THE LILY, WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

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The Lily, with illustrations by Aunt Mary

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AUNT MARY

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THE FAIRY'S FOUNTAIN.

cot among the Swiss mountains. Down in the valley far below his home, was a clear bubbling spring, to which his father used to lead the flocks to drink. One day Franz had been there, and had seen

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the sheep and goats stand upon the velvet moss, and drink from the crystal spring.

When he went home at night, he asked his mother why it was called the "Fairy's Fountain," for he knew it belonged to the shepherds and herdsmen.

"Well, Franz," said his good mother, "I will tell you why it is called so. Many long years ago, an old man, who was herding his goats near the spring one moonlight night, over the water. He also heard the low notes of music; so in the morning he told all the cottagers round that he had seen a fairy, and had heard her sing. No one believed this, for they all knew the figure he saw was that of a shepherd's child, who had been sent to the spring later than usual, to fill her flagon with water. So they laughed about the sight of the old shepherd, but ever since the spring has been called the 'Fairy's Fountain.'"

When Franz heard this he was greatly pleased, and said, "Perhaps, after all, mother, the old shepherd's story was true. I have heard such beautiful tales of fairies, that I should like very much to see one. I will go to the spring some time, and see if I cannot find one.

"No, my dear boy," said the wise mother, "there are no such beings in the world. So you need not look for them. Never go alone to the spring, or you will surely be drowned; and then how could your poor father and I live here among these lonely hills, without our dear little Franz to comfort us?"

He had always been a good boy, and his mother did not fear to trust him,—she felt sure he would obey her word.

Now Franz longed very much to know if the old man's words were not true, and then he forgot his mother and all she had said. One day, while she was away at work