

# **TING-A-LING TALES**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649381760

Ting-a-ling tales by Frank R. Stockton & E. B. Bensell

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

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**FRANK R. STOCKTON & E. B. BENSELL**

**TING-A-LING  
TALES**





# TING-A-LING TALES.

BY

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*ILLUSTRATED BY E. B. BENSELL.*

LONDON :

WARD AND DOWNEY, PUBLISHERS,

12, YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

· 1890.



To the  
MEMORY OF ALL  
GOOD GIANTS, DWARFS, AND FAIRIES,  
This Book  
IS GRATEFULLY DEDICATED.





## TING-A-LING.

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IN a far country of the East, in a palace surrounded by orange groves, where the nightingales sang, and by silvery lakes, where the soft fountains plashed, there lived a fine old king. For many years he had governed with great comfort to himself, and to the tolerable satisfaction of his subjects. His queen being dead, his whole affection was given to his only child, the Princess Afulia; and, whenever he happened to think of it, he paid great attention to her education. She had the best masters of embroidery and in the language of flowers, and she took lessons on the zithar three times a week.

A suitable husband, the son of a neighboring monarch, had been selected for her when she was about two hours old, thus making it unnecessary for her to go into society, and she consequently passed her youthful days in almost entire seclusion. She was now, when our story begins, a woman more beautiful than the roses of the garden, more

musical than the nightingales, and far more graceful than the plashing fountains.

One balmy day in spring, when the birds were singing lively songs on the trees, and the crocuses were coaxing the jonquils almost off their very stems with their pretty ways, Anfalia went out to take a little promenade, followed by two grim slaves. Closely veiled, she walked in the secluded suburbs of the town, where she was generally



required to take her lonely exercise. To-day, however, the slaves, impelled by a sweet tooth, which each of them possessed, thought it would be no harm if they went a little out of their way to procure some sugared cream-beans, which were made excellently well by a confectioner near the outskirts of the city. While they were in the shop, bargaining for the sugar-beans, a young man who was passing thereby stepped up to the