## FAIRY FANCY: WHAT SHE SAW AND WHAT SHE HEARD

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Fairy Fancy: What She Saw and What She Heard by Mrs. C. A. Read

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## MRS. C. A. READ

# FAIRY FANCY: WHAT SHE SAW AND WHAT SHE HEARD

Trieste



"COME ALONG WITH ME, SHE SAID."

PAON 49.

### FAIRY FANCY:

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#### WHAT SHE SAW AND WHAT SHE HEARD.

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MRS. C. A. READ,

AUTRON OF "MILLY DAVIDSON," "SILVENNERS," "OUN DOLLY," BEG. STG.

ILLUSTRATED.



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### FAIRY FANCY:

#### WHAT SHE SAW AND WHAT SHE HEARD.

#### PART L

#### CHAPTER I.

#### TOPH.

T is quite common for men and women to write about their travels and experiences for the benefit and amusement of others. Indeed the fashion is set by the great ones of the earth, kings and queens and princes, so that it is not surprising if I, a descendant in direct line from the illustrious Titania, queen of the fairies, should make known my experiences during my last visit to the habitation of mortals, more particularly as it is scarcely probable any of our race in future will care to visit a world becoming so matter of fact and sensible—so realistic as they call it.

#### FAIRY FANCY VISITS A MORTAL,

Of course all well-read little girls and boys know that when people crowded into the world, we fairies crowded out of it by degrees. What you call science almost entirely wiped us out; in fact we should be all clean gone but for the faith of a few poetically minded persons and young children. There is a law among us which compels us to remain on earth so long as a single person believes in us, and we exist in proportion to the number of believers.

The family to which I belonged had retired inside one of your wild Scotch mountains, because a poet and his family lived near its foot.

I, for one, was not contented, and often wished to see the world, for I had only visited mortals about half-a-dozen times since the flood. My mother at length consented that I should have my wish gratified in due time, and that night, when we came out to hold our revels, I felt tired, and curled myself up to sleep in a broom blossom.

Once I used to know a mortal who wrote a meditation upon a broomstick—and upon a broomstick depended my future, as you shall hear. I suppose I slept, for I knew no more after lying down inside the blossom till I found a pair of human eyes fixed upon me as I lay. I

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