

# PUSS IN BOOTS.



Hop-O'-my-Thumb  
Series.

*McLaughlin, Bro's New York*

Title: Puss in Boots

Author: Anonymous

Language: English

Subject: Fiction, Literature, Children's literature

Publisher: World Public Library Association

(c) **worldLibrary.net**<sup>tm</sup>



## World Public Library

The World Public Library, [www.WorldLibrary.net](http://www.WorldLibrary.net) is an effort to preserve and disseminate classic works of literature, serials, bibliographies, dictionaries, encyclopedias, and other reference works in a number of languages and countries around the world. Our mission is to serve the public, aid students and educators by providing public access to the world's most complete collection of electronic books on-line as well as offer a variety of services and resources that support and strengthen the instructional programs of education, elementary through post baccalaureate studies.

This file was produced as part of the "eBook Campaign" to promote literacy, accessibility, and enhanced reading. Authors, publishers, libraries and technologists unite to expand reading with eBooks.

Support online literacy by becoming a member of the World Public Library, <http://www.WorldLibrary.net/Join.htm>.

(c) **worldLibrary.net**<sup>tm</sup>



[www.worldlibrary.net](http://www.worldlibrary.net)

\*This eBook has certain copyright implications you should read.\*

This book is copyrighted by the World Public Library. With permission copies may be distributed so long as such copies (1) are for your or others personal use only, and (2) are not distributed or used commercially. Prohibited distribution includes any service that offers this file for download or commercial distribution in any form, (See complete disclaimer <http://WorldLibrary.net/Copyrights.html>).

World Public Library Association  
P.O. Box 22687  
Honolulu, Hawaii 96823  
[info@WorldLibrary.net](mailto:info@WorldLibrary.net)



(c) **worldLibrary.net**<sup>tm</sup>



# PUSS IN BOOTS.



**T**HERE was once an old miller who had three sons, and at his death, he left all that he had to them in this way: he gave his mill to the eldest, his donkey to the second, and his cat to the youngest.

This poor young fellow thought that his share was about as good as nothing at all. "My brothers," said he, "by putting their shares together may do well in the world, but I can only eat the cat, and sell his skin, and then what shall I have to live on?"

The cat, who heard this speech, looked up in his master's face, and said: "Do not be so cast down, dear master. If you will get me a bag and a pair of boots, you will see your case is not so bad as you think it is."

The young man did not know how the cat could help him,

but he had seen him play so many clever tricks in catching rats and mice that he thought he would trust him.

When the cat had got what he had asked for, he drew on the boots, and hung the bag about his neck, holding the strings with his fore paws. Then he set off for a place where he knew there were some rabbits.

He put some bran and green leaves in the bag, and left its mouth open, and then lay down at full length as if he were dead. Soon a young rabbit, who did not know much about the tricks of the world, crept into the bag to eat the good things in it. Puss at once pulled the strings, and the rabbit was caught.

The cat went straight to the King's palace, and sent in word that he would like to speak to his majesty. When they brought him before the King, he made a low bow, and said: "I have brought you, sire, this rabbit from my lord, the Marquis of Carabas." This was the title which Puss had chosen for his master.

"Tell my lord Marquis of Carabas," said the King, "that I accept his gift with pleasure."

A few days after, the cat lay down in the same way in a field of corn. This time he caught two partridges, which he carried at once to the King. The King took them, and ordered his servants to give Puss a good drink of milk.

Things went on in this way for some time, Puss making a gift of game to the King at least once a week. One day the cat heard that the King meant to take a ride with his daughter, the Princess, along the banks of a river. He went to his master, and said: "Master, if you will do as I tell you, your fortune will be made. Go and bathe in the river at a spot I will show you, and leave the rest to me."



The Marquis of Carabas did just as he was told, though he could not guess what the cat's plan was. While he was in the stream, the King drove by, and Puss cried as loud as he could bawl: "Help! help! the Marquis of Carabas will drown if no one comes to help him!"



The King heard and looked out of his carriage. When he saw that the cries came from the same cat that had brought him so much game, he told his men to go at once to help the Marquis. While they were taking the Marquis out of the river, Puss told the King that some robbers had come, and



stolen his master's clothes while he was bathing. In reality, Puss had hidden them behind a big stone.

The King at once bade one of his servants ride back and bring one of his own suits, and give it to my lord Marquis of Carabas. The young man put this on, and as he was quite a handsome fellow, he looked very fine indeed when he came up to the carriage to thank the King.

His majesty was so much pleased with him that he asked him to enter the carriage and ride with him, and the Princess looked as if she did not find the turn affairs had taken at all unpleasant.

Puss, glad to see how well his plans were working so far, ran on ahead of the carriage till he came to a field where some men were gathering in the harvest. The cat went up to them and said: "The King is coming, and if you don't say, when he asks you, that this field belongs to the Marquis of Carabas, you shall all be chopped as fine as mince meat."



When the King came he did not fail to ask the men whose field they were in, and they all answered at once, "It is the land of my lord Marquis of Carabas," for the threats of Puss had thrown them into a great fright.

"You have a very fine crop of wheat, my lord Marquis," said the King.

"Not so very bad, your Majesty," replied the Marquis, and the King could not help admiring the nice modest manner in which the young man spoke.

As the King passed along, he asked at each field in which men were working, who the owner was, and in every case the men answered, "My lord Marquis of Carabas," for Puss had used the same threats to all of them.

The King was quite struck with the great wealth of the Marquis.

Puss, traveling along far ahead of the carriage, came at last to a grand stone castle, in which dwelt an ogre, who was also a great magician. He was very rich, being the real owner of all the lands which Puss had made the King think belonged to his master.

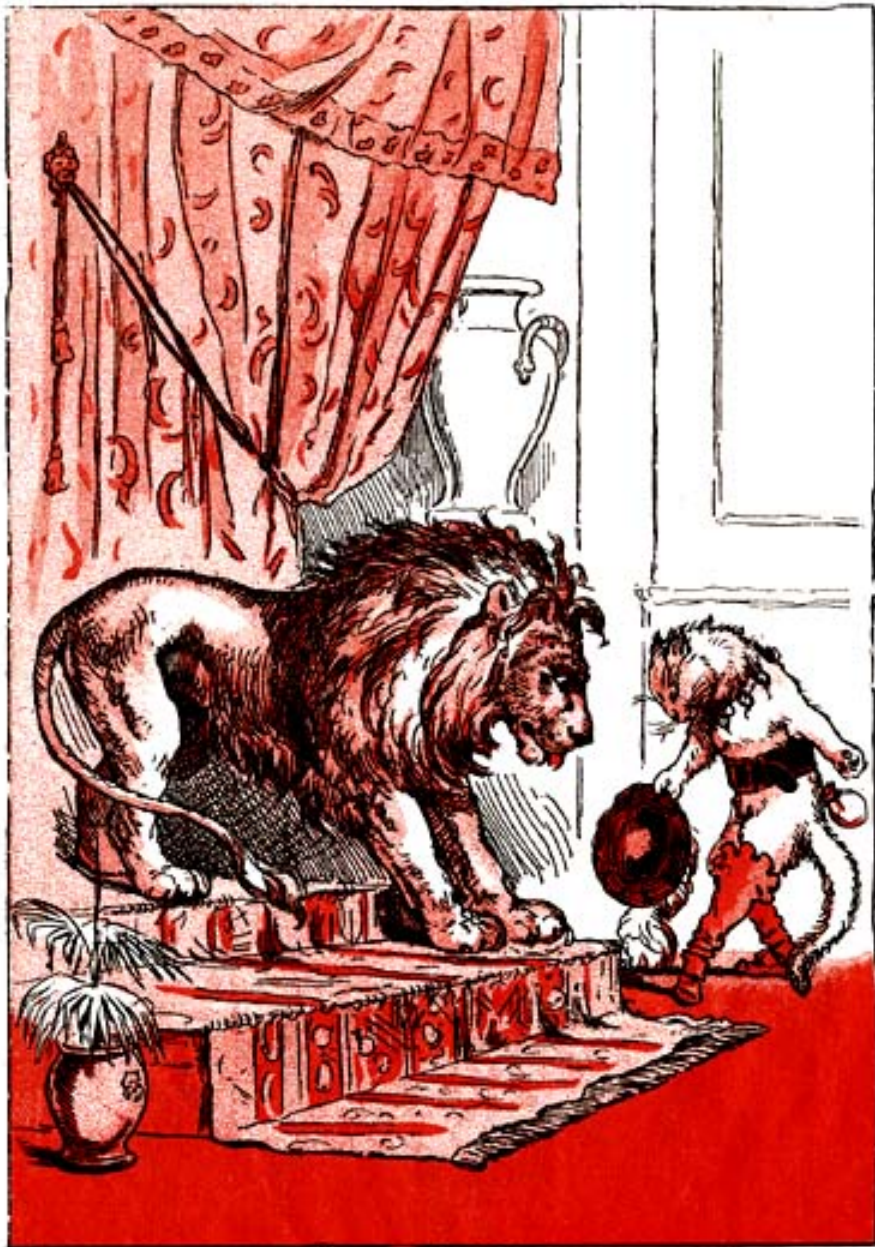




Puss took care to learn all he could about this ogre, and then knocked boldly at his castle gate, and sent in word that he should like to see him. The ogre bade that he be admitted. When the cat entered the ogre's presence he bowed humbly, and said that as he was passing near the castle he thought he would stop and ask how his health was. The ogre was in good humor and asked Puss to sit down.

"I have been told, sir," said the cat, "that you have the strange power of being able to change yourself into any kind of animal."

"It is quite true," said the ogre. "Do you not believe it? To convince you I will take the form of a lion at once." and in





a moment he stood before the cat in the shape of the king of beasts.

The cat gazed at him awhile in fear, but when the lion opened his mouth and gave a great roar, Puss flew down the stairs and escaped through an open window.

The ogre was delighted with the success of his performance and laughed heartily at the way in which he had frightened his guest.

Puss kept up his growling and spitting for some time, but after he had got over his fright he entered the room again, excusing himself to the ogre for leaving in such haste.

"Sir, I should never have believed these wonders possible if I had not seen them with my own eyes. You are, indeed, a great magician, but I have heard of a conjuror who could take the shape of small animals as well as large ones. That must be very difficult, and require long practice."

"One is as easy as the other," said the ogre, who was vain of his powers, and did not like to think there was any one greater than he.

"But I mean," said Puss, "small animals, like a cat or a mouse."

"Judge for yourself," said the ogre, and in a moment he was capering about the room in the shape of a mouse. In less than a second the cunning cat had sprung upon him, and with his sharp teeth he soon put an end to the ogre.

By this time the King had nearly reached the castle, and Puss hurried to the entrance to receive him when he drove up. The cat's master was indeed astonished when he beheld him standing on the castle steps, and heard him say to the King: "Welcome, your majesty, to the castle of my lord Marquis of Carabas."

"And is this fine castle yours, too, my lord Marquis of Carabas?" said the King. "Pray let me go through it and look at it."

The Marquis gave his hand to the pretty young Princess to help her out. The King and Princess then went in together, Puss leading the way.

While they were walking through the rooms of the castle, Puss slipped away, and had a fine dinner got ready, and on their return they sat down to a feast that was, indeed, fit for a King.

His majesty was charmed with the riches and good qualities of the Marquis, as was the Princess, who, in fact, had fallen quite in love with him.

After the dinner the King took the Marquis aside, and said: "It rests with you, my lord Marquis, whether you shall be my son-in-law or not."

The Marquis, kneeling low, accepted the honor which his majesty offered him, and that very same day married the Princess.

Puss became a great lord, and never had any more need to run after mice except for sport.



The End.





