

little girl. She knew the road quite well. She did not fear that she would get lost among the great trees.

Now, a Wolf who lived in the woods saw Little Red Riding Hood, and he thought that he would carry her off to his den. So he ran and met her, and said, "Good morning, Little Red Riding Hood."

The little girl looked at him kindly, and said: "Good morning, sir! But I am not sure that I know your name."

"Oh, my name is Sir Wolf, and I am an old friend of your mother's. She knows me very well."

"I am glad to see you, Sir Wolf," said the child. "But I must not stop to talk."

The Wolf would have carried her off then, but he heard some woodcutters near by, and he was afraid they might see him. So he smiled and said, "Where are you going with your basket, little lamb?"

"Oh, I am going to my grandmother's to take her a nice cake," said the gentle child.