# MORE MOTHER STORIES

**The sheep were Jean's playfellows.**

# MORE MOTHER STORIES

BY

MAUD LINDSAY

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*"Life is the most beautiful fairy tale."*

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

YESTERDAY'S CLASSICS

CHAPEL HILL, NORTH CAROLINA

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*Dedicated to the memory of my* MOTHER *and* FATHER, *whose loving sympathy with all that gave me joy made my childhood ideal*

# PREFACE

*Piping down the valleys wild,*
*Piping songs of pleasant glee,*
*On a cloud I saw a child,*
*And he laughing said to me:*
*"Pipe a song about a lamb."*

"Pipe a song about a lamb." "Tell a story about a pony." The plea of universal childhood is for joyful "intimacy with the life of Nature." Poets, painters, writers, the lovers of children of all times and nations, have responded to this childish longing, but it remained for Friedrich Froebel to interpret it, and to recognize its spiritual value. "Each child has a vision of his own inmost life in the mirror of Nature," he writes in his commentary on the Play of Beckoning the Chickens, and again in the motto for The Little Maiden and the Stars:—

*"All that is noble in your child is stirred,*
*And every energy to action spurred,*
*By Nature's silent oft-repeated word."*

His Mother Play Book is full of Nature. We find the child pictured there playing in field and meadow, wading in running brook, plucking flowers, calling chickens, watching pigeons, living with Nature, and growing toward God.

Alas that there are children to whom such joys are denied, but even in them, the little dwellers in city streets, we find this love of Nature strong whenever we give them opportunity to manifest it. I was once in a kindergarten of city children when a homely gray kitten strayed into their midst. Oh, the lighting up of little faces, the reaching out of little hands, the sympathetic interest that thrilled their little hearts at the sight!

"Pipe a song about a lamb." My stories of the happy outdoor world were written in response to the needs of the little children with whom my lot is cast. They were suggested to me by the Mother-Plays, and I have striven, though faultily, to keep them true to Froebel's ideals for childhood—Truth, Simplicity, and Purity.

The story writer, however, has but small part in the art of story making for the young child. It is the story teller who gives life and glow to the story, and it is with the hope that you who tell my simple tales will supply their deficiencies and make them sweet that I am sending this little volume forth.

Maud Lindsay.

Tuscumbia, Alabama, 1905.

# CONTENTS

## MOTTO FOR THE MOTHER

*Wishes are lost in empty air*
*Unless the wisher does his share;*
*And fairy gift will always be*
*But golden opportunity.*

*Early teach your child to see*
*That golden opportunity*
*Waits not for him, but he must be*
*Waiting for opportunity.*

# WISHING WISHES

Once upon a time two little boys sat on a doorstep wishing wishes.

"I wish, I wish," said the first little boy, whose name was Billy, "I wish I had something to eat as good as ice-cream!"

"So do I," said the other little boy, whose name was Bobbie, "and a rose as red as my sister's new Sunday dress."

"Yes, indeed," said Billy, "and a pony to ride."

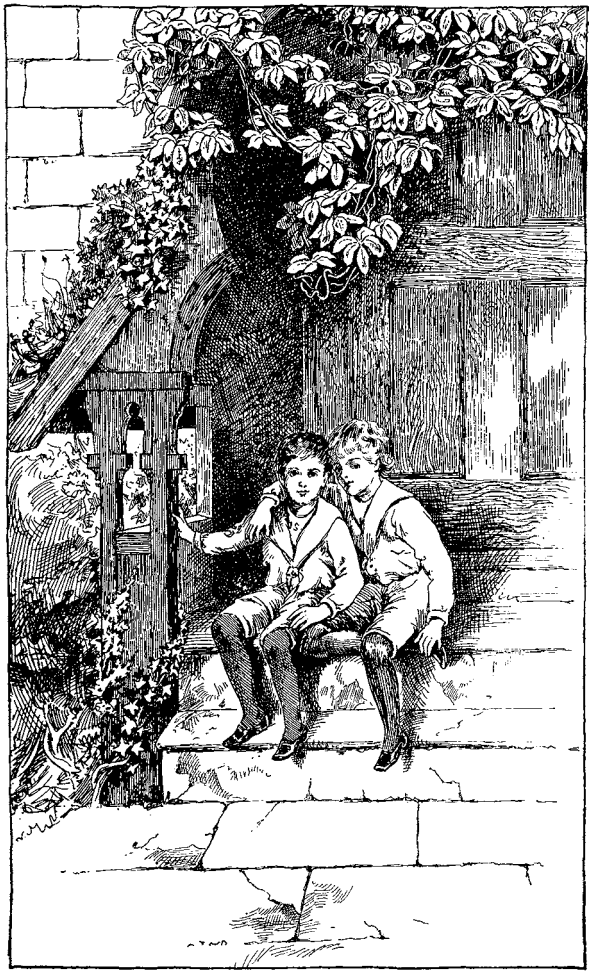
"Oh, yes," cried Bobbie, clapping his hands, "a real, live pony to ride away"—

And then they both cried "Oh!" For, do you believe it? there right before them stood the tiniest, the loveliest lady they had ever seen!

Her hair was like sunshine, her eyes like the skies, and her cheeks like roses; and she had wings more beautiful than the wings of a butterfly; for she was a fairy.

"I am your fairy godmother," said she, "and I will grant your three wishes if you will do just as I tell you."

Billy and Bobbie had never known before that



**Once upon a time two little boys sat on a doorstep wishing wishes.**

they had a fairy godmother; but they were very glad of it, and listened eagerly to all she said.

"Get up in the morning when the stars are growing pale," said the fairy godmother, "and be at my golden gates when the lark sings his first song."

"But how shall we find your golden gates?" cried Billy and Bobbie together.

Then the fairy godmother put her hand into her pocket and took out two tiny feathers.

"Blow these into the air," she said, as she gave one to each child, "and follow them wherever they go; and when they fall to the earth again you will find my golden gates near by."

Then, before the little boys had time to answer, she vanished from sight, and only a bright spot of sunshine showed where she had stood.

Billy laid his feather down on the doorstep and ran to look for her, and when he came back the feather was gone, for a breeze had blown by and whisked it away; and though Billy ran after it he never could catch it.

"Now, there!" he said, "that horrid breeze has blown away my feather, and how shall I find my fairy godmother's golden gates?"

"Never mind," said Bobbie, "I have my feather safe in my handkerchief; and if you will get up early in the morning you can go with me."

"All right," cried Billy; and both the little boys ran

home to tell their mothers the wonderful thing that had happened to them.

When Bobbie got to his home and had told his mother and eaten his supper, he made haste to go to bed; for he knew that he must be up betimes the next morning. He folded his clothes on a chair, tied the feather up loosely in the handkerchief and pinned the handkerchief to his jacket, that everything might be ready when he waked up.

Early, early in the morning, when the stars were pale, he jumped up and dressed, and ran to Billy's house.

"Billy! Billy!" he called, as soon as he got there; but Billy was asleep. He had not gone to bed with the birds, and he did not hear Bobbie call until his big brother waked him up; and then he said:—

"Oh! I'm too sleepy to go now. Tell Bobbie to go on and I will catch up with him."

So Bobbie started off alone. When he reached the road he shook out his handkerchief, and away flew the feather over the fields and meadows where the dewdrops waited for the sunbeams to make them bright. Bobbie followed it wherever it went, and by and by it flew near the lark's nest. The lark was just getting up.

"Good morning," said Bobbie. "When will you sing your first song?"

"When I fly up to the blue sky," answered the lark; and he flew up, up, till he looked like a tiny speck against the sky, and then he sang his morning song.

Just then the feather fell to the earth, and Bobbie found himself before the fairy godmother's golden gates which were swinging wide open.

The fairy godmother herself was waiting to greet him, and she led him into her beautiful garden where all the birds and all the flowers were waking up. In the garden, under a tree, was a little silver table, and on the table were two golden bowls, each with a golden spoon beside it, and filled to the brim with fairy snow.

"One is for you," said the fairy godmother; and when Bobbie had tasted the fairy snow he liked it so well that he ate it all up, and it was better than ice-cream!

Then the fairy godmother took him down the garden path till they came to a rose-bush; on the rose-bush grew two roses as red as Bobbie's sister's new dress, and that was very red indeed.

"One of these is for you," said the fairy godmother; and after Bobbie had plucked one very carefully, he pinned it on his jacket that he might carry it to his mother.

"Now," said the fairy godmother, "what was the last wish?"

"A pony!" cried Bobbie; "but you surely can't give me that."

"Look under the willow tree," said the fairy godmother, smiling. And there, sure enough, were two ponies! One was white and one was brown; and they had saddles on their backs, and golden bridles, and were all ready for little boys to ride.

Bobbie looked at them both and took the brown one, because it was a little like his father's big brown horse.

"Good-by," said the fairy, as he jumped on the pony's back. "You have done your part and I have done mine, and I wish you well in the world."

Then Bobbie thanked her and rode away through the golden gates toward home; and on the way he met Billy.

Now Billy had got up late in the morning when the sun was high, and had started out to look for his fairy godmother's golden gates. As he was wandering about, he met a grasshopper, and said:—

"Grasshopper, grasshopper, do you know where my fairy godmother lives?"

"Not I," said the grasshopper, laughing till his sides shook. "What a funny boy, not to know the way to his own godmother's!"

This did not please Billy, so he hurried away; and before long he met a bird.

"Bird, bird," he cried, "do you know where my fairy godmother lives?"

"Not I," said the bird, whistling in surprise.

"Nobody knows anything!" said Billy; but just then the lark flew by, and when he had heard the whole story he said:—

"A little boy passed my nest just as I was waking up this morning, and I will show you the way he went."

Then Billy made haste as fast as he could from the lark's meadow, and very soon he met Bobbie on the brown pony.

"It is all there, Billy," cried Bobbie, "just as she said. There's a bowl of fairy snow on the table, and a rose in the garden, and a pony under the willow tree!"

When Billy heard this he ran as fast as he could to the golden gates; and he scarcely spoke to the fairy godmother, for he spied the golden bowl on the silver table.

But the fairy snow was all gone. It had melted away in the warm sunshine, and when Billy looked in there was only a drop of water left in the bottom of the bowl.

"The sun has been shining while you were on the way," said the fairy godmother.

But Billy thought of the rose and the pony, and made haste down the garden path till he came to the rose-bush.

But the rose as red as the Sunday dress was gone, and only a heap of rose petals and a stem showed where it had been.

"The wind has been blowing while you were on the way," said the fairy godmother.

"Dear me!" said Billy. But he remembered the pony, and off he ran to the willow tree.

But when he got there all he could see was a golden bridle hung up in a tree; for the pony had

gotten so tired of waiting and waiting and waiting for somebody who did not come, that he had broken loose from his bridle and gone back to fairyland.

"There now!" said Billy, "I've had all my trouble for nothing. I wish I hadn't come!"

And, do you believe it? he had scarcely spoken when something whisked him up and whirled him away, and the next thing he knew he was sitting on the very doorstep where he had been when he was wishing wishes!

## MOTTO FOR THE MOTHER

*There is nothing under the sun so interesting to a child as the familiar cow, the sober horse, or the motherly hen, that live in his own barnyard.*

# IRMGARD'S COW

Irmgard was a little Swiss girl.

Her father was a guide, her brother was a herdsman, her sister was a dairymaid, and her mother was the dearest mother in the world, so Irmgard thought.

Irmgard had a cow. Yes, a cow of her very own. It was a present from her uncle who lived far away across the mountains.

He had sent the cow by her brother Peter, with a message which pleased Irmgard very much.

"Tell Irmgard," her uncle had said to Brother Peter, "that this cow is her own; and she must learn to milk, and churn, and print butter; for when I come at Christmas to see her I shall expect a pound of butter printed by her own little hands for my Christmas gift."

You can just imagine how Irmgard felt when she heard this! and her sister Rose promised to teach her how to do all these things, as soon as the cows came home from their summer pasture.

Now in Irmgard's country, when the winter snows melt, the herdsmen take the cows to pasture high up in the mountains, where the grass grows green and the cool winds blow.


**Irmgard had a cow. Yes, a cow of her very own.**

The milkmaids go, too, to take care of the milk, and they all live happily in the highlands till the snow comes again in the fall.

Irmgard wanted her cow to go with the rest, of course; so the very first night after the cow came she told her all about it.

"The cows will be going to pasture very soon," she said to her, "and you will want to go, I know, so I will let you. You are my very own cow, but I will let you go where the little flowers bloom and the grass is so green. Brother Peter says it is a most wonderful place. You can see the snow on the mountain top, while you eat the grass on the mountain side. You must grow fat, too," said Irmgard, "and give a great deal of milk; for when you come back in the fall I shall milk you myself."

The cow chewed her cud, and switched her tail, as she listened, but Irmgard knew by her eyes that she was anxious to go.

It was a great day when the cows went to the pasture. All the cows in town went. They wore bells about their necks, and marched in a long line. Irmgard's cow had ribbons on her horns, and the little girl thought she was the prettiest cow in the whole line.

Irmgard watched the cows as long as they were in sight. Once her cow looked back and called "Moo! moo!" just as if she were saying good-by.

"Good-by," cried Irmgard.

"Good-by," said Brother Peter and Sister Rose,

who were going, too; and away they all went, leaving Irmgard in the valley.

Summer was a busy time for Irmgard. She was her mother's chief helper when Sister Rose was away, and there was always something for her to do. The days slipped by so quickly that she was really astonished one evening in the early fall, when her father came in from a trip with some travelers and said:—

"I passed the cows on the road to-day. They will be here to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" cried Irmgard, dancing with delight.

"Yes, to-morrow," said her father, "and your cow"—but here he stopped and put his hand over his mouth.

"I can't tell. It is a secret," he said, when Irmgard looked at him in wonder.

"Oh! father, father! please tell!" begged Irmgard. "What is it about my cow?"

But her father would not tell. "I can't tell, even if you guess it," he said, "for Brother Peter and Sister Rose said to me again and again: *'Don't tell Irmgard* that her cow' "—

Irmgard could not keep from guessing. "My cow gives more milk than any other cow!" No, that was not it, she knew by her father's smile. "Her milk is the richest!" Still she was wrong.

"Oh! mother," she cried, "what do you think it can be?"

"I am not going to guess," said her mother, "because it is a secret; but perhaps you will dream it when you go to sleep, to-night."

So Irmgard went to sleep, and dreamed all night of cool pastures and green grass and cows, but she could not dream what the wonderful secret was.

Early the next morning she went out and sat by the roadside, and waited and watched,—waited and watched until it seemed to her as if she could not wait another minute; and just about then she heard a sound far up the road.

*Tinkle, tinkle!* Irmgard knew what that meant. The cows were coming!

*Tinkle, tinkle!* They were a little nearer.

*Tinkle, tinkle!* There they came!

The leader cow stepped proudly in front. Then came Irmgard's Aunt Gundel's cows. They were very sleek and very fat.

The herdsmen nodded to the little girl. "Good morning, Irmgard," they said, and they smiled as if they knew the secret.

Then came her next-door neighbor's cows. He was with them himself, and he, too, looked at Irmgard.

"Good news for you," he called as he passed.

"Oh! what can it be? What can it be?" cried Irmgard. "Will they never come?"

At last her mother's cows came slowly down the path. There were six of them, and they greeted Irmgard with their soft, loving eyes. "We know," they seemed to say, "but we cannot tell."

Irmgard almost held her breath with excitement. There came Sister Rose (she was smiling) and Brother Peter (so was he) and her cow,—and close behind trotted the dearest, loveliest, frisky baby calf!

The secret was out, and Irmgard was the happiest little girl in Switzerland. Her cow had a calf.

## MOTTO FOR THE MOTHER

*Where can we find better companions for little children than among God's creatures, who give love for love?*

*The child who has never known the joy of having a pet has missed something from life more precious than all that wealth can buy.*

# HANS AND HIS DOG

Far away across the sea, in a country called Switzerland, there once lived a little boy whose name was Hans.

Switzerland is a wonderful country, full of beautiful snowy mountains, where gleaming ice fields shine, and dark pine forests grow.

Hans lived with his aunt and uncle in a village up among these mountains. He could not remember any other home, for his father and mother had died when he was a little baby, and his aunt and uncle, who had not a child of their own, had taken care of him ever since.

Hans's uncle was a guide. He showed the safest ways and best paths to the travelers, who came from all over the world to see the mountains.

Every summer the little town where Hans lived was full of strangers. Some of them came in carriages, some on foot; some were rich, some were poor; but all of them wanted to climb to the mountain tops, where the snows are always white and dazzling against the blue sky.

The paths over the mountains are slippery and dangerous, leading across the ice fields by cracks and chasms most fearful to see. The travelers dared not climb them without some one to show the way, and

nobody in the village knew the way so well as Hans's uncle.

The uncle was so brave and trusty that he was known throughout the whole country, and everybody who came to the mountains wanted him as a guide.

One day a Prince came, and no sooner had he rested from his journey than he sent for the uncle.

That very day Hans was five years old, and so his uncle told him that because it was his birthday, he, too, might go to see the Prince.

This was a great treat for Hans, and his aunt made haste to dress him in his best clothes.

"You must be good," she told him a dozen times before he set out with his uncle to the hotel where the Prince was staying.

When they got there they found everything in a bustle, for the place was full of fine ladies and gentlemen who had come with the Prince, and the servants were hurrying here and there to wait on them.

Nobody even saw the little boy, in holiday clothes, who tiptoed so quietly over the beautiful carpets. Nobody, I should say, but the Prince; for after the Prince had finished his business with Hans's uncle, he smiled at Hans and asked his name and how old he was. Hans was very proud to say that he was five years old that very day; and when the Prince heard this he took a gold piece from his purse and gave it to Hans.

"This is for a birthday present," he said, "and you must buy what you want most."

Hans could scarcely believe his own eyes. He ran every step of the way home, to show the gold piece to his aunt; and, when she saw it, she was almost as pleased as he was.

"You must buy something that you can keep always," she said. "What shall it be?—A silver chain!" she cried, clasping her hands at the thought of it. "A silver chain to wear upon your coat when you are a man, and have, perhaps, a watch to hang upon it! 'Twill be a fine thing to show—a silver chain that a Prince gave you!"

Hans was not certain that he wanted a chain more than anything else, but his aunt was very sure about it; so she gave the gold piece to a soldier cousin, who bought the chain in a city where he went to drill before the very Prince who had given Hans the money.

When the chain came the aunt called all the neighbors to see it. "The Prince himself gave the child the money that bought it," she said over and over.

Hans thought the chain very fine; but after he had looked at it awhile he was quite willing that his aunt should put it away in the great chest where she kept the holiday clothes and best tablecloths.

The chain lay there so long that Hans felt sorry for it, and wondered if it did not get lonely. He got lonely often himself, for there was nobody to play with him at his own home, and his aunt did not encourage him to play with other children. She liked a quiet house, she said, and she supposed that everybody else did.

Hans made no more noise than a mouse. He stayed a great deal in the stable with the cows. The cows and he were good friends. One of them, the oldest of all, had given milk for him when he was a baby, and he never forgot to carry her a handful of salt at milking time.

He often thought that he would rather have bought a cow with the gold piece than a silver chain; but he did not tell anybody, for fear of being laughed at.

Once he asked his aunt to let him play with the silver chain; but she held up her hands in amazement at the thought of such a thing. So the chain lay in the dark chest, as I have said, for a long time—nearly a year.

Then there was a great festival in the town, and the aunt took the chain from its wrappings and fastened it about Hans's neck with a ribbon.

She and Hans had on their best clothes, and all the village was prepared for a holiday.

Flags were flying, fiddlers were playing gay tunes on their fiddles, and the drummer boy kept time on his drum and made a great noise.

In the middle of the village square was a merry-go-round, which Hans and the other children liked best of all.

"If you are good, you shall ride," said Hans's aunt, as she hurried him on to the place where the strong men of the village were lifting great stones to show their strength. Then the swift runners ran races, and the skilful marksmen shot at targets.

Oh! Hans was tired before he saw half the sights; and he wished that his aunt would remember about the merry-go-round. He did not like to worry her, though, so he sat down on a doorstep to rest, while she talked to her friends in the crowd.

By and by a man with a covered basket came and sat down beside him. He put the basket down on the step, and Hans heard a queer little grumbling sound inside. "Oh! yes," said the man, "you want to get out."

"Row, row!" said the thing in the basket.

When the man saw how surprised Hans looked he lifted the lid of the basket and let him peep in. What do you think was in the basket? The dearest baby puppy that Hans had ever seen.

"There," said the man, shutting down the lid, "there is the finest Saint Bernard dog in Switzerland. Do you know anybody who might want to buy him?"

"Are you going to sell him?" asked Hans.

"Yes, indeed," said the man. "How would you like to buy him yourself?"

"I!" said Hans. "Oh! I would rather have him than anything in the world; but I haven't any money. I haven't anything of my own but this silver chain."

"Is that yours?" asked the man. "It is a very fine chain."

"Oh, yes," cried Hans. "But I would a thousand times rather have a dog."

"Well, then," said the man, "if you are sure that

the chain is yours and if you want the dog so much, I'll let you have him for it, although he's worth a fortune."

And so, in less time than I take to tell it, the chain was off of Hans's neck and the dog was in his arms.

Then he ran to find his aunt. "Oh, Aunt!" he called, even before he reached her, "look at this beautiful dog. He is my very own. The man let me have him for my silver chain."

"Your silver chain!" cried his aunt angrily, coming to meet him in haste. "Your silver chain! What do you mean, you stupid child? Not the silver chain that was bought for your birthday? Not the silver chain that the Prince gave you? A nice bargain, indeed! Where is the man?" and, catching the child by the hand, she hurried back through the crowd so fast that he almost had to run to keep up with her. The great tears rolled down Hans's cheeks and on to the dog's back, but his aunt did not notice them. She scolded and scolded as she made her way back to the doorstep.

When they got there the man was nowhere to be seen, and nobody could tell them which way he had gone. So, although they looked for him until almost dark, they had to go home without finding him.

Hans still carried the dog in his arms, and all the neighbors they met stopped to ask if silly Hans had really given his silver chain for a dog, as they had heard.

His aunt had a great deal to say to them, but Hans said nothing at all. He only hugged the dog closer,

and wondered how long it would be before he would have to give him up.

But Hans's aunt let him keep the dog in spite of her scolding. "A dog is better than nothing," she said.

Hans named him Prince, for after all the dog was the Prince's birthday present.

At first Prince did nothing but sleep and eat. Then he began to grow, oh! so fast. By the time he had lived two years in the house he was a great, fine dog, with long thick hair and soft loving eyes. He was very beautiful. All the travelers who came in the summer to see the mountains said so, and even Hans's aunt thought so, although she did not love the dog.

Hans was never lonely after Prince came. Even at night they stayed together; and in the winter Hans would put his arms about his friend's shaggy neck and sleep close beside him to keep warm.

The winters are very cold in the country where Hans lived. The winds whistle through the pine trees, and the snow comes down for days, till the valleys are as white as the mountain tops.

Few travelers go to the mountains then. They are afraid of the bad roads, and of the snow, which sometimes slides down the mountain side in great masses, burying everything in its way.

Hans's uncle knew many stories of travelers who had been lost in the snow, and he told, too, of some good men, living in the mountains, who sent their dogs out to find and help people who were lost;—"dogs like

our Prince here," he would say; and Hans would hug Prince and say:—

"Do you hear? Your uncles and cousins and brothers save people out of the cold snow."

Prince would bark sharply whenever Hans told him this, just as if he were proud. He knew all about travelers, and snow, for, often, Hans's uncle took him on short trips over the mountains.

Hans always let him go, willingly, with his good uncle; but one day when his soldier cousin (the one who had bought the silver chain in the city) asked if he might take the dog with him for a day, Hans was very sorry to let Prince go.

"Fie!" said his aunt, when she saw his sorrowful face. "What harm could come to a great dog like that?"

But Hans was not satisfied. All day long his heart was heavy, and when, in the afternoon, the little white snowflakes came flying down he watched for the return of his soldier cousin and the dog with anxious eyes.

After a long while he heard a great laughing and talking on the road, and he ran out to see who was coming.

It was the soldier cousin with a party of friends, and they laughed still more when they saw Hans.

"Little Hans! little Hans!" cried one of them, "this fine cousin of yours has forgotten your dog."

"Forgotten my dog!" said Hans. "What do you mean?"

"He was asleep behind the stove at the inn," said the soldier cousin, who looked very much ashamed of himself.

"And he never missed him until now," cried the friends. "Think of that—a great dog like Prince!"

Hans looked from one to another with tears in his eyes; but they were all too busy with their joking to notice him. Only the soldier cousin, who was really sorry for his carelessness, tried to comfort him.

"He'll be here," he said, patting Hans on the head, "by milking time, I warrant; for he is wise enough to take care of himself anywhere."

"Wiser than you," laughed the rest; and they all went off merrily, leaving the little boy standing in the road.

He scarcely saw them go, for he was thinking of the night so near at hand, and the winds and the snow slides. How could the dear dog find his way through the darkness alone?

"I will go for him in the morning, if he does not come home to-night," called the soldier cousin.

But morning seemed very far away to the dog's anxious little master, and the big tears began to roll down his cheeks.

Just then a thought sprang into his mind, as

thoughts will. "Why not go yourself for him, now?" was the thought.

He clapped his hands joyfully. Of course he could go. He knew the way, for he had been to the inn only the summer before with his uncle.

The loud winds whistled, and the snowflakes kissed his cheeks and his nose; but he thought of his playmate and started out bravely.

"Moo! moo!" called the old cow from the stable. Hans knew her voice. "Bring me my salt," she seemed to say.

"When I come back," he answered, as he struggled up the frozen road.

He was very cold, for he had even forgotten his cap in his haste; but the snowflakes powdered his hair till he looked as if he wore a white one.

He could scarcely pucker up his mouth to whistle. His feet were numb and his fingers tingled, and the wind sang in his ears till he was as sleepy as sleepy could be.

"I'll sit down and rest," said Hans to himself, "and then I can go faster." But when he sat down he could not keep his eyes open, and before many minutes he was fast asleep and lay in a little dark heap on the white snow.

"Let's cover him up," said the snowflakes, hurrying down; but before they had time to whiten his clothes a great big beautiful Saint Bernard dog came bounding down the road.

It was Prince. He had waked up from his nap behind the stove, and hastened after the soldier cousin as fast as his four feet could carry him. He was not afraid of the night or the snow, and he was as warm as toast in his shaggy coat.

He was thinking of Hans as he hurried along—when, suddenly, he spied him lying there so still by the roadside!

In an instant the good dog sprang to the child's side, barking furiously, for every dog in Switzerland knows that those who sleep on snow pillows seldom wake up.

"Bow-wow! Bow-wow!" he barked loud and long. "Bow-wow! Bow-wow!" which meant, in his language, "Little master, wake up!"

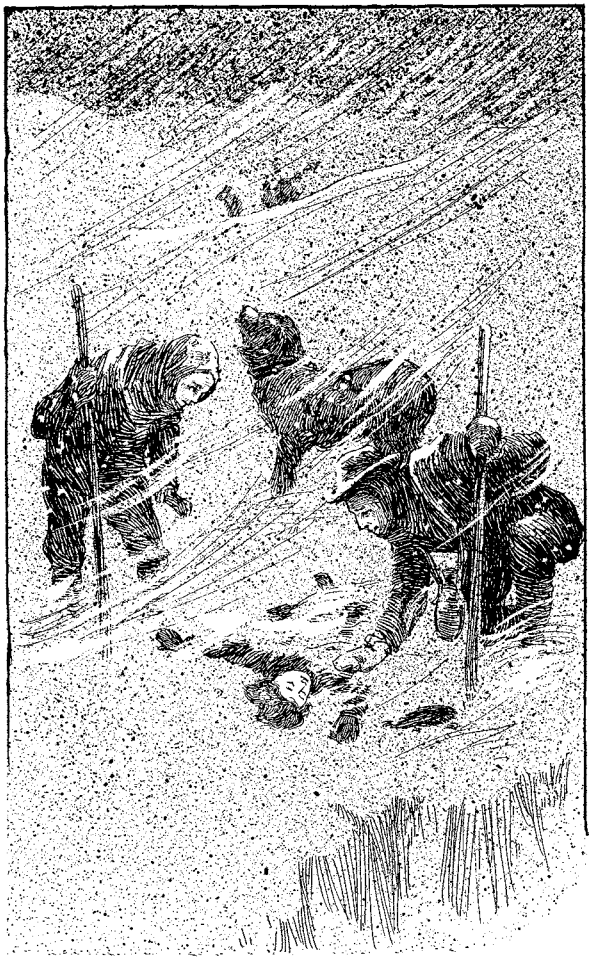
But Hans was dreaming of the mountains where the travelers went, and did not hear.

"Bow-wow! Bow-wow! Wake up! Wake up!" called the dog; and he licked Hans's face and tugged at his coat, pulling him along with his strong teeth.

"You can't wake him up," said the wind.

"Bow-wow! I can," barked Prince; and he ran down the road and called for help: "Bow-wow! Bow-wow! Come here! Come here!"

The sound of his voice reached the village, where everything was as quiet as the snow itself. The cows heard it first and mooed in their stalls. The soldier cousin heard it, on his way to Hans's house, where he was going to find out whether Prince had come back.



**The faithful dog kept guard over his little master.**

Hans's uncle and aunt heard it as they searched through the house for their little boy. The neighbors heard it, and opened their doors to listen.

"Bow-wow! Bow-wow! Come here! Come here!"

"Something is wrong," said the people, and they all hurried out of their houses, away from their fires and their suppers, up the mountain side, till they came to the spot where the faithful dog kept guard over his little master.

Hans's uncle is never tired of telling how Prince saved Hans. He tells it on the long winter evenings when the winds whistle through the pines, and he tells it in summer to the travelers as they climb the mountains.

Hans thinks it is more beautiful than a fairy story, and so does his aunt; for ever since that snowy night she is ready to agree that the dear dog is better than all the silver chains in the world.