THE FLIGHT OF A PIGEON

AND

OTHER STORIES.

Digitized by Google
Original from
THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

Digitized by Google
Original from
THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

The Flight of a Pigeon.

Digitized by Google

Original from
THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

THE FLIGHT OF A PIGEON.

THEODORA was the daughter of a peasant. The valley which had been the home of her people for many generations was one of the most beautiful in the kingdom. Her father's ancient cottage stood on the border of a beech grove, and a cheerful brook passed not many yards away. On all sides of the peaceful valley stretched

Digitized by Google
Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

wheeling about in a wide circle, returned. Had the pigeon confided to him the nature of her errand, and had the story touched the heart of the falcon? It may have been, for on his return he settled for a moment on the window-sill of the captive's chamber and peered curiously within. Meanwhile Anita was nearing the cottage in the valley. Already the shadows of the early evening were lengthening. Did the pigeon spy the bowed head of Adolphus as he was hastening toward the forest? Suddenly there was a terrible whistle beneath her and then a pain in her breast. It was an

Digitized by Google Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

girls with flaxen pig-tails. The same old women related how the ogre was finally made captive by a gentle little elf, no bigger than one's thumb, who touched him first with her willow wand and then bade him follow her out of the Dingle, which he did, never appearing again. All the children were, of course, released from the spells of the ogre and returned to the bosoms of their rejoicing parents.

To be sure there were those who laughed at the tales of the old women; but a few good souls believed down in their hearts that the ogre had existed, and when the village built the red school-house on the very edge of Drowsy Dingle, they protested loudly and even kept their chil-

Digitized by Google
Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

this secret reason that the spinster kept her school out of doors all the summer long.

Drowsy Dingle was an enchanting spot. It was a hollow set deep below the school-house, fringed round with trees that nodded sleepily all day. Birds made their nests in the boughs or on the ground close by the green bank where the children said their lessons. Many wood-blooms grew in the dell, thrusting their fragrant cups beneath the long nose of the spinster and the snub-noses of her boys and girls. School here was one long sunshiny holiday, vastly better than when held in the red school-house, where the butterflies and soft winds tempted truancy.

Digitized by Google
Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

Hallidina and the King's Hair.

Digitized by Google

Original from
THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

HALLIDINA AND THE KING'S HAIR.

LITTLE HALLIDINA was the son of a mountain shepherd. He led a very unhappy life, because his father, who thought more of the price his wool would bring than of anything else, did not appreciate the gentle nature of his son. Little Hallidina would rather lie in the sunny meadows and dream of the beautiful future he was sure

Digitized by Google
Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

must come to him at last, than to watch the flock all day. His father often complained when the sheep came home hungry. Once, while little Hallidina was hunting for good omens among the flowers, a lamb fell into the water, and his father, after counting the flock at night, gave him a severe thrashing with his cane. The next day Hallidina left the sheep to find their way back to the fold alone, and forsook the desolate hills and the hut of his father forever.

At noon he drank a bowl of goat's milk on the door-sill of a poor woman's cabin. The woman said to him with a heavy sigh: "You must go to the King's court for a fortune; there is nothing but the bitterest poverty about here."

Digitized by Google
Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

"When I am rich," answered Hallidina hopefully, "I will give you a bag of gold for your goat's milk."

Late in the afternoon he saw the turrets of a great castle towering over the trees, and turning a bend in the road he came upon a rambling old building handsomer than he had ever seen before. He thought this must be the mansion of the King. As he stood in the dusty road wondering if he could slip into the stables to sleep, the door of the mansion opened and a fat woman with a lace cap on her curls and a silken apron tied about her comfortable waist. came out hurriedly.

Digitized by Google
Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

let the motherly woman lead him into the house.

It was not until the next day that he discovered it was merely the home of the King's gate-keeper, and that the King's palace was further on, along a forest road. The turrets could be plainly seen above the trees in the distance. This depressed him very much, for although there were many strange luxuries about him, his dreams had placed him far above the child of a gate-keeper — even to the King. But he would not abandon the good woman so unworthily, and determined to make her miss the dead Raphael as little as possible.

Digitized by Google Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

Digitized by Google
Original from
THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

moon, or to tell the number of the hairs on your dear old head, you cannot expect him to. But, father, Hallidina is my true lover." She looked beseechingly into the face of the astonished King and hesitated. Then the King looked upon Hallidina, who stood proudly by the side of the Princess, entirely unconscious of the boldness of his adventure. Then he looked at his daughter again and the sight of her tender anxiety worried him. Just to gain time he said to Hallidina :

"Who are you that you should ask for the Princess ?"

"I am the son of Thoss Elbert, the shepherd."

At this the King grew suddenly angry. "Thoss Elbert !" he shouted,

Digitized by Google Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

The day came. Hallidina stood upon the chair beside the King and in the presence of his whole court began to count. Every time he separated a hair from the rest he pulled it a little, and the King passed the most unhappy hour of his life. "Can't you avoid pulling?" he cried. "If I could," answered Hallidina submissively, "I certainly should, but you see your hair is in such a tangle that there is no other way of being accurate." "Ouch!" exclaimed the King, squirming uneasily on his throne, "great heavens, how can I endure it!"

Just then the Princess, who had not dared to venture upon the scene before, peered anxiously into the room. She

Digitized by Google
Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

her husband, who was surrounded by new chips that gave forth a savory odor. The afternoon was well gone when Giles, much exhausted, sat down panting by the side of Josepha. She looked so demure with the sunlight lying witchingly in her yellow hair, that he placed his arm about her waist and rested his head upon her shoulder. Josepha had been trailing her plump little hand about in the dark, rich mold to while away the time. Now a vagrant impulse caught her. Making a circle, she thrust her forefinger deep into the center, saying:

"I wonder, Giles, what will grow right there?"

Digitized by Google Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

Digitized by Google
Original from
THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

Eudora:
A Hamadryad.

Digitized by Google

Original from
THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

EUDORA: A HAMADRYAD.

PHILIP AND ROGER were brothers, the sons of Ralph Forrest, the wood-chopper, and his good wife, Ruth. Philip, though the elder, had never been of much service to his father. When a boy he bemoaned the destruction of the trees, and wept bitterly whenever he chanced upon a green stump in the forest.

As he grew older he became more and more pensive and silent. His eyes were large and dreamy, and filled at times with a strange light. His hair grew long, and hung in dark curls about his shoulders. He was

Digitized by Google
Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

side him as he lay dreaming beneath the oak, and he could not see her smile as he stooped to lift the head of a blossom he had crushed.

Early one morning Eudora was awakened from a sweet sleep by the sound of voices. She peeped from her retreat in the bosom of the tree, and saw two strange men standing near. They were removing their coats, and had tossed their hats upon the ground. Poor Eudora looked and trembled. She saw the bright blades of their axes blaze in the sunlight falling between the leaves. She shuddered at the inevitable death awaiting her. She looked upon the younger of the wood-choppers, and knew by

Digitized by Google Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

his good-natured face that could she but speak to him he would spare the tree for the sake of her tender body which must soon be hacked and bleeding with the pitiless blows. But she could do nothing from very fear.

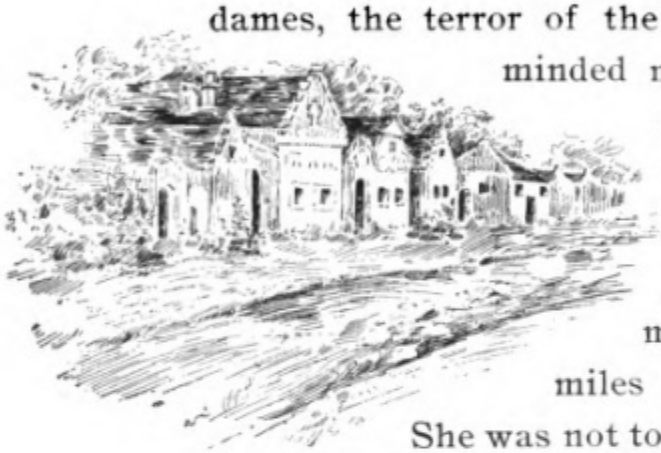
The two men swung their axes above their heads.

"Father! father!" came from the bushes, and Philip, panting and pale, hastened to the choppers. "Do not, I beg of you; do not destroy the shelter of my hollow. This one place in all the world is dear to me. Leave to me its silence and its solitude, and I will ask no more of you."

His distress so moved the two that

Digitized by Google
Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

Tabitha Perrin was the pride of the village, the anxiety of the good old dames, the terror of the simple-minded maidens, and the torment of the young men for miles around.



She was not too plump and not too spare, and her arms were round and soft and white, and her ankles, not entirely concealed by her bright petticoat, were as slender and shapely as the most discriminating person could desire.

Her cheeks were always rosy, her lips were always saucy and her eyes were bright. Every heart had felt the effect of her graces, and many a feud had been established in her

Digitized by Google
Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

Jack Frost: Magician.

Digitized by Google

Original from
THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

JACK FROST: MAGICIAN.

THERE was a time once in the long ago, when the earth bloomed perpetually, breaking forth each morning into new verdure and blossom. Seasons came and went, but brought no change. Fruitage time tossed fair burdens into the apron of the earth-mother, mellow burdens swollen with ripening, and almost bursting with the juices they held. But

Digitized by Google
Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

buds and fruits were twins, ever clasping hands and melting one into the other.

At this happy beginning of the world, there reigned a great god whose countenance was so dazzling, so bright a color of gold, that few could look upon it without becoming blind. Yet many braved the shining face of their idolatrous worship and looked until stricken to the ground. For the yellow god kept watch over his people from high up in the heavens, swinging his huge head from side to side of the earth once every day. At twilight he wrapped a veil of gorgeous hues about his face, and

Digitized by Google Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

monds in the cobwebs, and with her nimble fingers etches the quaint ghost-figures on the window-panes.

Digitized by Google
Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

The Wood-Witch.

Digitized by Google

Original from
THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

pliment, which brought roses to her cheeks that put to shame the paper blossoms twined about the Maypole. No one had a better right to confidences than the lovers. The banns of the young farmer and the bewitching daughter of the old village sexton had been sounded only the Sunday previous. There had been quite a clamor over it, especially among the maidens of the village, who were all half in love with the handsome, sun-browned fellow and desperately jealous of his fiancée.

On this May morning Rudolph and Dorothea were off for a picnic in the woodland skirting the town. They chose this way of spending their hol-

Digitized by Google
Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

Digitized by Google

Original from
THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

of the herb-gatherers who frequented the square with baskets of medicinal roots—she replied to her question :

"I am not alone. Rudolph, whom I shall marry, is with me. He has but now gone to the spring to fetch a jug of water."

"So ho !" cried the Witch. "'Tis a merry youth he is, to be sure. I met your Rudolph with the jug not five minutes agone."

"And was he hastening here ?" questioned Dorothea. "I feared he had really lost his way."

"He seemed in no hurry when I saw him," the hag replied, with her evil eyes cunningly averted. "Down in yonder dell you will find him talking with a woman, damsel ; one as fair as yourself."

Before Dorothea could turn this

Digitized by Google
Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

"I shall keep my tail, in truth," replied the squirrel. His voice would have startled Rudolph at another time, but he was too much absorbed with his thoughts to notice that a strange thing had happened. "But while I was unwilling to make this sacrifice for your Dorothea I am quite ready to help you. Were you as smart as you are strong you would have found her before now. She has not left the forest. The Wood-witch has her at this very moment, I'll warrant. She is extremely fond of getting maidens in her power, and has but played you a trick. Be at the Lone Rock an hour before midnight and I will restore your sweetheart to you."

The squirrel scampered away, leav-

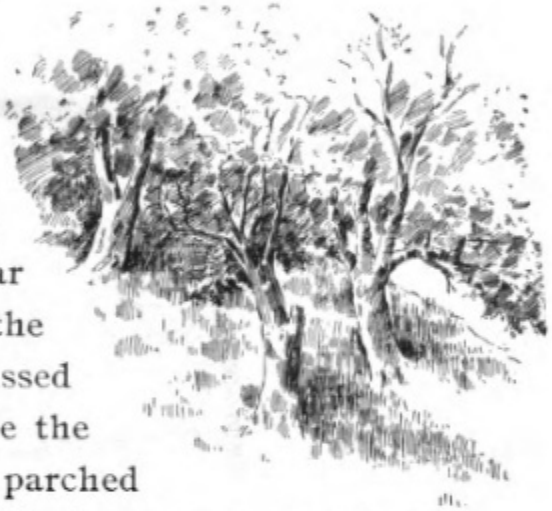
Digitized by Google Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

A Forest Tragedy.

Digitized by Google

Original from
THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

Jason pulled his hat over his eyes as he trudged on beyond the hill. The sun rose higher and beat upon him. The hot dust clung to his shoes and the wind deepened the tan of his cheeks. A grove of wild crab-apple trees cast a cool shadow upon the hill-side, but he did not see it. He did not hear the babble of the brook as he passed over it, nor see the water that his parched lips craved. His feet grew weary but he did not feel them, and his head throbbed unheeded. His heart was heavy. Now and then he pressed his side with his hand as though a wound



Digitized by Google
Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

Digitized by Google

Original from
THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

Charvat
PS351
E568
1874

Digitized by Google

Original from
THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

Digitized by Google
Original from
THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY