

Once upon a time there lived a woodman and his wife who had one little daughter. She was the joy of her mother's heart, and to please her, the good woman made her a little scarlet cloak and hood, in which she looked so pretty, that everybody called her Little Red Riding-Hood.

One day Red Riding Hood's mother said to her, "My child, you may go to your grandmother's with this bottle of blackberry-wine, for we have not heard from her in some days, and she may be in need of something."

Little Red Riding-Hood was delighted at being sent on this errand, for it was such a long time since she had seen her grandmother, that she had almost forgotten what the old lady looked like.

She had not gone very far before she met with a wolf, who came up and spoke to her.

"Good-day," said the wolf. "Where are you going all alone by yourself, my pretty miss?"

"I am going to my grandmother's," said Little Red Riding Hood, "to take her some nice blackberry wine, for she is quite sick."

"Where does grandma live?" asked the wolf in as sweet a voice as he could command.

"Just outside the wood. You can see her cottage through the trees."

"Ah, yes;" said the wolf. "I am sorry that I cannot go with you, my dear, to take care of you, for there are many bad creatures in these woods who might do you harm. But I have an errand to do just beyond here, and must be off at once;" and making a polite bow, he scampered away as fast as his legs could carry him.

Little Red Riding-Hood was not in a hurry, and there were many things to amuse her in the wood. So she went on very slowly. By-and-by she saw Hugh, a woodman. "Where are you going, Little Red Riding-Hood," said he, "all alone?"

"I am going to my grandmother's," said the child."

While little Red Riding-Hood was playing in the wood, the great wolf galloped on as fast as he could to the old lady's house. Now, grandmother was very feeble, and it happened that she was in bed that day. When the wolf reached the cottage door he tapped.

"Who is there?" asked the old lady.

"Little Red Riding-Hood, grandmother," said the wolf, trying to speak like the child.

"Come in, my dear," said the old lady, who was a little deaf. "Pull the string and the latch will come up."

The wolf did as she told him, and went in, and you may think how frightened poor grandmother was when she saw him instead of Little Red Riding-Hood.

Now, the wolf, who was quite hungry after his run, soon ate up the poor old lady. Indeed, she was not enough for his breakfast, and so he thought he would like to eat sweet Little Red Riding-Hood also. Therefore, he dressed himself in grandmother's night-cap and got into bed, and waited for the child to knock at the door.

By-and-by, Little Red Riding-Hood reached her grandmother's house, and tapped at the door.

"Come in," said the wolf, in a squeaking voice. "Pull the string, and the latch will come up."

Little Red Riding-Hood thought her grandmother must have a cold, as she spoke so hoarsely; but she went in at once, and there lay her grandmother, as she thought, in bed.

"If you please, grandmother, mother has sent me with some blackberry wine."

But when Little Red Riding-Hood saw the wolf she felt frightened. She had nearly forgotten her grandmother, but she did not think she had been so ugly.

"Grandmother," she said, "what a great nose you have."

"All the better to smell with, my dear," said the wolf.

"And, grandmother, what large ears you have."

"All the better to hear with, my dear."

"Ah! grandmother, and what large eyes you have."

"All the better to see with, my dear," said the wolf, showing his teeth, for he longed to eat the child up.

"Oh, grandmother, and what great teeth you have!" said Little Red Riding-Hood.

"All the better to eat you up with," growled the wolf, and, jumping out of bed, he rushed at Little Red Riding-Hood, and would have eaten her up, but just at that minute the door flew open, and a great dog tore him down. The wolf and the dog were still fighting when Hugh, the woodman, came in and killed the wicked wolf with his axe.

Little Red Riding-Hood threw her arms round the woodman's neck, and thanked him again and again.

"Oh, you good, kind Hugh, she said, how did you know the wolf was here, in time to save me?"

"Well," said Hugh, "after you had passed, I remembered that a wolf had been seen about the wood lately, and I thought I would just come after you and see if you were safe. When we came near your grandmother's house, Trim sniffed and ran to the door and whined, and then he pushed it open and rushed in; and I followed him, and between us we have killed the wolf."