

**LITTLE  
FOLKS' BOOKS**

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Little Folks' Books by Anonymous

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**ANONYMOUS**

**LITTLE  
FOLKS' BOOKS**



LITTLE FOLKS'  
BOOKS.



MAN IN LUCK,  
THE GIANT AND TAILOR,  
THE GOATHERD,

THE ROSE TREE,  
THREE GOLDEN HAIRS,  
THE JEW IN THE BUSHEL.

NEW YORK:  
LEAVITT & ALLEN,  
273 BROADWAY,  
1887.

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Little Folk's Books.

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THE STORY  
OF  
Hans in Luck.



Edited by Madame de Chatelein.

## Hans in Turk.

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HANS had served his master for seven long years, when he said to him: "Master, my time is now up, so please to give me my wages, as I wish to return home to my mother." The master answered: "You have served me like a trusty, honest fellow, as you are, and such as your services have been, so shall be your hire."

And thereupon he gave him a piece of gold as large as Hans' head. Hans took a cloth and rolled up the lump of gold, and slung it over his shoulder, and began to trudge home. As he went along, and kept setting one foot before the other, he happened to come up with a traveller, who was riding at a brisk pace on a lively horse.

"Oh! what a delightful thing it is to ride!" cried Hans aloud: "it is every bit as good as sitting on a chair; one doesn't knock one's toes against a stone, and one saves one's shoes, and yet one gets on, one hardly knows how."

The man on horseback having heard these wise re-

#### HANS IN LUCK.

flections, cried out to him: "Nay then, Hans, why do you go on foot?"

"Why, you see, I am obliged to carry this lump home," replied Hans, "and, gold though it be, it bothers me sadly, as I am obliged to hold my head on one side, and it weighs so heavily on my shoulder."

"I'll tell you what," said the rider, stopping his horse, "we can make a bargain. Suppose I were to give you my horse, and you were to let me have your lump in exchange?"

"That I will, and thank you too," said Hans; "but I remind you that you will have to drag it along as best you may."

The traveller got down from his horse, and took the lump of gold, and then helped Hans to mount, and having placed the bridle in his hand, said to him: "When you want to go very fast, you have only to smack your tongue and cry, 'Hop! hop!'"

Hans was in great delight, as he sat on the horse, and found he rode along so easily and so pleasantly. After awhile, however, he fancied he should like to go a little quicker, so he began to smack his tongue and to shout: "Hop! hop!"



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The horse set off at a brisk trot, and before Hans had time to collect his thoughts, he was pitched into a ditch that divided the main road from the adjoining



fields. The horse would have cleared the ditch at a bound, had he not been stopped by a peasant, who was driving a cow along the same road, and happened to come up with the luckless rider just at this moment. Hans crawled out of the ditch as best he might, and got upon his legs again. But he was

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sorely vexed, and observed to the peasant, that riding was no joke, especially when one had to do with a troublesome beast that thought nothing of kicking and plunging, and breaking a man's neck, and that nobody should ever catch him again attempting to mount such a dangerous animal. Then he concluded by saying: "How far preferable a creature is your cow! One can walk quietly behind her, let alone her furnishing you with milk, butter, and cheese for certain, every day. What would I not give to have such a cow for my own!"

"Well," said the peasant, "if that's all, I should not mind changing my cow for your horse."

Hans agreed most joyfully to such a proposal, and the peasant leaped into the saddle, and was presently out of sight.

Hans now drove the cow before him at a quiet pace, and kept ruminating upon the excellent bargain he had made. "If I have only a bit of bread—and that is not likely to fail me—I shall be able to add butter and cheese to it as often as I wish. If I feel thirsty, I need only milk my cow, and I shall have milk to drink."

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On reaching a public house he stopped to rest himself, and in the fulness of his joy he ate up his dinner and supper all at one meal, and spent his two remaining farthings to purchase half a glass of beer. He then went his way, and continued driving his cow towards his mother's village.

Towards noon, the heat grew more and more oppressive, particularly as Hans was crossing a moor during a full hour's time. At length his thirst became so intolerable that his tongue cleaved to the roof of his mouth. "The remedy is simple enough," thought Hans, "and now is the time to milk my cow and refresh myself with a good draught of milk."

He then tied his cow to the stump of a tree, and used his leather cap for a pail; but do what he would not a drop of milk could he obtain; and as he set about attempting to milk the cow in the most awkward manner imaginable, the enraged animal gave him a hearty kick with her hind leg, that laid him sprawling on the ground, where he remained half stunned for a long time, and scarcely able to recollect where he was.