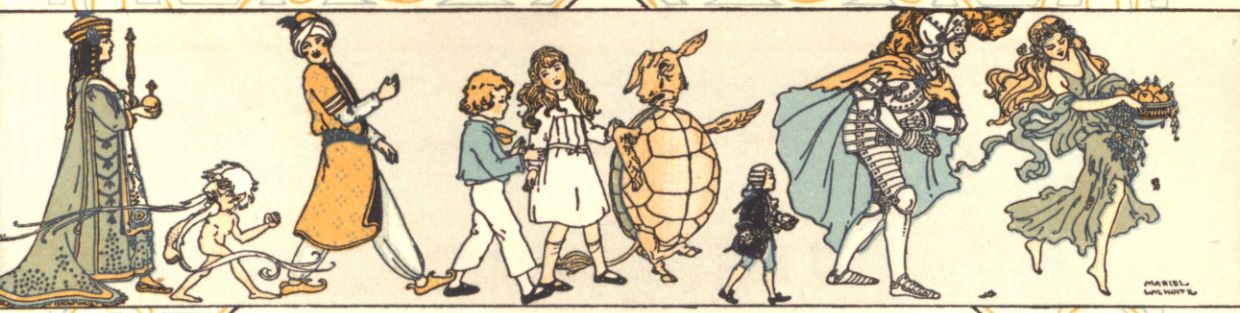
My BOOKHOUSE
THE TREASURE CHEST



The TREASURE CHEST of MY BOOKHOUSE

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My BOOKHOUSE
Six Volumes

My TRAVELSHIP
Three Volumes

My BOOK *of* HISTORY
Six Volumes

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List of Stories and Poems

Not far had he gone, when he heard a rushing behind him. There in rapid pursuit was Thiassi. On and on flew Loki! On and on flew Thiassi, gaining little by little. On the walls of Asgard stood the gods wrinkled, and bent, and gray, watching far to southward over the sea, watching, longing for the coming of Iduna. At length they made out the falcon, Loki, and Thiassi hot on his heels. Long and anxiously watched they. Now Thiassi seemed pouncing on Loki's back, but always Loki escaped and flew with his precious burden on and on and on.

As he neared the city of refuge Loki's strength seemed almost failing. Then up rose the dwellers in Asgard and lit great fires on the walls that leapt and flamed to the heavens. Safe through the blaze and smoke dashed Loki,—Loki the god of fire, but when Thiassi, creature of cold and storm, plunged blundering through, down he fell, suffocating, to his end beneath the mighty hammer of Thor. Then Loki let loose the swallow and up sprang the lovely Iduna herself, to be tenderly welcomed by Bragi, Odin and all the rest. And with Iduna and her apples, back to Asgard came youth and the joyous life of the Spring.

HOW THE GODDESS OF SPRING CAME TO SCORING

CHARLES KINGSLEY

White were the moorlands,
And frozen before her;
Green were the moorlands,
And blooming behind her.
Out of her gold locks
Shaking the spring flowers,
Out of her garments
Shaking the south wind,
Around in the birches,
Awaking the throstles,
And making chaste housewives all,
Long for their heroes home;
Loving and love-giving,
Came she to Scoring.
—*from The Longbeard's Saga.*