

very wise. Oh, so wise! He could read men through and through like books, and he knew quite well that the prince was coming to him through the forest, so he put on the most fearful robe he had—scarlet, dyed in human blood, and embroidered with live serpents, for

so absent-minded that he sat down on the top of a large boa-constrictor, and began at once to tell his tale quite simply. When he told of the spinning and the music the magician nodded his head and said, "Yes, yes. I have heard of these things before. We hear these



"The Prince fell backwards into a deep, deep sleep."

he was not altogether above creating a sensation, though he was a magician.

But the prince was thinking of something quite different. He was always listening for a voice, besides which all other voices seemed dull and meaningless, and so this horrible garment made no sort of impression on him. He was

things sometimes, some of us;" but when he spoke of the voice, the great man said, "Ho, ho. So you have heard a voice. That's different. Now I can help you, only swear to me that you will always protect me and never let me be burnt alive."

So the prince swore on his sword.