

tree with all his might, "The king has ass's ears! the king has ass's ears! the king has ass's ears!" and it seemed as if all the leaves and branches began rustling and whispering, "The king has ass's ears, the king has ass's ears," for it was a fairy tree. But the barber went to his home and felt much better and able to keep his promise to the king.

The king was very unhappy and unkind to his people, and a "still, small voice" kept telling him that he was a cruel and wicked king. One day he was very angry with his chief musician, and threw his harp across the room, breaking the frame. The poor harper, who had done his best to please the king, picked up his harp and went away to the forest to find some strong wood to make a new frame. In the centre of the forest he found a stout oak-tree with a large hole in it. Cutting some of the wood from the tree, he soon mended the frame of the harp and went back to the king's palace.

One day the king sent for all the people to come to the palace and hear his chief musician play upon the harp. When all were seated, the old harper raised his harp to play a song of welcome to the people, but as soon as he touched the strings, the harp began to play, "The king has ass's ears, the king has ass's ears, the king has ass's ears." When the king heard this, his face grew redder and