

# LITTLE FOLKS

## The Little Tin Soldier.

(Hans Christian Anderson.)

(Concluded.)

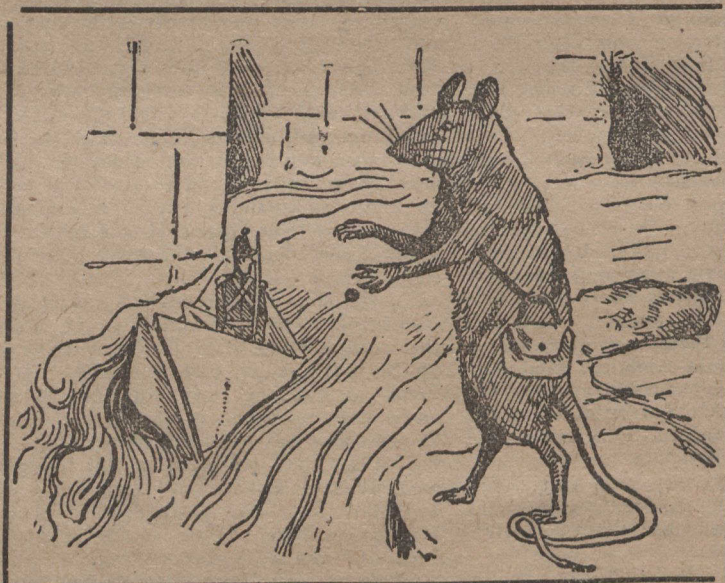
So they made a boat out of a newspaper and placed the tin soldier in it, and sent him sailing down the gutter, while the two boys ran by

goblin's fault, I am sure. Ah, well, if the little lady were only here with me in the boat, I should not care for any darkness.

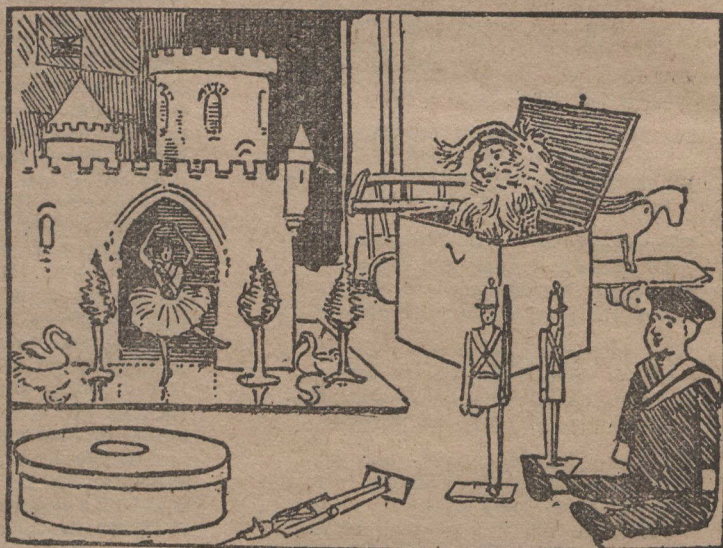
Suddenly there appeared a great water rat, who lived in the drain.

'Have you a passport?' asked

for him as a waterfall would be to us. He was too close to it to stop, so the boat rushed on, and the poor tin soldier could only hold himself as stiffly as possible, without moving an eyelid, to show that he was not afraid. The boat whirled round



'HAVE YOU A PASSPORT.'

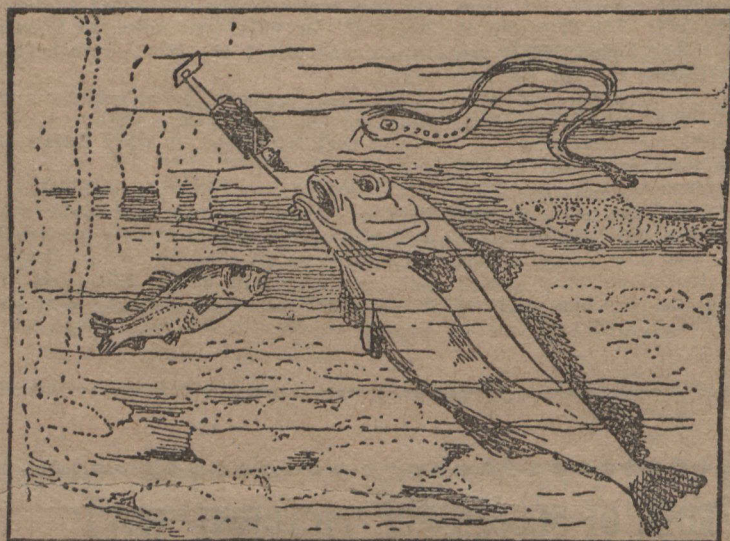


HE THOUGHT OF THE PRETTY DANCER.

the side of it and clapped their hands. Good gracious, what large waves arose in that gutter! and how fast the stream rolled on! for the rain had been very heavy. The paper boat rocked up and down, and turned itself round sometimes so quickly that the tin soldier

the rat. But the tin soldier remained silent and held his musket tighter than ever. The boat sailed on and the rat followed it. How he did gnash his teeth and cry out to the bits of wood and straw, 'Stop him! He has not paid toll, and has not shown his pass.' But

three or four times, and then filled with water to the very edge; nothing could save it from sinking. He now stood up to his neck in water, while deeper and deeper sank the boat, and the paper became soft and loose with the wet, till at last the water closed over the soldier's head.



SWALLOWED UP BY A GREAT FISH.



THERE WERE THE SAME PLAYTHINGS.

trembled; yet he remained firm; his countenance did not change; he looked straight before him, and shouldered his musket. Suddenly the boat shot under a bridge which formed part of a drain, and then it was as dark as the tin soldier's box.

'Where am I going, now?' thought he. 'This is the black

the stream rushed on stronger and stronger. The tin soldier could already see daylight shining where the arch ended. Then he heard a roaring sound terrible enough to frighten the bravest man. At the end of the tunnel the drain fell into a large canal over a steep place, which made it as dangerous

He thought of the pretty little dancer whom he should never see again, and the words of the song sounded in his ears—

"Farewell, warrior! ever brave,  
Drifting onward to thy grave."

Then the paper boat fell to pieces, and the soldier sank into the water and was swallowed up by a great