

The Professor and the Wonderful Egg

"IT was the Great Auk that told me," said the Princess, "just as he told it to lots and lots of other children. I met him once on a mountain and asked the way. He was a nice old bird with such a kind face and he told me he fed on buttered eggs and marmalade."

"Buttered eggs!" said the German fiddler, and

"Marmalade!" said Old King Cole.

"Yes," said the Princess, "but once he ate something different and that is the story of which I am going to tell you. It was very sad for the Professor."

"Why was it sad for the Professor?" asked the German fiddler.

"Well," said the Princess, "perhaps it wasn't really sad because he deserved it. You see, he came late for breakfast. Now Mrs Professor, the Professor's wife, had many a time told him that if he did not have a care, something would happen. But still, day after day, it was the same old story, and everything began to go wrong. Till at last one day when the Professor came down, he found he had come too late—Mrs Professor had gone away for ever, in a rage."

"And didn't she leave any message behind her?" asked the German fiddler.

"Yes, there was a note," said the Princess, "and this is what it said—

"Dear husband, this is the last and latest breakfast I shall ever prepare for you. Good-bye."

"The Professor sighed as he read the note, but he was