

had been noticed by the brother, and asked him, somewhat sternly, if that lady was really his sister. That he had been cheated somehow, he saw plainly enough, but he thought that the imposture lay in the incorrectness of the portrait. He therefore honorably kept his word by marrying the supposed sister, and ordered the brother to be flung into a pit filled with snakes. The order was executed, but on the following morning, to the Prince's astonishment, the culprit was found alive. It was resolved, nevertheless, that he should remain where he was for another night.

In the meanwhile the lost sister was living in great luxury. The King of the Sea had built her a moveable glass palace, which kept out the water, and round which all sorts of mermaids, sea snakes and fishes, assembled to gaze at her with admiration.

"They must have been quick workmen under the sea," remarked the King.

"They were," assented the courtier. "The son of the sea-king fell in love with the fair stranger, and flung at her feet not only coral and pearls, and such like marine treasures, but gold and jewels of all sorts, obtained through a long series of shipwrecks. However, she sighed, after her brother, of whose miserable condition she was informed by a very intelligent sea-snake, cousin to one of the land-snakes in the pit, and embroidering a neckerchief of gold and silver thread, she asked permission to go on shore and present it to the Prince, which was granted, but only on the condition that she should wear round her a silver chain reaching to the bottom of the sea. It should be stated that the little dog, Pilka—"

"Ah, we had forgotten all about him," said the King.

Just at this point a shout, as before, announced the return of the three wise men, who, as before, came to announce a failure. But, during their absence, a change, unknown to anybody, had taken place in the fortune of the groom Gylypho. Greatly disgusted at the rejection of his services by the wise men, he had strayed into the nearest wood, with an axe in his hand, and vented his spite on a thick oak, at which he began to hack with all his might. An old man, of gigantic stature, immediately stood before him, laughed at him as a bungler, and told him, that if he would lend him his axe, he would teach him what wood-cutting was. Convinced that his new acquaintance was a spirit of some kind or other, but not being certain whether that kind was good or bad, the astute Gylypho, instead of parting with the axe, struck it as deep as he could into the oak, and pretending that he was not able to draw it out, begged the giant to assist him by widening the split. The good-humored giant complied with the modest request, and Gylypho, suddenly withdrawing the axe, caused the closing tree to catch him and hold him fast by the fingers. In piteous tones he began to sue for deliverance, but Gylypho told him that he might remain where he was till the end of the world, if he didn't tell what had become of the three Princesses.

The required information was readily given. All the Princesses were in the power of Kammo, king of a certain rock. The eldest was confined in an iron room, situated a hundred fathoms beneath the base of the rock, wearing an iron ring on one of her fingers. The second was in a silver room, fifty fathoms deeper, the third in a golden room a hundred fathoms deeper still, and both, like the eldest, wore crowns and rings corresponding to their respective apartments.

Gylypho was thankful for the information, but observed that it would be of small practical value, unless he was provided with the means of liberating the Princesses from their captivity.

"Release me," exclaimed the captive spirit, "and I'll let you have what you want, as sure as my name is Pellerwoinen."

Without a moment's hesitation, Gylypho widened the crevices with his axe and freed the giant; for Pellerwoinen was a spirit of exceedingly good repute. On this occasion he was as good as his word; for he produced a marvelous sword, a bottle of mineral water, a sife, and a thick rope, one hundred fathoms long. These things were to be used for the liberation of the Princesses, and, in the case of any extraordinary emergency, the sife was to be sounded.

Armed with these valuable tools Gylypho hurried back to the palace, and made his appearance just when the three wise men had recounted their second failure. They had talked of their adventure by land and sea; described much that they had seen, and much that they had not seen; and gave no end of geographical information, more curious than accurate; but the Princesses had not been found. Gylypho, therefore, had hit the right moment when he asked leave to set out, unassisted, on the discovery of the lost darlings. Gloomily, but readily, the King granted his petition. These professionally wise men had turned out to be fools; and if a man, who had no pretensions to wisdom, proved to be a fool likewise, the pain of disappointment in the latter case would be less acute than in the former.

When Gylypho had made his bow, the King relapsed into his habitual melancholy, and, reflecting on the quantity of obvious untruths told by the wise men, bethought himself of the proverb which teaches us that the guest discovers the faults of his host's daughters, and that travellers see wonders. After sulking for some days, he sent for the courtier, Dumbr, and somewhat crossly said,—

"Get on with the story about the she-fiend

and the sea-snake. I think we left off with something about a little dog."

"We did, sire," said the courtier, and spake as follows:—

"The little dog, Pilka, disconsolate at the loss of his mistress, would not enter the palace, but preferred to remain on the beach, miserably running up and down, and eating nothing. When evening came, he merely refreshed himself with some fresh water that flowed from a spring, and then went to sleep in the empty boat. Now, it happened that by the sea-side a remarkably shrewd widow lived in a small hut, in front of which was a stone bridge that reached the water. Close to this bridge one night came the palace of glass, borne by mermen and followed by a retinue of sea-snakes and mermaids who sang merrily, while the links of the silver chain tinkled by way of accompaniment. The Princess crossed the bridge, sat down, and, seeing the little dog, gave him the kerchief, with the commission that he was privily to place it under the Prince's pillow and meet her on the same spot on the two following nights. The task was duly executed. The Prince, when he awoke in the morning, was surprised to find his new acquisition, and when his wife declared that she had embroidered the kerchief during the night while he was sleeping, he did not give the slightest credit to her assertion, though he kept his opinion to himself. He was again surprised, when, on causing inquiries to be made, he learned that the man among the snakes was still alive, nay, that the snakes seemed to be rather fond of him than otherwise. The punishment was very common, and no one had ever been known to live in the pit through as much as a single night. Yet now two had passed, and the criminal was as well as ever."

"Two!" cried the King, in amazement; "only two! In the name of Ukko, am I to believe that all that befel the lucky or unlucky girl, since she leaped into the sea, only occupied about a day and a half?"

"Precisely so, sire," was the response. "Then I can only say that if there be any truth in the proverb, which tells us that he who gains time gains much, the prosperity of those times ought to have been enormous."

"Under such singular circumstances," continued Dumbr, after a bow of reverential assent, "the Prince thought it expedient to visit the wise widow, who, on hearing the particulars of the case, said that his hideous wife was no other than the hateful fiend Syyoyatar, and that the lady he ought to have married was in the sea, and had sent him the kerchief by way of inducing him to show mercy to her brother. The third night brought with it an embroidered shirt, sent by the same means as the kerchief, and the following morning a repetition of the same falsehood on the part of Syyoyatar, a renewal of the tidings that the man in the pit and the snakes were all happy and comfortable, and another visit to the sage widow on the part of the Prince, who now learned in further detail the manner in which the mysterious gifts reached him, and was moreover informed that on the coming night she would make her appearance for the last time, and that if she were allowed to return to the sea, she would be forced to marry the daughter of the water king. The Prince could only express his fervent hope that matters would not take such a dismal turn, and his desire to see the lovely stranger, and was counselled by his sage adviser to provide himself with an iron chain and a sickle of the same material, and following her directions, to act in the manner presently to be described."

"Short is the song of the wood-pigeon as the proverb has it," interposed the king, "and I thank you for not telling the same thing twice over."

"When night approached," proceeded the courtier, "the Prince concealed himself behind a rock near the sea, and at the hour of midnight a strange tinkling was heard, and a beautiful maiden arose from the waters, and calling the dog, intrusted him with the third gift. As she was about to depart, the Prince rushed from his place of concealment, broke the silver chain with his sickle, and cast the iron one round her. She endeavored to escape; she turned herself into a lizard, a fly, a snake, a crow, and what not besides, but he destroyed the assumed forms one after another till she had resumed her own."

When the courtier had proceeded thus far, a shout of joy was heard, and to the King's amazement and delight, the three wise men made their appearance, each leading by the hand one of the lost Princesses. The embraces and the tears of joy that ensued, we need not describe. The festivities that took place in honor of the happy event lasted several days, and the King was naturally too much occupied with his own happiness to think about the beautiful maiden of the sea.

To account for the joyous event that thus occurred we must go back a little in our veracious narrative. Gylypho, when he had received permission to seek the Princesses, had, according to appointment, gone to the wood on the night of the full moon, bearing his instruments, and with a sound of his sife, brought Pellerwoinen into his presence. They went their way towards the enchanted rock, the spirit acting as guide, not perceiving that they were followed by three men, namely, the three bunglers who were falsely considered wise, and had kept Gylypho steadily in their eye from the moment when he had left the Palace. By means of the rope, Gylypho and his friend, when the rock was reached, let themselves down through a cavity to the iron-room, where they saw the youngest Prin-

cess with the crown and ring, as above described, guarded by the spirit of the rock, Kammo, a hideous monster, who had a horn on his head and an eye in the middle of his forehead which had been greatly dimmed by age. Gylypho lost no time in blinding him with a red-hot bar of iron, which happened to be close at hand, and then dispatched him with his sword. The liberation of the younger sister was easily followed by that of the others, who were confined to the lower rooms, and they all joyfully resolved to go home at once, Gylypho, by the advice of Pellerwoinen, breaking each of the things into halves, one of which he kept for himself, while he gave the other half to the Princess who had worn it, and leaving all the three crowns behind. But when Pellerwoinen, who had taken his station outside, had succeeded in drawing up the three sisters, and was proceeding to draw up Gylypho, the three wise men came forth from their hiding-place, cut the rope, and Pellerwoinen fled in terror. The ladies, left in the power of the Helmdalder, were compelled to bind themselves by oath that they would never reveal what had happened; and thus, when they were brought to the Palace, the King had no reason to doubt that they had been rescued by the three sages, whom he regarded as his greatest benefactors.

In the meanwhile poor Gylypho lay for a long time senseless, and when at last he came to himself, he thought every bone in his body was broken. Bethinking himself to the bottle of mineral water, which, through a great mercy, had not been damaged by the fall, he swallowed its contents, and became as well and as strong as ever. His mind had previously been altogether upset, but now he remembered his sife, and taking it out of his pocket summoned Pellerwoinen, who suggested that he should return to the upper world on the back of a raven. So much had his weight been lessened by a long fast, that not the slightest objection could be made to this mode of travelling, and the journey was performed.

He did not think it prudent in the first instance to visit the palace, inasmuch as he had no friend and three deadly enemies. So he engaged himself as apprentice to a smith of great repute, who lived in the neighborhood, and after he had remained some time in the smithy, his master was summoned to the palace. The youngest Princess desired to have an iron crown, exactly like that which she had worn during her captivity, and although she gave a sort of rough pattern of the required article, the order was obviously not easy to execute. The poor smith hammered away and produced something which did not at all fit, whereupon, though he was not at all surprised, he went to bed in a very ill humor. While he was asleep, Gylypho, sounding his sife, summoned Pellerwoinen, who at his request flew off to the rock, and was back in a trice with the real crown, which, on the following morning, he presented to his master, pretending that he had made it during the night. The smith wished him to take it to the Princess himself, but he modestly refused; so his master proceeded to the castle, and was richly rewarded by the King, while the Princess declared that the new crown (as she deemed it) was even better than the one she had lost. Now it was the turn for the second Princess to desire an exact copy of her silver crown; and this was produced exactly in the same manner as the more humble diadem. The eldest Princess, struck with admiration, now bethought herself of the golden crown, and told the smith that if his apprentice could make another after the same model she would reward him with her hand. By the operation already described, the golden crown was produced and taken to the palace, thanks to his friend Pellerwoinen, by Gylypho himself, who arrived at the palace in a golden coach, drawn by the three mouse-colored horses. He could not help smiling when the Princess declared that the new crown was better than the old one; but, taking advantage of his position, he proved that he was the real deliverer of the captives, by displaying the halves of the three rings, which exactly fitted the other halves in the possession of the Princesses. So there was great rejoicing which continued for a long time with unabated ardor. Growing rather tired of the festivities, and reflecting on the wickedness of the wise men, the good King, calling the courtier Dumbr aside, said to him:

"By the way, we never got quite to the end of that story about the brother and sister and the little dog."

"Oh, there is not much to be told, sire," said the courtier. "The Prince married the sister, and the brother was liberated—"

"Yes, yes—that of course," interrupted the King; "but what did they do to the she-fiend with the long name?"

"Oh," was the reply, "they persuaded her to walk upon a blue cloth, which concealed a pit filled with burning pitch, into which she fell and was at once consumed."

"Good!" exclaimed the King, "I was just thinking what ought to be done with those three scoundrels, whom we have so ridiculously looked upon as wise men. At all events, we will show that we are not so cruel as they were of old. We'll have no burning pitch—nothing of that kind! One of them shall walk a league in very tight wooden shoes; another shall ride a league on the back of a bristly boar—attired in very thin nether garments."

"And the third, sire?" asked the courtier. "Well," said the King, after a pause, "we'll let him off altogether, and hope that he will profit by the example of the other two. We are taught by the proverb that a good child will himself bring the rod, and that a bad one is not to be cured by any rod whatever."

#### OH, SIGH NOT FOR WEALTH.

I'll leave all the glitter and pomp of the world,  
Nor sigh to behold it again, love,  
I'll leave all the prospects for fortune unfurled,  
Without e'er a feeling of pain, love,  
I'll leave them if thou wilt but smile still on me,  
I'll fly to thy cottage for ever,  
And love and content our companions shall be,  
And death shall alone our hearts sever.

Oh, sigh not for wealth; 'tis the bauble of pride,  
Where contentment is scarce ever known, love.

Oh, sigh not for rank, which doth seldom abide  
In the dwelling which bliss calls its own, love,  
Oh, sigh not for these; they can never increase  
Our pleasures in this world, believe me;  
In our ivy-twined cottage, true joys will ne'er cease,  
For ne'er will this heart, love, deceive thee.

#### A SPECULATION IN CORN.

My friend Flukes is said to be one of the wealthiest snipowners in Britain, and therefore in the world. He and I were boys together in the same office. We lodged together, sharing the same room; and besides the fifteen shillings which we jointly earned each week, we had no money, and no one to assist us. My name is Brown, and I am, or rather was, a corn merchant. I have often wondered if our names have anything to do with the different success which has attended us through life. In my opinion, there is no business or profession in which a man's name has not a great deal to do with his prosperity. It is impossible that any man of the name of Brown can have the same self-reliance as one who is called Flukes. Times innumerable, from a natural timidity which I associate with my name, I have not placed my money in speculations and investments which turned out prosperous, whereas, had my name been Flukes, or any other equally inspiring, I should certainly have risked my capital. Even in the literary profession, of which I know nothing, I question if the editor of a magazine would pay the same attention to an article signed Brown as he would to one signed Flukes, supposing both writers to be unknown to him.

Of course this must be a matter of opinion, but I cannot get rid of the idea that our names are the principal cause why I was never able to do more than provide comfortably for my family, while my friend is a millionaire. There is only one thing in life which has not turned out as Flukes wished it, and that is his only son Bob. This young man is one of the steadiest and best-tempered fellows you could find anywhere; but unfortunately, he is not fitted for business. It was with great difficulty he was taught to read, and writing and arithmetic no one has yet been able to teach him. He knows something of all these three branches of knowledge, but only something, not much. And yet, to talk to him, he seems a sensible enough fellow, and can give a fair opinion on many subjects; but in all business matters he is wholly at sea. This was a great grief to his father, who had calculated the fortune Bob would make, taking into account the advantages he would start with compared with his own. About six years ago, when I was still in business, Flukes called at my office one day.

"Bob is twenty-three," he said, "and it is time he was learning something of business, and I find he does not get on in my own office at all. The clerks don't regard him as one of themselves, so that he is in rather an anomalous position, and I wish to see if you will take him."

"I shall be very willing," I replied. "I think too," he said, "if you would put his name after yours in the firm, it might give him more interest in his work. At all events, it could do you no harm, and I do not expect you even to give him a salary."

To this I also readily assented. Flukes put a lot of business into my hands, and I knew that he could do more in this way if he chose, so that I was certain I could be no loser by doing as he wished. Besides this, I had another reason, and the reader may smile at my weakness. "Brown and Flukes" had charms for my ears, which will be understood from what I have already said.

"One thing I wish to say before leaving," said Flukes. "You are to trust him in no business transaction, nor will I be responsible for anything that turns up if you do."

I replied that I would not, and he thanked me, and left.

I found Bob of considerable use to me, not indeed in the office work, but in taking orders; and I began to think that his father had underrated his business qualifications.

One circumstance, however, which arose from his name appearing in the firm, caused me great annoyance. It was currently reported that Flukes had placed a large amount of capital in my business, on consideration of my taking his son into partnership. A friend in the corn trade, talking to me one day of this rumour, said he had the sum stated at a hundred thousand pounds, and that he had even heard that Flukes himself was going to take an active part in my business.

"Your fortune is made," said another. "Flukes never yet put his money into any concern that did not prosper."