

THE FRINGED GENTIAN



Once the Queen of the Fairies was out late at night. The midnight hour had passed, and the silver moon, the fairy lamp, had swung down in the west and out of sight.

Hurrying to a gentian, the fairy asked for shelter. "Who

are you, that you disturb me at this hour of night?"

called the sleepy gentian.

"I am the Queen of the Fairies," cried the little lady.

"Very well, then, if you are the Queen of the Fairies, you can find places enough to sleep. Go away and let me sleep."

Poor little Fairy Queen! She was afraid out in the big, dark world.