

"What!" exclaimed the man in amazement, "Why, can you talk?"

"Yes," replied the bird.

"Well, I never heard a bird talk before this."

"But I am not a bird, I am a fairy."

"A fairy!" exclaimed the man.

"A fairy," went on the bird. "I shall show you the way out of the forest, if you set me free as soon as you can."

"I shall," replied old Jack, "with all my heart."

"Very well," went on the bird, "I will give you a star which will shine before you as you go, but if you drop it, it means death."

"And what is the favour you wanted," went on Jack.

"You shall see as soon as you get out of the lonely forest," replied the bird. Jack took the star, thanked the bird kindly, and went on his way.

The star shone in front of him as he walked along the dark and lonely track.

When he got out of the forest he found the parrot sitting there in the form of a beautiful lady, dressed in a gown of gold interwoven with diamonds, only there was a parrot's beak on her face. This disfigured her. "Will you please cut off my head?" she said.

"What, cut off the head of you who have been so kind?" he asked. After a long talk he cut off her head. She at once vanished. Again she appeared and thanked him for his kindness, and invited him to her home. He soon discovered she was a Fairy Queen. He fell in love with her. They were shortly married, and lived happily ever afterwards.

—JEANNIE HOOD

WHY THE SNOWDROP LOOKS DOWN

One bright morning in winter a beautiful black and gold butterfly flew into the garden. There were many flowers in the garden and the beautiful butterfly flew slowly to each one. On his back sat a tiny snow flake which flitted about the different flowers. He was sent to invite all the flowers to a feast at the Snow Queen's palace. Over in the corner of the garden a lonely little snowdrop stood. Of course the butterfly did not see her, and she was not asked to the Snow Queen's party.

About ten minutes later all the big garden was alive with the chatter of fairy voices. They were dressing in their very best dresses.

In one lonely corner of the garden the little Snowdrop watched them, wondering what she had done that she was not asked. After all the fairies had gone away in their butterfly coaches, the little Snowdrop became very unhappy. She went out and sat on the doorstep of her little white home and looked forlornly at the snow melting on the white earth. All day she sat watching the white carpet of snow.