little white doves sang, —

„Backwards peep, backwards peep,
There's no blood on the shoe;
It fits so nice, and she behind
Is the true bride for you.“

And as they finished they flew down and lighted upon Cinderella's shoulders, and there they remained; and the wedding was celebrated with great festivities, and the two sisters were smitten with blindness as a punishment for their wickedness.

7. Little Snow-White.

Once upon a time in the depth of winter, when the flakes of snow were falling like feathers from the clouds a Queen sat at her palace window, which had an ebony black frame stitching her husband's shirts. While she was thus engaged and looking out at the snow she pricked her finger, and three drops of blood fell upon the snow. Because the red looked so well upon the white, she thought to herself, „Had I now but a child as white as this snow, as red as this blood, and as black as the wood of this frame!“ Soon afterwards a little daughter was born to her who was as white as snow, and red as blood, and with hair as black as ebony, and thence she was named „Snow White,“ and when the child was born the mother died.

About a year afterwards the King married another wife, who was very beautiful, but so proud and haughty that she could not bear any one to be better-looking than herself. She possessed a wonderful mirror, and when she stepped before it and said, —

„Oh, mirror, mirror on the wall,
Who is the fairest of us all?“

it replied, —

„Thou art the fairest, lady Queen.“

Then she was pleased, for she knew that the mirror spoke truly.

Little Snow-White, however, grew up, and became pretty and prettier, and when she was seven years old her complexion was as clear as the noonday, and more beautiful than the Queen herself. When the Queen now asked her mirror, —

„Oh, mirror, mirror on the wall,
Who is the fairest of us all?“

it replied, —

„Thou wert the fairest, lady Queen;
Snow-White is fairest now, I ween.“

This answer so frightened the Queen that she became quite yellow with envy. From that hour, whenever she perceived Snow-White, her heart was hardened against her, and she hated the maiden. Her envy and jealousy increased so that she had no rest day nor night, and she said to a Huntsman, „Take the child away into the forest, I will never look upon her again. You must kill her, and bring me her heart and tongue for a token.“

The Huntsman listened and took the maiden away, but when he drew out his knife to kill her, she began to cry, saying, „Ah, dear Huntsman, give me my life! I will run into the wild forest, and never come home again.“

This speech softened the Hunter's heart, and her beauty so touched him that he had pity on her and said, „Well, run away then, poor child;“ but he thought to himself, „The wild beasts will soon devour you.“ Still he felt, as if a stone had been taken from his heart, because her death was not by his hand. Just at that moment a young boar came roaring along to the spot, and as soon as he clapt eyes upon it the Huntsman caught it, and, killing it, took its tongue and heart, and carried them to the Queen for a token of his deed.

But now the poor little Snow-White was left motherless and alone, and, overcome with grief, she was bewildered at the sight of so many trees, and knew not which way to turn. Presently she set off running, and ran over stones and through thorns, and wild beasts sprang up as she passed them, but they did her no harm. She ran on till her feet refused to go farther, and as it was getting dark, and she saw a little house near, she entered it to rest. In this cottage everything was very small, but more neat and elegant than I can tell you. In the middle stood a little table with a white cloth over it, and seven little plates upon it, each plate having a spoon and a knife and a fork, and there were also seven little mugs. Against the wall were seven little beds ranged in a row, each covered with snow-white sheets. Little Snow-White being both hungry and thirsty, ate a little morsel of porridge out of each plate, and drank a drop or two of wine out of each glass, for she did not wish to take away the whole share of any one. After that, because she was so tired, she laid herself down on one bed, but it did not suit; she tried another, but that was too long; a fourth was too short, a fifth too hard, but the seventh was just the thing, and tucking herself up in it she went to sleep, first commending herself to God.

When it became quite dark the lords of the cottage came home, seven Dwarfs, who dug and delved for ore in the mountains. They first lighted seven little lamps, and perceived at once — for they illumined the whole apartment — that somebody had been in, for everything was not in the order in which they had left it. The first asked, „Who has been sitting on my chair?“ The second, „Who has been eating off my plate?“ The third said, „Who has been nibbling at my bread?“ The fourth, „Who has been

at my porridge?" The fifth, „Who has been meddling with my fork?" The sixth grumbled out, „Who has been cutting with my knife?" The seventh said, „Who has been drinking out of my glass?" Then the first looking round began again. „Who has been lying on my bed?" he asked, for he saw that the sheets were tumbled. At these words the others came, and looking at their beds cried out too, „Some one has been lying in our beds!" But the seventh little man, running up to his, saw Snow-White sleeping in it; so he called his companions, who shouted with wonder and held up their seven torches, so that the light fell upon the maiden. „Oh heavens! oh heavens!" said they, „what a beauty she is!" and they were so much delighted that they would not awaken her, but left her to her repose, and the seventh Dwarf, in whose bed she was, slept with each of his fellows one hour, and so passed the night.

As soon as morning dawned Snow-White awoke, and was quite frightened when she saw the seven little men; but they were very friendly, and asked her what she was called. „My name is Snow-White," was her reply. „Why have you entered our cottage?" they asked. Then she told them how her stepmother would have had her killed, but the Huntsman had spared her life, and how she had wandered about the whole day until at last she had found their house. When her tale was finished the Dwarfs said, „Will you see after our household: be our cook, make the beds, wash, sew, and knit for us, and keep everything in neat order? If so, we will keep you here, and you shall want for nothing."

And Snow-White answered, „Yes, with all my heart and will;" and so she remained with them, and kept their house in order. In the mornings the Dwarfs went into the mountains and searched for ore and gold, and in the even-

ings they came home and found their meals ready for them. During the day the maiden was left alone, and therefore the good Dwarfs warned her and said, „Be careful of your stepmother, who will soon know of your being here: therefore let nobody enter the cottage.“

The Queen meanwhile, supposing that she had eaten the heart and tongue of her stepdaughter, did not think but that she was above all comparison the most beautiful of every one around. One day she stepped before her mirror, and said, —

„Oh, mirror, mirror on the wall,
Who is the fairest of us all?“

and it replied, —

„Thou wert the fairest, lady Queen;
Snow-White is fairest now, I ween.
Amid the forest, darkly green,
She lives with Dwarfs — the hills between.“

This reply frightened her, for she knew that the mirror spoke the truth, and she perceived that the Huntsman had deceived her, and that Snow-White was still alive. Now she thought and thought how she should accomplish her purpose, for so long as she was not the fairest in the whole country, jealousy left her no rest. At last a thought struck her, and she dyed her face and clothed herself as a pedlar woman, so that no one could recognise her. In this disguise she went over the seven hills to the seven Dwarfs, knocked at the door of the hut, and called out, „Fine goods for sale! beautiful goods for sale!“ Snow-White peeped out of the window and said, „Good day, my good woman, what have you to sell?“ „Fine goods, beautiful goods!“ she replied, „stays of all colours;“ and she held up a pair which was made of variegated silks.

„I may let in this honest woman,“ thought Snow-White; and she unbolted the door and bargained for one pair of stays. „You can't think, my dear, how it becomes you!“ exclaimed the old woman. „Come, let me lace it up for you.“ Snow-White suspected nothing, and let her do as she wished; but the old woman laced her up so quickly and so tightly that all her breath went, and she fell down like one dead. „Now,“ thought the old woman to herself, hastening away, „now am I once more the most beautiful of all!“

Not long after her departure, at eventide, the seven Dwarfs came home, and were much frightened at seeing their dear little maid lying on the ground, and neither moving nor breathing, as if she were dead. They raised her up, and when they saw she was laced too tight they cut the stays in pieces, and presently she began to breathe again, and by little and little she revived. When the Dwarfs now heard what had taken place, they said, „The old pedlar woman was no other than your wicked step-mother; take more care of yourself, and let no one enter when we are not with you.“

Meanwhile the old Queen had reached home, and, going before her mirror, she repeated her usual words, —

„Oh, mirror, mirror on the wall,
Who is the fairest of us all?“

and it replied as before, —

„Thou wert the fairest, lady Queen;
Snow-White is fairest now, I ween.
Amid the forest, darkly green,
She lives with Dwarfs — the hills between.

As soon as it had finished, all her blood rushed to her heart, for she was so frightened to hear that Snow-

White was yet living. „But now,“ thought she to herself, „will I contrive something which shall destroy her completely.“ Thus saying, she made a poisoned comb, by arts which she understood, and, then disguising herself, she took the form of an old widow. She went over the seven hills to the house of the seven Dwarfs, and, knocking at the door, called out, „Good wares to sell to-day!“ Snow-White peeped out and said, „You must go further, for I dare not let you in.“

„But still you may look,“ said the old woman, drawing out her poisoned comb and holding it up. The sight of this pleased the maiden so much, that she allowed herself to be persuaded, and opened the door. As soon as she had made a purchase the old woman said, „Now let me for once comb you properly,“ and Snow-White consented, but scarcely was the comb drawn through the hair when the poison began to work, and the maiden soon fell down senseless. „You pattern of beauty,“ cried the wicked old Queen, „it is now all over with you,“ and so saying she departed.

Fortunately, evening soon came, and the seven Dwarfs returned, and as soon as they saw Snow-White lying, like dead, upon the ground, they suspected the old Queen, and soon discovering the poisoned comb, they immediately drew it out, and the maiden very soon revived and related all that had happened. Then they warned her again against the wicked stepmother, and bade her open the door to nobody.

Meanwhile the Queen, on her arrival home, had again consulted her mirror, and received the same answer as twice before. This made her tremble and foam with rage and jealousy, and she swore Snow-White should die if it cost her her own life. Thereupon she went into an inner

secret chamber where no one could enter, and there made an apple of the most deep and subtle poison. Outwardly it looked nice enough, and had rosy cheeks which would make the mouth of every one who looked at it water; but whoever ate the smallest piece of it would surely die. As soon as the apple was ready, the old Queen again dyed her face, and clothed herself like a peasant's wife, and then over the seven mountains to the seven Dwarfs she made her way. She knocked at the door, and Snow-White stretched out her head and said, „I dare not let any one enter; the seven Dwarfs have forbidden me.“

„That is hard for me,“ said the old woman; „for I must take back my apples; but there is one which I will give you.“

„No,“ answered Snow-White, „no, I dare not take it.“

„What! are you afraid of it?“ cried the old woman; „there, see, I will cut the apple in halves; do you eat the red cheeks, and I will eat the core.“ (The apple was so artfully made that the red cheeks alone were poisoned.) Snow-White very much wished for the beautiful apple, and when she saw the woman eating the core she could no longer resist, but, stretching out her hand, took the poisoned part. Scarcely had she placed a piece in her mouth when she fell down dead upon the ground. Then the Queen, looking at her with glittering eyes, and laughing bitterly, exclaimed, „White as snow, red as blood, black as ebony! this time the Dwarfs cannot re-awaken you.“

When she reached home and consulted her mirror, —

„Oh, mirror, mirror on the wall,
Who is the fairest of us all?“

it answered, —

„Thou art the fairest, lady Queen.“

Then her envious heart was at rest, as peacefully as an envious heart can rest.

When the little Dwarfs returned home in the evening, they found Snow-White lying on the ground, and there appeared to be no life in her body; she seemed to be quite dead. They raised her up, and searched if they could find anything poisonous; unlaced her, and even uncombed her hair, and washed her with water and with wine; but nothing availed: the dear child was really and truly dead. Then they laid her upon a bier, and all seven placed themselves around it, and wept and wept for three days without ceasing. Afterwards they would bury her, but she looked still fresh and lifelike, and even her red cheeks had not deserted her, so they said to one another, „We cannot bury her in the black ground,“ and they ordered a case to be made of transparent glass. In this one could view the body on all sides, and the Dwarfs wrote her name with golden letters upon the glass, saying that she was a King's daughter. Now they placed the glass-case upon the ledge of a rock, and one of them always remained by it watching. Even the beasts bewailed the loss of Snow-White; first came an owl, then a raven, and last of all a dove.

For a long time Snow-White lay peacefully in her case, and changed not but looked as if she were only asleep, for she was still white as snow, red as blood, and black-haired as ebony. By-and-by it happened that a King's son was travelling in the forest, and came to the Dwarfs' house to pass the night. He soon perceived the glass-case upon the rock, and the beautiful maiden lying within, and he read also the golden inscription.

When he had examined it he said to the Dwarfs, „Let me have this case, and I will pay what you like for it.“

But the Dwarfs replied, „We will not sell it for all the gold in the world.“

„Then give it to me,“ said the Prince; „for I cannot live without Snow-White. I will honour and protect her so long as I live.“

When the Dwarfs saw he was so much in earnest, they pitied him, and at last gave him the case and the Prince ordered it to be carried away on the shoulders of one of his attendants. Presently it happened that they stumbled over a rut, and with the shock the piece of poisoned apple which lay in Snow-White's mouth fell out. Very soon she opened her eyes, and raising the lid of the glass-case, she rose up and asked, „Where am I?“

Full of joy, the Prince answered, „You are safe with me,“ and he related to her what he had suffered, and how he would rather have her than any other for his wife, and he asked her to accompany him home to the castle of the King his father. Snow-White consented, and when they arrived there the wedding between them was celebrated as speedily as possible, with all the splendour and magnificence proportionate to the happy event.

By chance the old stepmother of Snow-White was also invited to the wedding, and when she was dressed in all her finery to go, she first stepped in front of her mirror, and asked, —

„Oh, mirror, mirror on the wall,
Who is the fairest of us all?“

and it replied, —

„Thou wert the fairest, oh lady Queen,
The Prince's bride is more fair, I ween.“

At these words the old Queen was in a fury and was so terribly mortified that she knew not what to do with her-

self. At first she resolved not to go to the wedding, but she could not resist the wish for a sight of the young Queen, and as soon as she entered she recognised Snow-White, and was so terrified with rage and astonishment that she remained rooted to the ground. Just then a pair of red-hot iron shoes were brought in with a pair of tongs and set before her, and these she was forced to put on and to dance in them till she fell down dead.

8. Jack and the Beanstalk.

There was once upon a time a poor widow who had an only son named Jack, and a cow named Milky-white. And all they had to live on was the milk the cow gave every morning which they carried to the market and sold. But one morning Milky-white gave no milk, and they didn't know what to do.

„What shall we do, what shall we do?“ said the widow, wringing her hands.

„Cheer up, mother, I'll go and get work somewhere,“ said Jack.

„We've tried that before, and nobody would take you,“ said his mother; „we must sell Milky-white and with the money do something, start shop, or something.“

„All right, mother,“ said Jack; „it's market-day to-day, and I'll soon sell Milky-white, and then we'll see what we can do.“

So he took the cow's halter in his hand, and off he starts. He hadn't gone far when he met a funny-looking old man who said to him, „Good morning, Jack.“

„Good morning to you,“ said Jack, and wondered how he knew his name.

„Well, Jack, and where are you off to?“ said the man.

„I'm going to market to sell our cow here.“

„Oh, you look the proper sort of chap to sell cows,“ said the man; „I wonder if you know how many beans make five.“

„Two in each hand and one in your mouth,“ says Jack, as sharp as a needle.

„Right you are,“ said the man, „and here they are the very beans themselves,“ he went on pulling out of his pocket a number of strange-looking beans. „As you are so sharp,“ says he, „I don't mind doing a swop with you — your cow for these beans.“

„Walker!“ says Jack; „wouldn't you like it?“

„Ah! you don't know what these beans are,“ said the man; „if you plant them over night, by morning they grow right up to the sky.“

„Really?“ says Jack; „you don't say so.“

„Yes, that is so, and if it doesn't turn out to be true you can have your cow back.“

„Right,“ says Jack, and hands him over Milky-white's halter and pockets the beans.

Back goes Jack home, and as he hadn't gone very far it wasn't dusk by the time he got to his door.

„What, back, Jack?“ said his mother; „I see you haven't got Milky-white, so you've sold her. How much did you get for her?“

„You'll never guess, mother,“ says Jack.

„No, you don't say so. Good boy! Five pounds, ten, fifteen, no, it can't be twenty.“

„I told you you couldn't guess, what do you say to these beans; they're magical, plant them over night and —“

„What!“ says Jack’s mother, „have you been such a fool, such a dolt, such an idiot, as to give away my Milky-white, the best milker in the parish, and prime beef to boot for a set of paltry beans. Take that! Take that! Take that! And as for your precious beans here they go out of the window. And now off with you to bed. Not a sup shall you drink, and not a bit shall you swallow this very night.“

So Jack went upstairs to his little room in the attic, and sad and sorry he was, to be sure, as much for his mother’s sake, as for the loss of his supper.

At last he dropped off to sleep.

When he woke up, the room looked so funny. The sun was shining into part of it, and yet all the rest was quite dark and shady. So Jack jumped up and dressed himself and went to the window. And what do you think he saw? why, the beans his mother had thrown out of the window into the garden, had sprung up into a big beanstalk which went up and up and up till it reached the sky. So the man spoke truth after all.

The beanstalk grew up quite close past Jack’s window, so all he had to do was to open it and give a jump on the beanstalk which was made like a big plaited ladder. So Jack climbed and he climbed till at last he reached the sky. And when he got there he found a long broad road going as straight as a dart. So he walked along and he walked along and he walked along till he came to a great big tall house, and on the doorstep there was a great big tall woman.

„Good morning, mum,“ says Jack, quite polite-like. „Could you be so kind as to give me some breakfast?“ For he hadn’t had anything to eat, you know, the night before and was as hungry as a hunter.

„It's breakfast you want, is it?“ says the great big tall woman, „it's breakfast you'll be if you don't move off from here. My man is an ogre and there's nothing he likes better than boys broiled on toast. You'd better be moving on or he'll soon be coming.“

„Oh! please, mum, do give me something to eat, mum. I've had nothing to eat since yesterday morning, really and truly, mum,“ says Jack. „I may as well be broiled as die of hunger.“

Well, the ogre's wife wasn't such a bad sort, after all. So she took Jack into the kitchen, and gave him a junk of bread and cheese and a jug of milk. But Jack hadn't half finished these when thump! thump! thump! the whole house began to tremble with the noise of some one coming.

„Goodness gracious me! It's my old man,“ said the ogre's wife, „what on earth shall I do? Here, come quick and jump in here.“ And she bundled Jack into the oven just as the ogre came in.

He was a big one, to be sure. At his belt he had three calves strung up by the heels, and he unhooked them and threw them down on the table and said: „Here, wife, broil me a couple of these for breakfast. Ah! what's this I smell?

Fee—fi—fo—fum,
I smell the blood of an Englishman,
Be he alive, or be he dead,
I'll have his bones to grind my bread.“

„Nonsense, dear,“ said his wife, „you're dreaming. Or perhaps you smell the scraps of that little boy you liked so much for yesterday's dinner. Here, go you and have a wash and tidy up and by the time you come back your breakfast'll be ready for you.“

So the ogre went off, and Jack was just going to jump out of the oven and run off when the woman told him not. „Wait till he's asleep,“ says she; „he always has a snooze after breakfast.“

Well, the ogre had his breakfast, and after that he goes to a big chest and takes out of it a couple of bags of gold and sits down counting them till at last his head began to nod and he began to snore till the whole house shook again.

Then Jack crept out on tiptoe from his oven, and as he was passing the ogre he took one of the bags of gold under his arm, and off he pelters till he came to the beanstalk, and then he threw down the bag of gold which of course fell into his mother's garden, and then he climbed down and climbed down till at last he got home and told his mother and showed her the gold and said „Well, mother, wasn't I right about the beans? They are really magical, you see.“

So they lived on the bag of gold for some time, but at last they came to the end of that, so Jack made up his mind to try his luck once more up at the top of the beanstalk. So one fine morning he got up early, and got on to the beanstalk, and he climbed till at last he got on the road again and came to the great big tall house he had been to before. There, sure enough, was the great big tall woman a-standing on the door-step.

„Good morning, mum,“ says Jack, as bold as brass, „could you be so good as to give me something to eat?“

„Go away, my boy,“ said the big, tall woman, „or else my man will eat you up for breakfast. But aren't you

the youngster who came here once before? Do you know, that very day, my man missed one of his bags of gold."

"That's strange, mum," says Jack, "I dare say I could tell you something about that, but I'm so hungry I can't speak till I've had something to eat."

Well the big tall woman was that curious that she took him in and gave him something to eat. But he had scarcely begun munching it as slowly as he could when thump! thump! thump! they heard the giant's footstep, and his wife hid Jack away in the oven.

All happened as it did before. In came the ogre as he did before, said: „Fee-fi-fo-fum,“ and had his breakfast of three broiled oxen. Then he said: „Wife, bring me the hen that lays the golden eggs.“ So she brought it, and the ogre said: „Lay,“ and it laid an egg all of gold. And then the ogre began to nod his head, and to snore till the house shook.

Then Jack crept out of the oven on tiptoe and caught hold of the golden hen, and was off before you could say „Jack Robinson.“ But this time the hen gave a cackle which woke the ogre, and just as Jack got out of the house he heard him calling: „Wife, wife, what have you done with my golden hen?“

And the wife said: „Why, my dear?“

But that was all Jack heard, for he rushed off to the beanstalk and climbed down like a house on fire. And when he got home he showed his mother the wonderful hen and said „Lay,“ to it; and it laid a golden egg every time he said „Lay.“

Well, Jack was not content, and it wasn't very long before he determined to have another try at his luck up there at the top of the beanstalk. So one fine morning, he got up early, and went on to the beanstalk, and he

climbed and he climbed and he climbed and he climbed till he got to the top. But this time he knew better than to go straight to the ogre's house. And when he got near it he waited behind a bush till he saw the ogre's wife come out with a pail to get some water, and then he crept into the house and got into the copper. He hadn't been there long when he heard thump! thump! thump! as before, and in come the ogre and his wife.

„Fee-fi-fo-fum, I smell the blood of an Englishman,“ cried out the ogre; „I smell him, wife, I smell him.“

„Do you, my dearie?“ says the ogre's wife. „Then if it's that little rogue that stole your gold and the hen that laid the golden eggs he's sure to have got into the oven.“ And they both rushed to the oven. But Jack wasn't there, luckily, and the ogre's wife said: „There you are again with your fee-fi-fo-fum. Why of course it's the laddie you caught last night that I've broiled for your breakfast. How forgetful I am, and how careless you are not to tell the difference between a live un and a dead un.“

So the ogre sat down to the breakfast and ate it, but every now and then he would mutter: „Well, I could have sworn —“ and he'd get up and search the larder and the cupboards, and everything, only luckily he didn't think of the copper.

After breakfast was over, the ogre called out: „Wife, wife, bring me my golden harp.“ So she brought it and put it on the table before him. Then he said: „Sing!“ and the golden harp sang most beautifully. And it went on singing till the ogre fell asleep, and commenced to snore like thunder.

Then Jack lifted up the copper-lid very quietly and got down like a mouse and crept on hands and knees till he got to the table when he got up and caught hold of the golden harp and dashed with it towards the door. But the harp called out quite loud:

„Master! Master!“ and the ogre woke up just in time to see Jack running off with his harp.

Jack ran as fast as he could, and the ogre came rushing after, and would soon have caught him, only Jack had a start and dodged him a bit and knew where he was going. When he got to the beanstalk the ogre was not more than twenty yards away when suddenly he saw Jack disappear like, and when he got up to the end of the road he saw Jack underneath climbing down for dear life. Well, the ogre didn't like trusting himself to such a ladder, and he stood and waited, so Jack got another start. But just then the harp cried out: „Master! Master!“ and the ogre swung himself down on to the beanstalk which shook with his weight. Down climbs Jack, and after him climbed the ogre. By this time Jack had climbed down and climbed down and climbed down till he was very nearly home. So he called out: „Mother! mother! bring me an axe, bring me an axe.“ And his mother came rushing out with the axe in her hand, but when she came to the beanstalk she stood stock still with fright, for there she saw the ogre just coming down below the clouds.

But Jack jumped down and got hold of the axe and gave a chop at the beanstalk which cut it half in two. The ogre felt the beanstalk shake and quiver, so he stopped to see what was the matter. Then Jack gave another chop with the axe, and the beanstalk was cut in two and began to topple over. Then the ogre fell down and broke his crown, and the beanstalk came toppling after.

Then Jack showed his mother his golden harp, and what with showing that and selling the golden eggs, Jack and his mother became very rich, and he married a great princess, and they lived happy ever after.

9. Dick Whittington and his Cat.

When Edward the Third was King of England, there was a little boy called Dick Whittington, whose father and mother died when he was very young. After their death he was just a ragged little fellow, running about a country village. As poor Dick was not old enough to work, he was very badly off. He got little for his dinner, and sometimes nothing at all for his breakfast; for the people who lived in the village were very poor indeed, and often did not have enough for their own children.

Now Dick was a bright boy, although he was so poor. He was always listening to what everybody talked about. When the farmers sat drinking outside the village inn, he would creep up to them, and listen. When the door of the barber's shop was open, he would look in, so as to hear what was said by the barber and the men whose hair he was cutting or whose beard he was shaving. They sometimes drove him away, but he always came back again.

In this way Dick heard a great many strange things about the great city called London; for many of the country people at that time thought that everybody in London was a grand gentleman or a fine lady; and that there was singing and music there all day long; and that the streets were all paved with gold.

One day Dick saw a large wagon drive through the village. He thought that this wagon must be going to the wonderful town of London; so he asked the wagoner to let him walk with him by the side of the wagon. As soon as the wagoner heard that poor Dick had no father or mother, and saw by his ragged clothes that he could not be worse off than he was, he told him he might go if he would. So they set off together.

He walked beside the wagon for a long time, for there was a great distance from the little village to London. Sometimes kind people gave him a little bread or some apples, but he was often hungry and tired. Still he went on, and at last he reached London.

When he saw this great city, he ran as fast as he could; and he went through many streets, hoping to find one that was paved with gold. He knew that a piece of gold was worth a great deal, and he thought: „I'll pick up some pieces from the street, and get much money for them, and then all will be well.“ But he found no gold; and at last he sat down in a dark corner and cried himself to sleep.

Next morning he woke up very hungry, so he got up and walked about, asking the people to give him a half-penny. Most of the people, however, seemed too busy to give any heed to him; only two or three gave him a half-penny. He was soon quite weak for want of food.

At last, when several days had gone by, he laid himself down at the door of Mr. Fitzwarren, a rich merchant. Here he was soon seen by the cook, who was an ill-tempered creature, and happened just then to be very busy getting ready the dinner for her master and mistress. She called out to poor Dick:

„What are you doing there, you lazy fellow? If you don't run away at once, I'll throw some of this hot water over you!“

Just then Mr. Fitzwarren himself came home to dinner; and when he saw a dirty, ragged boy lying at the door he said to him: „Why do you lie there, my boy? You seem old enough to work; I am afraid you are inclined to be lazy.“

„No, indeed, sir,“ said Dick to him, „that is not the case, for I would work with all my heart; but I do not know anybody, and I think I am quite ill from want of food.“

„Poor fellow, get up, so that I may see what is wrong.“

Dick tried to rise, but was obliged to lie down again, for he was too weak to stand. He had not eaten food for three days and was no longer able to run about and beg a halfpenny of people in the street. So the kind merchant ordered him to be taken into the house, and a good dinner was given to him. He was told to stay and help the cook as much as he could, doing the dirty work for her.

Dick was better off now; he had plenty to eat and a bed to sleep in. He might have been quite happy, but for the cook, whose temper was very bad. She was always scolding him, and sometimes she beat him. At last somebody told Alice, Mr. Fitzwarren's daughter, how badly the cook was treating Dick; and Alice said that she would have to leave the house if she did not treat the poor boy better.

But there was another trouble for Dick. His bed was in a little garret; there were many holes in the floor and the walls, and great numbers of mice and rats came out of them at night, so that often he could hardly sleep. How could he get rid of them?

The best way, thought Dick, would be to get a cat. Now and then he received a penny for holding a gentleman's horse; and with the few pence he had saved, he bought a cat. This cat he took into his garret, and there she stayed. He always brought her part of his dinner, and she also ate the mice and rats; soon not a single one was to be seen, and Dick could sleep quietly.

Not long after this, Mr. Fitzwarren had a ship ready to sail, taking wares to distant lands. He was a kind master, and he was glad to give his servants a chance of good fortune. He asked each of them what they would send out, so that it might be sold at a high price. They all knew what to send except Dick. Mr. Fitzwarren asked him whether he alone did not wish to send anything. Dick replied, that he possessed nothing but a cat.

„Fetch your cat, then, my good boy,“ said Mr. Fitzwarren, „and let her go.“

Dick went upstairs and brought down poor puss, with tears in his eyes, and gave her to the captain. He had grown very fond of the cat, and did not like the idea of being troubled by the rats and mice, as he had been before he bought the cat.

The others laughed at Dick; but Miss Alice felt sorry for him, and gave him some money to buy another cat.

In other ways, too, she showed kindness to him. The cook felt angry at this, and treated him worse and worse, until he felt he could bear it no longer, and thought of running away. So he packed up his few things and started very early in the morning. He walked as far as Highgate; and there he sat down on a stone, which to this day is called Whittington's Stone, and began to think which road he should take as he went on, away from London.

While he was sitting there, the six bells of Bow Church began to ring, and their sound seemed to say to him:

„Turn again, Whittington,
Lord Mayor of London.“

„Lord Mayor of London!“ said he to himself. „I am ready to bear anything, even the bad temper of the old

cook, if later, when I am a man, I am to be Lord Mayor of London."

So he turned back, and was lucky enough to get into the house and start his work, before the old cook came downstairs.

Mr. Fitzwarren's ship was a long time at sea, and was at last driven by the winds on a part of the coast of Barbary, where the only people were Moors, whom the English had never seen before. They soon came to the ship and admired the fine wares and wanted to buy them.

The captain, however, sent patterns of the best things he had to the king of the country, who was so much pleased with them, that he invited the captain to a grand dinner at the palace. On arriving there, he was given a seat near the King and the Queen. Many dishes were then brought in for dinner; but very soon a huge number of rats and mice rushed in, helping themselves from almost every dish. The captain wondered at this, and asked one who sat next to him, if this was not very unpleasant.

"Oh yes," was the reply, "most unpleasant. The King would give almost anything to get rid of them. They eat part of his dinner, they go into his own room, and even run over his bed."

Then the captain had a happy thought; he remembered the cat poor Dick Whittington had given him, and told the King he had a creature on board the ship that would kill all these rats and mice on the spot. The King was more than glad to hear this, but could hardly believe it was true.

"Go and bring this creature to me," he cried, "and if it is able to do what you say, I will load your ship with gold and jewels, in exchange for it."

The captain, who was a good business man, replied:

„I shall be happy to let you see the creature, but I am not sure whether I can sell it. The mice and rats might come and eat the wares in our ship.“ „Run, run,“ said the Queen. „I am anxious to see the dear creature.“

So the captain went to the ship, while another meal was got ready and placed on the tables. He returned just as the mice and rats began to appear. When the cat saw them, she jumped from the captain's arms, and in a few minutes quite a number of rats and mice lay dead at her feet. The rest of them had run away and disappeared in their holes.

The King and Queen were delighted and asked that the creature should be brought to them.

The King said he must have the cat, so that he might never again be troubled by mice and rats. He agreed to buy the whole of the ship's cargo at a very good price, and paid ten times as much for the cat as for the cargo!

The captain then took leave of the King and Queen, and after a happy voyage arrived safe in London.

He made his way to the house of his master, Mr. Fitzwarren, who was delighted when the captain showed him some of the fine jewels he had received from the King of Barbary. The captain then told him of the rich present which the King and Queen had sent to Dick, in exchange for his cat. As soon as the merchant heard this, he told one of the servants to go and fetch him. „And be careful,“ he added, „to call him Mr. Whittington.“

Dick, at the time, was cleaning things in the kitchen, and his hands were dirty; but he had to do as he was told, and followed the servant to Mr. Fitzwarren's room. He was asked to sit down on a chair; but he thought they were making fun of him, and begged them to let him go back to his work. Then Mr. Fitzwarren said:

„Indeed, Mr. Whittington, we are all quite in earnest with you, and I most heartily rejoice in your good fortune ; for the captain has sold your cat to the King of Barbary, and brought you in return for her more riches than I possess in the whole world ; and I wish you may long enjoy them.“

Then all the gold and jewels were shown to Dick, and he could hardly believe his eyes. He begged his master to take what part of it he pleased, since he owed it all to his kindness.

„No, no,“ answered Mr. Fitzwarren. „This is all your own ; and I am sure you will use it well.“

Dick then asked his mistress, and Miss Alice, to accept a part of his treasures ; but they would not, and at the same time told him that they rejoiced greatly at his good fortune. Dick was too kind-hearted to keep it all to himself ; he gave a present to the captain and to each of the servants in the house, not forgetting even the ill-tempered old cook.

Then Mr. Fitzwarren advised him to get himself dressed like a gentleman, and told him that he might live in his house as a friend until he should find a better house for himself.

When he was dressed in nice clothes, Dick was as handsome as any young man that visited Mr. Fitzwarren's house. Miss Alice had always been kind to him. When he was poor, she had felt sorry for him, for she had seen how bright he was, and had often thought him too good for the kitchen. Now that he was a rich gentleman, and her father's friend, she saw more of him ; and after some time her father saw that they loved each other. A day for the wedding was fixed, and a splendid wedding it was. Many of the richest merchants in London were there, and even the Lord Mayor himself.

Mr. Whittington and his lady lived in great splendour and were very happy. He was liked by everybody, and even became Lord Mayor, as the bells of Bow Church had promised him, long before. From King Henry V. he received the honour of knighthood.

The figure of Sir Richard Whittington with his cat in his arms, carved in stone, was to be seen till the year 1780 on the wall of the old prison of Newgate.

10. The Maiden at the Vaskjala Bridge.

On a beautiful and quiet summer evening many years ago, a pious maiden went to the Vaskjala Bridge to bathe and refresh herself after the heat of the day. The sky was clear, and the song of the nightingale re-echoed from the neighbouring alder thicket. The Moon ascended to his heavenly pavilion, and gazed down with friendly eyes on the wreath of the maiden with the golden hair and rosy cheeks. The maiden's heart was pure and innocent, and clear as the waters of the spring to its very depths. Suddenly she felt her heart beat faster, and a strange longing seized her, and she could no longer turn her eyes away from the face of the Moon. For because she was so good and pure and innocent, she had won the love of the Moon, who desired to fulfil her secret longings and the wish of her heart. But the pious maiden cherished but one wish in her heart, which she could not venture to express or to ask the Moon to fulfil, for she longed to depart from this world and to dwell for ever beneath the sky with the Moon, but the Moon knew the unexpressed thoughts of her heart.

It was again a lovely evening. The air was calm and peaceful, and again the song of the nightingale resounded

through the night. The Moon gazed down once more into the depths at the bottom of the river near the Vaskjala Bridge, but no longer alone as before. The fair face of the maiden gazed down with him into the depths, and has ever since been visible in the Moon. Above in the far sky she lives in joy and contentment, and only desires that other maidens might share her happiness. So on moonlight nights her friendly eyes gaze down on her mortal sisters, and she seeks to invite them as her guests. But none among them is so pure and modest and innocent as herself, and therefore none is worthy to ascend to her in the Moon. Sometimes this troubles the maiden in the Moon, and she hides her face sorrowfully in a black veil. Yet she does not abandon all hope, but trusts that on some future day one of her earthly sisters may be found sufficiently pious and pure and innocent for the Moon to call her to share this blessed life. So from time to time the Moon-maiden gazes down on the earth with increasing hope and laughing eyes, with her face unveiled, as on the happy evening when she first looked down from heaven on the Vaskjala Bridge. But the best and most intelligent of the daughters of earth fall into error and wander into by-paths, and none among them is pious and innocent enough to become the Moon's companion. This makes the heart of the pious Moon-maiden sorrowful again, and she turns her face from us once more, and hides it under her black veil.

The Twelve Daughters.

Once upon a time there lived a poor labourer who had twelve daughters, among whom were two pairs of twins. They were all charming girls, healthy, ruddy, and

well made. The parents were very poor, and the neighbours could not understand how they managed to feed and clothe so many children. Every day the children were washed and their hair combed, and they always wore clean clothes. Some thought that the labourer had a treasure-bringer, who brought him whatever he wanted; others said that he was a sorcerer, and others thought he was a wizard who knew how to discover hidden treasures in the whirlwind. But the real explanation was very different. The labourer's wife had a secret benefactress who fed and washed and combed the children.

When the mother was a girl, she lived in service at a farmhouse, where she dreamed for three nights running that a noble lady came towards her, and desired her to go to the village spring on St. John's Eve. Perhaps she would have forgotten all about the dream; but on St. John's Eve she heard a small voice like the buzzing of a gnat always singing in her ear, „Go to the spring, go to the spring, whence trickle the watery streams of your good fortune!“ Although she could not listen to this secret summons without a shudder, yet she fortified her heart at length, and leaving the other maidens, who were amusing themselves with the swing and round the fire, she went to the spring. The nearer she came, the more her heart failed her, and she would have turned back if the gnat-like voice had allowed her any rest; but it drove her unwillingly onwards. When she reached the spot, she saw a lady in white robes sitting on a stone by the spring. When the lady perceived the girl's alarm, she advanced a few steps to meet her, and offered her her hand, saying, „Fear nothing, dear child; I will do you no harm. Give good heed to what I tell you, and remember it. In the

autumn you will be sought in marriage. Your bridegroom will be as poor as yourself; but do not concern yourself about this, and accept his offered brandy. As you are both good people, I will bring you happiness, and help you to get on; but do not neglect thrift and labour, without which no happiness is lasting. Take this bag, and put it in your pocket; there is nothing in it but a few milk-can pebbles. When you have given birth to your first child, throw a pebble into the well, and I will come to see you. When the child is baptized, I will be the sponsor. Let no one know of our nocturnal meeting. For the present I say farewell." At these words the wonderful stranger vanished from the girl's eyes as suddenly as if she had sunk into the ground. Very likely the girl might have thought that this adventure was a dream too, if the bag in her hand had not testified to its reality: it contained twelve stones.

The prediction was fulfilled, and the girl was married in the autumn to a poor labourer. Next year the young wife gave birth to her first child, and remembering what had happened to her on St. John's Eve, she rose secretly from her bed, and threw a pebble into the well. It splashed into the water, and immediately the friendly white-robed lady stood before her, and said, „I thank you for not forgetting me. Take the child to be baptized on Sunday fortnight, and I will come to church too, and stand sponsor.“

When the child was brought into church on the appointed day, an unknown lady entered, who took it on her lap and had it baptized. When this was done, she tied a silver rouble in the child's swaddling clothes, and gave it back to the mother. The same thing happened at the birth of each successive child, until there were twelve. On the birth of the last child, the lady said to the mother,

„Henceforward you will see me no more, though I shall invisibly watch over you and your children daily. The water of the well will benefit the children more than the best food. When the time comes for your daughters to marry, you must give each the rouble which I brought as their godmother's gift. Until then, do not let them dress finely, but let them wear clean dresses and clean linen both on week days and Sundays.“

The children grew and throve so well that it was a delight to see them. There was plenty of bread in the house, though sometimes little else, but both parents and children seemed to be chiefly strengthened by the water of the well. In due time the eldest daughter was married to the son of a prosperous innkeeper. Although she brought him nothing beyond her most needful clothing, yet a bridal chest was made, and her clothes and her godmother's rouble put into it. But when the men lifted the chest into the cart, they found it so heavy that they thought it must be full of stones, for the poor labourer could not have given his daughter anything of value. But great was the young bride's amazement when she opened the chest in her husband's house and found it filled with pieces of linen, and at the bottom a leathern purse containig a hundred silver roubles. The same thing happened after every fresh marriage, and the daughters were soon all betrothed when it became known that each received such a bridal portion.

One of the sons-in-law was a very avaricious man, and was not satisfied with his wife's bridal portion. He thought that the parents themselves must be possessed of great riches, if they could bestow so much on each daughter. So he went one day to his father-in-law, and began to pester him about his supposed treasure. The labourer told him the exact truth. „I have nothing but my body and

soul, and could not give my daughters anything but the chests. I have nothing to do with what each found in her chest. It is the gift of the godmother, who gave each of the children a rouble at her christening, and this has multiplied itself in the chests." The avaricious son-in-law would not believe him and threatened to denounce the old man as a wizard and windsorcerer, who had amassed a large treasure in this manner. But as the labourer had a clear conscience, he did not fear his son-in-law's threats. The latter, however, actually made his complaint to the authorities, and the court sent for the other sons-in-law of the labourer, and inquired whether each of their brides had received the same portion. The men declared that each had received a chest of linen and a hundred silver roubles. This caused great surprise, for the whole neighbourhood knew that the labourer was a poor man, and had no other treasure but his twelve pretty daughters. The people knew that the daughters had always worn clean white linen from their earliest years, but nobody had seen them wear any other ornaments, neither brooches nor coloured neckerchiefs. The judge now determined to investigate this wonderful affair more closely, and to find out whether the old man was really a sorcerer.

One day the judge left the town, attended by his police. They wished to surround the labourer's house with guards, so that no one could get out and carry away the treasure. The avaricious son-in-law accompanied them as guide. When they reached the wood in which the labourer's house stood, guards were posted on all sides, with strict orders not to allow any one to pass till the matter had been fully investigated. The rest left their horses behind, and followed the footpath to the cottage. The son-in-law warned them to advance slowly and si-

lently, for fear the sorcerer might see them coming and escape on the wings of the wind. They had already nearly reached the cottage, when they were suddenly dazzled by the wonderful splendour which shone through the trees. As they advanced, a large and splendid palace became visible. It was entirely built of glass, and illuminated by hundreds of tapers, although the sun shone, and the day was perfectly light. Two sentries stood at the door, wholly cased in brazen armour, and holding long drawn swords in their hands. The officials did not know what to make of it, and everything looked more like a dream than reality. Then the door opened, and a young man gaily attired in silken garments, came forth and said, „Our queen has commanded that the chief-justice shall appear before her.“ Although the judge felt some alarm, he decided to follow the young man into the house.

Who can describe the splendour which he beheld! In a magnificent hall as large as a church sat a lady enthroned, robed in silk, satin, and gold. Some feet lower sat twelve beautiful princesses on smaller golden seats. They were dressed as magnificently as the queen, except that they wore no golden crowns. On both sides stood numerous attendants, all in bright silken attire and with golden necklaces. When the chief judge came forward bowing, the queen demanded, „Why have you come out to-day with a host of police, as if you were about to arrest criminals?“ The judge was about to answer, but terror stopped his utterance and he could not speak a word. „I know the base lying charges,“ continued the queen, „for nothing is concealed from my eyes. Let the false accuser enter, but chain him hand and foot, and I will pronounce just sentence. Let the other judges and attendants enter too that the matter may be done publicly, and

that they may bear witness that no one suffers injustice here." One of the servants hastened out to fulfil the order, and after some time the accuser was led in, chained hand and foot, and guarded by six soldiers in armour. The remaining judges and attendants followed. Then the queen addressed the assembly.

„Before I pronounce the well-deserved sentence on the offender, I must briefly explain the real state of the case. I am the most powerful Lady of the Waters, and all the springs of water which rise from the earth are subject to my authority. The eldest son of the King of the Winds was my lover, but as his father would not allow him to take a wife, we were obliged to keep our marriage secret as long as his father lived.

As I could not venture to bring up my children at home, I exchanged them with the children of the labourer's wife, as often as she was confined. The labourer's children were reared as foster-children by my aunt, and whenever one of the labourer's daughters was about to marry, another change was effected.

„Each time, on the night before the wedding, I had my daughter carried away, and that of the labourer substituted. The old King of the Winds had been lying ill for a long time, and knew nothing of our proceedings. On the christening-day I gave each child a silver rouble to form the marriage portion in her bridal chest. All the sons-in-law were satisfied with their young wives and with what they brought them, except this avaricious scoundrel whom you see before you in chains, who dared to bring false accusations against his father-in-law, in hopes of enriching himself thereby. The old King of the Winds died a fortnight ago, and my consort succeeded to the throne. It is no longer necessary for us to conceal our

marriage and our children. Here sit my twelve daughters, and their foster-parents, the labourer and his wife, shall dwell with me as my pensioners till their death. But you, worthless scamp, whom I have put in chains, shall also receive your just reward. You shall sit chained in a mountain of gold, so that your greedy eyes shall ever behold the gold without your being able to touch a particle. For seven hundred years you shall endure this torment before death shall have power to bring you rest. This is my decree."

When the queen had finished speaking, a noise was heard like a violent clap of thunder; the earth quaked, and the magistrates and their servants fell down stunned. When they recovered their senses, they found themselves in the wood to which their guide had led them, but on the spot where the palace of glass had stood in all its splendour, clear cold water now gushed forth from a small spring. Nothing more was ever heard of the labourer, his wife, or his avaricious son-in-law. The widow of the latter married another husband in the autumn, and lived happily with him for the rest of her life.

12. The Milky Way.

Soon after the creation of the world God created a fair maiden and gave into her charge all the birds beneath the heavens. This was Lindu, the lovely daughter of Uku, who knew the paths of all the birds of passage, whence they came in spring, and whither they went in autumn, and appointed to each his dwelling. She cared for the birds with a tender heart, like a mother for her children, and gave them her aid whenever it was possible; and like

a flower in the morning sunlight under a thousand dew-drops, so brightly shone Lindu in her motherly care for the birds.

Therefore was it not surprising that all gazed upon her and loved her. Every one desired the maiden as a wife, and suitors came in crowds. The North Star drove up in a grand coach drawn by six brown horses, and brought ten presents. But Lindu gave him a sharp answer. „You must always remain at your post, and cannot stir from it,“ said she.

Then came the Moon in a silver coach drawn by ten brown horses, and he brought twenty presents. But Lindu refused the Moon too. „You are much too changeable,“ said she, „and yet you always run in your old path, and that won't suit me.“

Scarcely had the Moon taken a sorrowful departure than the Sun drove up. He rode in a golden coach drawn by twenty gold-red horses, and brought thirty presents with him. But all his splendour and magnificence and rich presents went for nothing; for Lindu said, „I don't like you. You always run on the same course day by day, just like the Moon.“

At length the Northern Light came from midnight in a diamond coach drawn by a thousand white horses. His arrival was so splendid that Lindu went to the door to meet him. His attendant carried a whole coach-load of gold and silver, pearls, and jewellery into her house. And behold, the bridegroom and his presents pleased Lindu so much that she accepted him at once, saying, „You don't always travel the same path, like the others. You set out when you will, and rest when it pleases you. Each time you appear in new splendour and magnificence, and each time you don a new robe, and each time you ride in a

new coach with new horses. You are the fitting bridegroom whom one can receive with joy."

Now they celebrated their betrothal with great splendour. But the Sun, Moon, and Pole Star looked on sadly, and envied the happiness of the Northern Light.

The Northern Light could not tarry long in the bride's house, for he was obliged to journey back towards midnight. But before his departure he promised soon to return for the wedding, and to carry the maiden to his home in the North. In the meantime she was to prepare her trousseau and get everything ready for the wedding.

Lindu now waited and made everything ready. One day followed another, but the bridegroom came not to hold a joyous wedding with his bride. The winter passed away, and the warm spring adorned the earth with new beauty; then came the summer, but Lindu waited in vain for her bridegroom; nothing was seen of him.

Then she began to lament bitterly, and sorrowed day and night. She sat in the meadow by the river in her bridal robes and white veil and the wreath on her head, and from her thousand tears sprang the little brooks in the valley. She did not heed the little birds who flew about her head and shoulders, and sought to soothe her with their soft blandishments, nor did she remember to direct their migrations to foreign parts, and to care for their nurture and food. So they wandered about and flew from place to place, not knowing what to do or where to remain.

At length the news of the maiden's distress and the needs of the birds came to the ears of Uku. Then he resolved in his heart to help them all, and ordered the winds to carry his daughter to him, away from the misery of the world. While Lindu was sitting on the ground weeping and lamenting, the winds sank down before her, and

lifted her so gently that she herself perceived it not, and bore her away to heaven, where they set her down on the blue firmament.

There dwells Lindu still in a heavenly pavilion. Her white bridal veil spreads from one end of the heavens to the other, and he who lifts his eyes to the Milky Way beholds the maiden in her bridal robes. From thence she still directs the birds on their long migrations; from thence she still gazes towards midnight at the other end of the heavens, and waves her hand in greeting to the Northern Light. There she has forgotten her sorrow, and her former happy life reawakens in her heart. And when winter approaches, she sees with joy that the Northern Light visits her as a guest, and asks after his bride. Often he rises up to her, and, heart to heart, renews the bond of their love. But they may not hold their wedding. Uku has stationed the maiden in the heavens with her bridal robe and veil, and the bridegroom cannot carry his love from her seat. Thus has Uku in his wisdom determined, and thus has the Milky Way arisen.

13. The Treasure-Bringer.

Once upon a time there lived a young farmer whose crops totally failed. His harvest had been spoiled, his hay parched up, and all his cattle died, so that he was unable to perform his lawful obligations to his feudal superior. One Sunday he was sitting at his door in great trouble, just as the people were going to church. Presently Michel, an old fellow who used to wander about the country, came up. He had a bad reputation; people said that he

was a wizard, and that he used to suck the milk from the cows, to bring storms and hail upon the crops, and diseases upon the people. So he was never allowed to depart without alms when he visited a farm.

„Good day, farmer,“ said Michel, advancing.

„God bless you,“ answered the other.

„What ails you?“ said the old man. „You are looking very miserable.“

„Alas! everything is going with me badly enough. But it is a good thing that you have come. People say that you have power to do much evil, but that you are a clever fellow. Perhaps you can help me.“

„People talk evil of others because they themselves are evil,“ answered the old man. „But what is to be done?“

The farmer told him all his misfortunes, and Michel said, „Would you like to escape from all your troubles, and to become a rich man all at once?“

„With all my heart!“ cried the other.

Old Michel answered, with a smile, „If I were as young and strong as you, and if I had sufficient courage to face the darkness of night, and knew how to hold my tongue, I know what I'd do.“

„Only tell me what you know. I will do anything if I can only become rich, for I am weary of my life at present.“

Then the old man looked cautiously round on all sides, and then said in a whisper, „Do you know what a Kratt is?“

The farmer was startled, and answered, „I don't know exactly, but I have heard dreadful tales about it.“

„I'll tell you,“ said the old man. „Mark you, it is a creature that anybody can make for himself, but it must be done so secretly that no human eye sees it. Its body is a broomstick, its head a broken jug, its nose a piece

of glass, and its arms two reels which have been used by an old crone of a hundred years. All these things are easy to procure. You must set up this creature on three Thursday evenings at a cross-road, and animate it with the words which I will teach you. On the third Thursday the creature will come to life."

"God preserve us from the evil one!" cried the farmer.

"What! you are frightened? Have I told you too much already?"

"No, I'm not frightened at all. Go on."

The old man continued, "This creature is then your servant, for you have brought him to life at a cross-road. Nobody can see him but his master. He will bring him all kinds of money, corn, and hay, as often as he likes, but not more at once than a man's burden."

"But, old man, if you knew all this, why haven't you yourself made such a useful treasure-carrier, instead of which you have remained poor all your life?"

"I have been about to do it a hundred times, and have made a beginning a hundred times, but my courage always failed me. I had a friend who possessed such a treasure-carrier, and often told me about it, but I could not screw up courage to follow his example. My friend died and the creature, left without a master, lived in the village for a long time, and wrought all manner of tricks among the people. He once tore all a woman's yarn to pieces; but when it was discovered, and they were going to remove it, they found a heap of money underneath. After this no more was seen of the creature. At that time I should have been glad enough to have a treasure-bringer, but I am now old and grey, and think no more of it."

"I've plenty of courage," said the farmer; "but wouldn't it be better for me to consult the parson about it?"

„No; you mustn't mention it to anybody, but least of all to the parson; for if you call the creature to life, you sell your soul to the devil.“

The farmer started back in horror.

„Don't be frightened,“ said the old man. „You are sure of a long life in exchange, and of all your heart desires. And if you feel that your last hour is approaching, you can always escape from the clutches of the evil one, if you are clever enough to get rid of your familiar.“

„But how can this be done?“

„If you give him a task which he is unable to perform, you are rid of him for the future. But you must set about it very circumspectly, for he is not easy to outwit. The peasant of whom I told you wanted to get rid of his familiar, and ordered him to fill a barrel of water with a sieve. But the creature fetched and spilled water, and did not rest till the barrel was filled with the drops which hang on the sieve.“

„So he died, without getting rid of the creature?“

„Yes; why didn't he manage the affair better? But I have something more to tell you. The creature must be well fed, if he is to be kept in good-humour. A peasant once put a dish of broth under the roof for his familiar, as he was in the habit of doing. But a labourer saw it, so he ate the broth, and filled the dish with sand. The familiar came that night, and beat the farmer unmercifully, and continued to do so every night till he discovered the reason, and put a fresh dish of broth under the roof. After this he let him alone. And now you know all,“ said the old man.

The farmer sat silent, and at last replied, „There is much about it that is unpleasant, Michel.“

„You asked for my advice,“ answered the old man, „and I have given it you. You must make your own choice. Want and misery have come upon you. This is the only way in which you can save yourself and become a rich man; and if you are only a little prudent, you will cheat the devil out of your soul into the bargain.“

After some reflection, the farmer answered, „Tell me the words which I am to repeat on the Thursdays.“

„What will you give me, then?“ said the old man.

„When I have the treasure-bringer, you shall live the life of a gentleman.“

„Come, then,“ said the old man, and they entered the house together.

After this Sunday the young farmer was seen no more in the village. He neglected his work in the fields, and left what little was left there to waste, and his household management went all astray. His man loafed about the public-houses, and his maid-servant slept at home, for her master himself never looked after anything.

In the meantime the farmer sat in his smoky room. He kept the door locked, and the windows closely curtained. Here he worked hard day and night at the creature in a dark corner by the light of a pinesplinter. He had procured everything necessary, even the reels on which a crone of a hundred years old had spun. He put all the parts together carefully, fixed the old pot on the broomstick, made the nose of a bit of glass, and painted in the eyes and mouth red. He wrapped the body in coloured rags, according to his instructions, and all the time he thought with a shudder that it was now in his power to bring this uncanny creature to life, and that he must remain with him till his end. But when he thought of the riches and treasures, all his horror vanished. At length the crea-

ture was finished, and on the following Thursday the farmer carried it after nightfall to the cross-roads in the wood. There he put down the creature, seated himself on a stone, and waited. But every time he looked at the creature he nearly fell to the ground with terror. If only a breeze sprung up, it went through the marrow of his bones, and if only the screech-owl cried afar off, he thought he heard the croaking of the creature, and the blood froze in his veins. Morning came at last, and he seized the creature, and slunk away cautiously home.

On the second Thursday, it was just the same. At length the night of the third Thursday came, and now he was to complete the charm. There was a howling wind, and the moon was covered with thick dark clouds, when the farmer brought the creature to the cross-roads at dead of night. Then he set it up as before, but he thought, „If I was now to smash it into a thousand pieces, and then go home and set hard at work, I need not then do anything wicked.“

Presently, however, he reflected: „But I am so miserably poor, and this will make me rich. Let it go as it may, I can't be worse off than I am now.“

He looked fearfully round him, turned towards the creature trembling, let three drops of blood fall on it from his finger, and repeated the magic words which the old man had taught him.

Suddenly the moon emerged from the clouds and shone upon the place where the farmer was standing before the figure. But the farmer stood petrified with terror when he saw the creature come to life. The spectre rolled his eyes horribly, turned slowly round, and when he saw his master again, he asked in a grating voice, „What do you want of me?“

But the farmer was almost beside himself with fear, and could not answer. He rushed away in deadly terror, not caring whither. But the creature ran after him, clattering and puffing, crying out all the time, „Why did you bring me to life if you desert me now?“

But the farmer ran on, without daring to look round.

Then the creature grasped his shoulder from behind with his wooden hand, and screamed out, „You have broken your compact by running away. You have sold your soul to the devil without gaining the least advantage for yourself. You have set me free. I am no longer your servant, but will be your tormenting demon, and will persecute you to your dying hour.“

The farmer rushed madly to his house, but the creature followed him, invisible to every one else.

From this hour everything went wrong with the farmer which he undertook. His land produced nothing but weeds, his cattle all died, his sheds fell in, and if he took anything up, it broke in his hand. Neither man nor maid would work in his house, and at last all the people held aloof from him, as from an evil spirit who brought misfortune wherever he appeared.

Autumn came, and the farmer looked like a shadow, when one day he met old Michel, who saluted him, and looked scoffingly in his face.

„Oh, it's you,“ cried the farmer angrily. „It is good that I have met you, you hell-hound. Where are all your fine promises of wealth and good luck? I have sold myself to the devil, and I find a hell on earth already. But all this is your doing!“

„Quiet, quiet!“ said the old man. „Who told you to meddle with evil things if you had not courage? I gave you fair warning. But you showed yourself a coward at

the last moment, and released the creature from your service. If you had not done this, you might have become a rich and prosperous man, as I promised you."

"But you never saw the horrible face of the creature when he came to life," said the farmer in anguish. "Oh, what a fool I was to allow myself to be tempted by you!"

"I did not tempt you; I only told you what I knew."

"Help me now."

"Help yourself, for I can't. Haven't I more reason to complain of you than you of me? I have not deceived you; but where is my reward, and the fine life you promised me? You are the deceiver."

"All right! all right! Only tell me how I can save myself, and advise me what to do. I will perform everything."

"No," said the old man, "I have no further advice to give you. I am still a beggar, and it is all your fault;" and he turned round and left him.

"Curse upon you!" cried the farmer, whose last hope had vanished.

"But can't I save myself in any way?" said he to himself. "This creature who sits with the devil on my neck is after all nothing but my own work, a thing of wood and potsherds. I must needs be able to destroy him, if I set about it right."

He ran to his house, where he now lived quite alone. There stood the creature in a corner, grinning, and asking, "Where's my dinner?"

"What shall I give you to get rid of you?"

"Where's my dinner? Get my dinner, quick. I'm hungry."

"Wait a little; you shall have it presently."

Then the farmer took up a pine-faggot which was burning in the stove, as if pondering, and then ran out, and locked all the doors on the outside.

It was a cold autumn night. The wind whistled through the neighbouring pine forest with a strange sighing sound.

„Now you may burn and roast, you spirit of hell!“ cried the farmer, and cast the fire on the thatch. Presently the whole house was wrapped in bright flames.

Then the farmer laughed madly, and kept on calling out, „Burn and roast!“

The light of the fire roused the people of the village, and they crowded round the ill-starred spot. They wished to put out the fire and save the house, but the farmer pushed them back, saying, „Let it be. What does the house matter, if he only perishes? He has tormented me long enough, and I will plague him now, and all may yet be well with me.“

The people stared at him in amazement as he spoke. But now the house fell in crashing, and the farmer shouted, „Now he's burnt!“

At this moment the creature, visible only to the farmer, rose unhurt from the smoking ruins with a threatening gesture. As soon as the farmer saw him, he fell on the ground with a loud shriek.

„What do you see?“ asked old Michel, who had just arrived on the scene, and stood by smiling.

But the farmer returned no answer. He had died of terror.

14. The Courageous Barn-Keeper.

Once upon a time there lived a barn-keeper who had few to equal him in courage. The Old Boy himself admitted that a bolder man had never yet appeared on earth. In the evening, when the threshers were no longer at work in

the barn, he often paid a visit to the barn-keeper, and never tired of talking with him. He was under the impression that the barn-keeper did not recognise him, and supposed him to be only an ordinary peasant; but his host knew him well enough, though he pretended not, and had made up his mind to box Old Hornie's ears if he could. One evening the Old Boy began to complain of the hard life of a bachelor, and how he had nobody to knit him a pair of stockings or to hem a handkerchief. The barn-keeper answered, „Why don't you go a-wooing, my brother?“ The Old Boy returned, „I've tried my luck often enough, but the girls won't have me. The younger and prettier they are, the more they laugh at me.“

The barn-keeper advised him to court old maids or widows, who would be much easier to win, and who would not be so likely to despise a suitor. The Old Boy took his advice, and some weeks afterwards married an old maid; but it was not long before he came back to the barn-keeper to complain of his troubles. His newly-married wife was full of tricks; she left him no rest night or day, and tormented him continually. „What sort of a man are you,“ laughed the barn-keeper, „to allow your wife to wear the trousers? If you marry a wife, you must take care to be master.“ The Old Boy answered, „I couldn't manage her. If she chose to bring anybody else into the house, I couldn't venture to set foot in it.“ The barn-keeper sought to comfort him, and advised him to try his luck elsewhere; but the Old Boy thought that the first trial was enough, and had no inclination to put his neck under a woman's yoke again.

In the autumn of the following year, when threshing had begun again, the old acquaintance of the barn-keeper paid him another visit. The latter saw that the peasant had

something on his mind, but he asked no questions, thinking it best to wait till the other broached the matter himself. He had not long to wait before he heard all the old fellow's misfortunes. During the summer he had made the acquaintance of a young widow who cooed like a dove, so that the little man again thought of courtship. In short, he married her, but discovered afterwards that she was a shocking scold at home, who would gladly have scratched his eyes out of his head, and he had cause to thank his stars that he had escaped from her hands. The barn-keeper remarked, „I see you're good for nothing as a husband, for you are chicken-hearted, and don't know how to manage a wife.“ The Old Boy was forced to acknowledge that it was true. After they had talked awhile about women and marriage, the Old Boy said, „If you are really such a bold man as you pretend, and could tame the most hellish woman that exists, I will show you a way by which you can turn your courage to better account than by subduing a violent woman. Do you know the ruins of the old castle on the mountain? A great treasure lies there since ancient times, which no one has been able to get at, just because nobody has had enough courage to dig it up.“ The barn-keeper said, smiling, „If nothing more is needed than courage, the treasure is already as good as in my pocket.“ Then the Old Boy told him that he must go to dig up the treasure next Thursday night, when the moon would be full; but added, „Take good care that you are not a bit afraid, for if your heart fails you, or if only a muscle of your body trembles, you will not only lose the expected treasure, but may even lose your life, like many others who have tried their luck before you. If you don't believe me, you may go into any farmhouse, and the people will tell you what they have heard about the walls of the old castle. Many

people even profess to have seen something with their own eyes. But once more, if you value your life, and wish to possess the treasure, beware of all fear."

On the morning of the appointed Thursday, the barn-keeper set out, and although he did not feel the slightest fear, he turned into the village inn, hoping to find somebody there who could give him some kind of information about the ruins of the old castle. He asked the landlord what the old ruins on the hill were, and whether people knew anything about who built them, and who destroyed them. An old farmer, who overheard the question, gave him the following information: „The report goes that a very rich squire lived there many centuries ago, who was lord over vast territories and a great population. This lord ruled with an iron hand, and treated his subjects with great severity, but he had amassed vast wealth by their sweat and blood, and gold and silver poured into his castle on all sides in hogsheads. Here he stored his wealth in deep cellars, where it was secure from thieves and robbers. No one knows how the wealthy miscreant came to his end. One morning the attendants found his bed empty and three drops of blood on the floor. A great black cat, which was never seen before or afterwards, was sitting on the canopy of the bed. It is supposed that this cat was the Evil spirit himself, who had strangled the squire in his bed in this form, and had then carried him off to Pörgu to expiate his crimes. As soon as the relatives of the squire heard of his death, they wished to secure his treasures, but not a single copeck was to be found. It was at first thought that the servants had stolen it, and they were brought to trial; but as they knew that they were innocent, nothing could be extracted from them, even under the torture. In the meantime, many people heard a chinking like money

deep under ground at night, and informed the authorities; and as this was investigated and the report confirmed, the servants were set at liberty. The strange nocturnal chinking was often heard afterwards, and many people dug for the treasure, but nothing was discovered, and no one returned from the caverns under the castle, for they were doubtless seized upon by the same power which had brought the owner of the money to such a dreadful end. Every one saw that there was something uncanny about it, and no one dared to live in the old castle. At length the roof and walls fell in from long exposure to rain and wind, and nothing was left but an old ruin. No one dares to spend the night near it, and still less would any one be rash enough to seek for the ancient treasure there." So said the old farmer.

When the barn-keeper had heard the story, he said, half joking, "I should like to try my luck. Who'll go with me to-morrow night?" The men made the sign of the cross, and declared that their lives were more to them than all the treasures in the world, and that no one could reach these treasures without losing his soul. Then they begged the stranger to recall his words, and not to pledge himself to the Evil One. But the bold barn-keeper gave no heed to their entreaties and expostulations, and resolved to attempt the adventure alone. In the evening he asked the host for a bundle of pine-splinters, that he might not be in the dark, and then inquired the nearest way to the ruins.

One of the peasants, who seemed to be a little bolder than the others, went with him for some distance as his guide with a light lantern. As the sky was cloudy, and it was quite dark, the barn-keeper was obliged to grope his way. The whistling of the wind and the screeching of

the owls were terrible to hear, but could not frighten his bold heart. As soon as he was able to strike a light under the shelter of the masonry, he lit a splinter and looked about for a door or an opening through which he could get down underground. After looking about fruitlessly for some time, at last he discovered a hole at the foot of the wall, which seemed to lead downwards. He put the burning splinter in a crack in the wall, and cleared out so much earth and rubbish with his hands that he could creep through. After he had gone some distance, he came to a flight of stone stairs, and there was now room enough for him to stand upright. He descended the stairs with his bundle of splinters on his shoulder and one burning in his hand, and at last reached an iron door, which was not locked. He pushed the heavy door open, and was about to enter, when a large black cat with fiery eyes dashed through the door like the wind and rushed up the stairs. The barn-keeper thought, „That must be what strangled the lord of the castle;“ so he pushed the door to, threw down the bundle of splinters, and then examined the place more carefully. It was a great wide hall, with doors everywhere in the walls; he counted twelve, and considered which he should try first. „Seven’s a lucky number,“ said he, so he counted till he came to the seventh door, but it was locked, and would not yield. But when he pushed at the door with all his strength, the rusty lock gave way and the door flew open. When the barn-keeper entered, he found a room of moderate size; on one side stood a table and bench, and at the opposite wall was a stove, with a bundle of faggots lying on the ground near the hearth. The inspector then lit a fire, and by its light he found a small pot and a cup of flour standing on the stove, and some salt in a salt-cellar. „Look here!“ cried

the barn-keeper. „Here I find something to eat unexpectedly; I have some water with me in my flask, and can cook some warm porridge.“ So he set the pot on the fire, put some flour and water into it, added some salt, stirred it with a splinter of wood, and boiled his porridge well, after which he poured it into the cup, and set it on the table. The bright fire lit up the room, and he did not need to light a splinter. The bold barn-keeper seated himself at the table, took the spoon, and began to eat the warm porridge. All at once he looked up and saw the black cat with the fiery eyes sitting on the stove. He could not comprehend how the beast had come there, as he had seen it running up the stairs with his own eyes. After this, three loud knocks were struck on the door, till the walls and floor shook. The barn-keeper did not lose his presence of mind, but cried out loudly, „Let anybody enter who has a head on his shoulders!“ Immediately the door flew wide open, and the black cat sprang from the stove and darted through, while sparks of fire flew from its eyes and mouth. As soon as the cat had disappeared, four tall men entered, clad in long white coats, and wearing caps of flame-colour, which shone so brightly that the room became as bright as day. The men carried a bier on their shoulders, and a coffin stood upon it, but still the bold barn-keeper did not feel the least bit afraid. The men set the coffin on the ground without speaking a word, and then one after another went out at the door, and closed it behind them. The cat whined and scratched at the door, as if it wanted to get in, but the barn-keeper did not concern himself, and only ate his warm porridge. When he had eaten enough, he stood up, and looked at the coffin. He broke open the lid, and beneath it he beheld a little man with a long white beard. The barn-keeper

lifted him out, and carried him to the fire to warm him. It was not long before the little old man began to revive, and to move his hands and feet. The bold barn-keeper was not a bit afraid; he took the porridge-pot and the spoon from the table, and began to feed the old man. The latter said presently, „Thank you, my son, for taking pity on such a poor creature as I am, and reviving my body, which was stiff with cold and hunger. I will give you such a princely reward for your good deed that you shall not forget me as long as you live. Behind the stove you will find some pitch-torches, light one and come with me. But first make the door securely fast, that the furious cat may not get in to break your neck. We will afterwards make it so tame that it cannot hurt anybody again.“

As he spoke, the old man raised a square trap-door about three feet broad from the floor, and it was plain that the stone covered the entrance to a cellar. The old man went down the steps first, and the barn-keeper followed him with the torch till they reached a terribly deep cavern.

In this great cellar-like arched cavern lay an enormous heap of money, as big as the largest hay-cock, half silver and half gold. The little old man took from a cupboard in the wall a handful of wax-candles, three bottles of wine, a smoked ham, and a loaf of bread. Then he said to the barn-keeper, „I give you three days' time to count and sort this heap. You must divide the heap into two equal parts, exactly alike, and so that nothing remains over. While you are busy with this, I will lie down by the wall to sleep, but take care not to make the least mistake or I'll strangle you.“

The barn-keeper at once set to work, and the old man lay down. In order to guard against any mistake, the barn-keeper always took two similar coins to divide, whether

thalers or roubles, gold or silver, and he laid one on his right, and the other on his left, to form two heaps. When he found his strength failing, he took a pull at one of the bottles, ate some bread and meat, and then set to work with renewed strength. As he only allowed himself a short sleep at night, in order to get on with his work, he had already finished the sorting on the evening of the second day, but one small piece of silver remained over. What was to be done? This did not trouble the bold barn-keeper; he drew his knife from his pocket, laid the blade on the middle of the coin, and struck the back of the knife so hard with a stone that the coin was split in two halves. One half he laid to the right heap, and the other to the left, after which he roused up the old man, and asked him to inspect the work. When the old man saw the two halves of the last coin lying on the heap to the right and left, he uttered a cry of joy, and fell on the neck of the barn-keeper, stroked his cheeks, and at last exclaimed, „A thousand and again a thousand thanks to you, brave youth, for releasing me from my long, long captivity. I have been obliged to watch over my treasure here for many hundred years, because there was no one who had sufficient courage or sense to divide the money so that nothing was left over. I was therefore forced by a binding oath to strangle one after another, and as no one returned, for the last two hundred years no one has dared to come here, though there was not a night which I allowed to pass without jingling the money. But it was destined for you, O child of good luck! to become my deliverer, after I had almost abandoned all hope, and fancied myself doomed to eternal imprisonment. Thanks, a thousand thanks, for your good deed! Take now one of these heaps of money as the reward for your trouble, but the other you must divide among

the poor, as an atonement for my grievous sins; for when I lived on earth in this castle I was a great libertine and scoundrel. You have still to accomplish one task for my benefit, and for your own. When you go upstairs again, and you meet the great black cat on the stairs, seize it and hang it up. Here is a noose from which it cannot escape again."

Hereupon he took from his bosom a chain woven of fine gold thread, as thick as a shoe-string, which he handed to the barn-keeper, and then vanished, as if he had sunk into the ground. A tremendous crash followed, as if the earth had cloven asunder beneath the barn-keeper's feet. The light went out, and he found himself in thick darkness, but even this unexpected event did not shake his courage. He contrived to grope his way till he came to the stairs, which he ascended till he reached the first room, where he had boiled his porridge. The fire in the hearth had long been extinguished, but he found some sparks among the ashes, which he succeeded in blowing into a flame. The coffin was still standing on the ground, but instead of the old man, the great black cat was sleeping in it. The barn-keeper seized it by the head, slipped the gold chain round its neck, hung it on a strong iron nail in the wall, and then laid down on the floor to rest.

Next morning he made his way out of the ruins, and took the nearest path to the inn from whence he had started. When the host saw that the stranger had escaped unhurt, his joy and astonishment knew no bounds. But the barn-keeper said, "Get me a few dozen sacks to hold a ton, for which I will pay well, and hire horses, so that I can fetch away my treasure." Then the host perceived that the stranger's expedition had not been fruitless, and he immediately fulfilled the rich man's orders.

When the barn-keeper learned from the people what part of the old man's domains was formerly under the authority of the lord of the castle, he assigned one third of the money destined for the poor to this district, handed over the remaining two thirds to the local authorities for distribution, and settled himself with his own money in a distant country, where nobody knew him. His descendants live there as rich people to this day, and extol the bravery of their ancestor, who carried off the treasure.

15. The Moon-Painter.

When the Lord God had created the whole world, the work did not turn out so complete as it ought to have done, for there was an insufficiency of light. In the daytime the sun pursued his course through the firmament, but when he sank at evening, when the evening glow faded into twilight, and all grew dark, thick darkness covered heaven and earth, until the morning redness took the dawn from the hand of the evening glow and heralded a new day. There was neither moonlight nor starlight, but darkness from sunset to sunrise.

The Creator soon perceived the deficiency, and sought to remedy it. So he ordered Ilmarine to see that it should be light on earth by night as well as by day. Ilmarine listened to the command, and went to his forge, where he had already forged the firmament. He threw in silver, and cast it into a large round ball. He covered it with thick gold, lighted a bright fire inside, and ordered it to proceed on its course across the sky. Then he forged innumerable stars, covered them thinly with gold, and fixed each in its place in the firmament.

Now began a new life for the earth. The sun had hardly set, and was borne away by the evening glow, when the golden moon arose from the borders of the sky, set out on his blue path, and illuminated the darkness of night just as the sun illumines the day. Around him twinkled the innumerable host of stars, and accompanied him like a king, until at length he reached the other side of the heavens. Then the stars retired to rest, the moon quitted the firmament, and the sun was conducted by the morning redness to his place, in order that he should give light to the world.

After this, ample light shone upon the earth from above both by day and by night; for the face of the moon was just as clear and bright as that of the sun, and his rays diffused equal warmth. But the sun often shone so fiercely by day that no one was able to work. Thus they preferred to work under the light of the nocturnal keeper of the heavens, and all men rejoiced in the gift of the moon.

But the Devil was very much annoyed at the moon, because he could not carry on his evil practices in his bright light. Whenever he went out in search of prey, he was recognised a long way off, and was driven back home in disgrace. Thus it came about that during all this time he only succeeded in bagging two souls.

So he sat still day and night pondering on what he could do to better his prospects. At last he summoned two of his companions, but they could not give him any good advice. So the three of them consulted together in care and trouble, but nothing feasible occurred to them. On the seventh day they had nothing left to eat, and they sat there sighing, rubbing their empty stomachs, and racking their brains with thought. At last a lucky idea occurred to the Devil himself.

„Comrades,“ he exclaimed, „I know what we can do. We must get rid of the moon, if we want to save ourselves. If there's no moon in the sky, we shall be just as valiant heroes as before. We can carry out our great undertakings by the dim starlight.“

„Shall we pull down the moon from heaven?“ asked his servants.

„No,“ said the Devil, „he is fixed too tight, and we can't get him down. We must do something more likely to succeed. The best we can do is to take tar and smear him with it till he's black. He may then run about the sky as he pleases, but he can't give us any more trouble. The victory then rests with us, and rich booty awaits us.“

The fiendish company approved of the plan of their chief, and were all anxious to get to work. But it was too late at the time, for the moon was just about to set, and the sun was rising. But they worked zealously at their preparations all day till late in the evening. The Devil went out and stole a barrel of tar, which he carried to his accomplices in the wood. Meantime, they had been engaged in making a long ladder in seven pieces, each piece of which measured seven fathoms. Then they procured a great bucket, and made a mop of lime-tree bast, which they fastened to a long handle.

Then they waited for night, and as soon as the moon rose, the Devil took the ladder and the barrel on his shoulder and ordered his two servants to follow him with the bucket and the mop. When they reached a suitable spot, they filled the bucket with tar, threw a quantity of ashes into it, and dipped in the mop. Just at this moment the moon rose from behind the wood. They hastily raised the ladder, and the Devil put the bucket into the hand of one

of his servants, and told him to make haste and climb up, while he stationed the other under the ladder.

Now the Devil and his servant were standing under the ladder to hold it, but the servant could not bear the weight, and it began to shake. The other servant who had climbed up missed his footing on a rung of the ladder, and fell with the bucket on the Devil's neck. The Devil began to pant and shake himself like a bear, and swore frightfully. He paid no more attention to the ladder, and let it go, so it fell on the ground with a thundering crash, and broke into a thousand pieces.

When the Devil found that his work had prospered so ill, and that he had tarred himself all over instead of the moon, he grew mad with rage and fury. He washed and scoured and scraped himself, but the tar and soot stuck to him so tight that he keeps his black colour to the present day.

But although the first experiment had failed, the Devil would not give up his plan. Next day he stole seven more ladders, bound them firmly together, and carried them to the edge of the wood where the moon stands lowest. In the evening, when the moon rose, the Devil planted the ladder firmly on the ground, steadied it with both hands, and sent the other servant up to the moon, cautioning him to hold very tight and beware of slipping. The servant climbed up as quickly as possible with the bucket, and arrived safely at the last rung of the ladder. Just then the moon rose from behind the wood in regal splendour. Then the Devil lifted up the whole ladder, and carried it hastily to the moon. What a great piece of luck! It was really just so long that its end reached the moon.

Then the Devil's servant set to work in earnest. But it's not an easy task to stand on the top of such a ladder and to tar the moon's face over with a mop. Besides, the moon didn't stand still at one place, but went on his appointed course steadily. So the servant tied himself to the moon with a rope, and being thus secure from falling, he took the mop from the bucket, and began to blacken the moon first on the back. But the thick gilding of the pure moon would not suffer any stain. The servant painted and smeared, till the sweat ran from his forehead, until he succeeded at last, with much toil, in covering the back of the moon with tar. The Devil below gazed up at the work with his mouth open, and when he saw the work half finished he danced with joy, first on one foot, and then on the other.

When the servant had blackened the back of the moon, he worked himself round to the front with difficulty, so as to destroy the lustre of the guardian of the heavens on that side also. He stood there at last, painted a little, and thought, when he began, that he would find the front easier to manage than the other side. But no better plan occurred to him, and he had to work in the same way as before.

Just as he was beginning his work again, the Creator woke up from a little nap. He was astonished to see that the world had become half black, though there was not a cloud in the sky. But, when he looked more sharply into the cause of the darkness, he saw the Devil's servant perched on the moon, and just dipping his mop into the bucket in order to make the front of the moon as black as the back. Meantime the Devil was capering for joy below the ladder, just like a he-goat.

„Those are the sort of tricks you are up to behind my back!“ cried the Creator angrily. „Let the evil-doers receive

the fitting reward of their offences. You are on the moon, and there you shall stay with your bucket for ever, as a warning to all who would rob the earth of its light. My light must prevail over the darkness, and the darkness must flee before it. And though you should strive against it with all your strength, you would not be able to conquer the light. This shall be made manifest to all who gaze on the moon at night, when they see the black spoiler of the moon with his utensils."

The Creator's words were fulfilled. The Devil's servant still stands in the moon to this day with his bucket of tar, and for this reason the moon does not shine so brightly as formerly. He often descends into the sea to bathe, and would like to cleanse himself from his stains, but they remain with him eternally. However bright and clear he shines, his light cannot dispel the shadows which he bears, nor pierce through the black covering on his back. When he sometimes turns his back to us, we see him only as a dull opaque creature, devoid of light and lustre. But he cannot bear to show us his dark side long. He soon turns his shining face to the earth again, and sheds down his bright silvery light from above; but the more he waxes, the more distinct becomes the form of his spoiler, and reminds us that light must always triumph over darkness.

16. The Wood of Tontla.

In ancient times there was a beautifully wooded region in Alutaga (north of lake Peipus), which was called the Wood of Tontla. But no one dared to enter it, and those who had chanced to approach it related that they had seen

an old tumbledown house through the thick trees, surrounded by creatures of human appearance, with which the grass swarmed like an anthill. These forms were ragged and dusky, and looked like gipsies, and there were many old women and half-naked children among them. A peasant who had wandered rather deeper into the wood than usual, as he was returning home one dark night after a carouse, beheld a strange sight. A number of women and children were gathered round a bright fire, and some were sitting on the ground while others danced. An old woman held a broad iron shovel in her hand, and every now and then scattered the red hot cinders over the grass, when the children flew up into the air, fluttering about like owls in the rising smoke, and then sinking down again. Then a little old man with a long beard came out of the wood, carrying a sack longer than himself. The woman and children shouted out, and ran to meet him, dancing round him, and trying to pull the sack off his back; but the old man shook himself free. After this, a black cat as large as a foal, which had been sitting on the doorstep glaring with fiery eyes, leaped upon the old man's sack, and then disappeared in the cottage. But as the spectator's head ached and everything swam before his eyes, his report was not clear, and people could not quite distinguish between the false and the true. It was remarkable that such stories were repeated about the Wood of Tontla from generation to generation, without anybody being able to give a more definite account of it. The King of Sweden more than once ordered the wood to be felled, but the people did not venture to execute his command. One day a rash man struck his axe into a tree, when blood flowed, and a cry was heard as of a man in pain. The terrified woodcutter fled, shaking all over with fear; and

after this, no command was so stringent and no reward great enough, to induce a woodcutter to touch the wood of Tontla. It was also very strange that no paths led either into or out of the wood, and that throughout the year no smoke was seen to rise which might indicate the presence of human dwellings. The wood was not large, and it was surrounded by open fields, so that it lay exposed to the view of all. If living creatures had actually dwelt there from olden times, they could only get in and out of the wood by secret subterranean passages; or else they must fly through the air by night, like witches, when all around were asleep. According to tradition, the latter alternative seemed the most probable. Perhaps we shall learn more about these strange birds if we drive on the carriage of the story a little farther, and rest at the next village.

There was a large village a few versts from the Wood of Tontla, where a peasant who had lately been left a widower had married a young wife, and, as often happens, he brought a regular shrew into the house, so that there was no end to the trouble and quarrelling.

The first wife had left a clever and intelligent girl named Elsie, who was now seven years old. The wicked stepmother made the poor child's life more intolerable than hell; she banged and cuffed her from morning to night, and gave her worse food than the dogs. As the woman was mistress in the house, the father could not protect his daughter, and even the smoke of the house was forced to dance to the woman's tune. Elsie had now endured this miserable life for more than two years, and had shed many tears, when she went out one Sunday with the other village children to pluck berries. They strolled about as children do, till they came accidentally to the borders of the Wood of Tontla, where the grass was quite red with the

finest strawberries. The children ate the sweet berries, and gathered as many as they could into their baskets, when all at once one of the older boys recognised the dreaded spot and cried out, „Fly, fly, for we are in the Wood of Tontla!“ The wood was more dreaded than thunder and lightning, and the children rushed off as if all the monsters of the wood were close upon their heels. But Elsie, who had gone rather farther than the others, and had found some very fine strawberries under the trees, went on plucking them, although she heard the boy shout. She only thought, „The dwellers in the Tontla Wood cannot be worse than my stepmother at home.“

Presently a little black dog with a silver bell hung round its neck ran up to her barking. This brought a little girl dressed in fine silken garments to the spot, who quieted the dog, and said to Elsie, „It is a good thing that you did not run away like the other children. Stay with me for company, and we will play very nice games together, and go to pluck berries every day. My mother will not refuse her consent, if I ask her. Come, and we will go to her at once.“ Then the beautiful strange child seized Elsie by the hand, and led her deeper into the wood. The little black dog barked for pleasure now, and jumped upon Elsie and licked her hand as if she were an old acquaintance.

O what wonders and magnificence made Elsie open her eyes! She thought herself in heaven. A beautiful garden lay before her, filled with trees and bushes laden with fruit; birds were sitting on the branches, more brightly coloured than the most brilliant butterflies, and decked with feathers of gold and silver. And the birds were not shy, but allowed the children to take them in their hands at pleasure. In the midst of the garden stood the dwelling-house, built of glass and precious stones, so that the roof

and walls shone like the sun. A lady clad in beautiful robes sat on a bench before the door, and asked her daughter, „Who is this guest you have brought with you?“ Her daughter answered, „I found her alone in the wood, and brought her with me for company. Won't you allow her to stay here?“ The mother smiled, but did not speak, and scanned Elsie sharply from head to foot. Then she told Elsie to come nearer, patted her cheek, and asked in a friendly way where she lived, whether her parents were still alive, and if she would like to stay here. Elsie kissed the lady's hand and fell down and embraced her knees, and then answered, weeping, „My mother has long been at rest under the turf —

„My mother was borne to the grave,
And none left to comfort or save.

„It is true that my father still lives, but this is small comfort to me when my stepmother hates me, and beats me unmercifully every day. I cannot do anything to please her. O my dearest lady, let me stay here! Let me mind the flocks, or set me to any other work and I will do anything, and will be always obedient to you, but don't send me back to my stepmother. She would beat me almost to death, because I did not go back with the other village children.“ The lady smiled, and answered, „We will see what we can do for you.“ Then she rose from the bench and went into the house. Meantime the daughter said to Elsie, „Take comfort, for my mother is friendly to you. I can see in her face that she will consent to our wishes as soon as she has had time to think over the matter.“ She then followed her mother into the house, leaving Elsie waiting outside. Elsie's heart palpitated with hope and fear, and she waited anxiously for the decision which was to be announced to her.

After a time the daughter came out again with a box of toys in her hand, and said, „My mother says we are to play together while she considers what is to be done about you. I hope you will stay here, for I don't want to let you leave me again. Have you been for a row on the lake?“ Elsie stared, and asked, „On the lake! What is that? I never heard anything about it.“ „You'll see presently,“ said the young lady, taking off the lid of the box. It contained a leaf of lady's-smock, a mussel-shell, and two fish-bones. There were a few drops of water glittering on the leaf, which the girl threw on the grass. Immediately the grass, the garden, and everything else vanished, as if they had sunk in the ground, and water spread around to the horizon in every direction. Only a small patch remained dry under the feet of the children. Then the young lady set the shell in the water, and took the fish-bones in her hand. The shell began to expand, until it became a pretty boat, in which a dozen children or more could easily have found room. The two seated themselves in it, Elsie not without hesitation, but her companion only laughed, and the fish-bones turned to oars in her hands. The children were rocked by the waves as if they were in a cradle, and presently other boats came in sight, and the people in them were laughing and singing. „We should sing back to them,“ said the young lady; but Elsie did not know how to sing; so she herself began to sing very sweetly. Elsie could not understand much of what the others sang, but she heard the word *Kiisike*¹⁾ repeated several times, and asked what it meant, and her companion answered, „That is my name.“ They floated thus together for a long time, till they heard a voice crying, „Come home, children, for it is nearly

¹⁾ Pussy.

evening." Kiisike took the box out of her pocket, and dipped the leaf in the water, so that a few drops lay upon it. Instantly they found themselves in the garden near the beautiful house: everything looked as firm and solid as before, and no water was to be seen anywhere. The shell and fish-bones were put back into the box with the leaf, and the children went home.

Here they saw four-and-twenty ladies sitting round a dinner-table, all splendidly dressed as if for a wedding. The lady of the house sat at the head of the table in a golden chair.

Elsie's eyes did not know how to admire sufficiently all the splendour which surrounded her. Thirteen gold and silver dishes stood upon the table, but one of these was taken up and carried away without the cover having been removed. Elsie ate of the dainty dishes, which were nicer than cakes, and again she thought she must be in heaven, for she could not imagine anything like this on earth.

During dinner, conversation was carried on in low tones, but in a foreign language of which Elsie did not understand a word. At length the lady spoke to a maid who stood behind her chair. The latter went out, and soon returned accompanied by a little old man, whose beard was longer than himself. The old man made a bow, and stood waiting at the door. The lady pointed to Elsie, and said, „Look at this little peasant girl; I am going to adopt her as my foster-child. Make me an image of her, which we can send to the village to-morrow in her stead.“ The old man looked at Elsie sharply, as if to take her measure, bowed to the lady again, and left the room. After dinner the lady said kindly to Elsie, „Kiisike has asked me to keep you here as a companion for her, and you said yourself that you would like to stay with us. Is this really so?“

Elsie fell on her knees, and kissed the hands and feet of the lady in gratitude for her deliverance from her cruel stepmother. But the lady raised her from the ground, stroked her head and her tearful cheeks, and said, „If you are always a good and diligent child, it shall fare well with you. I will take care of you, and you shall be carefully instructed in everything useful till you are grown up, and are able to shift for yourself. My governess, who teaches Kiisike, shall teach you all kinds of fine work, and other things besides.“

After a time the old man came back with a long trough on his shoulder filled with clay, and a covered basket in his left hand. He set them down on the ground, and took a piece of clay, which he moulded into a doll. The body was hollow, and he put three salt herrings and a bit of bread into it. Then he made a hole in the breast of the doll, took a black snake a yard long from the basket and made it creep through. The snake hissed and lashed its tail as if it resisted, but he forced it through the hole. After the lady had carefully inspected the doll on all sides, the old man said, „We want nothing more now but a drop of the peasant girl's blood.“ Elsie turned pale with terror when she heard this, for she thought that her soul was sold to the Evil One. But the lady comforted her and said, „Fear nothing. We don't want your blood for any evil purpose, but for a good end, and for your future happiness.“ Then she took a small gold needle, and pricked Elsie's arm, after which she gave the needle to the old man, who thrust it into the heart of the doll. Then he put the doll into the basket to grow, and promised to show the lady the result of his work next morning. Then they retired to rest, and a chambermaid showed Elsie to a room where she found a soft bed ready for her. When

she opened her eyes next morning in the silken bed with soft pillows, she found herself wearing a shift of fine linen, and she saw rich garments lying on a chair near the bed. Then a girl came into the room, and told Elsie to wash herself and comb her hair, after which she dressed her from head to foot in the fine new clothes, like the proudest child. Nothing delighted Elsie so much as the shoes, for until now she had always gone barefoot. Elsie thought that no king's daughter could possess the like. She was so delighted with the shoes that she had no time to admire the rest of her outfit, although everything was beautiful. The poor clothes which she had worn had been removed during the night, for a purpose which she was afterwards to discover. They were put on the doll, which was to be sent to the village in her place. The doll had grown in its case during the night, and had now become a perfect image of Elsie, and ran about like a creature which God had made. Elsie was startled when she saw the doll, which looked exactly like what she herself had been yesterday. When the lady saw Elsie's alarm, she said, „Don't be afraid, child. This clay image cannot do you any harm, and we will send it to your stepmother, for her to beat. She may beat it as much as she likes, for the image is as hard as stone, and cannot feel pain. But if the wicked woman does not alter her conduct, your image will some day punish her as she deserves.“

After this, Elsie lived as happily as any spoiled child which is rocked in a golden cradle. She had neither sorrow nor weariness to suffer; her lessons became easier and easier every day, and her hard life in the village seemed now no more than a bad dream. But the more happiness she found in this new life, the more wonderful everything appeared to her. It could not be natural, and some

mysterious power must rule over everything here. A rock of granite stood in the enclosure about twenty paces from the house. When meal-time approached, the old man with the long beard went to the rock, drew a silver wand from his bosom, and struck the rock three times, when it gave out a clear sound. Then a large golden cock sprang out, and perched upon the rock; and as often as he clapped his wings and crowed, something came out of the rock. First came a long table with covers ready laid for all the company, and the table moved into the house of itself, as if on the wings of the wind. When the cock crowed a second time, chairs went after the table, followed by one dish after another. Everything leaped out of the rock, and flew like the wind to the table. It was the same with bottles of mead and apples and pears; everything seemed alive, so that no one needed to fetch and carry anything. When everybody had eaten enough, the old man knocked on the rock a second time with his silver wand, and then the golden cock crowed, and the bottles, dishes, plates, chairs, and table went back into the rock. But when the thirteenth dish came, from which nothing was eaten, a great black cat ran after it, and sat on the rock with the cock, till the old man carried them away. He took the dish in his hand, the cat on his arm, and the golden cock on his shoulder, and disappeared with them under the rock. Not only food and drink, but everything else required for the household, and even clothes, came out of the rock upon the crowing of the cock. Although but little conversation was carried on at table, and even that in a foreign language, the lady and the governess talked and sang a great deal in the house and garden. In time Elsie also learned to understand almost everything, but years elapsed before she could attempt to speak the strange language

herself. One day Elsie asked Kiisike why the thirteenth dish came to table every day, although nobody ate anything from it; but Kiisike could not tell her. However, she must have asked her mother, who sent for Elsie a few days afterwards, and talked to her very seriously. „Do not vex your soul with useless curiosity. You would like to know why we never eat from the thirteenth dish? Mark well, dear child: this is the dish of hidden blessing. We dare not touch it, or our happy life would come to an end. It would be much better, too, for men in this world if they did not grasp avariciously after all things without returning anything in gratitude to the Heavenly Dispenser. Avarice is the worst fault of mankind.“

The years flew by with arrow-like swiftness, and Elsie had now become a blooming maiden, and had learned many things which would never have become known to her during her whole life, if she had lived in the village. But Kiisike remained the same little child as on the day when she first met Elsie in the wood. The governess who lived in the house with the lady instructed Kiisike and Elsie for some hours daily in reading and writing, and in all kinds of fine work. Elsie learned everything easily, but Kiisike had more taste for childish games than for her lessons. When the whim took her, she threw her work away, caught up her little box, and ran out of doors to play on the lake, and nobody scolded her. Sometimes she said to Elsie, „It's a pity you've grown so big: you can't play with me any longer.“

Nine years passed in this way, and one evening the lady sent for Elsie to come to her room. This surprised Elsie, for the lady had never sent for her before; and her heart beat almost to bursting. When Elsie entered, she saw that the lady's cheeks were red, and her eyes were filled with tears, which she hastily wiped away as if to

hide them. „My dear child,“ said the lady, „the time has come when we must part.“ „Part!“ exclaimed Elsie, throwing herself at the lady's feet. „No, dear lady, we must never part till death shall separate us. I have always behaved well; don't drive me from you.“ But the lady said soothingly, „Calm yourself, child. You do not yet know how much it will increase your happiness. You are now grown up, and I must not keep you here any longer in confinement. You must go back among mankind, where happiness awaits you.“ Elsie still besought her, „Dear lady, don't send me away; I wish for no other happiness than to live and die with you. Let me be your chambermaid, or give me any other work to do that you like, only don't send me out into the wide world again. It would have been better for you to have left me with my stepmother in the village than for me to have spent so many years in heaven only to be thrust out again into hell.“ „Be still, dear child,“ said the lady. „You cannot understand what it is my duty to do for your good, hard as it is for me also. But everything must be done as I direct. You are a child of mortal man, and your years must come at length to an end, and therefore you cannot remain here any longer. I myself and those around me possess human forms, but we are not human beings like you, but beings of a higher order, whom you cannot comprehend. You will find a beloved husband far away from here, who is destined for you, and you will live happily with him, until your days draw to a close. It is not easy for me to part with you, but so it must be, and therefore you must also submit quietly.“ Then she passed her golden comb through Elsie's hair and told her to go to bed. But how should poor Elsie sleep this unhappy night? Her life seemed like a dark starless night-sky.

We will leave Elsie in her trouble, and go to the village to see what is taking place at her father's house, to which the clay image was sent for the stepmother to beat in Elsie's stead. It is well known that a wicked woman does not improve with age. It sometimes happens that a wild youth becomes a quiet lamb in his old age; but if a girl whose heart is bad assumes the matron's cap, she becomes like a raging wolf in her old days. The stepmother tortured the clay image like a firebrand from hell both day and night, but she could not hurt the impassive creature, whose body was impervious to pain. If the husband endeavoured to protect his child, she beat him too, as a reward for his attempts at peacemaking. One day the stepmother had again beaten her clay daughter terribly, and threatened to kill her. In her fury she seized the clay image by the throat with both hands, and was going to strangle it, when a black snake glided hissing from the child's mouth and bit the stepmother in the tongue, so that she fell dead without uttering a sound. When the husband returned home in the evening, he found the dead and swollen body of his wife lying on the floor, but his daughter was nowhere to be found. He cried out, and some of the villagers assembled. They had heard a great noise in the house about noon, but as this was an almost daily occurrence, no one had gone in. In the afternoon all was quiet, but no one had seen the daughter. The body of the dead woman was washed and shrouded, and peas were boiled in salt for those who should watch the dead during the night. The weary man went to his room to rest, and sincerely thanked his stars that he was rid of this firebrand from hell. He found three salt herrings and a piece of bread on the table, which he ate, and then went to bed. Next morning he was found dead in bed, with his body swollen up like that of the woman.

A few days afterwards they were carried to the grave, where they could do each other no more harm. The peasants troubled themselves no further concerning the vanished daughter.

Elsie did not close her eyes all night. She wept and lamented the necessity of parting with her happiness so soon and so unexpectedly. In the morning the lady placed a gold seal-ring on Elsie's finger, and hung a small golden casket round her neck. Then she called the old man, pointed to Elsie with her hand, and took leave of her in the same gesture. Elsie was just going to thank her for her kindness, when the old man touched her head gently three times with his silver wand. Elsie felt immediately that she was changed into a bird. Her arms became wings, and her legs became eagle's legs with long claws, and her nose became a curved beak, while feathers covered her whole body. Then she rose up suddenly into the air, and soared away below the clouds like an eagle hatched from the egg. She flew southwards thus for several days, and would gladly have rested sometimes when her wings grew weary, but she felt no hunger. It came to pass one day that she was flying above a low wood where dogs were barking, which could not harm the bird, for they had no wings. All at once she felt her feathers pierced through with a sharp arrow, and she fell to the ground and fainted with terror.

When Elsie awoke from her swoon and opened her eyes wide, she found herself lying under a bush in her human shape. How she came there, and all the other strange events which had happened to her, lay behind her like a dream. Presently a handsome young prince rode up, sprang from his horse, and gave his hand kindly to Elsie, saying, „By good fortune I rode here this morning. I have dreamed, dear lady, every night for the last half-year that I should

find you here in the wood. Although I have ridden this way to no purpose more than a hundred times, my longing and my hopes were not extinguished. I shot a great eagle to-day, which must have fallen here, and I went to seek the game, and instead of the eagle I found you!" Then he helped Elsie to mount the horse, and rode with her to the town, where the old king gave her a friendly reception. A few days afterwards they prepared a splendid wedding; and on the wedding morning fifty loads of treasure arrived, which had been sent by Elsie's dear foster-mother. After the old king's death, Elsie became queen, and in her old age she herself related the adventures of her youth. But since that time no one has ever seen or heard any more of the Wood of Tontla.

17. Videvik, Koit and Ämarik.

(Twilight, Dawn, and Evening Twilight.)

The Creator had three diligent servants — two fair and lovely maidens, Videvik and Ämarik and the slender youth Koit. They fulfilled his orders and looked after his affairs. One evening at sunset, Videvik, the eldest, came back from ploughing with her oxen, and led them to the river to drink. But maidens are always accustomed to think first of their own bright faces, and so was it with the charming Videvik. She thought no more of the oxen, but stepped to the water's edge and looked down. And behold, her brown eyes and red cheeks looked back upon her from the surface of the stream, and her heart beat with pleasure. But the Moon, whom the Creator had ordered to take the place of the setting sun to enlighten the world, forgot his duty, and

hurried down to the earth to the bed of the stream. Here he stayed with Videvik, mouth to mouth and lip to lip.

But while the Moon thus forgot his duty, his light became extinguished, and thick darkness covered the land as he lay on Videvik's heart. And now a great misfortune happened. The wolf, the wild beast of the forest, who could work mischief when no eye could see him, attacked one of Videvik's oxen and tore him to pieces. The nightingale sang loudly through the dark thicket, „Idle maid, idle maid, long is the night. Black stripes to the yoke, to the yoke! Bring the whip, bring the whip, whip, whip whip.“ But Videvik heard nothing. She had forgotten everything but her love.

Early in the morning, when Koit rose from his couch, Videvik awakened at last from her dream of love. When she saw the evil deed that the wolf had wrought, she began to weep bitterly. But the tears of her innocent affliction were not hidden from the Creator. He descended from his heaven to punish the evil-doer and to bring the criminal to justice. He dealt out severe punishment to the wolf, and yoked him high in heaven with the ox, to draw water for ever, driven by the iron rod of the pole-star. But to Videvik he said, „As the Moon has touched thee with the light of his beauty and has wooed thee, I will forgive thee, and if thou lovest him from thy heart, I will not hinder you, and you shall be wedded. But from thee, Videvik, I look for faithful watch and vigilance that the Moon begins his course at the right time, and that deep darkness falls no more on earth at night, when the evil powers can work mischief at their pleasure. Rule over the night, and take care that a happy peace prevails in its course.“

Thus the Moon received Videvik as his wife. Her friendly countenance still smiles down upon us, and-is

reflected in the mirror of the brook, where she first enjoyed the love of her consort.

Then the Creator summoned Koit and Ämarik to his presence, and said, „I will guard against any further negligence respecting the light of the world, lest darkness should again get the upper hand, and I will appoint two watchers under whose care all shall run its course. The Moon and Videvik shall illumine the night with their radiance at the appointed time. Koit and Ämarik, to your watch and ward I intrust the light of day beneath the firmament. Fulfil your duty with diligence. To thy care, my daughter Ämarik, I entrust the sinking sun. Receive him on the horizon, and carefully extinguish all the sparks every evening, lest any harm should ensue, and lead him to his setting. Koit, my active son, let it be thy care to receive the sun from the hands of Ämarik when he is ready to begin his course, and to kindle new light, that there may never be any deficiency.“

The two servants of the sun did their duty with diligence, so that the sun was never absent from the sky for a day. Then began the long summer nights when Koit and Ämarik join their hands, when their hearts beat and their lips meet in a kiss, while the birds in the woods sing sweet songs each according to his note, when flowers blossom, the trees flourish, and all the world rejoices. At this time the Creator descended from his golden throne to earth to celebrate the festival. He found all his works and affairs in good order, and rejoiced in his creation, and said to Koit and Ämarik, „I am well pleased with your management, and desire your lasting happiness. From henceforth be husband and wife.“

But the two exclaimed with one voice, „Father, let us enjoy our happiness undisturbed. We are content with our

lot, and will remain lover and beloved, for thus we enjoy a happiness which is ever young and new."

Then the Creator granted them their desire, and returned to his golden heaven.

Vocabulary. — Sõnastik.

A. Foneetiliste märkide seletus.

Täishäälikud.

- : Märk: hääliku järele näitab hääliku pikkust.
' (apostroof) hääliku järele näitab hääliku rõhutamist.
ɑ on pikk a häälik sõnas father — fa:'ðə.
a on a häälik kaksikhäälikutes, nagu sõnades mine, now — main, nau.
æ on ā häälik sõnas hat — hæ.t.
ɛ on pikk lahtine ä häälik sõnas fairy — fe:'əri.
ʌ on lühikene a häälik sõnas but — bʌ.t.
e on e häälik sõnas bed — bed.
ə: on lahtine õ kõlaline häälik sõnas burn — bə:n.
ə on seesama häälik lühidalt sõnas better — betə.
i: on pikk i häälik sõnas key — ki:
i on seesama häälik lühidalt sõnas bit — bit.
ɔ: on lahtine pikk o häälik sõnas call — kɔ:l.
ɔ on seesama häälik lühidalt sõnas hot — hɔ.t.
u: on pikk u häälik sõnas rude — ru:d.
u on seesama häälik lühidalt sõnas put — put.

Lahtiseks nimetatakse täishäälikuid, millede hääldamisel keelepära võimalikult madalal suus on.

Umbhäälikud.

Kõik umbhäälikud, mis Eesti keelele sarnased, on samasuguste foneetiliste märkide abil ära tähendatud, nagu neile wastawad tähed. Nimetatud olgu ainult iseäralised häälikud:

- η on nina häälik sõnas sing — siη.
 w on lühikene u häälik sõnades well, when — wel, wen.
 θ on pehme kõlaline th häälik, mille hääldamisel keel wastu hambaid surutakse, sõnas then — θen.
 θ on seesama hääleta (kõlata) sõnas thistle — θisl.
 z on pehme (kõlaline) s häälik sõnas lose — lu : z.
 s on kõwa (kõlata) s häälik sõnas so — sou.
 f on sisisew Wene ш häälikule wastaw häälik sõnas dash — dæf.
 3 on sisisew Wene ж häälikule wastaw häälik sõnas leisure — le'zə.
 j on j häälik sõnas yes — jes.

B. Sõnade väljarääkimine ja tähendus.

Abandon (əbæ'ndən) maha jätma	advance (ədva:'ns) edasi tungima;
able (eibl) võimukas; to be —	in — ette
võima, jaksama	advantage (ədva:'ntid ₃) kasu
about (əba'ut) ümber, umbes; all —	adventure (ədve'nt/ə) imelik juh-
ümberringi; to be — to do teha	advice (ədva'is) nõu [tumine
mõtlemata	advise (ədva'iz) nõu andma
abrupt (əbrʌ'pt) järsk	afar (əfa:') kaugel
accept (əkse'pt) vastu võtma	affair (əfe'ə) asi, asjaolu
accompany (əkʌ'mpəni) saatma	affected (əfe'ktid) liigutatud
accomplice (əkɒ'mplis) kaassüüdlane	affectionate (əfe'kt/ənət) armastav
accomplish (əkɒ'mplif) täide saatma	affliction (əfli'k/ən) õnnetus
accord (əkɔ:'d) üksmeel; of one's	afoot (əfu't) jala
own — iseenesest	afraid (əfre'd) hirmul; to be —
account (əka'unt) arve; on that —	kartma
sellepärast	afterwards (ɑ:'ftəwədz) pärast
accusation (əkjuze'iʃən) süüdistus	again (əge'n) jälle
accuser (əkju:'zə) süüdistaja	against (əge'nst) vastu
acknowledge (əkno'lid ₃) tunnistama	age (eid ₃) vanadus; to — vana-
acquaintance (əkwe'intəns) tutvus,	nema
tuttav	ago (əgo'u) tagasi; some time —
action (æk'ʃən) tegu, toimetus	mõne aja eest
active (æk'tiv) tegev	agree (əgrɪ:') rahul olema, ühel nõul
actual (æk'tʃuəl) tõelik; — ly tõe-	olema
poolest	agreeable (əgrɪ:'əbl) meeldiv
admiration (ədmi're'i/en) imestus,	aid (eid) abi
imestelemine	air (e'ə) õhk
admire (ədma'iə) imestelema	alarm (ələ:'m) hirm; to — hirmutama
admit (ədmi't) lubama, tunnistama	alight (ələ'it) välja astuma, maha
adopt (ədɔ'pt) kasulapseks võtma	minema, maha lendama
adorn (ədɔ:'n) ilustama	alive (əla'iv) elav; to be — elama

allow (əla'u) lubama, laskma; **to be** — **ed** tohtima
almost (ɔ:'lmoust) peaaegu
alms (ɑ:mz) armuand
alone (əlo'un) ükski
along (əlv'ŋ) edasi; — **with** ühes
aloof (əlu:'f) eemal
aloud (əla'ud) valjult
alter (ɔ:'ltə) muutma
alternative (æltə:'nətiv) valik kahest
although (ɔ:lθo'u) ehk küll
altogether (ɔ:ltəg'e'ðə) üleüldse
aways (ɔ:'wɪz) ikka
amass (əmə's) kokku ajama
amazed (əme'ɪzd) imestanud
amazement (əme'ɪzmənt) imestus
amid (əmi'd) keskel
among (əml'ŋ) hulgas, vahel
amount (əma'unt) tõusma
ample (æmpl) küllalt
amuse (əmjʊ:'z) lõbustama
amusement (əmjʊ:'zmənt) lõbustus
ancestor (æ'nsestə) esivanem
angel (e'ɪndʒəl) ingel
anger (æ'ŋgə) viha
angry (æ'ŋgri) vihane
anguish (æ'ŋwɪʃ) hirm, valu
animate (æ'nimeɪt) elustama
annoy (əno'i) pahandama
answer (ɑ:'nsə) vastus; **to** — vastama
anthill (æ'nθi'l) sipelgapesa
anticipation (æntɪsɪpe'ɪʃən) lootus
anxiety (æŋzə'ɪəti) hirm, mure
anxious (æ'ŋkʃəs) murelik, hirmul
apartment (əpɑ:'tmənt) korter
apparently (əpɛ'ərəntli) nähtavasti
appear (əpi'ə) paistma, ilmuma
appearance (əpi'ərəns) ilmumine; **to make one's** — ilmuma
appoint (əpɔ'ɪnt) seadma, määrama
—ed määratud
appreciate (əpri:'ʃi:ɪt) hindama
approach (əprə'ʊtʃ) lähenemine; **to** — lähenema
armour (ɑ:'mi) sõjariistad
army (ɑ:'mi) sõjavägi
around (əra'und) ringi, ümberringi
arrange (ə'reɪndʒ) korraldama
arrival (əra'ɪvəl) päralejõudmine, tulek
arrive (əra'ɪv) pärale jõudma
arrow-like (æ'rou-laɪk) noolisarnane
art (ɑ:t) kunst; **thou** — sina oled
artful (ɑ:'tʃʊl) kunstlik, kaval
ascend (əse'nd) üles minema, lendama
ashamed (əʃe'ɪmd) häbistud; **to be** — häbenema
ashes (æ'ʃɪz) tuhk
asleep (əslɪ:'p) unes, magades; **to fall** — magama uinuma
ass (æs) eesel
assemble (əse'mbl) kokku koguma
assembly (əse'mbli) koosolek
assign (əsa'in) määrama
assist (əsi'st) aitama
assistance (əsi'stəns) abi
assume (əsju:'m) võtma, enesele lubama
assure (əʃu'ə) tõendama, kinnitama
astonished (əstə'nɪʃt) imestanud
astonishing (əstə'nɪʃɪŋ) imestamiseväärne
astray (əstre'i) kõrwale
asunder (əsʌ'ndə) lahku, katki
atonement (ətə'unnmənt) leppimine
attach (ətætʃ) kiinitama; **to be** — kiinitatud olema, armastama
attachment (ətætʃmənt) armastus
attempt (ətē'mt) katse

attend (ət'end) saatma, käima (kirikus)	bathe (beið) suplema
attendant (ət'ndənt) teenija	bawl (bɔ:l) karjuma
attic (æt'ik) pööning [seadma	beak (bi:k) nokk
attire (ət'a'ɪə) kehakate; to — rildesse	bean (bi:n) uba; — stalk oawars
attract (ət'ræ'kt) külge tõmbama;	bear (be'ə) (bore, born, borne)
to — attention tähelepanekut	kandma, ära kannatama
enese pääle tõmbama	beard (bi'əd) habe
authority (ɔθɔ'riti) ülemus, ametnik	beast (bi:st) loom, elajas
autumn (ɔ:'təm) sügis	beat (bi:t) (beat, beaten) lööma,
avail (əve'il) kasu; to — kasulik	peksma
olema; to — one self of enese	beauteous (bju:'tiəs) ilus
kasuks tarvitama	beautiful (bju:'tiful) ilus
avarice (æ'vəris) ahnus	beauty (bju:'ti) iludus
avaricious (ævəri'fəs) ahne	become (bikl'm) (-came, -come),
awake (əwe'ik) ärkvel; to — (awoke)	saama (millegiks), passima
ärkama	beef (bi:fi) loomaliha
awaken (əwe'ikən) äratama, ärkama	beer (bi'ə) õlu
away (əwe'i) ära	began (bigæ'n) minevik sõnast
awoke (əwo'uk) minevik sõnast	begin
awake	begin (bigi'n) (began, begun) algama
axe (æks) kirves	behalf (biha:'f): on — of (kellegi)
Bachelor (bæ'tʃlə) vanapoiss	pärast, kasuks
backwards (bæ'kwədz) tagurpidi	believe (bili:'v) uskuma
bacon (be'ikən) pekk	belt (belt) vöö
bade (bæd) minevik sõnast bid	belong (bilɔ'ŋ) päralt olema
bag (bæg) kott; to — kotti ajama	below (bilɔ'u) all
bang (bæŋ) peksma	bend (bend) (bent) kumardama,
bank (bæŋk) kallas	paenduma
baptize (bæ'ptaiz) ristima	beneath (bini:'θ) all
Barbary (bɑ:'beri) Barbariamaa	benefactress (benəfæ'ktris) hää-
barber (bɑ:'bə) juukselõikaja	tegija
bargain (bɑ:'gən) kauplemine; to —	benefit (be'nəfit) kasu
kauplema; into the — päälekauba	beside (bisa'id) kõrval
bark (bɑ:k) haukuma	besides (bisa'idz) päälegi, pääle selle
barrel (bæ'rəl) vaat	bestow (bisto'u) kinkima
base (beis) alatu	betrothal (bitrɔ'uðəl) kihlus
bast (bɑ:'st) koor	betrothe (bitrɔ'uð) kihlama
bath (bɑ:θ) supelus	bewail (biwe'il) kaebama, nutma
	beware (biwe'ə) ette vaatama
	bewildered (biwi'ldəd) segane

- beyond** (biɔ'nd) üle
bid (bid) (bade, bidden) pakkuma, paluma, käskima; **to** — **one farewell** jumalaga jätkma
bier (biə) surnuraam
birch (bɜ:tʃ) kask
bird (bɜ:d) lind
birth (bɜ:θ) sündimine; — **day** sünnipäev
bit (bit) raasuke; **not a** — mitte sügugi; minevik sõnast **bite**
bite (bait) (bit, bitten) hammustama
bitterly (bi'təli) kibedalt
blade (bleid) kõrs, noatera
blandishment (blæ'ndiʃmənt) laul
bless (bles) õnnistama
blessed (blest) õnnis
blew (blu:) minevik sõnast **blow**
blind (blaind) pime; **to** — pimestama
blindness (bla'indnis) nägemise puudus
blood (bləd) veri
bloom (blu:m) õis; **to** — õilmitsema
blossom (blɔ'səm) õis; **to** — õitsema
blow (blou) (blew, blown) puhuma
blush (blʌʃ) punastama
boar (bɔ:) metssiga
board (bɔ:d) laud
boil (bɔil) keetma
bold (bould) vahva, julge
bolt (boul) riiv; **to** — riivi panema
bond (bɔnd) side; pant
bone (boun) luu, kont
boot (bu:t) saabas; **to** — pääle kauba
booty (bu:'ti) saak
born (bɔ:n) sündinud
borne (bɔ:n) kantud
bosom (bu'zəm) põue
bottom (bɔ'təm) põhi
bough (bau) oks
bought (bɔ:t) minevik sõnast **buy**
bounce (bauns) hüppama
bounds (baundz) piirid
bow (bau) kumardus; **to** — kumardama
box (bɔks) kast; hoop; **to** — **the ears** kõrvahoopisid andma
bramble-bush (bræmbl-buʃ) põldmuraka põõsas
bran (bræn) kliid
branch (bra:nʃ) oks
brandy (brændi) viin
brass (bra:s) kollane vask
brazen (breizn) vaskine
break (breik) (broke, broken) murdma; **to** — **into blossom** õitsele minema; **to** — **one's way** teed murdma
breast (brest) rind
breath (breθ) hingamine, hingeõhk
breathe (bri:θ) hingama
breeze (bri:z) tuuleõhk
briar (bra'ia) okaspuu; **Briar rose** Okasroos
bridal chest (bra'idəl tʃest) pruudi kirst, veime-vakk
bride (braid) pruut
bridegroom (bra'idgru:m) peigmees
briefly (bri:'fli) lühidalt
bright (brait) hele, läikiw, tore; — **coloured** kirju
brilliance (bri'ljəns) läige
brilliant (bri'ljənt) läikiv, hele
bring (brɪŋ) (brought) tooma
broach (broutʃ) lähenemine
broad (brɔ:d) lai
broil (brɔil) küpsetama
broken (broukn) minevik sõnast **break**
brooch (broutʃ) pross
broom (bru:m) luud; **-stick** luuavars

broth (brɔθ) supp, leem
brought (brɔ:t) minevik sõnast **bring**
brush (brʌʃ) hari; **to** — pürstima
buckle (bʌkl) pannel
build (bild) (built) ehitama
bunch (bʌntʃ) (lille) kimp
bundled (bʌndld) kimpu köidetud
burden (bɜ:'dæn) raskus, koorem
burn (bɜ:n) (burnt) põlema, põletama
burnt (bɜ:nt) minevik sõnast **burn**
burst (bɜ:st) lõhkema; **to** — **into**
tears pisaraid walama
bury (be'ri) matma
business (bi'znis) äri, asi
busy (bi'zi) tegev; **to be** — ametis,
tegev olema
buzzing (bʌ'zɪŋ) sumin

Cabinet (kæ'binət) töötuba
cage (keɪdʒ) puur
call (kɔ:l) kutsuma, nimetama, **to**
be—ed nimetatud olema
calm (kɑ:m) rahulik; **to** — rahus-
tama
calves (kɑ:vz) vasikad; sääremarjad
came* (keɪm) minevik sõnast **come**
candle (kændl) küünal
canopy (kæ'nɒpi) aukatus
caper (ke'ɪpə) hüppama
captain (kæ'ptən) kapten
captivity (kæpti'viti) vangipõli
care (ke'ə) mure, hool; **to take** —
ettevaatlik olema; **I don't care**
ma ei hooli
careful (ke'əfʊl) ettevaatlik
carouse (kə're'uz) joomapidu
carriage (kæ'ri:dʒ) vanker, tõld
carry (kæ'ri) kandma
case (keɪs) kast
casket (kɑ: 'skɪt) kastikene; puusärk

cast (kɑ: st](cast) viskama
castle (kɑ: sl) loss
cat (kæt) kass
catch (kætʃ] (caught) püüdma
cattle (kætl) elajas
caught (kɔ: t) minevik sõnast **catch**
cause (kɔ: z) põhjus; **to** — põh-
just andma
cautiously (kɔ: fəzli) ettevaatlikult
cavern (kæ'vən) koobas
caving (ke'ɪvɪŋ) õonestus
cease (si: s) järele jätma
celebrate (se'ləbreɪt) pühitsema; —d
kuulus
century (se'ntʃəri) aastasada
ceremony (se'rəməni) tseremoonia
certain (sə:tən) teatud
chain (tʃeɪn) kett
chamber (tʃe'ɪmbə) tuba
chance (tʃɑ: ns) õnnelik juhtumine;
by — juhtumisi, kogemata
change (tʃeɪndʒ) muudatus; **to** —
muutma; —**able** muutlik
chap (tʃæp) poiss; pragu
charity (tʃæ'ri:ti) häätegevus;
— **children** vaesedlapsed
charm (tʃɑ: m) nõidus
charming (tʃɑ:'mɪŋ) nõiduslik, ilus
chat (tʃæt) jutuaajamine; **to** — juttu
ajama
cheat (tʃi: t) petma
cheek (tʃi: k) põsk
cheer (tʃi'ə) rõõmestama, hüüdma;
— **ful** rõõmus
chest (tʃest) kast, kirst
chestnut (tʃe'stnʌt) kastanipuu
chief-justice (tʃi: f-dʒʌ'stɪs (pääkoh-
tumees
chimney (tʃɪmni) korsten, kamin
chirp (tʃə: p) siristama

- choice** (tʃɔis) valik, tuum
choose (tʃu:z) (**chose, chosen**)
 valima, tahtma
chop (tʃɒp) raiduma; **to — down**
 maha raiduma
chosen (tʃouzn) kesksõna sõnast
choose
Cinderella (sɪndərə'le) Tuhkatriinu
cinders (si'ndəz) tuhk
circumstance (sə:'kəmstəns) olu-
 kord, seisukord
city (si'ti) linn, suurlinn
civil (si'vil) viisakas
clad (klæd) riides
clamber up (klæ'mbər ʌp) üles
 ronima
clap (klæp): **to — eyes upon** silmad
 pääle heitma
clapt (klæpt) minevik sõnast **clap**
clatter (klætə) kära, müra
clean (kli:n) puhas
cleanse (klenz) puhastama
clear (kli'ə) selge, hele
clever (kle'və) tark
climb (klaɪm) ronima
cling (kliŋ) (clung) külge jääma,
 riputama
cloak (klouk) mantel
close (klouz) sulguma
close (klous) lähedal
cloth (klɒθ) rätik, riie
clothe (klouð) riidesse panema,
 katma
clothes (klouðz) riided
cloud (klaud) pilv
cloven (klouvŋ) lõhutud
clung (klʌŋ) minevik sõnast **cling**
clutch (klʌtʃ) haarama
coach (koutʃ) tõld
coarse (kɔ:s) jäme, kare
coffin (kɒ'fin) puusärk
coin (kɔɪn) raha
comb (koum) kamm; **to —** sugema
come (kʌm) (came, come) tulema;
to — to one's self ärkama; **to —**
 on lähedale tulema
comfortable (kʌ'mfətəbl) mõnus
command (kəmə: 'nd) käsk; **to —**
 käskima
commend (kəme'nd) seletama
commission (kəmi'ʃən) käsk
commit to (kəmit tu) ennast andma
compact (kəmpæ'kt) kokkulepe
companion (kəmpæ'njən) seltsiline
complain (kəmple'in) kaebama
complaint (kəmple'int) kaebtus
complete (kəmpli: 't) täielik
complexion (kəmpliékʃən) näovärv
comprehend (kəmprihe'nd) arusaama
comrade (kʌ'mrəd) sõber
conceal (kənsi: 'l) peitma, varjama
concern (kənsə: 'n) puutuma
condemn (kənde'm) hukka mõistma
confer (kənfə: ') andma
confess (kənfə's) üles tunnistama
confined (kənfə'ind) lapsevoodis
confinement (kənfə'inmənt) vangistus;
 lapsevoodi
confirm (kənfə: 'm) tõendama
confused (kənfju: 'zd) segane
conquer (kɒ'ŋkə) ära võitma
conscience (kɒ'nʃəns) südametun-
 nistus
consent (kənsə'nt) nõusolek; **to —**
 nõus olema
consider (kənsi'də) mõtlema, pidama
consort (kənsɔ: 't) abikaas, seltsiline
constant (kɒ'nstənt) alaline
consult (kənsʌlt) küsima, nõu kü-
 sima

contented (kəntɛntɪd) rahul
contentment (kəntɛntmənt) rahul-
olek
continually (kəntɪ'njuəli) alaliselt
continue (kəntɪ'nju:) jätkama
contrive (kəntraɪ'v) välja mõtlema
coo (ku:) kudarutama
cook (kuk) kokk; to — keetma
cool (ku:l) jahe
copper (kə'pə) vask
core (kɔ:) süda (õuna)
corn (kɔ:n) vili
corner (kɔ:'nə) nurk
cost (kɔst)'(kɔst) maksuma
cottage (kə'tɪdʒ) onn
countenance (ka'untənəns) nägu
country (kʌ'ntri) maa
couple (kʌpl) paar
courage (kʌ'riɪdʒ) julgus
courageous (kʌ'reɪdʒəs) julge
course (kɔ:s) käik
court (kɔ:t) õue
courtier (kɔ:'tiə) õue ametnik
cover (kʌ'və) katma
covering (kʌ'vərɪŋ) kate
cow (kau) lehm
coward (ka'uəd) argpüks
crack (kræk) pragu, ragisemine;
to — ragisema
cradle (kreɪdl) häll
crash (kræʃ) ragisemine
crawl (krɔ:l) roomama
create (kri'eɪt) looma
creator (kri'eɪtə) looja
creature (kri:'tʃə) olevus
crime (kraɪm) kuritegu
criminal (kri'mɪnəl) kurjategija
croak (krouk) krooksuma
crone (kroun) vanaeit
cross (krɔs) rist; — road risttee

crops (krɔps) orased
crown (kraun) kroon
crow (krou) vares
cruel (kru:əl) tige, hirmus
cry (krai) nutma, karjuma
cupboard (kʌ'bɔəd) kapp
curiosity (kjurɪɔ'si:ti) uudishimu
curse (kɔ:s) vanne
curtain (kɔ:tən) kardin
curtsey (kɔ:tsi) kumardus; to —
kumardama
curved (kɔ:vd) kõverdunud
cut (kʌt) (kʌt) lõikama

Dainty (de'ɪnti) kena
daisy (de'ɪzi) karikakar
dale (deɪl) org
dare (de'eə) tohtima, julgema; I —
not let her be seen ma ei
julge teda näidata; I — say ma
usun küll, võiks küll ütelda
dark (dɑ:k) pime
dart (dɑ:t) nool; to — lendama
daughter (dɔ:'tə) tütar
dazzle (dæzl) pimestama
daunt (dɔ:nt) hirmutama
dawn (dɔ:n) koit
deal (di:l): a great — suur hulk,
palju; to — andma, ümber käima
dealt (delt) minevik sõnast deal
dearie (di:'ri) mu kallis
death (deə) surm
deceased (di:sɪ:'zɪd) surnud, kadu-
nud
deceit (di:sɪ:'t) pettus
deceive (di:sɪ:'v) petma
deceiver (di:sɪ:'və) petis, petja
decide (di'saɪd) otsustama
decision (di:sɪʃən) otsus
deck out (dek aʊt) ehtima

- decorate** (de'kɔreit) ehtima
decree (dikri:') käsk
deficiency (defi'fənsi) puudus
definite (de'finit) lõpulik
delicate (de'likət) õrn
delight (dila'it) rõõm; **to** — rõõ-
 mustama; — **ed with** rõõmus
deliverance (dell'vərəns) pääsmine
delve (delv) kaevama
demand (dimɑ:'nd) nõudmine; **to**
 — nõudma
demon (de'mən) kuriwaim
denounce (dina'uns) kuulutama,
 üles andma
deny (dinɑ'i) salgama
depart (dipɑ:'t) lahkuma
departure (dipɑ:'tʃə) lahkumine
deprive (dipra'iv) võõrutama, ära
 võtma
depth (depe) sügavus [võtma
deride (dira'id) pilkama
descend (dise'nd) alla tulema
descendant (dise'ndent) järeltulija
desert (dizə:'t) maha jätma
desert (de'zət) kõrbe
deserve (dizə:'v) ära teenima
desire (diza'ia) soov; nälg; **to** —
 soovima
despair (dispə'ə) ahastus; **to** —
 ahastama
despise (dispa'iz) põlgama
destined (de'stind) määratud
destroy (distrɔ'i) hävitama
determine (ditə:'min) otsustama
devoid (divɔ'id) tühi, vaba
devour (diva'uə) neelama, õgima
dew (dju:) kaste
diamond (da'iəmənd) teemant
different (di'fərənt) mitmesugune,
 teistsugune
difficult (di'fikəlt) raske
diffuse (difju:z) laiali laotama, segi-
 nema
dig (dig) (dug) kaevama
diligent (di'lidʒənt) virk
dirt (dɑ:t) mustus; —y kasimata
disappointed (disəpɔ'intid) pettunud
disease (dizi:z) haigus
dish (diʃ) vaagen, roog
dissuade (disjue'id) ära laitma
distance (di'stəns) kaugus
distress (distre's) valu, kurvastus
to — kurvastama
distribution (distribju:ʃən) jaotamine
divide (diva'id) jaotama
dodge (dɔdʒ) kelmus; **to** — kõrvale
 hoidma
doll (dɔl) nukk, puppe
dollar (dɔ'lə) dollar
dolt (dɔult) rumal, juhm
domestic (dɔme'stik) kodune
dominion (dɔmi'njən) riik, omandus
don (dɔn) selga panema
double (dʌbl) kahekordne; **to** —
 kahekordseks tegema
doubt (daʊt) kahtlus; **to** — kaht-
 lema; **no** — kahtlemata
dove (dʌv) tuvike
drag (dræg) kiskuma
draw (drɔ:) (drew, drawn) tõm-
 bama; **to** — near lähenema
drawbridge (drɔ:'bridʒ) tõstesild
drawn (drɔ:n) kesksõna sõnast **draw**
dread (dred) hirm; **to** — kartma
dreadful (dre'dfʊl) hirmus
dream (dri:m) unenägu; **to** — und
 nägema; **I never** — of mul ei
 tule uneski meelde
drew (dru:) minevik sõnast **draw**
drink (drɪŋk) (drank, drunk) jooma
drive (draiv) (drove, driven) sõit-

ma, sõidutama, ajama; to take
 a — lusti sõitma
 drop (drɒp) tilk; to — kukkuma;
 tilkuma
 drove (draʊv) minevik sõnast drive
 drown (draʊn) uputama; to be
 — ed ära uppuma
 dry (draɪ) kuiv, to — kuivatama
 due (dju:) kohane
 dug (dʌg) minevik sõnast dig
 dumb (dʌm) tumm
 during (dju:ˈrɪŋ) aegu, jooksul
 dusk (dʌsk) hämarik
 dust (dʌst) tolm
 dwarf (dwɔ:ʃ) põialpoiss
 dye (dai) värvima

Each (i:tʃ) igaüks; — time iga-
 kord; — other üksteist

earn (ə:n) teenima

earnest (ə:ˈnɪst) tõsine, tõsidus;

I am in earnest mul on tõsi taga

earth (ə:θ) maa, maailm

ease (i:z): at ease hõlbus

easy (i:ˈzi) kerge

eat (i:t) (ate, eaten) sööma

eaves (i:vz) räästas

ebony (eˈbɒni) mustpuu, ebonipuu

echo (eˈkəʊ) kaja

edge (edʒ) äär

egg (eg) muna

elegant (eˈlɛɡənt) tore

else (els) muu, teisiti; no one —
 mitte keegi muu; everybody —

iga teine

embrace (əmbreɪs) kaisutama

emerge (ɪməˈdʒ) vaatepiirile kerkima

empty (eˈmtɪ) tühi

enclosure (enkloˈʊʒə) avaus

endeavour (endeˈvə) katsuma, püüdma

endure (endjuˈə) kannatama

engaged (engeɪdʒd) ametis

enjoy (endʒɔɪ) maitsema, rõõmus-
 tama

enlighten (enlaɪtən) valgustama

enormous (enɔ:ˈməs) hiiglasuur

enough (ɪnʌf) küllalt

ensue (ensju:ˈ) järgnema

enter (eˈntə) sisse astuma

enthroned (enθrəʊnd) troonil

entire (entaɪə) terve, täielik

entreat (entri:ˈt) paluma

envy (eˈnvi) kadedus; yellow with
 — kadedusest kollane; to —
 kadedust tundma

equal (i:ˈkwəl) sarnane, ühesugune

era (i:ˈrə) ajajärk

erect (ɪreˈkt) püsti; to — püsti
 ajama, ehitama

escape (ɪskeɪp) pääsmine; to —
 põgenema, pääsema

especially (ɪspeʃəli) iseäranis

estate (ɪsteɪt) mõisa, omandus

eternal (ɪtə:ˈnəl) igavene

eve (i:v) õhtu

even (i:vən) isegi

event (ɪveˈnt) juhtumine

eventide (i:ˈvɛntaɪd): at — õhtul

evermore (evəmə:): for — alati

everywhere (eˈvrɪwɛə) igalpool

evil (i:ˈvɪl) halb; kurjus

exact (ɪgzæˈkt) täpikäälne

examine (ɪgzæˈmɪn) proovima, vaat-
 lema

exchange (ɪksʃeɪndʒ): in — vahetu-

except (ɪkʃeɪpt) välja arvatud [seks

exclaim (ɪkskleɪm) hüüdma

expand (ɪkspæˈnd) laiendama

expect (ɪkspekt) ootama

expedition (ɪkspɪdɪˈʃən) saatkond,

experiment (ikspe'rimənt) katse
expiate (e'kspi'e'it) lepitama
explanation (ikspləne'i'ʃən) seletus
exposure (iks'pəʊ'ʒə) näitus, paljas-
 tamine
expostulation (iks'pəstjule'i'ʃən) sõna-
 vahetus
express (ikspre's) avaldama
extend (ikste'nd) laiendama
extinguish (iksti'ŋwiʃ) kustutama
extol (iksto'ul) kiitma
extract (ikstræ'kt) välja tõmbama
Face (feis) nägu
fact (fækt) tõelolu; **in** — tõepoolset
fade (feid) pleekima; närtsima
fail (feil) puuduma
faint (feint) nõrk; **to** — nõrkema,
 minestama
faintness (fe'intnis) nõrkus
fair (fe'ə) turg
fair (fe'ə) ilus; — **haired** heleda-
 juukselise
fairy (fe'əri) vaim, näkk; **-tale** mui-
faith (fe'ið) usk [nasjutt
faithful (fe'iðful) truu
fall (fɔ:l) (fell, fallen) kukkuma,
 langema; **to** — **upon** (on) kallale
 tungima; **to** — **ill** haigeks jääma;
to — **asleep** uinuma
false (fɔ:ls) vale, walelik
famous (fe'iməs) kuulus
far (fɑ:) kauge; — **too many** kau-
 gelt liig palju; **farther** (fɑ:ðə),
farthest kaugem, kõige kaugem
fare (fe'ə) (käsi) käima
farmer (fɑ:'mə) põllumees
fashion (fæʃən) mood
fashionable (fæʃənəbl) moodis
fast (fɑ:st) ruttu, kõvasti
fatal (fe'itəl)

fathom (fæ'θəm) süld
favour (fe'ivə) arm, kaitses
favourite (fe'ivərit) armualune
fear (fi'ə) kartus, hirm; **to** — kartma
feasible (fi:'zibl) hõlbus korda saata
feast (fi'st) pidu, pidusöök
feather (fe'ðə) sulg
feeble (fi:bl) nõrk
feed (fi:d) (fed) söötma
feel (fi:l) (felt) tundma
feeling (fi:'ling) tundmus
fellow (fe'lou) seltsimees
fence (fens) aed
festival (fe'stivəl) pidu
festivity (festi'viti) pidustus
fetish (fətʃ) tooma
fête (fe:t) pidu
feudal (fju:'dəl): — **master** mõis-
few (fju:) vähesed [nik
field (fi:ld) põld
fiendish (fi:ndiʃ) saatanlik
fig (fig) viigimari
figure (fi'gə) kuju, keha
find (faɪnd) (found) leidma
fine (faɪn) tore
finery (fa'ɪnəri) hiilgus, toredus
fire (fa'ɪə) tuli; — **brand** tulitukk
firm (fɜ:m) kindel
firmament (fɜ:'mæmənt) taevavõlv
fit (fit) passima
fix (fiks) seadma
flag (flæg) lipp
flake (fleik) helbe, lumehelbeke
flare (flɛ'ə) loitama
flask (flɑ:sk) pudel
flax (flæks) lina
flew (flu:) minevik sõnast fly
flicker (fli'kə) lõkendama
flight (flaɪt): — **of stairs** trepp
fling (flɪŋ) (flung) viskama

float (flaʊt) ujuma, heljuma
 flock (flɒk) kari
 flourish (flaʊ'riʃ) ilustama; õitsema
 flow (flaʊ) voolama
 flung (flʌŋ) minevik sõnast **fling**
 fly (flaɪ) (flew, flown) lendama
 foal (faʊl) vars
 foam (faʊm) vaht
 fold (faʊld) voltima, kokku panema
 folding-door (fɔʊldɪŋ-dɔː) tiivuks
 folks (fouks) rahvas, inimesed
 follow (fə'laʊ) järele minema
 fond (fɒnd): **to be** — armastama,
 kalliks pidama
 fondness (fɒ'ndnis) õrn armastus
 food (fu:d) söök
 fool (fu:l) narr
 foolish (fu:liʃ) rumal, nari
 forge (fɔ:dʒ) taguma
 footpath (fu'tpɑ:θ) jalgte
 forbid (fəbɪ'd) (forbade, forbidden)
 force (fɔ:s) jõud [keelama
 foreign (fɔ'rən) võõras, võõramaa
 forepaw (fɔ:pə:) esimene käpp
 forest (fɔ'rist) mets
 forget (fəge't) (forgot, forgotten) unus-
 tama
 forgive (fəgi'v) (forgave, forgiven)
 andeks andma
 forth (fɔ:θ) välja
 fortify (fɔ:'tɪfaɪ) kinnitama
 fortnight (fɔ:'tnaɪt) 2 nädalat
 fortunate (fɔ:tʃənət) õnnelik
 foster-children (fɔ'stə-tʃɪldrən)
 võõras-lapsed
 found (faʊnd) minevik sõnast **find**
 fowl (faʊl) kodulind
 fragrance (fre'ɪgrəns) magus lõhn-
 fragrant (fre'ɪgrənt) magusa lõhna-
 line

frame (freɪm) raam
 free (fri:) vaba
 frequent (fri:'kwənt) sagedane
 friend (frend) sõber; **-ly** sõbralikult
 friendship (fre'ndʃɪp) sõprus
 fright (fraɪt) hirm; **to** — en hirmu-
 tama, hirmuma
 frisk (frɪsk) hüppama
 frizzle (frɪzl) küpsema
 frog (frɒg) konn
 frolic (frɔ'lik) naljatama, rõõmus
 olema
 frown (fraʊn) otsaesist kortsutama
 fruit (fru:t) puuvili; — **less** asjata
 fulfil (fulfi'l) täitma
 fun (fʌn) nali
 fur (fə:) nahk
 furious (fju:'rɪəs) vihane; — **ly**
 vihaselt
 further (fə:'ðə) edasi
 fury (fju:'rɪ) viha
 future (fju:'tʃə) tulevik

Game (geɪm) mäng
 garment (gɑ:'mənt) riie
 garret (gæ'rit) ärklituba
 gate (geɪt) värat
 gather (gæ'ðə) koguma
 gaze (geɪz) vaatama
 general (dʒe'nərəl) ületüldine
 generation (dʒenərə'iʃən) põlv
 gentle (dʒentl) õrn
 gesture (dʒe'stʃə) liigutus
 get (geɪt) saama
 giant (dʒa'iənt) hiiglane
 gift (gɪft) and, kingitus
 gipsy (dʒɪ'psɪ) mustlane
 give (gɪv) (gave, given) andma;
to — **pleasure** rõõmu valmis-
 tama

gladden (glæ'dæn) rõõmustama
gladsome (glæ'dsəm) rõõmus
glide (glaid) libisema
glistening (gli'səniŋ) läikiv
glitter (gli'tə) läikima
gloomy (glu:'mi) pime
glorious (glɔ:'riəs) hiilgav, tore
glory (glɔ:'ri) hiilgus, toredus
glow (glou) õhetama, hiilgama
go (gou) (went, gone) minema,
 söitma; **to be** — ing valmis olema,
 teha mõtlema
gnat (næt) sääsk
goldsmith (go'uldsmiθ) kuldsepp
godmother (gɔ'dmɪθə) ristiema
goods (gudz) kaup
goose (gu:s) ani
gown (gaun) kleit
grace (greis) arm; söögipalve
gracious (gre'iʃəs) armuline
grand (grænd) suur, suurepäraline
granite (græ'niɪt) graniit
granny (græ'ni) vanaema
grant (gra:nt) lubama
grasp (gra:sp) haarama
grate (greit) kamin
gratifying (græ'tifa iŋ) rõõmustav,
 meeldiv
grating (gre'itiŋ) kähisev
gratitude (græ'titju:'d) tänu
grave (greiv) haud
grave (greiv) tõsine
great (greit) suur
greedy (gri:'di) ahne
greet (gri:t) teretama
grew (gru:) minevik sõnast **grow**
grief (gri:f) kurvastus
grievous (gri:'vəs) kurb
grim (grim) vihane, inetu
grind (graɪnd) (ground) jahvatama;

to — one's teeth hambaid kiris-
 tama
grope (group) kobama
ground (graund) minevik sõnast
grind; maapind; **-floor** alumine
 kord
grow (grou) (grew, grown) kasvama
growl (graul) urisema
growth (grouθ) kasv
gruff (grʌf) kare
grumble (grʌmbl) nurisema
guard (gɑ:d) valvus, vaht; **on** —
 vahil; **to** — vahtima, valvama;
-ian eestkostja
guess (ges) ära arvama
guest (gest) võõras
guide (gaid) juht
gush (gʌʃ) puhang

Habit (hæ'bit) komme
halfpenny (he'ipeni) pool penni
hall (hɔ:l) saal
ham (hæm) sink
handle (hændl) pide
handsome (hæ'nsəm) ilus
hang (hæŋ) (hung) rippuma
happen (hæ'pən) juhtuma
happiness (hæ'pinis) õnn
happy (hæ'pi) õnnelik
hardly (hɑ:'dli) vaevalt
hare (he'ə) jänes
hark! (hɑ:k) kuule!
harm (hɑ:m) viga; **to do** — viga
 tegema
harsh (hɑ:f) kare
harvest (hɑ:'vist) lõikus
haste (heist) rutt; **to make** — ruttama
hasten (he'isən) ruttama
hasty (he'isti) kiire, äge
hatch (hætʃ) hauduma; luuk

hate (heit) vihkamine; to — vihkama	home (ho'um) kodu, koju; at —
haughty (hɔ:'ti) uhke, kõrk	kodus; on his way — koduteel;
hazel (heizl) sarapuu oks; — tree	to bring — koju viima
sarapuu	homewards (ho'umwədz) kojupoole
head (hed) pää; over — and ears	honest (ɔ'nist) aus
üle kõrvade; -ache päävalu	honey (hɑ'ni) mesi
headlong (he'dlɔŋ) üle pää ja kaela	honour (ɔ'nə) au
health (helθ) tervis	hood (hu:d) kübar, müts
heap (hi:p) hunik	hop (hɒp) hüppama
hear (hi'ə) (heard) kuulma	hope (houp) lootus, to — lootma
heart (hɑ:t) süda; by — pääst	horizon (hɔrə'izən) silmapiir
hearth (hɑ:θ) kolle	horror (hɔ'rɒ) hirm, kolemus
heave (hi:v) tõstma; to — a sigh	host (houst) kari
sügavalt ohkama	hour (a'uə) tund
heaven (hevn) taevast; good -s!	house (haus) maja
taevake! oh -s! oh taevast! thank	household (ha'ushəuld) majapi-
H! taevale tänu!	damine
heavy (he'vi) raske	how (hau) kuidas
hedge (hedʒ) hekk, elusaed	however (haue'və) ometi, siiski
heed (hi:d) ettevaatus, tähelepanek	howl (haul) huluma
heel (hi:l) konts; to be at one's -s	huge (hju:dʒ) hiiglasuur
kannul olema	human (hju:'mæn) inimlik
hell-hound (hel-haund) põrgupeni;	hundred (hʌ'ndrɪd) sada
-ish põrguline	hung (hʌŋ) minevik sõnast hang
hem (hem) palistama	hunger (hʌ'ŋgə) nälg
hen (hen) kana	hungry (hʌ'ŋgri) nälgine
henceforward (hensfɔ:'wəd) sest-	hunt (hʌnt) ajama, jahti pidama
saadik	hunter (hʌ'ntə) jahimees
herald (he'rəld) kuulutama	hunter (hʌ'ntsmən) jääger
hew (hju:d) (hewed, hewn) raiuma	hurry (hʌ'ri) rutt; to — by mööda
hide (haid) (hid, hidden) peitma	ruttama
high (hai) kõrge	hurriedly (hʌ'ridli) kiirelt
hire (ha'ɪə) üürima	hurt (hɜ:t) (hurt) haiget tegema
hiss (his) sisistama	husband (hʌ'zbənd) mees, abikaas
hit (hit) (hit) lööma, trehvama	hush (hʌʃ) vaikus; vait! to — vai-
hither (hi'ðə) siia	gistama
hogshead (hɔ'gshed) vaat	hut (hʌt) onnike
hold (hould) (held) hoidma	
hole (houl) auk	
hollow (hɔ'lou) õõnes	Ice (ais) jää
	idea (aidi:'a) idee, mõte

- identical** (aide'ntikəl) ühesugune
idiot (i'diət) idiot, loll
idle (aidl) laisk
ignorant (i'gnərənt) rumal
ill-starred (il-stɑ:d) tähtita [line
ill-tempered (il-te'mpəd) halvatuju-
illumine (ilju'min) valgustama
illuminate (ilju:'mineit) valgustama
image (i'midʒ) kuju
imagine (imæ'dʒin) ette kujutama
immediate (imi:'diət) otseteel
immediately (imi:'diətli) silma-
 pilkselt
impatience (impe'iʃəns) kannata-
 matus
impervious (impə:'viəs) läbitungi-
 mata
importance (impə:'təns) tähtsus
impression (impre'ʃən) mulje
imprison (impri'zən) vangistama;
 -ment vangistus
incline (inkla'in) kalduma
inclination (inkline'iʃən) kalduvus
incomparable (inkə'mpərəbl) võrdle-
indebted (inde'tid) võlgu [mata
indeed (indi:'d) tõepoolest
indignant (indi'gnənt) vihane
industry (i'ndʌstri) virkus
industriously (indʌ'striəzli) virgalt
infant (in'fənt) laps
inherit (inhe'rit) pärima
inn (in) kõrts
innkeeper (inki:'pə) kõrtsimees
innocence (i'nənsəns) ilmsüütus
innocent (i'nəsənt) ilmsüüta
inquire (inkwa'iə) küsima, pärima
inquisitive (inkwi'zitiv) uudishi-
 muline
inscription (inskri'pʃən) päalkiri
inside (insa'id) sees
insist (insi'st) püsima
instance (i'nstəns) näitus; for —
 näituseks
instant (i'nstənt) silmapilk
instead (inste'd) of asemel
instruction (instrʌ'kʃən) õpetus
instrument (i'nstrumənt) töö-,mängu-
 riist
insult (insʌ'lt) haavama
insult (i'nsʌlt) haavamine
insufficiency (insʌfi'ʃənsi) puudulik-
interesting (in'trəstiŋ) huvitav [kus
intrust (intrʌ'st) usaldama
investigate (inve'stigeit) uurima
invite (inva'it) kutsuma
iron (a'ien) raud
issue (i'ʃu) välja andma
Jack (dʒæk) Jass
jar (dʒɑ:) vaas
jealousy (dʒe'ləsi) armukadedus
jewel (dʒu:'əl) kalliskivi
joy (dʒɔi) rõõm
judge (dʒʌdʒ) kohtunik
jug (dʒʌg) kann
jungling (dʒʌ'ŋliŋ) kõlistades
junk (dʒʌŋk) laew
just (dʒʌst) just, õige; **only** — just
 nüüd; — **the same just** seesama
justice (dʒʌ'stis) õiglus, kohus
Keep (ki:p) (kept) hoidma
kill (kil) surmama, tapma
kind (kaind) lahke; — **ly** lahkelt
kindle (kindl) süütama
king (kiŋ) kuningas
kingdom (ki'ŋdəm) kuningriik
kiss (kis) suudlus; **to** — suudlema
kitchen (ki'tʃin) köök; — **boy** koka-
 poiss

kite (kait) lendav madu
knee (ni:) põlv
kneel (ni:l) põlvitama
knew (nju:) minevik sõnast **know**
knife (naif) nuga
knighthood (na'ithu: d) aadel
knit (nit) kuduma
knock (nɔk) koputama
know (nou) (knew, known) teadma,
 tundma

Labour (le'ibə) töö
labourer (le'ibərə) tööline
lace (leis) pits
lad (læd) poiss
ladder (læ'də) redel
laddie (læ'di) poisike
lady (le'di) daam, preili, proua
ladyship (le'diʃip) armuline proua
laid (leid) minevik sõnast **lay**
laid out (leid aʊt) üles seatud
ladysmock (le'idismɔk) aasjüri lill
lake (leik) järv
lament (læme'nt) kaebama
lamp (læmp) lamp
land (lænd) maa
landing (læ'ndiŋ) maale tuleku paik
lane (lein) laan
languish (læ'ŋwiʃ) väsimus
lanky (læ'ŋki) lõtv, nõrk, sale
lap (læp) süle
lapse (læps) juhtumine, eksimine
larder (la: də) sahvur
large (la: dʒ) suur
lark (la: k) lõoke; koerustükk
lash (læʃ) vitsutama, piitsutama
last (la: st) kestma
last (la: st) viimane; at — viimaks
late (leit) hilja; to be — hiljaks
laugh (lɑ: f) naerma [jääma

laughter (lɑ: 'ftə) naer
law (lɔ:) seadus
lawful (lɔ: 'ful) seaduslik
lay (lei) (laid) panema; munema
lead (li: d) (led) juhatama
leaf (li: f) leht
lean (i: n) kõhn
lean (li: n) (leant) toetama
leap (li: p) (leapt) hüppama
learn (lɔ: n) õppima
least (li: st): at — vähemalt
not on the — mitte vähematki
leave (li: v) luba; to ask — luba
 küsima
leave (li: v) (left) jätma
leaves (li: vz) lehed
led (led) minevik sõnast **lead**
ledge (ledʒ) liist, äär
left (left) minevik sõnast **leave**
legacy (le'gəsi) pärandus
legend (le'dʒənd) legenda, vagajutt
length (lenʒkə) pikkus; at — vii-
 maks
lest (lest) et mitte
lettuce (le'təs) salat, varsakabi
liberty (li'bəti) vabadus
libertine (li'bətin) elumees, prassija
lid (lid) kaan
lie (lai) vale; to tell a — valetama
lie (lai) (lay, lain) lamama
life (laif) elu
light (lait) valgus; to — põlema
 süütama
lightning (la'itniŋ) välg
like (laik) armastama
like (laik) sarnane, to be — sarnane
 olema
likely (la'ikli) arvatavasti
lily (li'li) lillia
lime-tree (la'im-tri:) pärnapuu

linen (li'nin) pesu
lion (la'jən) lõvi
listen (li'sən) kuulama
lit (lit) minevik sõnast **light**
live (liv) elama
livelihood (la'ivlihud) eluülespidamine
lively (la'ivli) elav
livery (li'vəri) teenri ülikond
loaf (louf) päts; to — hulkuma
local (lo'ukəl) kohalik
lock (lɔk) lukk; to — lukutama
loiter (lo'itə) aega viitma
London (lɔ'ndən) London
loneliness (lo'unlinis) üksildus
lonely (lo'unli) üksildane
lonesome (lo'unsəm) igav
long (lɔŋ) igatsema
longig (lɔ'niŋ) igatsus
look (luk) vaatama
lord (lo:d) lord
Lord Mayor (lo:d me'jə) linnapääd
lose (lu:z) kaotama
loss (lɔs) kaotus
lost (lɔst) minevik sõnast **lose**
lot (lɔt) saatus
loud (laud) valju
love (lʌv) armastus; to — armastama
lover (lʌ'və) armastaja
low (lou) madal
lucky (lʌ'ki) õnnelik
lure (lju:'ə) meelitama
lustre (lʌstə) läige
lying (la'iiŋ) vale

Magic (mæ'dʒik) nõidus
magical (mæ'dʒikəl) nõiduslik
magistrate (mæ'dʒistreit) kohtunik
magnificence (mægni'fisəns) toredus

maid (meid) tüdruk, piiga
maiden (meidn) tüdruk
majesty (mæ'dʒesti) majesteet
manage (mæ'nidʒ) korda saatma
manner (mæ'nən) viis, komme
march (mɑ:tʃ) marssima
mark (mɑ:k) märk
market (mɑ:'kit) turg
marquis (mɑ:kwis) markii
marriage (mæ'ridʒ) abiellu heitmine
marrow (mæ'rou) üdi
marry (mæ'ri) abiellu heitma
masonry (me'isənri) müürimine
mast (mɑ:st) mast
master (mɑ:stə) peremees
matron (me'itrən) emand
matter (mæ'tə) asi, põhjus
may (mei) (might): I — mina võin
mead (mi:d) mõdu
meadow (me'dou) heinamaa
meal (mi:l) söömaaeg
mean (mi:n) (mean) mõtlema, tähendama; alatu
meaning (mi:'niŋ) tähendus
meant (ment) minevik sõnast **mean**
meantime (mi:'ntaim) vaheajal
meanwhile (mi:'nwaɪl) vaheajal
measure (me'ʒə) mõõt
meat (mi:t) liha
meddle (medl) segama
meet (mi:t) passiv, kõlbulik
merchant (mɑ:'tʃənt) kaupmees
mercy (mɑ:'si) halastus
merry (me'ri) rõõmus
message (me'sidʒ) sõnum
messenger (me'sindʒə) käskjalg
met (met) minevik sõnast **meet**
mice (mais) hiired
middle (midl) keskpaik
midnight (mi'dnait) kesköö

might (mait) minevik sõnast **may**
might (mait) võim
mighty (ma'iti) vägev
migration (maigre'iʃən) rändamine
mild (maild) õrn
miie (mail) penikoorm
mill (mil) veski
miller (mi'lə) mölder
milk-can (milk-kæn) piimakann
mince-meat (mi'nsmi:t) hakkliha
mind (maind) meel, mõistus; **to** —
 tähele panema
minute (mi'nit) minut
mirror (mi'rə) peegel
mischief (mi'stʃif) pahandus
miserable (mi'zərəbl) armetu
misery (mi'zəri) viletsus
misfortune (misfɔ:'tʃən) õnnetus
mistake (miste'ik) viga, eksitus
mistress (mi'stris) perenaine
mocking (mɔ'kiŋ) pilkav; — **ly** pil-
 kavalt
moment (mɔ'umənt) silmapilk
Moors (mu'əz) neegrid
morsel (mɔ:'səl) tükike
mortified (mɔ:'tifaid) rõhutud
motion (mɔ'uʃən) liigutamine; —
 less liikumata
mould (mould) vaagen; **to** — vormima
mournfully (mɔ'unfʊli) kurvalt
mouse (maus) hiir
move (mu:v) liikuma
mow (mou) niitma
mower (mɔ'uə) niitja
mug (mʌg) kann
multiply (mʌ'ltiplai) paljundama
mum (mʌm) = madam
munching (mʌ'ntʃiŋ) õgides
murmur (mɔ:'mə) sosistama; nurisema
muscles (mʌslz) lihaksed

muse (mju:z) järele mõtlema
music (mju:'zik) muusika
mussel-shell (mʌsl-feɪl) tigukarp
mutter (mʌ'tə) kohin, vulin
Naked (ne'ikid) paljas
nap (næp) uinak
natural (nætʃərəl) loomulik
nay (nei) = no
near (ni'ə) lähedal
neat (ni:t) kena
necessary (ne'səsəri) tarvilik
neck (nek) kael
necklace (ne'kləs) kaelaehe
need (ni:d) tarvitsema; **I** — **not**
 ma ei tarvitse mitte
needle (ni:dl) nõel
needs (ni:dz) hädasti
negligence (ne'glidʒəns) hooletus
neighbour (ne'ibə) naaber
neither (ne'ibə) mitte kumbki
nest (nest) pesa
net (net) võrk
nettle (nell) nõges
never (ne'və) mitte kunagi
next (nekst) järgmine
nibble (nibl) närima
nice (nais) õrn, kena, lahke
nigh (nai) lähedal
nimble (nimbl) virk
noble (nobl) tore, suurteugune
nocturnal (nɔktə:'nəl) öine
nod (nɔd) nokutama
noise (noiz) lärm
none (nan) mitte ükski
nonsense (nɔ'nsəns) rumalus
noon (nu:n) keskpäev
noose (nu:z) silmus
nursery (nɔ:'səri) lastetuba
nurture (nɔ:'tʃə) toit

Oak (ouk) tamm	overcome (ouvəka'm) võimust võtma
oars (ɔ:z) mõlad	owe (ou) võlgnema
oath (ouθ) vanne	owl (aul) öökull
obedient (ɔbi:'diənt) sõnakuulelik	own (oun) enese; —er om anik
obey (ɔbe'i) sõna kuulma	
object (ɔ'bdʒikt) asi; to — (ɔb- dʒe'kt) vastu olema	Pack (pæk) pakkima
obligation (ɔblige'iʃən) kohustus	pail (peil) pang
oblige (ɔbla'idʒ) sundima; to be —d tänuulik olema	pain (pein) valu; — ful valus
observe (ɔbzə:'v) tähele panema	pair (pe'ə) paar
occasion (ɔke'iʒən) juhtumine	palace (pæ'lis) loss
occur (ɔkə:') juhtuma	pale (peil) kahvatu
offer (ɔ'fə) pakkuma	palpitate (pæ'lpiteit) tuksuma
office (ɔ'fis) teenistus, talitus	paltry (pɔ:'ltrɪ) tühine, vilets
official (ɔfi'ʃəl) ametnik	pant (pænt) ägama
often (ɔ'fən) sagedasti	pane (pein) akna ruut
ogre (o'ugə) inimesesõõja	pantry (pæ'ntri) sahv
oil (ɔil) õli	parch (pɑ:tʃ) janunema
old (ould) vana; —d Boy vanapoiss, vanapagan; — Horrie vana- sarvik	parent (pe'ərənt) vanem
once (wʌns) ükskord; — upon a time vanast, vanal ajal	parish (pæ'riʃ) kihelkond
only (o'unli) ainult	parlour (pɑ:'lə) võõrastetuba
onwards (ɔ'nwədʒ) edasi	parson (pɑ:'sən) õpetaja
opaque (ope'ik) läbipaistmata	part (pɑ:t) osa
opinion (ɔpi'njən) arvamine	partner (pɑ:'tənə) osanik
opportunity (ɔpətju:'niti) võimalus	partridge (pɑ:'trɪdʒ) põldpüü
opposite (ɔ'pəzɪt) vastu	party (pɑ:'ti) erakond, osanik, isik
order (ɔ:'də) käsk; in — to selleks et; to — käskima	pass (pɑ:s) minema
ore (ɔ:) rauamuld	passage (pæ'sɪdʒ): birds of — rän- davad linnud
ornament (ɔ:'nəmənt) ilustus	passion (pæ'ʃən) kirg, kannatus
orphan (ɔ:'fən) vaenelaps	past (pɑ:st) mööda
ought (ɔ:t) peaks	pat (pæt) patsutama
outcry (a'utkrai) hüüe	path (pɑ:θ) tee, rada
outward (a'utwəd) väline	pattern (pæ'tən) muster
outwit (autwi't) tüssama	pavillion (pævi'ljən) telk
oven (ʌ'vən) ahil	pea (pi:)ernes
	peace (pi:s) rahu; — fully rahu- likult
	pear (pe'ə) pirn
	pearl (pɜ:l) pärl, helme
	peasant (pe'zənt) talumees, talunaine

pebble (pebl) kivike
peculiar (pekju:'liə) iseäralik
pedlar (pe'dlɑ) rändaja kaupmees
peep (pi:p) piiksuma
pelter (pe'ltə) jooksuma, kihutama
penetrate (pe'nətreit) läbi tungima
pensioner (pe'nʃənə) armuleivasaja, kostiline
peony (pi:'əni) nelipühi-roos
people (pi:pl) rahvas
perceive (pəsi:'v) märkama, tundma
perfect (pə:'fekt) täielik
perform (fəfə:'m) täide saatma
perhaps (pə'hæ'ps) võib olla
perish (pe'riʃ) hukka minema
permission (pəmi'ʃən) luba
person (pə:sən) isik; -al isiklik
persecute (pə:'sækjut) taga kiusama
persuade (pə:sju'e'id) uskuma panema
pester (pe'stə) tülitama, vaevama
petal (pe'təl) õieleht
petrified (pe'trifaid) kivistatud
picture (pi'ktʃə) pilt
piece (pi:s) tükk
pigeon (pi'dʒən) tuvi
pile (pail) hunik
pine (pain) kuusk; — splinter laast;
 — fagot haokubu
pious (pa'iəs) vaga, jumalakartlik
pitch (pitʃ) tõrv
pity (pi'ti) kaastundmus; it is a —
 on kahju; to — kahjatsema
place (pleis) koht
plague (pleig) piin; to — plinama
plain (plein) lihtne
plaited (ple'itid) palmitud
plant (pla:nt) taim
plate (pleit) taldrik
play (plei) mängima
playground (ple'igraund) mänguplats

plead (pli:d) paluma
pleasant (plezənt) meeldiv
please (pli:z) meeldima: if you —
 paluks; to be —d rahul olema
pleasure (pleʒə) rõõm
pledge (pledʒ) käemeheks olema
plentiful (ple'nʃiful) rikkalik, küllu-
plenty (ple'nti) küllalt [ses
plough (plau) kündma
pluck (plʌk) noppima
poet (po'uət) luuletaja
point (point) tipp; to — näitama
poison (pə'izən) kihvt; — ous kihv-
 tine
pole-star (poul-stɑ:) põhjanael
police (pli:s) politsei
polite (pəla'it) viisakas
ponder (pə'ndə) järele mõtlema, kaa-
 luma
poor (pu'ə) vaene
poppy (pɒ'pi) moon
popular (pɒ'pjulə) rahvalik
population (pɒpjule'iʃən) elanikud
porridge (pɒ'ridʒ) puder
portal (pɔ:'təl) värat
possess (pəze's) omanduseks olema
possession (pəze'ʃən) varandus
possible (pə'sibl) võimalik
possibly (pə'sibli) võimalikult
potsherd (pɒ'tshə:d) savi
pounce (pauns) hüppama
power (pa'uə) võim, jõud
praise (pre'iz) kiitma
pray (prei) paluma
prayer (pre'ɪə) palve
precious (pre'ʃəs) kallis [mine
prediction (pridi'kʃən) ettekuuluta-
prefer (prifə:') paremaks pidama
preparation (pri:pəre'iʃən) ettevalmis-
 tus

prepare (pripe'a) ette valmistama
 preserve (prize:'v) hoidma
 pretend (prite'nd) silmakirjastama ;
 pretty (pri'ti) ilus [nõudma
 prevent (prive'nt) takistama
 prey (prei) saak
 price (prais) hind
 prick (prik) okas
 pride (praid) uhkus
 prime (praim) õitseae
 prince (prins) kuningapoeg
 princess (pri'nsis) kuningatütar
 print (print) märk, trükk
 prisoner (pri'zənə) vang
 probable (prə'bəbl) arvatavasti
 proceed (prosi:'d) eel käima, edasi
 jõudma
 prominent (prə'minənt) tähtis
 promise (prə'mis) luba; to — lubama
 proper (prə'pə) oma, kohane
 property (prə'pəti) omandus, rikkus
 prophecy (prə'fəsi) ettekuulutus
 prophesy (prə'fisai) ette kuulutama
 proportionale (prə'pə:'fənəl) suhteline
 prospect (prə'spəkt) ettekavatus
 prosperous (prə'spərəs) õnnelik
 protect (prə'tekt) kaitsma
 proud (praud) uhke
 prove (pru:v) tõendama
 provide (prəva'id) varustama
 prudent (pru:'dənt) mõistlik
 public (pʌ'blik) avalik, riiklik
 public-house (pʌ'blik-haus) kõrts
 puff (pʌf) üles puhuma, hooplema
 punishment (pʌ'niʃmənt) karistus
 pure (pju'ə) puhas, selge
 purpose (pə:'pəs) eesmärk
 pursue (pəsju:') jätkama, taga klusama
 puss (pus) kass, kiisu
 puzzled (pʌzld) segaduses

Quality (kwə'liiti) omadus
 quake (kweik) värisema
 quarter (kwə:'tə) veerand
 queen (kwi:n) kuninganna
 queer (kwi'ə) imelik
 question (kwe'stʃən) küsimine
 quick (kwik) rutuline
 quiet (kwa'iait) vaikne
 quite (kwait) päris
 quiver (kwi'və) värisema

Rabbit (ræ'bit) kodujänes
 rack (ræk) murdma
 radiance (re'idiəns) hõilgus
 rag (ræg) räbal
 rage (reidʒ) viha
 ragged (ræg'id) räbalates
 rain (rein) vihm
 raise (reiz) tõstma
 range (reindʒ) rida
 rapid (ræ'pid) kiire
 rare (ræ'ə) harv
 rash (ræʃ) häkiline
 rat (ræt) rott
 rate (reit): at any — igal juhtumisel
 rather (rə:'ðə) parem, ennem
 rattle (rætl) kolisema
 raven (re'ivən) ronk
 reach (ri:tʃ) jõudma, ulatama
 read (ri:d) (read) lugema
 ready (re'di) valmis
 real (ri'əl) õige
 reality (riæ'liiti) tõeolu, realiteet
 really (ri'əli) tõesti
 reaper (ri:'pə) viljalõikaja
 rear (ri'ə) kasvatama
 reason (ri:zn) põhjus; — able
 mõistlik
 re-awaken (ri:əwe'ikən) uuesti ärä-
 tama, ärkama

receive (ri:si:'v) vastu võtma	reward (riwə:'d) tasuma
recognise (re'kəgnai:z) ära tundma	Richard (ri'ti:fəd) Richard
recover (ri:kə'və) uuesti kätte saama	riches (ri'tʃiz) rikkus
reflect (rifl'e'kt) mõtlema	ride (raid) (rode, ridden) ratsutama
refresh (rifre'ʃ) värskendama	ridiculous (ridi'kjuləs) naeruvääriline
refuse (ri:fu:z) tõrjuma, tagasi lükkama	rise (raiz) (rose, risen) tõusma
regale (rige'il) rõõmustama	river (ri'və) jõgi
region (ri:'dʒən) regioon, koht	road (roud) tee
regret (rigre't) kahetsema	roadside (ro'udsaid) teeäär
rejoice (ridʒə'is) rõõmustama	roar (rɔ:) mõirgamine; to — mõir
relate (rile'it) jutustama	gama
relation (rile'iʃən) sugulane	roast (roust) küpsetama
relative (re'lətiv) sugulane	robber (rɔ'bə) röövel
release (rili:'z) vabaks laskma	rode (roud) minevik sõnast
remain (rime'in) jääma	ride
remark (rimə:'k) märkus	roof (ru:f) katus
remarkable (rimə:'kəbl) iseäralik,	room (ru:m) tuba, ruum
tähelepanemise väärt	root (ru:t) juur
remedy (re'mədi) parandama	rooted (ru:'tid) juurdunud
remember (rime'mbə) meeles pidama	rose (rouz) roos; minevik sõnast
remembrance (rime'mbrəns) mä-	rosy (ro'uzi) roosiline, roosa
lestus, meelde tuletus	rough (rʌf) kare
remind (rimə'ind) meelde tuletama	round (raund) ümargune, ringi
renew (rinju:') uuendada	rouse (rauz) äratama
repeat (ripi:'t) kordama	row (rou) rida
reply (riplə'i) vastus; to — vastama	royal (rɔ'iəl) kuninglik
report (ri:pɔ:'t) teade, kuulujutt	royalty (rɔ'iəlti) kuninglik kõrgus
repose (ri:pə'uz) puhkus; to — puh-	rub (rʌb) hõõruma
kama	rubbish (rʌ'biʃ) praht
reproof (ri:pru:'f) etteheide	ruddy (rʌ'di) punane
request (rikwe'st) nõudmine, palve	rude (ru:d) jäme, viisakuseta
resist (rizi'st) vastu panema	rumble (rʌmbl) kolisema
resolve (rizə'lv) nõuks võtma	rumbling (rʌmblɪŋ) kolin
respect (rispe'kt) lugupidamine	run (rʌn) (ran, run) jooksmas
respectful (rispe'ktful) aupaklik	rung (rʌŋ) redeli pulk
restore (ristə:') tagasi andma	rush (rʌʃ) ruttama
result (rizʌlt) tagajärg, saadus	rustle (rʌsl) kohisema
return (ritə:'n) tagasitulek; to —	rut (rʌt) vagu
tagasi tulema	
revive (ri:və'iv) ellu ärkama	

Sadness (sæ'dnis) kurbtus	seem (si:m) paistma
safe (seif) terve, õnnelik	seize (si:z) haarama
said (sed) minevik sõnast say	seldom (se'ldəm) harva
sake (seik): for (my) — (minu) pärast	sell (sel) (sold) müüma
sale (seil) müük	send (send) (sent) saatma
salute (sælju:'t) teretama	sense (sens) meel, mõistus
same (seim) seesama	senseless (se'nslis) mõistusetu
sand (sænd) liiv	sentry (sentri) vaht
sang (sæŋ) minevik sõnast sing	separate (se'pəreit) lahutama
sank (sæŋk) minevik sõnast sink	separation (sepə're'iʃən) lahutamine
sat (sæt) minevik sõnast sit	servant (sə:'vənt) teenija
satın (sæ'tin) siidi atlas	serve (ɜ:v) teenima
save (seiv) päästma	service (sə:'vis) teenistus
saw (so:) minevik sõnast sæ	set (set) panema
say (sei) (said) ütleva	several (se'vrəl) mitu
scamp (skæmp) päevavaras	severe (sivi'ə) karm
scan (skæn) vaatleva	severity (sive'riti) tagedus, valjus
scarcely (skə'səli) vaevalt	sew (sou) (sewed, sewn) õmblema
scatter (skæ'tə) pillama	shade (ʃeid) vari; to a — täpikääl
scene (si:n) näitelava, vaade	shadow (ʃæ'dəu) vari
scoffingly (skɔ'fiŋli) pilkavalt	shake (ʃeik) (shook, shaken) rapu-
scold (skould) tõrelema	tama
scorch (skɔ:tʃ) kõrvetama	shape (ʃeip) vorm, kuju
scissors (si'zəz) käärid	share (ʃeə) osa; to — jaotama
scoundrel (ska'ʊndrəl) kelm	sharp (ʃɑ:p) terav
scour (ska'uə), nühkima, puhastama	shed (ʃed) küün, kuur; to — valama
scramble (skræmb) ronima	sheep (ʃi:p) lammas
scrap (skræp) tükk	shelf (ʃelf) riiul
scratch (skrætʃ) kriimustama	shelter (ʃe'lʔə) vari
screw (skru:) kruuv	shift (ʃift) muundatus, vahetus; kavalus
sea (si:) meri	shine (ʃain) (shone) paistma
seal-ring (si:l-ring) pitsersõrmus	ship (ʃip) laev
search (sə:tʃ) otsima, juurdlema	shirt (ʃə:t) särk
season (si:zn) aastaaeg	shock (ʃɔk) ehmatus
seat (si:t) iste	shoe (ʃu) king
secret (si:'kri:t) saladus	shone (ʃɔn) minevik sõnast shine
secure (sekju:'ə) kindel	shook (ʃuk) minevik sõnast shake
see (si:) (saw, seen) nägema	shop (ʃɔp) pood
seed (si:d) seeme	short (ʃɔ:t) lühike
seek (si:k) (sought) otsima	shot (ʃɔt) minevik sõnast shoot

shout (faut) karjuma
shovel (fʌ'vəl) labidas
show (fou) näitama
shower (fa'ʊə) vihmavaling
showy (fo'ui) ilus
shrew (fru:) tulehark
shriek (fri:k) kiikama, karjuma
shroud (fraud) surnulina
shudder (fʌ'də) värisema
shut (ʃʌt) (shut) kinnl panema
shutters (fʌ'təz) lungid
side (said) külg
sieve (si:v) sõel
sigh (sai) ohkama
sight (sait) vaade, nägemine
sign (sain) alla kirjutama
silence (sa'iləns) vaikus
silent (sa'ilənt) vaikne
silly (si'li) rumal
similar (si'milə) sarnane
simple (simpl) lihtne
sin (sin) patt
since (sins) sestsaadik
sing (siŋ) (sang, sung) laulma
singe (sind₃) kõrvetama
single (siŋl) ainuke
sink (siŋk) (sank, sunk) vajuma
size (saiz) suurus
skin (skin) nahk
skip (skip) hüppama
sky (skai) taevas
sleep (sli:p) (slept) magama
slender (sie'ndə) silhvakas
slightest (sla'itist) kõige vähem
sling (sliŋ) (slung) viskama
slipper (sli'pə) king
slow (slou) aeglane
slumber (slʌ'mbə) uni
slung (slʌŋ) minevik sõnast sling
smash (smæf) purustama

smear (smi'ə) määrima
smell (smel) nuusutama, lõhnama
smile (smail) naeratus
smite (smait) (smote, smitten) viskama
snake (sneik) madu
snooze (snu:z) uinak
soar (so:) üles lendama
soften (sɔ'fən) pehmemdama
sold (sould) minevik sõnast sell
soon (su:n) varsti
soot (sut) tahm
soothe (su:ð) rahustama
sore (so:) valus
sorcerer (sɔ:'sərə) nõid
sorrow (sɔ'rou) valu, kurvastus
soul (soul) hing
sound (saund) terve; — asleep
raskes unes
sound (saund) toon, kõla
southwards (sa'ðədz) lõunapoole
sovereign (sɔ'vərən) valitseja
spare (spə'ə) hoidma
spark (spɑ:k) säde
sparrow (spæ'rou) varblane
spectator (spekte'itə) vaatleja
speedy (spi:'di) kare
spectre (spe'ktə) vaim
spend (spend) (spent) raiskama
spin (spin) (spun) ketrama
spindle (spindl) vokk
spine (spain) selgroog
splash (splæf) pirtsima, laksatama
splendid (splə'ndid) tore
spoil (spoil) rikkuma
spoke (spouk) minevik sõnast speak
sponsor (spɔ'nsə) ristiema
sprang (spræŋ) minevik sõnast
spring
spread (spred) laotama

spring (sprɪŋ) (sprang, sprung)
 hüppama
spring (sprɪŋ) hallik; kevade
spun (spʌn) minevik sõnast **spin**
square (skwɛə) neljanurgeline
squeeze (skwi:z) pigistama
squire (skwa'ɪə) mõisnik
squirrel (skwi'rəl) orav
Sf.-John's Eve (sɪnt dʒɔnz i:v)
 Jaani-õhtu
stain (steɪn) plekk
stair (ste'ə) trepp; — **case** trepp
stalk (stɔ:k) vars
stand (stænd) (stood) seisma
standing: a-standing (æstsæ'ndɪŋ)
 seismas
star (stɑ:) täht
stare (ste'ə) vahtima
start (stɑ:t) teele minema
startle (stɑ:tl) ehmatama
starve (stɑ:v) nälgima
state (steɪt) õue, riik; seisukord
stately (ste'ɪtlɪ) tore
station (ste'ɪʃən) jaam
stay (steɪ) jääma
stays (steɪz) korsett
stead (sted): in his -- tema asemel
steady (ste'di) kindlalt
step (step) samm; to — astuma
stepchild (stept'faɪld) võõraslaps
stiff (stɪf) kange
still (stɪl) vaikne; ikka veel
stir (stɜ:) liikuma
stitch (sti:tʃ) pistma, õmblema
stock-still (stɔk-stɪl) liikumata
stocking (stɔ'kɪŋ) sukk
stole (stou) minevik sõnast **steal**
stone (stoun) kivi
stood (stud) minevik sõnast **stand**
stool (stu:l) pink

stop (stɒp) seisatama
stork (stɔ:k) kurg
story (stɔ:ri) jutt
stove (stouv) ahi
straight (streɪt) õige
strange (streɪndʒ) võõras
strangle (stræŋl) kägistama
stratagem (stræ'tædʒəm) kavalus
strawberry (strɔ':beri) maasik-
 mari
stream (stri:m) jõgi; to — voo-
 lama
strength (streŋkθ) jõud
stretch (stretʃ) sirutatama
strict (strikt) vali
stride (straɪd) sammuma
strike (straɪk) (struck) lööma
string (striŋ) nõör
stringent (stri'ndʒənt) vali
strip (stri:p) röövima, paljaks tegema
stroke (strouk) löök; to — silitama
struck (strʌk) minevik sõnast **strike**
strung (strʌŋ) minevik sõnast **string**
stuck (stʌk) minevik sõnast **stick**
stumble (stʌmbəl) komistama
stunned (stʌnd) uimastatud
stupid (stju:'pɪd) rumal
subdue (sʌbdju:) taltsutama
subject (sʌ'bdʒɪkt) aine
substitute (sʌ'bstɪtju:t) asetäitja
subtle (sʌtl) terav, kaval
subterranean (sʌbtɛ're'ɪniən) maa-
 alune
success (sʌksɛ's) kordaminek
successive (sʌksɛ'sɪv) järgnev
such (sʌtʃ) niisugune
suck (sʌk) imema
sudden (sʌdn) äkiline
suffer (sʌ'fə) kannatama
sufficient (sʌfɪ'fɪənt) küllalt

suggest (sədʒe'st) ettepanekut te-
 gema; nõu andma
suit (sju:t) saatkond; ülikond
suitor (sju'tə) kosilane
sum (sʌm) summa
summons (sʌ'mənʒ) kutse
sunbeam (sʌ'nbi:m) päikese kiir
Sunday (sʌ'ndi) pühapäev
sup (sʌp) õhtueinet sööma
suppose (səpə'uz) arvama
sure (ʃu'ə) kindel
surprise (səprə'iz) ootamatus
surround (səra'und) ümbritsema
suspect (səspe'kt) kahtlustama
swaddling-clothes (swɔ'dliŋ-kloʊðz)
 mähkmed [neelama
swallow (swɔ'lou) pääsuke; to —
swear (swɛ'ə) (swore, sworn) vani-
 duma
sweet (swi:t) magus, kena
swim (swim) (swam, swum) ujuma
swing (swiŋ) kiik
swoon (swu:n) minestus
swoop (swʊp) noolil lendama
swore (swɔ:) minevik sõnast **swear**
sworn (swɔ:n) kesksõna sõnast
swear

Tail (teil) saba
take (teik) (took, taken) võtma
take place (teik pleis) juhtuma
tale (teil) muinasjutt, jutustus
talk (tɔ:k) jutuaamine; to — juttu
tall (tɔ:l) pikk, kõrge [ajama
tallow (tælou) rasv
tame (teim) vaga
taper (te'ipə) vahaküünal
task (tɔ:sk) ülesanne
tar (tɑ:) tõrv
tarry (tæ'ri) ootama; tõrvane

taste (teist) maitse; to — maitsema
taught (tɔ:t) minevik sõnast **teach**
teach (ti:tʃ) (taught) õpetama
tear (tɛ'ə) (tore, torn) rebima
tedious (ti:'diəs) igav
teeth (ti:θ) hambad
tell (tel) jutustama, ütlema
temperament (te'mpərəmənt) tempe-
 rament, loomulaad
temper (te'mpə) tuju
tempt (temt) kiusama
terrible (te'ribl) hirmus
terrify (te'rifi) hirmutama
terror (te'rə) hirm
testify (te'stifi) tunnistama
thank (θæŋk) tänama
thatch (θætʃ) õlest
thee (ði:) sind
thence (ðens) siit
therein (ðe'ərin) kus sees
thereupon (ðe'ərəpən) selle pääle
thick (θik) pakas, jäme
thick-headed (θik-he'did) upsakas
thicket (θi'kit) tihnik
thief (θi:f) varas
thin (θin) õhuke, peenike
thing (θiŋ) asi
think (θiŋk) (thought) mõtlema
thirsty (θɜ:'sti) janune
threaten (θre'tən) ähvardama
thorn (θɔ:n) okas
thorough (θɔ'rou) täielik
thou (θau) sina
though (θou) ehk küll
thought (θɔ:t) minevik sõnast **think**
thoughtful (θɔ:'tfʊl) mõtetes, tä-
 helepanelik [mures
thoughtless (θɔ:'tlis) mõtlemata,
thousand (θa'uzənd) tuhat
thresh (θreʃ) peksma; — er peksja

thrice (θraɪs) kolmkord
thrift (θrɪft) hool
throat (θrou) kael, kurk
throne (θroun) troon
through (θru:) läbi
throughout (θru:'aʊt) läbi ja läbi
throve (θrouv) minevik sõnast **thrive**
throw (θrou) (threw, thrown) viska-
thunder (θʌ'ndə) müristamine [ma
thrust (θrʌst) viskama
thus (ðʌs) niimoodi
thy (ðai) sinu
tight (taɪt) kitsas
tightly (ta'ɪtli) kõvasti, kitsalt
till (tɪl) kuni
time (taɪm) aeg
tiptoe (tɪptou) varvaste otsas
title (taɪtl) aunimi
toast (toust) tervisejook
toe (tou) varvas
toil (toɪl) töö
together (təge'ðə) üheskoos
token (to'ukən) märk
tone (toun) toon
tongue (tʌŋ) keel
took (tuk) minevik sõnast **take**
took leave (tuk li:v) jättis jumalaga
topmost (tɒpməʊst) kõige kõrgem
topleft (tɒpl) vaaruma
torch (tɔ:tʃ) tulelont
tore (tɔ:) minevik sõnast **tear**
torment (tɔ:me'nt) piinama
torrent (tɔ'rənt) vool
fortune (tɔ:'fʊə) piin
toss (tɒs) viskama
totally (to'tʊtəli) täielik
touch (tʌtʃ) puutuma
towards (tɔ:dz) poole
tower (ta'uə) torn
town (taun) linn

toy (toɪ) mänguasi
tradition (trædɪ'ʃən) traditsioon, viis
trample (træ'mpl) trampima
trap (træp) lõks
travel (træ'vəl) reisima
traveller (træ'vələ) reisija
treacherous (tre'tʃərəs) äraandlik
treasure (tre'ʒə) varandus
treasure-bringer (tre'ʒə-bri'ŋə) kratt,
 pisuhänd, puuk
treat (tri:t) ümber käima
tremble (trembl) värisema
tremendous (treme'ndəs) hirmus,
trial (tra'ɪəl) katse; mure [kole
trick (trɪk) kaval mõte
trickle (trɪkl) tilkuma
trifle (traɪfl) ühine asi
trim (trɪm) illus
trip (trɪp) reis; to — astuma
troop (tru:p) kari
trouble (trʌbl) mure
truck (trʌk) käru
true (tru:) õige, truu
trust (trʌst) usaldama
truth (tru:θ) õigus
try (traɪ) katsuma
tub (tʌb) toober; **-ful** toobritäis
tuck (tʌk) võrk; kokku tõmbama
tulip (tju:'lɪp) tulp
tumble (tʌmbl) kukkuma
turn (tɔ:n) pöörama
twice (twais) kakskorda
twig (twɪg) oks
twilight (twa'ɪlaɪt) videvik
twinkle (twɪŋkl) vilkuma
twinkling (twɪŋklɪŋ) silmapilk
twins (twɪnz) kaksikud
twist (twɪst) keerlema
twitter (twɪ'tə) siristamine; to —
 siristama

Ugliness (ʌ'glinis) inetus
ugly (ʌ'gli) inetu
unable (ʌ'ne'ibl) võimetu, oskamata
unbolt (ʌ'nbo'ult) riiivist avama
uncanny (ʌnkæ'ni) imelik
uncle (ʌŋkl) onu
uncommon (ʌ'ŋkɔ'mən) haruldane
understood (ʌ'ndəstu'd) minevik sõ-
 nast **understand**
unexpected (ʌnikspe'ktid) ootamata
unhooked (ʌ'nhu'kt) haagist lahti
university (junivə:'siti) ülikool
unknown (ʌno'un) tundmata
unlace (ʌle'is) nõõri lahti päästma
unmercifully (ʌnmə:'sifuli) halasta-
 matalt
unpleasant (ʌnple'zənt) vastik
unplucked (ʌnplʌ'kt) noppimata
until (ʌnti'l) kuni
upon (əpɔ'n) pääl
upstairs (ʌpstə'eɪz) trepist üles
urge (ə:dʒ) pääle käima, — ajama
use (ju:s) kasu; **to** — (ju:z) tar-
 vitama
utensil (ju:'tənsil) tarberiist
utter (ʌ'tə) avaldama
utterance (ʌ'tərəns) ütetus

Vain (veɪn) edev
valiant (ve'liənt) vahva
value (væ'lju) väärtus
variegated (və:'ɔiəgeɪtɪd) kirju
vase (vɑ:z) vaas
vast (vɑ:st) suur, lai
venture (ve'ntʃə) püüdma, julgema
veil (veil) kirm
vex (veks) vihastama
victory (vi'ktəri) võit
vigilance (vi'dʒiləns) vaivus
village (vi'lɪdʒ) küla

violent (va'ɪələnt) vali, tugev
violet (va'ɪəli) kannike
virtue (və:'tʃu) voorus
virtuous (və:'tʃuəs) vooruslik
visit (vi'zit) külastada

Wag (wæg) saba liputama
waggon (wæ'gən) vanker
waggoner (wæ'gənə) voorimees
waist (weist) talje, vöökoht
wait (weit) ootama
walk (wɔ:k) kõndima
wand (wɔnd) nõiakepp
wander (wɔ'ndə) rändama
want (wɔnt) tahtma
war (wɔ:) sõda
wardrobe (wɔ:'drɔub) riidekapp
wares (wɛ'əz) kaup
warm (wɔ:m) soe
warn (wɔ:n) hoiatama
warren (wɔ'rən) kodujäneste koppel
watch (wɔtʃ) valvama
wax (wæks) kasvama
weak (wi:k) nõrk
wealthy (we'lθi) rikas
weary (wi:ri) väsinud
wedding (we'dɪŋ) pulm, laulatus
weed (wi:d) umbrohi
week (wi:k) nädal
ween (wi:n) mõtlema
weep (wi:p) (wept) nutma
weight (weit) raskus
welcome (we'lkam) tere tulemast
well (wel) hallik; hästi, häa, terve
went (went) minevik sõnast **go**
wept (wept) minevik sõnast **weep**
wert (wɛ:t) (sina) olid
wet (wet) märg, niiske
whatever (wote'və) mis ka
wheel (wi:l) ratas

whence (wens) kust
whenever (wene'və) kui
wherefore (we'efə:) mispärast
wherever (wəə'rə'və) kus iganes
wherewith (we'əwɪð) millega
whether (we'ðə) kas
while (wail) kuna
whilst (wailst) kuna
whim (wim) tuju
whine (wain) nutma
whirl-wind (wə:'lɪnd) tuulepööris
whisper (wi'spə) sosin; to — sosis-
tama
whistle (wis'l) vile, to — vilistama
whole (houl) terve
wicked (wi'kid) jultunud, üleannetu
wickedness (wi'kidnis) jumalavallatus
wide (waid) lai
widow (wi'dou) lesk
wife (waif) naine
wild (waid) tige, metsik
will (wil) tahtmine; testament
willingly (wi'liŋli) häa meelega
wind (wind) tuul; to — (waind) kee-
rutama
winding (waindɪŋ) keerd
wise (waiz) tark [sõrmus
wish (wiʃ) soov; — **ing-ring** — nõla-
withdraw (wið'drə:') tagasi tõm-
wither (wi'ðə) kuhu [bama
within (wiði'n) sees
without (wiða'ut) ilma, välja
witness (wi'tnis) tunnistaja
wizard (wi'zəd) nõid
wolf (wulf) hunt
woman (wu'mən) naine
wonder (wə'ndə) ime; to — imes-
tama
wonderful (wə'ndəfʊl) imeilus
wonderment (wə'ndəmənt) imestus
wood (wud) mets
woodcutter (wu'dkʌ'tə) puulõikaja
wooden (wu'dən) puust
word (wə:d) sõna
work (wə:k) töö
workman (wə:'kmən) töömees
world (wə:ld) maailm
worn (wɔ:n) kesksõna sõnast wear
worrying (wɔ'riɪŋ) äritades
worship (wə:'ʃɪp) austus
worth (wə:'θ) väärt, väärtus
worthy (wə:'θi) väärtusline
wound (wu:nd) haav; to — haa-
vama
wrap (ræp) mässima
wrath (rɔ:θ) viha
wreath (ri:θ) vanik
wretched (re'ʃɪd) õnnetu
wring (riŋ) (wring) kiskuma
write (rait)(wrote, written) kirjutama
wrong (rɒŋ) vale
wrote (rout) minevik sõnast write
wrought (rɔ:t) minevik sõnast work
Yarn (jɑ:n) lõng
yard (jɑ:d) hoov, õue
year (jiə) aasta
yesterday (je'stədi) eila
yet (jet) ometi
yield (ji:ld) järele andma
yellow (je'ləu) kollane
yoke (jouk) ike, härjad
yonder (jɔ'ndə) sääline
young (jʌŋ) noor
youth (ju:θ) noorus; noormees;
— ful noor
Zealously (ze'ləzli) tuliselt

Raamatu tarvitajale.

Käesoleva raamatu kokkuseadmisel oli mul ülesandeks kõige päält Eesti keskkoolide kasvandikkudele Inglise keele lugemisevara teiseks õpeaastaks kättesaadavaks teha, mis neile sisuliselt varem enamasti juba tuntud, kuid mida elava jutustamiseviisi ja põneva sündmustiku pärast hää meelega ikka veel uuesti loetakse. Seda nõuet täidavad muinasjutud täielikult, mispärast neid siin mitmesugustest hallikatest kogutult avaldan. Ka iseõppijad leiavad raamatus tulusa abilise.

Tuntud teksti võõras keeles lugedes pöördub õpilase päätähelepanek selle keele tundmata sõnade ja kõnekäändude pääle, mis nende omandamist ja läbi loetud lugude ümberjutustamist nii kõnes kui kirjas hõlbustab. Raamatusse on suurelt osalt Eesti muinasjutud mahutatud, inglase Kirby tõlkes, mis õpilasele juhust pakuvad asju ja nähtusi just oma kodusest ümbrusest õpitavas Inglise keeles nimetada ja sellega oma kõnekeele tundmist süvendada. Seda hõlbustab raamatu lõpul leiduv lühike enam-vähem tundmata sõnade ja nende väljarääkimise sõnastik.

Inglise keele sõnu õieti välja rääkima ja kirjutama harjudes, nendest vähema vaevaga võimalikult suuremat tagavara kogudes, sellega ühes igapäevasemaid kõnekäände ja keelereeglid tundma õppides võivad õpilased hää tagajärjega selle keele õppimise pää ülesande kallale asuda: Inglise suurrahva rikkaliku kirjandusega tutvuneda, inglaste elu tundma õppida, teadusesse süveneda ja kunsti maitseda. Raamat tahab õpilasi Inglise keele õppimisel tähendatud ettevalmistamise-astmel kergema vaevaga eesmärgile viia, milleks talle lahkelt vastuvõtmist soovin.

E. H.

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(Tekst parallel Inglise ja Eesti keeles, reeglivastaste aja-
sõnade tabeli ja täieliku väljarääkimise sõnastikuga.)

11. 200
Fairy