

almost an event when she was seen in the town. On the morning of the day appointed, the cook hastened to the market, and returned two hours after, bent double under the weight of a huge basket holding the best that money could buy. The rattling of dishes, and of the old silver plate, taken from great chests, was heard all over the house. Baskets full of bottles were carried up from the cellar, and great hampers of fruit were brought down from the attic. Such a commotion had never before been seen; the servants were tired out, but no one complained, for all loved the fairy Good Heart, and would have gone through fire and water to please her.

"What shall we do with Ravageot?" said the father to his wife. "You know how disagreeable he is to people who come here. The unhappy child will disgrace us. If he behaves badly to the fairy, every one will know it, and we shall not dare to show our heads."

"Don't be afraid," said the good mother. "I will wash his face, comb his beautiful fair hair, that curls so nicely, with my gold comb, put on his pretty new blouse and his little buckled shoes, and beg him so hard to be good that he cannot refuse me. You will see that instead of disgracing us he will do us honor."

She said this because she thought of the good dinner that she was preparing, and she would have been too sorry for her dear little boy not to have been there. But when the servants went to bring Ravageot to his mother, that she might dress him, he was nowhere to be found. The naughty boy had heard of the fairy Good Heart, and was afraid, without knowing why. It is the punishment of the wicked to fear every thing that is good. Hearing himself called, he hid, and was finally found, after a long search, in the pantry, with his fingers in an ice-cream that had been set there to keep. The cook made a great uproar when she saw her beautiful cream spoiled, with which she had taken such pains, but it was in vain to cry out and scold the culprit; the guests were forced to dispense with ice-cream for that day.

The worst of the matter was, that in the midst of the cook's lamentations, a great noise was suddenly heard in the street. It was the fairy Good Heart coming at full speed. All the servants rushed at once to the door, leaving Ravageot, who ran and hid among the faggots in the loft.

His poor mother was deeply grieved at not having him by her side on such a day as this; but it was not to be thought of,

and, forcing back her tears, she advanced with the most joyful air she could assume toward the good fairy who was just alighting from her carriage, and conducted her with the greatest respect to the dining-room, where the whole company took their seats round a large table magnificently served.

When the repast was ended, the fairy cast her eyes round the room. "Where is your little boy?" said she to the mother, in a voice that made her tremble.

"Alas! Madam," replied the latter, "we have had so much to do this morning that I have not had time to dress him, and I dare not present him to you in the state in which he is."

"You are disguising the truth from me," said the fairy, in a harsh voice, "and you do wrong. You render children an ill service in seeking to hide their faults. Bring him to me just as he is; I wish to see him directly."

The servants sent in search of Ravageot soon returned, saying that they could find him nowhere. The father shrugged his shoulders, and the mother began to rejoice in her heart at the thought that her dear child would escape the lesson that was evidently in store for him. But the old fairy did not intend to take all this pains for nothing. She made a sign to her favorite dwarf, who was standing behind her chair. This dwarf, who was called Barbichon, was of the strength of a giant, despite his small stature. He was broader than he was high, and had long arms twisted and gnarled like the old shoots of the vine. But the most extraordinary thing about him was that he smelt out naughty little boys, and tracked them by their scent as a hound tracks a hare.

Barbichon ran to the kitchen, where Ravageot had been left, and following his scent from there without hesitating, he climbed to the loft and marched straight to the faggots, through which he caught a glimpse of the torn trowsers of the fugitive. Without saying a word, he seized him by the waistband, and carried him at arm's length into the dining-room, where his entrance was greeted with shouts of laughter. Poor Ravageot was in sad plight. His rumpled blue blouse was blackened on one side by the charcoal in the kitchen, and whitened on the other by the walls that he had been rubbing against ever since morning. From his matted and tangled hair hung twigs and dry leaves, gathered from the faggots, to say nothing of a great spider's web, through which Barbichon had dragged him on passing through the door of the