

MORE STORIES

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More Stories by Julia Goddard

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JULIA GODDARD

MORE STORIES

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LORELEY.

MORE STORIES.

BY

JULIA GODDARD,

AUTHOR OF "KAREL AND THE SIX LITTLE DWARFS."

LONDON :

ARTHUR HALL, SMART, AND ALLEN,

26, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1863.

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MORE STORIES.

INTRODUCTION.

The wind howled through the forest, and shook the tall tree tops, and rocked the little birds in their nests; but it was too rude a lullaby to send them to sleep, and they were glad enough when the Wind-Spirit grew weary, and paused for awhile to take some rest.

The snow was lying deep upon the ground, and the foxes shivered if they even put their noses out of their holes, so that the hares and rabbits might have had a fine time of it had they not also been half frozen; and when they ventured abroad it was but to find themselves obliged to shelter in cunning little snow tents, with just a breathing-hole at the top: therefore, for all the pleasure they were likely to have, they might as well have stayed at home.

As for the squirrels that leaped from branch to branch so merrily in the summer, they had curled their warm tails round them, and shut their great

flashing brown eyes, and very sensibly gone to sleep. Possibly they were dreaming of heaps of shining nuts and acorns; perhaps also of pieces of gingerbread, if any of them were old enough to remember little Karl and the tempting bait she used to lay for them. However, I do not know whether squirrels have good memories.

But little Karl is a king now, and he has not been in the forest for many a day. It does not seem long to him since he was there, for the days go by so pleasantly, and he has with him the little playfellow that Hans promised him years ago. She, too, has changed; she is now a beautiful queen, as good as she is beautiful, and Karl loves her more and more every day.

And Karl and Lilien talk of paying a visit, some-time, to the old forest where they were so happy with their good little friends. They will find no change in the cave, neither in the six little dwarfs, Hans, Kaspar, Fritz, Klapps, Schnapps, and Peter.

Hans and his brothers do not mind the frost and snow, and little do they care whether the Wind-Spirit rages or not; the two great fires are blazing steadily as ever, and through some wonderful invention of Peter's, their chimneys never smoke. It would be a good thing if we knew his secret.

I rather think Fritz is not sorry when winter sets in, for he becomes acquainted with many shy birds and animals, which in summer-time will not approach within speaking distance; and we may be sure that he makes good use of his magic tube. Indeed, it is quite surprising how wise the birds and beasts in