Four fairy tales.

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1 MOUSE AND MOUSER.

The Mouse went to visit the Cat, and found her sitting behind the hall door, spinning.
What are you doing, my lady, my lady, What are you doing, my lady?
I'm spinning old breeches, good body, good body I'm spinning old breeches, good body.
Long may you wear them, my lady, my lady, Long may you wear them, my lady.
I'll wear' em and tear 'em, good body, good body. I'll wear 'em and tear 'em, good body.
I was sweeping my room, my lady, my lady, I was sweeping my room, my lady.
The cleaner you'd be, good body, good body, The cleaner you'd be, good body.
I found a silver sixpence, my lady, my lady, I found a silver sixpence, my lady.
The richer you were, good body, good body, The richer you were, good body!
I went to the market, my lady, my lady, I went to the market, my lady.
The further you went, good body, good body, The further you went, good body.
I bought me a pudding, my lady, my lady, I bought me a pudding, my lady.
The more meat you had, good body, good body, The more meat-you had, good body.
I put it in the window to cool, my lady, I put it in the window to cool.
The faster you'd eat it, good body, good body, The faster you'd eat it, good body.
The cat came and ate it, my lady, my lady, The cat came and ate it, my lady.
And I'll eat you, good body, good body, And I'll eat you, good body!
And with this, the cat sprung upon the mouse and killed it.

2 TOM TIT TOT.

Once upon a time there was a woman, and she baked five pies. And when they came out of the oven, they were that overbaked, the crusts were too hard to eat. So she says to her daughter:
"Darter," says she, "put you them there-pies on the shelf, and leave 'em there a little, and they'll come again." She meant, you know, the crust would get soft. But the girl, she says to herself: "Well, if they'll come again, I'll eat 'em now." And she set to work and ate 'em all, first and last.
Well, come supper-time the woman said: "Go you, and get one o-them there pies. I dare say they've come again now."
The girl went and she looked, and there was nothing but the dishes. So back she came and says she: "Noo, they ain't come again."
"Not one of 'em?" says the mother.
"Not one of 'em," says she.
"Well, come again, or not-come-again." said the woman "I'll have one for supper."
"But you can't, if they ain't come," said the girl.
"But I can!" says she. "Go you, and bring the best of'em."
"Best or worst," says the girl, "I've ate 'em all, and you can't have one-till that's come again."
Well, the woman she was done, and she took her spinning to the door, to spin, and as she span she sang:
"My darter ha'ate five, five pies to-day. My darter ha'ate five, five pies to-day."
The king was coming down the street, and he heard her sing, but what she sang he couldn't hear, so he stopped and said:
"What was that you were singing, my good woman?"
The woman was ashamed to let him hear, what her daughter had been doing, so she sang, instead of that:
"My darter ha'spun five, five skeins to-day. My darter ha'spun five, five skeins to-day."
"Stars o-mine!" said the king, "I never heard tell of any one that could do that."
Then he said: "Look you here, I want a wife, and I'll marry your daughter. But look you here," says he, "eleven months-out of the year, she shall have all she likes to eat, and all the gowns she likes to get, and all the company she likes to keep; but the last month of the year, she'll-have to spin five skeins every day, and if she don't, I shall kill her."
"All right," says the woman; for she thought, what a grand marriage that was. And as for the five skeins, when the time came, there'd be plenty of ways of getting out of it, and likeliest, he'd have forgotten all about it.
Well, so they were married. And for eleven months, the girl had all-she liked to eat, and all the gowns she liked to get, and all the company she liked to keep. But when the time was getting over, she began to think about the skeins and to wonder if he had 'em in mind. But not one word did he say about 'em, and she thought he'd wholly forgotten 'em.
However, the last day of the last month he takes her to a room she'd never set eyes on before. There was nothing in it but a spinning-wheel and a stool. And says he: "Now, my dear, here you'll be shut in tomorrow, with some victuals and some flax, and if you haven't spun five skeins by the night, your head'll go

off."
And away he went about his business.
Well, she was that frightened, she'd always been such a gatless girl, that she didn't so much as know how to spin, and what was she to do to-morrow, with no-one to come nigh her, to help her? She sat down on a stool in the kitchen, and law!-how she did cry!
However, all of a sudden, she heard a sort of a knocking, low down on the door. She upped and oped it, and what should she see but a small little black thing with a long tail. That looked up at her right curious, and that said:
"What are you a-crying for?"
"What's that to you?" says she.
"Never you mind," that said, "but tell me what-you're a-crying for."
"That won't do me no good if I do," says she.
"You don't know that," that said, and twirled that's tail round.
"Well," says she, "that won't do no harm, if that don't do no good," and she upped and told about the pies, and the skeins, and everything.
"This is what I'll do," says the little black thing, "I'll come to your window every morning and take the flax and bring it spun at night."
"What's your pay?" says she.
That looked out of the corner of that's eyes, and that said: "I'll give you three guesses every night to guess my name, and if you haven't guessed it before the month's up, you shall be mine."
Well, she thought she'd be sure to guess that's name before the month was up.
"All right," says she, "I agree."
"All right," that says, and law! how that twirled that's tail.
Well, the next day, her husband took her into the room, and there was the flax and the day's food.
"Now there's the flax," says he, "and if that ain't-spun up this night, off goes your head." And then he went out and locked the door.
He'd hardly gone, when there was a knocking against the window.
She upped and she oped it, and there sure enough was the little old thing sitting on the ledge.
"Where's the flax?" says he.
"Here it be," says she. And she gave it to him.
Well, come the evening a knocking came again to the window. She upped and she oped it, and there was the little old thing with five skeins of flax-on his arm.
"Here it be," says he, and he gave it to her.
"Now, what's my name?" says he.
"What, is that Bill?" says she.
"No, that ain't," says he, and he twirled his tail.
"Is that Ned?" says she.
"Noo, that ain't," says he, and he twirled his tail.
"Well, is that Mark?" says she.
"Noo, that ain't," says he, and he twirled his tail harder, and away he flew.
Well, when her husband came in, there were the five skeins ready for him. "I see I shan't have to kill you to-night, my dear," says he; "you'll have your food and your flax in the morning," says he, and away he goes.
Well, every day the flax and the food were brought, and every day that there little black impet used to come mornings and evenings. And all the day the girl sat trying to think of names to say to it when it came at night. But she never

hit on the right one. And as it got towards the end of the month, the impet began to look so maliceful, and that twirled that's tail, faster and faster, each time she gave a guess.
At last it came to the last day but one. The impet came at night along with the five skeins, and that said,
"What, ain't you got my name yet?"
"Is that Nicodemus?" says she.
"Noo, t'ain't," that says.
"Is that Sammle?" says she.
"Noo, t'ain't," that says.
"Ah-well, is that Methusalem?" says she.
"Noo, t'ain't that neither," that says.
Then that looks at her with that's eyes like a coal o'fire, and that says: "Woman, there's only to-morrow night, and then you'll be mine!" And away it flew.
Well, she felt that horrid. However, she heard the king coming along the passage. In he came, and when he sees the five skeins, he says, says he,
"Well, my dear," says he, "I don't see but what you'll have your skeins ready to-morrow night as well, and as I reckon I shan't have to kill you, I'll have supper in here to-night." So they brought supper, and another stool for him, and down the two sat.
Well, he hadn't eaten but a mouthful or so, when he stops and begins to laugh.
"What is it?" says she.
"Ah-why," says he, "I was out a-hunting to-day, and I got away to a place in the wood, I'd never seen before, And there was an old chalk- pit. And I heard a kind of a sort of a humming. So I got off my hobby, and I went right quiet to the pit, and I looked down. Well, what should there be but the funniest little black thing you ever set eyes on. And what was that doing, but that had a little spinning-wheel, and that was spinning wonderful fast, and twirling that's tail. And as that span that sang:
"Nimmy nimmy not, My name's Tom Tit Tot."
Well, when the girl heard this, she felt as if she could have jumped out of her skin for joy, but she didn't say a word.
Next day that there little thing looked so maliceful when he came for the flax. And when night came, she heard that knocking against the window panes. She oped the window, and that come right in on the ledge. That was grinning, from ear to ear, and Oo! that's tail was twirling round so fast.
"What's my name?" that says, as that gave her the skeins.
"Is that Solomon?" she says, pretending to be afeard.
"Noo, t'ain't," that says, and that came further into the room.
"Well, is that Zebedee?" says she again.
"Noo, t'ain't," says the impet. And then that laughed, and twirled that's tail till you couldn't hardly see it.
"Take time, woman," that says; "next guess, and you're mine!" And that stretched out that's-black hands at her.
Well, she backed a step or two, and she looked at it, and then she laughed out, and says she, pointing her finger at it:
"NIMMY NIMMY NOT, YOUR NAME'S TOM TIT TOT!"
Well, when that heard her, that gave an awful shriek and away that flew into the dark, and she never saw it any more.

3 THE HILLMAN AND THE HOUSEWIFE.

It is well known that the Good People cannot abide meanness. They like to be liberally dealt with when they beg or borrow of the human race; and, on the other hand, to those who come to them in need, they are invariably generous.

Now there once lived a certain Housewife who had a sharp eye to her own interests in temporal matters, and gave alms of what she had no use for, for the good of her soul. One day a Hillman knocked at her door.

"Can you lend us a saucepan, good Mother?" said he.

"There's a wedding in the hill, and all the pots are in use."

"Is he to have one?" asked the servant lass who had opened the door.

"Aye, to be sure," answered the Housewife. "One must be neighbourly."

But when the maid was taking a saucepan from the shelf, she pinched her arm, and whispered sharply– "Not that, you slut! Get the old one out of the cupboard.

It leaks, and the Hillmen are so neat, and such nimble workers, that they are sure to mend it before they send it home. So one obliges the Good People, and saves sixpence in tinkering. But you will never learn to be notable, whilst your head is on your shoulders."

Thus reproached, the maid fetched the saucepan, which had been laid by till the tinker's next visit, and gave it to the dwarf, who thanked her, and went away.

In due time the saucepan was returned, and, as the Housewife had foreseen, it was neatly mended and ready for use.

At supper-time the maid filled the pan with milk, and set it on the fire for the children's supper. But in a few minutes the milk was so burnt and smoked that no one could touch it, and even the pigs refused the wash into which it was thrown.

"Ah! Good-for-nothing hussy!" cried the Housewife, as she refilled the pan herself, "you would ruin the richest with your carelessness. There's a whole quart of good milk wasted at once!"

"And that's two pence," cried a voice which seemed to come from the chimney, in a whining tone, like some nattering, discontented old body going over her grievances.

The Housewife had not left the saucepan for two minutes, when the milk boiled over, and it was all burnt and smoked as before.

"The pan must be dirty," muttered the good woman, in great vexation; "and there are two full quarts of milk as good as thrown to the dogs."

"And that's fourpence," added the voice in the chimney.

After a thorough cleaning, the saucepan was once more filled and set on the fire, but with no better success. The milk was hopelessly spoilt, and the housewife shed tears of vexation at the waste, crying,

"Never before did such a thing befall me since I kept house! Three quarts of new milk burnt for one meal!"

"And that's sixpence," cried the voice from the chimney.

"You didn't save the tinkering after all Mother!"

With which the Hillman himself came tumbling down the chimney, and went off laughing through the door.

But thenceforward the saucepan was as good as any other.

4 A MAD TEA-PARTY.

There was a table set out under a tree in front of the house, and the March Hare and the Hatter were having tea at it: a Dormouse was sitting between them, fast asleep, and the other two were using it as a cushion, resting their elbows on it, and talking over its head.
'Very uncomfortable for the Dormouse,' thought Alice; 'only, as it's asleep, I suppose it doesn't mind.'

The table was a large one, but the three were all crowded together at one corner of it: 'No room! No room!'they cried out when they saw Alice coming. 'There's plenty of room!'said Alice indignantly, and she sat down in a large arm-chair at one end of the table.
'Have some wine,' the March Hare said in an encouraging tone.
Alice looked all round the table, but there was nothing on it but tea.
'I don't see any wine,'she remarked.
'There isn't any,' said the March Hare.
'Then it wasn't very civil of you to offer it,' said Alice angrily.
'It wasn't very civil of you to sit down without being invited,' said the March Hare.
'I didn't know it was YOUR table,' said Alice; 'it's laid for a great many more than three.'
'Your hair wants cutting,' said the Hatter. He had been looking at Alice for some time with great curiosity, and this was his first speech.
'You should learn not to make personal remarks,' Alice said with some severity; 'it's very rude.'
The Hatter opened his eyes very wide on hearing this; but all he SAID was, 'Why is a raven like a writing-desk?'
'Come, we shall have some fun now!' thought Alice. 'I'm glad they've begun asking riddles. I believe I can guess that,' she added aloud.
'Do you mean that you think you can find out the answer to it?' said the March Hare.
'Exactly so,' said Alice.
'Then you should say what you mean,' the March Hare went on.
'I do,' Alice hastily replied; 'at least–at least I mean what I say–that's the same thing, you know.'
'Not the same thing a bit!' said the Hatter. 'You might just as well say that "I see what I eat" is the same thing as "I eat what I see"!'
'You might just as well say,' added the March Hare, 'that "I like what I get" is the same thing as "I get what I like"!'
'You might just as well say,' added the Dormouse, who seemed to be talking in his sleep, 'that "I breathe when I sleep" is the same thing as "I sleep when I breathe"!'
'It IS the same thing with you,' said the Hatter, and here the conversation dropped, and the party sat silent for a minute, while Alice thought over all she could remember about ravens and writing-desks, which wasn't much.
The Hatter was the first to break the silence. 'What day of the month is it?' he said, turning to Alice: he had taken his watch out of his pocket, and was looking at it uneasily, shaking it every now and then, and holding it to his ear.
Alice considered a little, and then said 'The fourth.'

'Two days wrong!' sighed the Hatter. 'I told you butter wouldn't suit the works!' he added looking angrily at the March Hare.
'It was the BEST butter,' the March Hare meekly replied.
'Yes, but some crumbs must have got in as well,' the Hatter grumbled: 'you shouldn't have put it in with the bread-knife.'
The March Hare took the watch and looked at it gloomily: then he dipped it into his cup of tea, and looked at it again: but he could think of nothing better to say than his first remark, 'It was the BEST butter, you know.'
Alice had been looking over his shoulder with some curiosity.
'What a funny watch!' she remarked. 'It tells the day of the month, and doesn't tell what o'clock it is!'
'Why should it?'muttered the Hatter. 'Does YOUR watch tell you what year it is?'
'Of course not,' Alice replied very readily: 'but that's because it stays the same year for such a long time together.'
'Which is just the case with MINE,' said the Hatter.
Alice felt dreadfully puzzled. The Hatter's remark seemed to have no sort of meaning in it, and yet it was certainly English.
'I don't quite understand you,' she said, as politely as she could.
'The Dormouse is asleep again,' said the Hatter, and he poured a little hot tea upon its nose. The Dormouse shook its head impatiently, and said, without opening its eyes, 'Of course, of course; just what I was going to remark myself.'
'Have you guessed the riddle yet?' the Hatter said, turning to Alice again.
'No, I give it up,' Alice replied: 'what's the answer?'
'I haven't the slightest idea,' said the Hatter.
'Nor I,' said the March Hare.
Alice sighed wearily. 'I think you might do something better with the time,' she said, 'than waste it in asking riddles that have no answers.'
'If you knew Time as well as I do,' said the Hatter, 'you wouldn't talk about wasting IT. It's HIM.'
'I don't know what you mean,' said Alice.
'Of course you don't!' the Hatter said, tossing his head contemptuously. 'I dare say you never even spoke to Time!'
'Perhaps not,' Alice cautiously replied: 'but I know I have to beat time when I learn music.'
'Ah! that accounts for it,' said the Hatter. 'He won't stand beating. Now, if you only kept on good terms with him, he'd do almost anything you liked with the clock. For instance, suppose it were nine o'clock in the morning, just time to begin lessons: you'd only have to whisper a hint to Time, and round goes the clock in a twinkling! Half-past one, time for dinner!'
('I only wish it was,' the March Hare said to itself in a whisper.)
'That would be grand, certainly,' said Alice thoughtfully: 'but then–I shouldn't be hungry for it, you know.'
'Not at first, perhaps,' said the Hatter: 'but you could keep it to half-past one as long as you liked.'
'Is that the way YOU manage?' Alice asked. The Hatter shook his head mournfully. 'Not I!' he replied. 'We quarrelled last March–just before HE went mad, you know–' (pointing with his tea spoon at the March Hare,) '–it was at the great concert given by the Queen of Hearts, and I had to sing
"Twinkle, twinkle, little bat! How I wonder what you're at!"

'You know the song, perhaps?'
'I've heard something like it,' said Alice.
'It goes on, you know,' the Hatter continued, 'in this way:–
"Up above the world you fly,
Like a tea-tray in the sky.
Twinkle, twinkle–"'
Here the Dormouse shook itself, and began singing in its sleep 'Twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, twinkle–' and went on so long that they had to pinch it to make it stop.
'Well, I'd hardly finished the first verse,' said the Hatter, 'when the Queen jumped up and bawled out, "He's murdering the time! Off with his head!"'
'How dreadfully savage!' exclaimed Alice.
'And ever since that,' the Hatter went on in a mournful tone, 'he won't do a thing I ask! It's always six o'clock now.'
A bright idea came into Alice's head.
'Is that the reason so many tea-things are put out here?' she asked.
'Yes, that's it,' said the Hatter with a sigh: 'it's always tea-time, and we've no time to wash the things between whiles.'
'Then you keep moving round, I suppose?' said Alice.
'Exactly so,' said the Hatter: 'as the things get used up.'
'But what happens when you come to the beginning again?' Alice ventured to ask.
'Suppose we change the subject,' the March Hare interrupted, yawning. 'I'm getting tired of this. I vote the young lady tells us a story.'
'I'm afraid I don't know one,' said Alice, rather alarmed at the proposal.
'Then the Dormouse shall!' they both cried. 'Wake up, Dormouse!' And they pinched it on both sides at once. The Dormouse slowly opened his eyes.
'I wasn't asleep,'he said in a hoarse, feeble voice: 'I heard every word you fellows were saying.'
'Tell us a story!' said the March Hare.
'Yes, please do!' pleaded Alice.
'And be quick about it,' added the Hatter, 'or you'll be asleep again before it's done.'
'Once upon a time there were three little sisters,' the Dormouse began in a great hurry; 'and their names were Elsie, Lacie, and Tillie; and they lived at the bottom of a well–'
'What did they live on?' said Alice, who always took a great interest in questions of eating and drinking.
'They lived on treacle,' said the Dormouse, after thinking a minute or two.
'They couldn't have done that, you know,' Alice gently remarked; 'they'd have been ill.'
'So they were,' said the Dormouse; 'VERY ill.'
Alice tried to fancy to herself what such an extraordinary ways of living would be like, but it puzzled her too much, so she went on: 'But why did they live at the bottom of a well?'
'Take some more tea,' the March Hare said to Alice, very earnestly.
'I've had nothing yet,' Alice replied in an offended tone, 'so I can't take more.'
'You mean you can't take LESS,' said the Hatter: 'it's very easy to take MORE than nothing.'
'Nobody asked YOUR opinion,' said Alice.

'Who's making personal remarks now?' the Hatter asked triumphantly. Alice did not quite know what to say to this: so she helped herself to some tea and bread-and-butter, and then turned to the Dormouse, and repeated her question. 'Why did they live at the bottom of a well?'

The Dormouse again took a minute or two to think about it, and then said, 'It was a treacle-well.'

'There's no such thing!' Alice was beginning very angrily, but the Hatter and the March Hare went 'Sh! Sh!' and the Dormouse sulkily remarked, 'If you can't be civil, you'd better finish the story for yourself.'

'No, please go on!' Alice said very humbly; 'I won't interrupt again. I dare say there may be ONE.'

'One, indeed!' said the Dormouse indignantly. However, he consented to go on. 'And so these three little sisters–they were learning to draw, you know–'

'What did they draw?' said Alice, quite forgetting her promise.

'Treacle,' said the Dormouse, without considering at all this time.

'I want a clean cup,' interrupted the Hatter: 'let's all move one place on.'

He moved on as he spoke, and the Dormouse followed him: the March Hare moved into the Dormouse's place, and Alice rather unwillingly took the place of the March Hare. The Hatter was the only one who got any advantage from the change: and Alice was a good deal worse off than before, as the March Hare had just upset the milk-jug into his plate. Alice did not wish to offend the Dormouse again, so she began very cautiously: 'But I don't understand. Where did they draw the treacle from?'

'You can draw water out of a water-well,' said the Hatter; 'so I should think you could draw treacle out of a treacle-well–eh, stupid?'

'But they were IN the well,' Alice said to the Dormouse, not choosing to notice this last remark.

'Of course they were', said the Dormouse; '–well in.' This answer so confused poor Alice, that she let the Dormouse go on for some time without interrupting it.

'They were learning to draw,' the Dormouse went on, yawning and rubbing its eyes, for it was getting very sleepy; 'and they drew all manner of things–everything that begins with an M–'

'Why with an M?' said Alice.

'Why not?' said the March Hare. Alice was silent. The Dormouse had closed its eyes by this time, and was going off into a doze; but, on being pinched by the Hatter, it woke up again with a little shriek, and went on: '–that begins with an M, such as mouse-traps, and the moon, and memory, and muchness– you know you say things are "much of a muchness"–did you ever see such a thing as a drawing of a muchness?'

'Really, now you ask me,' said Alice, very much confused, 'I don't think–'

'Then you shouldn't talk,' said the Hatter.

This piece of rudeness was more than Alice could bear: she got up in great disgust, and walked off; the Dormouse fell asleep instantly, and neither of the others took the least notice of her going, though she looked back once or twice, half hoping that they would call after her: the last time she saw them, they were trying to put the Dormouse into the teapot.

'At any rate I'll never go THERE again!' said Alice as she picked her way through the wood. 'It's the stupidest tea-party I ever was at in all my life!'

Just as she said this, she noticed that one of the trees had a door leading right

into it.

'That's very curious!' she thought. 'But everything's curious today. I think I may as well go in at once.' And in she went. Once more she found herself in the long hall, and close to the little glass table. 'Now, I'll manage better this time,' she said to herself, and began by taking the little golden key, and unlocking the door that led into the garden. Then she went to work nibbling at the mushroom (she had kept a piece of it in her pocket) till she was about a foot high: then she walked down the little passage: and THEN–she found herself at last in the beautiful garden, among the bright flower-beds and the cool fountains.