

shall pierce her hand with a spindle and die of the wound."

Then a young fairy, who had hidden herself in fear of this very thing, came forward and said: "She must indeed pierce her hand with a spindle; but do not weep, for she shall not die. She shall sleep for a hundred years."

This was bad enough, but it was so much better than the old fairy's gift that the king and queen were quite happy again. The king said that there must be no spinning, and that all the spindles must be put away.

All went well for fifteen years. One day the princess went into a cottage, and there sat an old woman spinning. The woman lived all alone, and had never heard of the king's command.

"Oh! how pretty!" cried the princess. "Do let me try!" But the first thing she did was to pierce her hand, and down she fell in a deep sleep.

The old woman felt very sorry, but there was no help for it. She called the maids and pages, and the king and queen. They carried the prin-