

CINDERELLA

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SERIES.



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or The **LITTLE GLASS SLIPPER**
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CINDERELLA.

ONCE upon a time, a poor nobleman married a very rich, but proud and bad-tempered lady. She was his second wife, and had two grown-up daughters, of exactly her own disposition. The nobleman, too, had a daughter—the loveliest girl ever known. She had been brought up by her god-mother, who, as sometimes happened, in those days, was a Fairy.

The marriage was no sooner over, than the stepmother began to be very harsh and unkind towards this young girl, whose gentle and loving disposition, caused the behavior of her own daughters to appear even more detestable than before. She made her do all the hard work of the house; scrub the floor, polish the grates, answer the door, wait at table, and wash up the plates and dishes.

But the poor child would not complain, even to her father, who always showed the most anxious affection for her. She knew how unhappy he, too, was in this second marriage, and how powerless to help her.

In spite of toil and ill-treatment, she was an hundred times prettier than her sisters; yet they never soiled their hands, and were always dressed in the height of fashion, and she only wore their oldest dresses. When her work was done, she would sit for warmth in a corner of the chimney, among the cinders; and for this reason, and to show how much they despised her, the unkind sisters gave her the name of Cinderella.

She had to sleep on a hard, straw bed in a garret, which was most meanly furnished; while her sisters had each a beautiful room, with

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feather beds and pillows, the softest and most luxurious that money could buy; and with looking glasses in which they could see themselves from head to foot.

II.

Some time after this, the King's son came of age, and gave a grand ball, to which he invited every person of rank and position in the kingdom. The two sisters, who always took care to be noticed when anything of importance was going on, soon obtained invitations; and then they could think of nothing else but the ball.

They gave themselves much loftier airs than before; and it seemed as if they would never cease discussing how they should be dressed.

"I shall wear my red velvet, with Honiton lace," said one sister. "Well!" said the other, "I shall put on my plain silk; but then I shall have my gold-embroidered cloak, and pearl-and-diamond coronet; and don't you think that will look rather nice?"

And this meant a great deal more work for Cinderella. She had to do all the sewing and ironing, to starch and plait the ruffles, to run to the draper's three or four times a-day; and she even offered to dress their hair. This, in truth, was what they were longing for, as she had such excellent taste! but they were too proud to own it openly.

In the midst of this preparation, one of the sisters said, "How would you like to go to the ball, Cinderella?" Knowing this was only said to annoy her, Cinderella merely answered, "Oh! they don't want me." "No, I should think not, indeed," said the other sister, tossing her head, "I never heard of a Cinder-sifter being at a ball." It was enough to make her spoil her hair; but with all this unkindness, still she seemed ready and willing to please them.

So anxious were they to improve their figures, at least twenty stay-laces were broken. They scarcely ate anything for two whole days, and were admiring themselves continually in the looking-glass.

The proud Sisters:





:The Fairy Godmother:

III.

At last the great day came. When the two sisters started, Cinderella kept her eyes fixed on the carriage until it disappeared; and then she burst out crying.

Suddenly, her Fairy godmother stood by her side, and asked what was the matter. "I,—I,—should so much have—have liked"—sobbed the broken-hearted girl, but could say no more.

"Do you mean, you would like to go with your sisters?"

"Oh! yes, I should," cried Cinderella.

"Well, well!" said her godmother, "be a good girl, and you shall go."

Cinderella soon dried her tears; and when her godmother said, "Fetch me a pumpkin," she ran and got the largest she could find; but not knowing that her godmother was a Fairy, she did not think this had much to do with going to the ball.

The Fairy scooped it hollow; touched it with her wand, and immediately changed it into a magnificent carriage.

Then, seeing a mouse-trap in which were six live mice, she told Cinderella to open the door of it; and as each mouse ran out, she touched it with her wand; and so got as handsome a team of mouse-colored horses, as were ever harnessed together.

IV.

"I don't know what we shall have for a coachman," said the Fairy after a short pause. "Would a rat do?" asked Cinderella, anxiously, but shuddering at the idea.—"The very thing," replied her godmother. "Go and see if there is one in the trap." It happened, very fortunately, that a fine, full-grown rat, with splendid whiskers, had just been caught, and Cinderella brought it to her godmother.

A touch of her wand turned it into a grander coachman, than was ever seen even in a Lord Mayor's show.

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“Now, Cinderella,” continued her godmother, “look behind the watering-pot in the garden, and you will find six long lizards; bring them here.”

In a trice they were turned into six tall footmen, with bouquets, powdered wigs, and coats embroidered with gold; and before you could have counted “One—two—three,” they jumped up behind the carriage, as if they had been in the profession all their lives.

When all these wonderful changes had been brought about, the Fairy said, “There! Cinderella, now you can go to the ball.” “But my dear godmother,” half-cried the poor girl, “would you like me to go in these wretched rags?”

The Fairy touched Cinderella with the tip of her wand, and she was at once arrayed in the richest yellow silk, trimmed with the choicest lace, and sparkling all over with gems; and last of all, the Fairy presented her with a most beautiful pair of glass slippers.

V.

Cinderella was now quite ready. Just as she was stepping into the carriage, the good Fairy said, “Mind, whatever you do, don’t be later than twelve;” and warned her, that if she did not leave in time, her carriage would turn back to a pumpkin, her horses to mice, her coachman to a rat, and footmen to lizards, and her dress to rags.

Cinderella, in a flutter of excitement and eager to be off, promised all her godmother wished, and away dashed the carriage. When she drove into the courtyard of the Palace, the King’s son was informed that a beautiful Princess, whom nobody knew, had arrived; and in order to show her the greatest respect, he went himself and handed her out of the carriage, and led her into the ball-room. The band stopped playing at once, and the dancers stood still and gazed at her.

There was a long, still hush !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

On the Stroke of Midnight:



PH. A. S.

The Glass Slipper



R.H. de

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Then a confused whisper all over the room :

“ Here she comes !!! ”

“ Oh ! how lovely !!! ”

As soon as the band struck up again, the King's son courteously asked if he might have the pleasure of dancing with her.

So exquisitely graceful was Cinderella's movements, that after a few bars, she and the Prince were the only couple dancing, everybody else looking on.

The King himself, old as he was, could not turn away his eyes, and, over and over again, whispered to the Queen, that it was many a long day since they had seen so beautiful and charming a visitor at their Court.

The ladies took every opportunity to notice how her dress was made. They all intended to follow her example, if they could but get artists skillful enough, and buy the same kind of material. At the supper, which was most sumptuously served, the young Prince had no appetite ; but kept his eyes fixed tenderly on this unknown visitor, who had taken a seat by the side of her sisters, and was giving them a share of all the delicacies which he passed to her.

When their merriment was at its highest—

VI.

The clock struck a quarter to twelve. Then Cinderella remembered the Fairy's warning and, making a polite curtsy to all the company, immediately returned home.

After kissing her godmother, she asked if she might go the next night, as the King's son had decided to have another ball, and particularly wished her to come.

Before she had finished telling the Fairy all the events of the evening, the two sisters knocked at the door, and Cinderella, whose beautiful clothes disappeared at that instant, let them in.

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“Oh! how late you are!” she yawned, rubbing her eyes, and stretching herself, as though she had just woke up. “Ah!” said one of the sisters, “you would not have been so sleepy, if you had been with us. We have been talking, nearly the whole evening, to a most lovely Princess.”

Cinderella could not help feeling secretly very pleased at hearing this. She asked the name of the Princess, but they could not say. They only knew that the King's son was greatly distressed at her leaving so suddenly, and would give all the world to find out where she came from.

Cinderella's eyes beamed with joy. “How beautiful she must have been!” she said, “and how very fortunate you both were in being invited! If you were to lend me one of your old, every-day dresses, don't you think I could go and see her?”

“Oh! the idea,” the sisters screamed. “A kitchen wench like you! What next will you think of?”

The following night the two sisters went again to the ball, and Cinderella's godmother let her also go; but in a much handsomer dress than before.

The King's son waited for her at the door, at least three-quarters of an hour, and when she arrived, he again led her into the ball-room. He danced with her every time, and kept by her side the whole evening.

Cinderella was so happy, she entirely forgot her godmother's warning, and the time had passed so quickly, she did not think it was more than eleven, when the first stroke of midnight sounded. She jumped up from her seat by the side of the Prince, rushed across the room, and flew down stairs. The Prince ran after her; but was too late. The only trace of her was a glass slipper, which had fallen off in her flight. The Prince picked it up, and would not part with it.

: The Proclamation :



From Kitchen to Court: .



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Poor Cinderella got home frightened and out of breath, with no carriage—no horses—no coachman—no footmen—and all her old clothes back again. She had none of her finery now, except the other glass slipper.

VII.

The King's son made the strictest inquiries, but could get no information from the servants of the Palace, or the soldiers on guard. The only person that had passed them, was a poorly clad girl, who certainly could not have been at the ball.

When the two sisters came home, Cinderella asked if they had enjoyed themselves as much as on the first night, and if they had again seen the Princess. "Yes," they said; "but just as the clock was striking twelve, she left in a great hurry, and one of her beautiful glass slippers fell off. The King's son picked it up, and has been looking at it and kissing it ever since. Every body says he is madly in love with her."

And so he was. For the next day heralds were sent all through the Kingdom, proclaiming that the Prince would marry the lady who could wear this slipper.

The rivalry among the ladies was very great. First of all, the Princesses tried, then the Duchesses, and then the other ladies of the Court; but their feet were much too large. When the Lord Chamberlain called on the two sisters, Cinderella opened the door, and recognized the slipper at once. As soon as her sisters were quite tired out with trying, she said, "May I see if it will fit me?"

They began to laugh and sneer; but the Lord Chamberlain, looking very attentively at Cinderella, and seeing what a lovely face and figure she had, said, "Everybody has a right to try."

He handed her a chair: and no sooner was the slipper tried, than

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it fitted like a glove. The two sisters bit their lips in envy and vexation; and they nearly fainted, when Cinderella quietly put her hand into her pocket, and brought out the other slipper.

VIII.

The moment both slippers were on, the good Fairy appeared, and touching Cinderella's clothes with her wand, made them more costly and dazzling than ever. Then the two sisters recognized that the despised Cinderella was the beautiful Princess whom they had seen at the ball; and throwing themselves on their knees, asked her to forgive them the very many, unkind things they had said and done to her. She lifted them up, kissed them affectionately, and said she only wanted them to love her now. The carriage, the coachman, and the footmen were all ready, and Cinderella was at once taken to the Palace, where the King's son met her; and in a very few days they were married.

MORAL.

Though woman beauty most desires,
And deems it **all** the world admires,
Yet grace and kindness are cherished,
Long after youth's short bloom has perished.

Each maid in whom these gifts are seen,
Is worthy to become a Queen;
And, more than slippers, dress, or carriage,
They led to Cinderella's marriage.

