

Guild Caroline Snowden

Daisy: or, The Fairy Spectacles



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Guild C. S. Caroline Snowden

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CHAPTER I.

THE OLD FAIRY

There was a great forest, once, where you might walk for miles, and never hear a sound except the tapping of woodpeckers, the hooting of owls, or the low bark of wolves, or the strokes of a woodman's axe.

For on the borders of this wild, solitary place one man had built his little house, and lived there. It was very near the trees which he spent his time in cutting down; and Peter thought this all he cared about.

But when the summer wore away, and the cold, lonely winter months came on, and there was no one to keep his fire burning and the wind from sweeping through his home, and no one to smile upon him and comfort him when he came back tired from his hard day's work, Peter grew lonely, and thought he must find a wife.

So he went to a market town, a whole day's journey off; for

he knew it was a fair-day, and that all the young women of his acquaintance would be there, and many more beside.

At first he looked about for the most beautiful, and asked her if she would be his wife; but the beauty tossed her head, and answered, not unless he lived in a two-story house, and had carpets on his floors, and a wagon in which she could drive to town when she chose.

All this, was very unlike the home of poor Peter, who had nothing in the world but his rough little cabin and a barrow in which he wheeled his wood.

The next maiden told him he had an ugly scar on his face, and was not good looking enough for her; and, besides, his clothes were coarse. The next declared that she was afraid of wolves, and would rather marry one of the village youths, and live where she could hear the news, and on fair-days watch the people come and go.

So Peter started for his lonely home again, with a sadder heart than he left it; for there was no chance that he could ever grow handsome or rich, and therefore he thought he must always dwell alone; instead of the music of kind voices, with which he had hoped to make his evenings pleasant, he was still to hear only the cracking of boughs, and hissing of snakes, and the barking of wolves.

But suddenly he met in the road some people who seemed more wretched than himself – an old, bent woman, clad in rags, and with such an ugly face that, strong man as he was, Peter could

not look at her without trembling, and a girl whom she led, or rather dragged along, through the dusty road.

The girl looked as if she had been weeping and was very tired; she did not raise her swollen eyes from the ground while Peter talked with her companion. The old dame said she was a silly thing, crying her eyes out because her mother was dead, when she ought to be thankful to be rid of one so old, and sick, and troublesome.

The girl began to cry again, and the woman to scold her loudly. "Just so ungrateful people are," she said; "when I have promised to find a place where you can live at service, and earn money to buy a new gown, you must needs whimper about the old body that's well enough in her grave."

"Perhaps the poor child is lonely," said Peter, who had a kind heart under his rough coat, and knew, besides, from his own experience, what a hard thing it is to live with no one to love us and be grateful for our care.

The girl looked up at Peter with her pale, sad face; but her lips trembled so that she could not thank him. And he began to think how this poor beggar must have a gentle and loving heart, because she had taken such good care of her old mother, and, notwithstanding she was so troublesome, had been grieved at losing her.

So he made bold to ask once more what he had been refused so many times that day, and had never thought to ask again, whether she would marry him, and live in his little cabin, and cook his

meals, and keep his fires burning, and smile and comfort him when he should come home tired from his work.

And at these words a bright smile came into the face of the old woman, and seemed for an instant to take its ugliness away. She put the girl's hand into his, and said to her, "One who can forget his own trouble in comforting another will make you a good husband, Susan."

All at once the old woman had disappeared; and Peter and Susan, hand in hand, were travelling towards the cabin in the wood. They looked about in every direction; but she was gone. Then they looked in each other's faces, and seemed to remember that they had seen each other before; at least, Peter knew he had always meant to have exactly such a wife as Susan, and Susan was sure that, if she had looked through the world, she could have found no one so manly, and kind, and generous as Peter.

I may as well tell you a secret, to begin with – that it was no accident which led the young woman into Peter's path, but a plan of the old dame. And she was not the withered hag she seemed, but the youngest and most beautiful fairy that ever entered this earth – the strongest, too, and richest, for the earth itself is only a part of her treasure; and should she forsake it for a moment, our world would wither like a flower cut from its stem, and be blown away with the first wind that came.

But you must find out for yourselves the fairy's name.

CHAPTER II.

THE WOODLAND HOME

To Susan Peter's cabin seemed like a palace; for he had taken care that it should look clean and pleasant when his new wife came.

It was shaded with the beautiful boughs of the wood; and the door stood open, for he had no lock and key. There were inside some comfortable seats, and a fireplace, and table, and some wild flowers in a cup; and on the floor were patches of sunshine that had crept through the leaves, and made the room look only cooler and shadier.

Peter opened a closet, and showed his stores of meal and sugar, and all his pans and dishes; and he took from his pocket the stuff for a new gown, which he had bought at the fair on purpose for his wife, and wheeled from its dark corner an easy chair he had made for her, and hung upon the wall a little looking glass, so that she might not forget, he said, to keep her hair smooth, and look handsome when he should come home at evening.

Poor Susan could hardly believe her own senses: but a few hours ago she had been a beggar in the streets, without one friend except the old woman that dragged her through the dust and scolded her. Many a night they had slept out of doors, with only a thorny hedge for shelter and the damp grass for a bed; and if it

rained, and they were out, had had no fire to dry their shivering limbs; and when they woke up hungry in the morning, had no breakfast to cook or eat.

And now the lonely beggar girl was mistress of a house, and the wife of a man whom she would not exchange for the whole wide world, and who seemed pleased with her, and even proud of her.

So you see, dear children, that it is never worth while to be unhappy about our trials, because we do not know what may happen the next minute. We never can guess what good fortune is travelling towards us, and may, when times seem darkest, be standing outside of our door.

The poor debtor in jail may suddenly hear that he has been made a prince; the dear friend that is sick, and seems almost sure to die, may arise all the stronger, and the dearer, too, for the illness which frightened us; the sad accident that causes such pain, and perhaps mutilates us for life, may have kept off from us some more dreadful pain – we cannot tell.

But of this we may always be sure, that the good God, who never sleeps nor grows tired, loves and watches over us, and sends alike joy and sorrow, to make our souls purer, and fitter to live in his beautiful home on high.

Susan never was sorry that the strange old dame had put her hand in Peter's; for he led her through the pleasantest paths he could find, and when the way grew rough, he was so careful of her comfort, and so grieved for her, that she almost wished it

might never be smooth again.

They were very poor, and worked hard from morning until night, and often had not quite clothes enough to wear nor food enough to eat; but they were satisfied with a little, and loved each other, and enjoyed their quiet, shady home.

Many a time they talked over the strange events of their wedding day, and wondered if they had really happened, or were only the recollections of a dream; and Susan would declare that she had not yet awakened from her dream, and prayed she never might; for the cold, cruel, lonely world she always knew before that day had changed to a beautiful, sunny home, where she still lived, as merry as a bird.

Susan was not so ignorant as you might think; for before her old mother was taken sick, she had lived at service, and though unkindly treated, had learned to do many things, and could prepare for Peter little comforts of which he never dreamed before.

She had, too, a pleasant voice, and she and her husband sang together of evenings; so that it happened, after his wife came, Peter never heard the snakes or wolves again.

Ah, and there were more cruel, more fearful snakes and wolves that Susan kept away. Suppose she had been ill natured or discontented, and instead of enjoying her house, had tormented Peter because it was not a more splendid one; and when he came home tired, instead of singing pleasant songs to him, had fretted about her little troubles, and they had vexed and quarrelled with

each other; do you think the far-off voices of snakes and wolves outside would have made the poor man's home as doleful as those angry, peevish voices within, which no lock could fasten out?

CHAPTER III.

DAISY

Perhaps by this time you are wondering what has become of the fairy. This is exactly what Susan used to wonder; and when, at evening, she went out to tell Peter that supper was ready, and it was time for him to leave off work, if a leaf fell suddenly down, or a rabbit ran across her path, she would start and look about cautiously; for it seemed to her the old woman might at any time come creeping along under one of the tall arches which the boughs made on every side, or even she might be perched among the dusky branches of the trees.

Peter used to laugh at her, and ask if she could find nothing pretty and pleasant in all the beautiful wood, that she must be forever searching for that ugly face.

But, to tell the truth, when he walked home alone after dark, and the wind was dashing the boughs about, and sighing through them, and strange-looking shadows came creeping past him, Peter himself would quicken his pace, and whistle loudly so as not to hear the sounds that came thicker and thicker, and seemed like unearthly voices. He could not help a feeling, such as Susan had, that the old fairy was hidden somewhere in the wood, and that her dreadful face might look up out of the ground, or from behind some shadowy rock.

He did not know what a lovely, smiling face was hidden beneath the dame's wrinkles and rags; he did not know that this spirit, he dreaded so much, was his best and kindest friend; and that, while he feared to meet her, she was always walking by his side, and keeping troubles away, and it was even her kind hand that parted the boughs sometimes, to let the sunshine stream upon his little home.

It is very foolish to fear any thing, for our fears cannot possibly keep danger away; and suppose we should sometimes meet living shadows, and dreadful grinning faces, in a lonely place, it is not likely they would eat us up; and it is a great deal better and braver for us to laugh back at them than to be frightened out of our senses, and run into some real danger to escape a fancied one.

The fairy was not to be found by seeking her, but she came at last of her own accord. When Peter came home from his work, one night, and passed the place where Susan usually met him, she was not there; he walked slowly, for it was a beautiful evening, and he did not wish to disappoint his wife, who thought more of her walk with him than of her supper. No Susan appeared, for all his lingering; and when his own door was reached, who should stand there but the old woman, her ugly face bright with smiles; and in her arms a little child, as small, and helpless, and homely as you would wish to see.

But it belonged to Peter and Susan; and if children are ever so homely, their own parents always think them beautiful. You never saw a person so pleased as Peter; he hugged his little girl,

and danced about with her, and went out to the door, when it was light, to look at her face, again and again. It seemed to him as if a miracle had been wrought on purpose for him; and already he could fancy the little one running about his home, building up gardens out of sticks and stones, and singing with a voice as musical as her mother's, and even pleasanter, because it would sound so childish and innocent.

Of course Susan was pleased with what delighted Peter so much; and neither of them minded the little homely face, except once, when Peter declared it looked like the old woman herself, and he was afraid it had caught her ugliness.

"What's that – what's that?" exclaimed the fairy, whom he supposed to have gone away; for he was too happy to think much about *her*. Up she started from Susan's easy chair, with her great eyes glittering at him, and her wide mouth opening as if she would devour the baby.

"I said she looked like her godmother," answered Peter, holding his child a little closer, and moving towards the door to look at its face again.

"Then," cried the old dame, "I must christen her. There is nothing rich or beautiful about her looks, and it would be foolish to call her by a splendid name. She will live in lonely, lowly places, and grow without any one's help, and always have a bright, fresh, loving face, that looks calmly up to heaven: we must call her Daisy. Take care of her heart, now, Peter; and this gift of mine will be a more precious one than ever was bestowed upon

a queen."

So she fumbled a while in her great pocket, and brought out a pair of rusty spectacles, which she offered Peter: but he did not know this, for he was looking at Susan; and the fairy laid them upon the little, sleeping bosom of the child, and hobbled off into the dark, and was not seen in Peter's house again for many a day.

"What folly is the meddlesome old dame about, I wonder?" said Peter to himself, taking up the spectacles, and about to throw them away; but the child opened her eyes, and took them in her little hand in such a knowing way, he must needs have her mother see it.

"Dear soul!" exclaimed Susan; "she will be such a comfort to me, when I am here alone all day with my work! What shall we name her? It must be something bright and pleasant; and it seems to me there is nothing prettier than Daisy."

Now, while Peter and the old woman were talking by the door, Susan had been fast asleep, and had not heard what they said.

"The dame has talked you into that fancy," answered Peter. "I should call the little one Susan."

"What dame?" asked the wife, in surprise. "You cannot mean that the old woman has been here."

If he had ever heard Susan speak an untruth, Peter would have thought she was deceiving him now; but he felt that she was good and true, and thought, perhaps, after all, she had been so drowsy as to forget the dame's visit; so he patiently told about it, spectacles and all.

Susan took them in her hand with some curiosity, and even tried them upon Daisy's face; they were large and homely, besides being all over rust. While Daisy wore them, the moonlight broke through the boughs again, to show her little face, looking so old, and wise, and strange, that Susan snatched the spectacles off, and threw them into a drawer, where she quite forgot them, and where they lay, growing rustier, for years.

CHAPTER IV.

GREAT PICTURE BOOKS

You would not suppose that Susan's home could be any different because such a poor little thing as Daisy had come into it; but bright and pleasant as it was before, it was a hundred times brighter and pleasanter now.

The child was so gentle and loving, and so happy and full of life, that Susan and Peter felt almost like children themselves, in watching her. No matter how tired Peter was at night, he would frolic an hour with Daisy, tossing the little thing in the air, lifting her up among the boughs till she was hidden from sight. And Susan would leave her work any time to admire Daisy's garden, or to dress the wooden doll that Peter had made for her.

As for Daisy's self, she was the busiest little soul alive, after she once learned to walk; for at first she could only lie and look up at the leaves, and the great sky, so far, far off, and see the slow, white clouds sail past the tops of the trees, and watch the birds, that hopped from branch to branch and looked down at her curiously, wondering if she were any thing good to eat.

Daisy would hold up her little hands, to tell them they'd better not try, and then the bird would turn it off by singing away as if he had no such thought, and watch her as he warbled his gay little song, that said, "O Daisy, I'm having a beautiful time; are you?"

Then Daisy would coo, and laugh, and clap her hands, which was her song, and which meant, "Yes, indeed; only wait till I can use my feet, and have a run with you."

Peter made a rough kind of cradle out of willow twigs, and hung it in a tree, so that the fresh, green leaves shaded it, and kept away the flies, and fanned Daisy's face, as she lay there swinging, when the day was warm, like a little hangbird in her nest.

No wonder the child was always fond of birds, when she began so early to live with them and listen to their songs.

But Daisy learned to walk in time; and then she was constantly flying about, like the butterflies she loved. For the little girl thought even more of butterflies than of birds; they seemed to her like beautiful flowers sailing through the air, and making calls upon the other flowers, that were fastened down to the earth, – poor things! – as she used to be before she learned to walk.

She would pick the flowers sometimes, and toss them into the air to see if they didn't fly, and tell them they were silly things to fall back on the ground and wilt, when, if they only would not be afraid, they might float off, with all their wings, and see a little of the world.

Daisy's hands were always full of flowers; and she brought some to the cabin which Susan had never seen before; for the good woman could not leave her work long enough to go in such out-of-the-way places as they chose to blossom in.

Daisy had no work except to amuse herself; and she never tired of trudging under the trees, crowding her way among the

tall weeds by the river bank, and creeping behind great rocks, or into soft, mossy places in the heart of the quiet wood; and here she was sure of finding strange and lovely things.

These were the little girl's books; she had no spelling and history like yours, but studied the shapes of leaves and clouds, and the sunshine, and river, and birds.

She did not know all their names, but could tell you where the swallow lived, and where wild honeysuckles grew, and the humming bird hid her little eggs, and how many nuts the squirrel was hoarding for winter time, and how nicely the ant had cleaned her house for spring, and when the winged seeds on the maple tree would change to broad green leaves, and the leaves themselves would change to colors as gay as the sunset, and then all droop and wither, and leave the bright little stars to wink at her through the naked boughs.

The birds all knew Daisy, and were not afraid of her; they would bring their young ones about the door, that she might feed them with crumbs and seeds. And even the sly little rabbits, that started if a leaf fell, came quietly and nibbled grass from Daisy's hands, and let her stroke their long, soft ears.

You may wonder that Susan was not afraid the snakes and wolves would devour her little girl; but, as I told you before, she never could help thinking that the old woman was somewhere in the wood, and remembering how she had smiled at looking into the baby's face, thought she would not let Daisy come to any harm.

And she was right; for the fairy only lifted her finger when the little girl passed, and the wolf that had begun to watch and growl at her would crouch back in his den, and fall asleep.

But he would not have frightened Daisy, had he come forth; she did not know the name of fear, and, glad to see a new play-fellow, would perhaps have climbed on his back, and, patting his mouth so gently with her little hand that he forgot to growl, would have told him now he might gallop along, and take her home to her mother.

CHAPTER V.

TROUBLE FOR DAISY

It was fortunate that Susan was so happy while she could be; for the poor woman little dreamed how soon her sunny home was to become a sad, dark place for her.

Peter used to go forth in the morning, whistling as gayly as any of the birds; and Daisy following him, proud enough that she could carry his little dinner basket for the short way she went.

She did not know that what was such a heavy load to her was only a feather for the strong man to lift, and so delighted in thinking she had grown old enough to help her dear father.

Still Peter had to watch his dinner closely; for Daisy would espy some beautiful flower or vine looking at her from away off in the shade; and down the basket would go, and the little girl was off to take a nearer look, and see if she could not break off a branch to carry home to her mother.

Sometimes Peter walked so fast, or Daisy staid so long, that they lost each other; and then the father made a call that could be heard for miles, which frightened all the birds home to their nests, and must have startled the old dame herself, wherever she might be lurking in the wood.

But the call was music to Daisy; and before many minutes, she would come bounding into her father's arms, almost hidden

in the waving white blossoms with which she had loaded herself.

And all this while, unless Peter himself took care of it, what would become of his dinner!

When Susan went to meet her husband at evening, now, Daisy was sure to be with her – one moment holding her hand, the next skipping away alone, or kneeling to gather bright pebbles and sheets of green moss, to make banks and paths in her garden. She fluttered about in the sunshine like the butterflies she loved, and was as harmless and gentle.

But, alas! one night, no Peter came to meet them; and though Daisy kept thinking she heard his step or his voice, it could only be the fall of some dead limb or the hooting of an owl.

The night grew darker, and it lightened so sharply that Daisy clung to her mother's skirts, and begged her to hide somewhere under a rock until the storm should be past, as the little girl felt almost sure her father had done.

But Susan groped her way on, with the wind blowing the branches into their faces, and the dead boughs snapping and falling about them, and the snakes, that they had never seen before, gliding across the path, hissing, and running their forked tongues out with fear.

And at length they found poor Peter, dead, on the ground. The tree which he had been cutting down had fallen suddenly, and crushed his head so under its great trunk that they only knew him by his clothes.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SWEETEST FLOWER

Small as Daisy was, she saw that her father could never speak to her again; she remembered how kind he had always been; how many good times they had had together; how, that very morning, he had waited, on his way to work, and climbed a tall tree, only to tell her whether the eggs were hatched in the blue-jay's nest.

She thought, too, how he had let her go farther than usual, and then walked back with her part way, to be sure she was in the right path, and how gently he had kissed her at parting, and told her to be a good girl, and help her mother.

Ah, she would take care to do that now, and never forget the last words which her dear father spoke to her.

When our friends are taken away, we remember every little kind word, or look, or smile they ever gave us – things we hardly noticed while they were alive; and Daisy could remember only kindness, only smiles and pleasant words. She thought no one could ever have had so good a father as Peter was to her, and that no little girl could be so lonely and wretched as she was now.

Who was there left to call her up in the morning before the birds, and to make her garden tools, and swing her in the boughs, and listen to her stories at night about the rabbits and flowers? It seemed as if her heart would break.

But Daisy had one pleasant thought to comfort her – it seemed like a sweet flower that her father had dropped down from his new home in paradise, and which she would always wear in her bosom; and perhaps he would know her by it when, after a great many years, she should go to live with him there.

This dear thought was, that when Peter lived, she had done every thing in her power to please him and make him forget his weariness, and that he had known of this thoughtfulness, and loved her for it, and had always felt younger and happier when she was by his side.

If your brothers and sisters or parents die, whether by accident or sickness, are you sure that they would leave you such a comforter as Daisy had? Think about it; for when you stand by their coffins, and it is too late to change the past, and the cold lips have spoken their last word, this little flower will be worth more to you – though no one may see it except yourself – than all the treasure in the world.

But if you have been cold and cruel, there will come into your heart, instead, when you think of them, a dismal shadow, which all the light of the blessed sun cannot drive away.

CHAPTER VII.

THE WOODMAN'S FUNERAL

Daisy did not see the lightning, nor hear the snakes, nor feel the drops of rain that began to patter down; she only felt the cold hand that would never lead her through the wood again; for when she lifted it, it fell back on the ground, dead – dead!

She asked her mother if they were not going home; but Susan said her home was with Peter; and if he staid out in the dark wood, she must stay there, too. She was frightened, and wild with sorrow, and did not know what she was saying, and began, at last, to blame the old woman, who had brought her there, she said, to be so happy for a little while, and always afterwards lonely and wretched – the old hag!

"What old hag!" said a voice close to Susan's ear, that brought her senses back quickly. "Is this all your gratitude, Susan? And are you going to kill your child, out here, with the cold and damp, because your husband's gone? Come! we must bury him; and then away to your home, and don't sit here, abusing your best friend."

Daisy, you know, had never seen the woman, and she had never looked so dreadfully as now; she was pale and starved, and her great eyes glittered like the eyes of the snakes, and her voice was sharp and shrill enough to have frightened one on a

pleasanter night than that.

With Peter's axe the fairy sharpened two stout sticks; one of these she made Susan take, and there, by the light of the quick flashes of lightning, and a little lantern that the woman wore like a brooch on her bosom, Daisy watched them dig her father's grave.

The fallen tree was one of the largest in the wood, and the two women could not lift it; so they dug the earth away at the side and underneath the trunk; and when the place was deep enough, poor Peter's body dropped into its grave. While her mother and the fairy were filling it over with earth, Daisy went for the moss which she had gathered to show her father, and, by the light of the fairy's lamp, picked the sweetest flowers, and fragrant grasses, and broad leaves that glistened with the rain, and scattered them on the spot.

Then, with one of Susan's and one of Daisy's hands in hers, the old dame hurried them out of the wood. They stumbled often over the broken boughs, and stepped, before they knew it, on the snakes, that only hissed and slid away among the grass. Susan was crying bitterly, and their guide kept scolding her, and Daisy heard the wolves growl in their dens.

She had heard of great funerals, where there were carriages and nodding plumes, and heavy velvet palls, and bells tolling mournfully; but Daisy thought it was because her father had been such a good man, that his funeral was so much grander.

She knew that all about his grave, and on, on, farther than eye

could see, the great forest trees were bending and nodding like black plumes, and sounds like groans and sighs came from them as they dashed together in the wind; the lightning was his funeral torch; and the thunder tolled, instead of bells, at Peter's grave; and the black clouds swept on like a train of mourners; and the great, quick drops of rain made it seem as if all the sky were weeping tears of pity for the little girl.

Ah, and Daisy could not see how the dreadful old woman only seemed such, and was, in truth, a good and gentle fairy, who meant still to watch over the little orphan with tender care, as she had always done; whose soft, white wings, even now, were spread above, to shelter her from the cold rain and wind, and whose kind heart was full of pity for that little aching heart of hers.

You and I, and all the people we know, walk through the world with this same strange fairy; who seems to frown, and scold, and force us on through cruel storms, and yet who is really smiling upon us, and shielding our shrinking forms with tender care, and leading us gently home.

Have you thought yet what can be the fairy's name?

CHAPTER VIII.

DAISY'S MISSION

No sooner had Daisy stepped inside of her mother's door, than there came such a crash of thunder as she had never heard; and the little house shook as if it must surely fall.

The old trees ground their boughs together, and, blown by the wind, the night birds dashed with their wet wings against the door; the screech owl hooted, for the young were washed out of her nest; and the rain leaked under Susan's door sill, ran across the floor, and put out the little fire of brushwood which was burning on the hearth.

And Daisy thought of her father, out alone in this fearful night, and how the cold rain must be dripping into his grave.

She peeped through the window. The sharp, jagged lightning made the sky look as if it were shattering like a dome of glass. She wondered if that lightning might not be the light of heaven she had heard about, and whether, if the sky should really fall, heaven and earth would be one place, and by taking a long, long journey, she could find her father, and live with him. And she thought that, for the sake of having him to take her by the hand again, she would walk to the end of a hundred worlds.

Then the sky seemed to Daisy like a great black bell; and the thunder was the tongue of it that tolled so dismally over her

father's grave.

She was startled by a bony hand laid upon her shoulder, and looking up, heard the old woman say in her sharp, shrill voice, "Come, little girl! don't you know I am hungry after all this work? Fly round, and get me something to eat."

And when Daisy noticed her poor, starved face, she wondered that she had not thought to offer her some food.

So she went to the closet, – the same one which poor Peter had shown to his wife with so much pride, – and pointed to bread and a dish of milk, – for the shelves were so high that Daisy could not reach them, – and drew her mother's easy chair into the driest place she could find, and begged the dame to seat herself.

She did not wait to be asked twice, but hobbled into the chair, and, to Daisy's wonder, ate all the bread at a mouthful, and drank the milk at a swallow, and then, looking as hungry as ever, asked for more.

So the little girl brought meat, and then some meal, and some dried fruit, and even cracked nuts; but the more she brought, the more the fairy wanted.

If Daisy had feared any thing, she would have trembled when, at last, the old dame fixed her glittering eyes upon her, and began to talk.

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