

man,—a splendid-looking fellow, one of the noblest he has ever seen. He addresses him as the others had done, as his brother-in-law, and "*weledahsooltjik*—they are all mightily pleased."

After a time he intimates to his sister that it is about time for him to look after his own private affairs, and that he is going to look for a wife. He enquires if she can give him any information on the subject that may prove of service. She informs him that she can; that she knows of a town, but it is very far off, where a king resides, who has several marriageable daughters, and where he would be likely to succeed to his liking. But the way is difficult as well as long, and she cannot recommend him to undertake the journey. He determines to attempt it, however. (What are distances, difficulties and dangers to a man who can travel by telegraph!) But this time he accepts his friend's proffered assistance. He will be a stranger in a strange place, and will need money. So he fills all his pockets and starts, but not however, until he is furnished with an additional charm, which, upon being warmed a little, will call his winged friend to his side in an instant, should any emergency require his aid. This time, in harmony with the other cases, the charm consists of a feather. Thus fully equipped for the expedition, he starts. He intends to appear "at court" in humble guise, and he wishes himself at one of the meanest cottages in the outskirts of the town, and there, of course, he arrives in "no time."

He enters the hut. Two old women are there, who welcome him with a greeting of cordiality, and give him the best provisions that the house affords. But when he arrived at the door, the two women were engaged in a very animated conversation, they seemed to be discussing some very abstruse and difficult subject, and on enquiry they tell him all about it.

They inform him that there is to be a royal wedding next day. One of the king's daughters is to be married.

"But," they remark, "the bridegroom will not see his bride long."

"Why not?" he enquires.

"Because she will be carried off," they reply.

"But who will carry off the bride?" he asks.

Then they point to a very high bluff on the opposite side of the arm of the sea upon which the town stands, and inform him that within those rocks, in a secluded cave, guarded by magic, and around which rain, winds and storms continually rage, dwells a magician—a *boo-o-in*, an "ogre"—who cannot be killed, as he keeps his soul hidden in some distant and inaccessible place, who invariably carries off every newly-married girl, and takes her to his cave, and she is never seen again. This scourge has already continued for some time, and there seems but a small prospect of its coming to an end.

Our young hero listens to the strange tale and meditates deliverance. Here will be a fine chance for him to display his prowess and rise to fame.

Next day the wedding came off as arranged. Our stranger friend is at the celebration. The couple are married after the Christian form, and the magic words are no sooner pronounced that make them no more twain but one flesh, when, presto! the bride is gone—no one has seen whither or how; but all know who has done it, and the place is filled with grief and mourning.

The poor old king is particularly sad. This is the second daughter he has lost, and he weeps bitterly.

Our hero attempts to console him. He offers to destroy the magician and restore the captives; but only upon condition that the king's only remaining daughter shall be bestowed upon him as his reward,—and he must be paid before the work is done, as he will need the assistance of his wife in order to carry out his designs. The king agrees to the terms, and the next day is fixed upon for the consummation of the nuptials.

Having made this arrangement, the young prince returns to the humble cot where he was first received. He informs the inmates of what is about to transpire.

"I am to be married to-morrow to the king's youngest daughter."

"And you will lose your girl," they reply, "the instant you are married."

"Yes, I shall," he coldly answers; "but I will recover her again."