

**THE FAIRY-FOLK
OF BLUE HILL**

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The fairy-folk of Blue Hill by Lily F. Wesselhoeft

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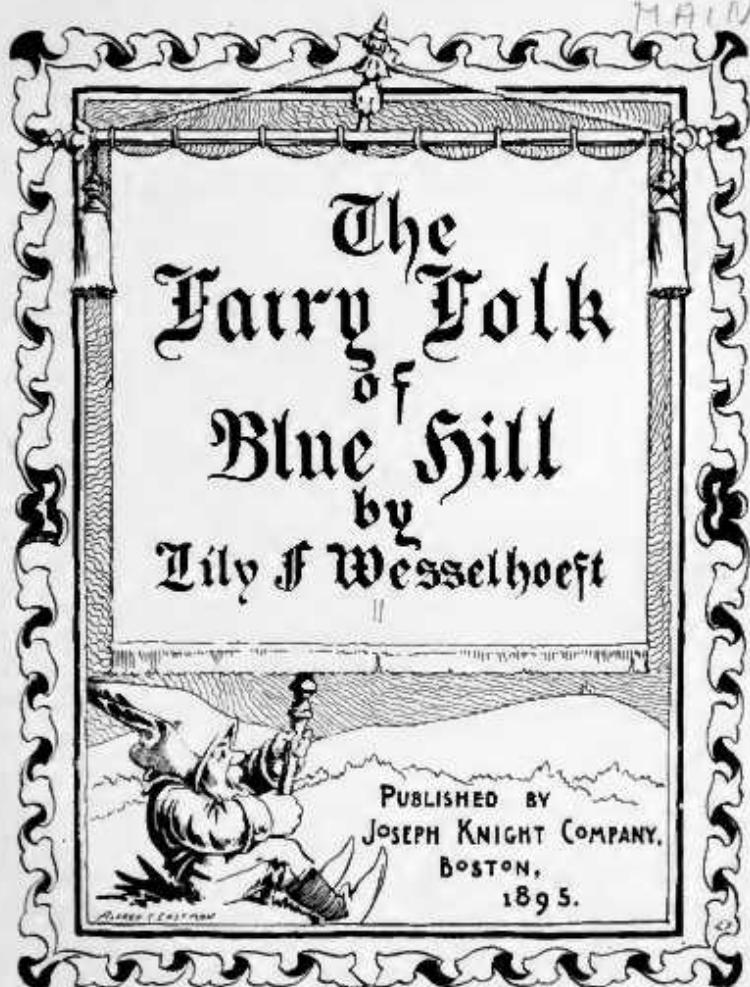
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LILY F. WESSELHOEFT

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THE FAIRY-FOLK OF THE BLUE HILL.

CHAPTER I.



Hundreds and hundreds of years ago, dear children, there lived on the beautiful Blue Hill a family of giants.

Peaceable fellows, in the main, were these giants, usually living in harmony with one another, although deep mutterings were occasionally heard to issue from the neighborhood of the hill; these sometimes grew so loud that

they shook the earth, and then the timid rabbits scurried into their holes, and the sensitive birds hastened to hide themselves in the depths of the wood, thinking a thunder storm was coming.

The brown beetle, however, knew better. *He* knew, when he heard these sounds, that the giants were quarrelling. He had seen the little man in gray, who always appeared when the quarrels became violent, and the brown beetle knew well the power this little man possessed over the great blustering fellows,— he knew how quickly all disputes ceased when the little figure, clad in gray, appeared in their midst.

The brown beetle knew well this little gray man, whom the timid rabbits and birds thought to be but a streak of mist. Oh! the brown beetle could have told them many a tale, if they would but have listened to him! It is not to be wondered at, that they thought the little gray man but a streak of mist, for they were too much frightened to take a good look at him.

The brown beetle, though of dull mind, understood fully the power of the little gray

man over the great and powerful giants with their childish minds. He knew, although his slow brain could not have expressed it in words, that the great, childish fellows felt the power of the stronger mind of the little man in gray, who controlled their natures, since they could not do it themselves.

As we said before, the giants were usually good-natured, and if they did no great good, certainly did no great harm. They amused themselves by striding about the country, reaching the neighboring towns in half a dozen good strides,—fishing in the surrounding ponds, and basking in the sunlight that lay on the sides of the Blue Hill.

The quarrels among the giants seldom amounted to more than a few high words that were soon forgotten, as is the case of brothers and sisters of the human family; but these giants had enemies, and, strange to say, these enemies, the only ones they feared, were the very opposite of themselves, as small as they were large, and were no other than the small gnomes or dwarfs who lived in underground caves and beneath large stones.

It would seem as if the great giants might