THE BROWNIES AND PRINCE FLORIMEL; OR, BROWNIELAND, FAIRYLAND, AND DEMONLAND

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The Brownies and Prince Florimel; or, Brownieland, Fairyland, and Demonland by Palmer Cox

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PALMER COX

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CHAPTER I

THE FLIGHT OF PRINCE FLORIMEL

LL that is here set down happened in a wonderful country where wonderful things are always happening.

In a certain kingdom there was a young prince named Florimel.

His father, the king, had lately passed away, but, though Florimel was his only son, and of age, he had not succeeded to the throne that by right of birth was his.

The reason was that his father had a brother, a very cruel, crafty

duke, high in the councils of the state, who had designs upon the throne himself. In a covetous frame of mind he had once taken a photograph of the crown and ermine robe, and the intelligent palace parrot had made a remark thereat:

"'Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," croaked the bird.

It was a wise quotation, and yet it was not wise to make it,

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for right after that something happened to the unlucky parrot.

The duke with his evil influence swayed the opinions of the royal cabinet which made the laws. In his wicked old heart he wished Florimel out of the way.



his occupying the throne. But the throne was of ordinary size, so that he never could have occupied it. Like other princes he was all that was fair and handsome, but he was very small indeed. He was no larger than the average-sized boy of twelve, and the people who should have proved his loyal subjects were well-grown men and women. In their talks among themselves they showed a shame that anyone so small should rule them.

THE FLIGHT OF PRINCE FLORIMEL

"Why, he's no bigger than a Brownie!"
was a remark they very often made. "It
would look foolish to have such a mite for
a king." For they were well informed
about the Brownies, and knew how

they perched on fences, or hid adroitly

whenever danger threatened.

But they were guided by appearances, as too often people wrongly are, and they failed to realize that sometimes the best goods are done up in the smallest pack-

ages, and that even a mite may be mighty.

The fact that Florimel was so small had been a great grief to his late parents who had never been able to understand it. He had been a fine, healthy baby who had won the hearty approval of his doctors and nurses.

His mother always had an uneasy fear that the godmother who assisted at his christening might have been concerned in his diminutive size, but the king invariably poo-poohed at her suspicions. This godmother was an ex-fairy, but advancing age had interfered with her work of magic. Her joints had become stiff and cramped, and she had contracted rheumatism from sleeping in damp, dewy flowers. She did not get around in the lively fashion she used to.

"Nonsense!" said the king. "Would she have bestowed on him the gift of second sight and at the same time taken away his size? Depend upon it, my dear, her intentions were perfectly straightforward and honorable."