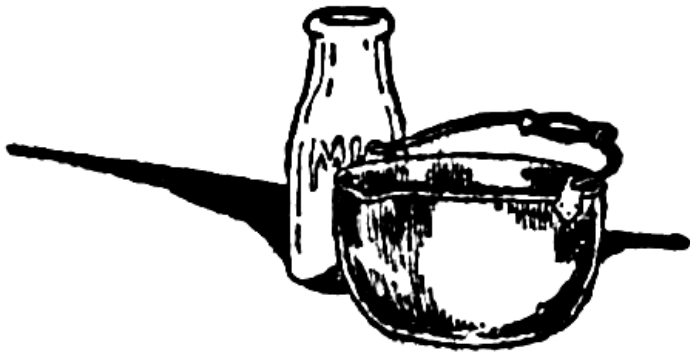


1. A story that is not true is called *fiction*. Is this story fiction?
  - a. yes
  - b. no
2. A *generous* person is someone who shares freely without expecting anything in return. Was the housewife a generous person?
  - a. yes
  - b. no
3. (True/False) The housewife gave the Hillman the very best saucepan she had.
4. (True/False) The housewife wanted to pay the Hillman to fix the saucepan.
5. (True/False) The Hillman was polite to the housewife when she gave him the leaky pan.
6. (True/False) When the Hillman returned the pan, the leak was fixed.
7. (True/False) The housewife's bargain saved her six dollars.



## THE HILLMAN AND THE HOUSEWIFE

In some countries across the sea there are fairies called Hillmen, who always treat others as they should be treated.

Now, there once lived a certain housewife who liked to make bargains. She gave away only those things for which she had no use, and then expected always to get something in return.

One day a Hillman knocked at the housewife's door and it was opened by her servant.

"Can you lend us a saucepan?" the Hillman asked the servant. "There's a wedding on the hill, and all the pots are in use."

"Is he to have one?" whispered the servant to the housewife.

"Aye, to be sure," answered the housewife; "one must be neighborly. Get the saucepan for him, lass."



The maid turned to take a good saucepan from the shelf, but the housewife stopped her.

"Not that, not that," she whispered. "Get the old one out of the cupboard. It leaks, but that doesn't matter. The Hillmen are so neat and are such nimble workers that they are sure to mend it before they send it home. I can oblige the fairies and save six dollars in tinkering, too."



The maid brought the old saucepan that had been laid by until the tinker's next visit, and gave it to the Hillman. He thanked her and went away.

When the saucepan was returned, it had been neatly mended, just as the housewife thought it would be.

At night the maid filled the pan with milk and set it on the fire to heat for the children's supper. In a few moments the milk was so smoked and burnt that no one would touch it. Even the pigs refused to drink it.

"Ah, you good-for-nothing!" cried the housewife. "There's a quart of milk wasted at once."

"And that's two dollars," cried a queer little voice that seemed to come from the chimney.

The housewife filled the saucepan again and set it over the fire. It had not been there more

than two minutes before it boiled over and was burnt and smoked as before.

"The pan must be dirty," muttered the woman, who was very much vexed. "Two full quarts of milk have been wasted."

"And that's four dollars!" added the queer little voice from the chimney.

The saucepan was scoured; then it was filled with milk the third time and set over the fire. Again the milk boiled over and was spoiled.

Now the housewife was quite vexed. "I have never had anything like this to happen since I first kept house," she exclaimed. "Three quarts of milk wasted!"

"And that's six dollars," cried the queer little voice from the chimney. "You didn't save the tinkering after all, housewife!"

With that the Hillman himself came tumbling from the chimney and ran off laughing. But from that time, the saucepan was as good as any other.

