

*Tales from  
Shakespeare*

Charles and Mary Lamb

Illustrated by Arthur Rackham



ALMA CLASSICS

ALMA CLASSICS  
an imprint of

ALMA BOOKS LTD  
3 Castle Yard  
Richmond  
Surrey TW10 6TF  
United Kingdom  
[www.almaclassics.com](http://www.almaclassics.com)

*Tales from Shakespeare* first published in 1807  
This edition first published by Alma Classics Ltd in 2017

Extra Material © Alma Books Ltd

Printed in Great Britain by CPI Group (UK) Ltd, Croydon CR0 4YY

ISBN: 978-1-84749-677-5

All the pictures in this volume are reprinted with permission or presumed to be in the public domain. Every effort has been made to ascertain and acknowledge their copyright status, but should there have been any unwitting oversight on our part, we would be happy to rectify the error in subsequent printings.

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in or introduced into a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form or by any means (electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise), without the prior written permission of the publisher. This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not be resold, lent, hired out or otherwise circulated without the express prior consent of the publisher.

## Contents

Tales From Shakespeare	I
<i>Preface</i>	3
<i>The Tempest</i>	7
<i>A Midsummer Night's Dream</i>	19
<i>The Winter's Tale</i>	32
<i>Much Ado About Nothing</i>	44
<i>As You Like It</i>	57
<i>The Two Gentlemen of Verona</i>	74
<i>The Merchant of Venice</i>	87
<i>Cymbeline</i>	102
<i>King Lear</i>	115
<i>Macbeth</i>	131
<i>All's Well that Ends Well</i>	143
<i>The Taming of the Shrew</i>	156
<i>The Comedy of Errors</i>	169
<i>Measure for Measure</i>	183
<i>Twelfth Night, or, What You Will</i>	199
<i>Timon of Athens</i>	214
<i>Romeo and Juliet</i>	227
<i>Hamlet, Prince of Denmark</i>	245
<i>Othello</i>	261
<i>Pericles, Prince of Tyre</i>	275
<i>Notes</i>	293
Extra Material For Young Readers	295
<i>The Writers</i>	295
<i>The Book</i>	297
<i>Test Yourself</i>	299
<i>Answers</i>	302
<i>Scores</i>	302
Glossary	303



*Tales from  
Shakespeare*



## PREFACE

THE FOLLOWING TALES ARE MEANT to be submitted to the young reader as an introduction to the study of Shakespeare, for which purpose his words are used whenever it seemed possible to bring them in; and in whatever has been added to give them the regular form of a connected story, diligent care has been taken to select such words as might least interrupt the effect of the beautiful English tongue in which he wrote: therefore words introduced into our language since his time have been as far as possible avoided.

In those tales which have been taken from the tragedies, as my young readers will perceive when they come to see the source from which these stories are derived, Shakespeare's own words, with little alteration, recur very frequently in the narrative as well as in the dialogue; but in those made from the comedies I found myself scarcely ever able to turn his words into the narrative form; therefore I fear in them I have made use of dialogue too frequently for young people not used to the dramatic form of writing. But this fault, if it be as I fear a fault, has been caused by my earnest wish to give as much of Shakespeare's own words as possible; and if the "He said" and "She said", the question and the reply, should sometimes seem tedious to their young ears, they must pardon it, because it was the only way I knew of in which I could give them a few hints and little foretastes of the great pleasure which awaits them in their older years, when they come to the rich treasures from which these small and valueless coins are extracted; pretending to no other merit than as faint and imperfect stamps of Shakespeare's matchless image. Faint and imperfect images they must be called, because the beauty of his language is too frequently destroyed by the necessity of changing many of

his excellent words into words far less expressive of his true sense to make it read something like prose; and even in some few places, where his blank verse is given unaltered, as hoping from its simple plainness to cheat the young readers into the belief that they are reading prose, yet still his language being transplanted from its own natural soil and wild poetic garden, it must want much of its native beauty.

I have wished to make these tales easy reading for very young children. To the utmost of my ability I have constantly kept this in my mind; but the subjects of most of them made this a very difficult task. It was no easy matter to give the histories of men and women in terms familiar to the apprehension of a very young mind. For young ladies too it has been my intention chiefly to write, because boys are generally permitted the use of their fathers' libraries at a much earlier age than girls are, they frequently having the best scenes of Shakespeare by heart before their sisters are permitted to look into this manly book; and therefore, instead of recommending these tales to the perusal of young gentlemen who can read them so much better in the originals, I must rather beg their kind assistance in explaining to their sisters such parts as are hardest for them to understand; and when they have helped them to get over the difficulties, then perhaps they will read to them (carefully selecting what is proper for a young sister's ear) some passage which has pleased them in one of these stories, in the very words of the scene from which it is taken; and I trust they will find that the beautiful extracts, the select passages they may choose to give their sisters in this way will be much better relished and understood from their having some notion of the general story from one of these imperfect abridgements – which if they be fortunately so done as to prove delightful to any of you, my young readers, I hope will have no worse effect upon you than to make you wish yourselves a little older, that you may be allowed to read the plays at full length (such a wish will be neither peevish nor irrational). When time and leave of judicious friends shall put them into your hands, you will discover in such of them as are here abridged (not to mention

## PREFACE

almost as many more which are left untouched) many surprising events and turns of fortune, which for their infinite variety could not be contained in this little book, besides a world of sprightly and cheerful characters, both men and women, the humour of which I was fearful of losing if I attempted to reduce the length of them.

What these tales have been to you in childhood, that and much more it is my wish that the true plays of Shakespeare may prove to you in older years – enrichers of the fancy, strengtheners of virtue, a withdrawing from all selfish and mercenary thoughts, a lesson of all sweet and honourable thoughts and actions, to teach you courtesy, benignity, generosity, humanity: for of examples teaching these virtues his pages are full.





## THE TEMPEST

*(By Mary Lamb)*

THERE WAS A CERTAIN ISLAND IN THE SEA, the only inhabitants of which were an old man, whose name was Prospero, and his daughter Miranda, a very beautiful young lady. She came to this island so young that she had no memory of having seen any other human face than her father's.

They lived in a cave or cell, made out of a rock: it was divided into several apartments, one of which Prospero called his study; there he kept his books, which chiefly treated of magic, a study at that time much affected by all learned men; and the knowledge of this art he found very useful to him, for being thrown by a strange chance upon this island, which had been enchanted by a witch called Sycorax, who died there a short time before his arrival, Prospero, by virtue of his art, released many good spirits that Sycorax had imprisoned in the bodies of large trees, because they had refused to execute her wicked commands. These gentle spirits were ever after obedient to the will of Prospero. Of these Ariel was the chief.

The lively little sprite Ariel had nothing mischievous in his nature, except that he took rather too much pleasure

in tormenting an ugly monster called Caliban, for he owed him a grudge because he was the son of his old enemy Sycorax. This Caliban Prospero found in the woods a strange misshapen thing, far less human in form than an ape: he took him home to his cell, and taught him to speak; and Prospero would have been very kind to him, but the bad nature which Caliban inherited from his mother Sycorax would not let him learn anything good or useful: therefore he was employed like a slave, to fetch wood and do the most laborious offices; and Ariel had the charge of compelling him to these services.

When Caliban was lazy and neglected his work, Ariel (who was invisible to all eyes but Prospero's) would come slyly and pinch him, and sometimes tumble him down in the mire; and then Ariel, in the likeness of an ape, would make mouths at him. Then swiftly changing his shape, in the likeness of a hedgehog he would lie tumbling in Caliban's way, who feared the hedgehog's sharp quills would prick his bare feet. With a variety of suchlike vexatious tricks Ariel would often torment him, whenever Caliban neglected the work which Prospero commanded him to do.

Having these powerful spirits obedient to his will, Prospero could by their means command the winds, and the waves of the sea. By his orders they raised a violent storm, in the midst of which, and struggling with the wild sea waves that every moment threatened to swallow it up, he showed his daughter a fine, large ship, which he told her was full of living beings like themselves. "O my dear father," said she, "if by your art you have raised this dreadful storm, have pity on their sad distress. See! The vessel will be dashed to pieces. Poor souls! They will all perish. If I had power, I would sink the sea beneath the earth, rather than the good ship should be destroyed, with all the precious souls within her."

"Be not so amazed, daughter Miranda," said Prospero. "There is no harm done. I have so ordered it that no person in the ship shall receive any hurt. What I have done has been in care of you, my dear child. You are ignorant who you are, or where you came from; and you know no more of me but that

I am your father, and live in this poor cave. Can you remember a time before you came to this cell? I think you cannot, for you were not then three years of age."

"Certainly I can, sir," replied Miranda.

"By what?" asked Prospero. "By any other house or person? Tell me what you can remember, my child."

Miranda said, "It seems to me like the recollection of a dream. But had I not once four or five women who attended upon me?"

Prospero answered, "You had, and more. How is it that this still lives in your mind? Do you remember how you came here?"

"No, sir," said Miranda, "I remember nothing more."

"Twelve years ago, Miranda," continued Prospero, "I was duke of Milan, and you were a princess and my only heir. I had a younger brother, whose name was Antonio, to whom I trusted everything; and as I was fond of retirement and deep study, I commonly left the management of my state affairs to your uncle, my false brother (for so indeed he proved). I, neglecting all worldly ends, buried among my books, did dedicate my whole time to the bettering of my mind. My brother Antonio, being thus in possession of my power, began to think himself the duke indeed. The opportunity I gave him of making himself popular among my subjects awakened in his bad nature a proud ambition to deprive me of my dukedom; this he soon effected with the aid of the king of Naples, a powerful prince, who was my enemy."

"Wherefore," said Miranda, "did they not that hour destroy us?"

"My child," answered her father, "they durst not, so dear was the love that my people bore me. Antonio carried us on board a ship, and when we were some leagues out at sea, he forced us into a small boat, without either tackle, sail or mast: there he left us as he thought to perish. But a kind lord of my court, one Gonzalo, who loved me, had privately placed in the boat water, provisions, apparel and some books which I prize above my dukedom."

"O my father," said Miranda, "what a trouble must I have been to you then!"

“No, my love,” said Prospero, “you were a little cherub that did preserve me. Your innocent smiles made me to bear up against my misfortunes. Our food lasted till we landed on this desert island, since when my chief delight has been in teaching you, Miranda, and well have you profited by my instructions.”

“Heaven thank you, my dear father,” said Miranda. “Now pray tell me, sir, your reason for raising this sea storm.”

“Know then,” said her father, “that by means of this storm my enemies, the king of Naples and my cruel brother, are cast ashore upon this island.”

Having so said, Prospero gently touched his daughter with his magic wand, and she fell fast asleep; for the spirit Ariel just then presented himself before his master, to give an account of the tempest, and how he had disposed of the ship’s company; and, though the spirits were always invisible to Miranda, Prospero did not choose she should hear him holding converse (as would seem to her) with the empty air.

“Well, my brave spirit,” said Prospero to Ariel, “how have you performed your task?”

Ariel gave a lively description of the storm, and of the terrors of the mariners; and how the king’s son, Ferdinand, was the first who leapt into the sea; and his father thought he saw this dear son swallowed up by the waves, and lost. “But he is safe,” said Ariel, “in a corner of the isle, sitting with his arms folded sadly, lamenting the loss of the king his father, whom he concludes drowned. Not a hair of his head is injured, and his princely garments, though drenched in the sea waves, look fresher than before.”

“That’s my delicate Ariel,” said Prospero. “Bring him hither: my daughter must see this young prince. Where is the king, and my brother?”

“I left them,” answered Ariel, “searching for Ferdinand, whom they have little hope of finding, thinking they saw him perish. Of the ship’s crew not one is missing; though each one thinks himself the only one saved – and the ship, though invisible to them, is safe in the harbour.”

"Ariel," said Prospero, "thy charge is faithfully performed – but there is more work yet."

"Is there more work?" said Ariel. "Let me remind you, master, you have promised me my liberty. I pray, remember, I have done you worthy service, told you no lies, made no mistakes, served you without grudge or grumbling."

"How now!" said Prospero. "You do not recollect what a torment I freed you from. Have you forgotten the wicked witch Sycorax, who with age and envy was almost bent double? Where was she born? Speak; tell me."

"Sir, in Algiers," said Ariel.

"Oh was she so?" said Prospero. "I must recount what you have been, which I find you do not remember. This bad witch Sycorax, for her witchcrafts too terrible to enter human hearing, was banished from Algiers, and here left by the sailors; and because you were a spirit too delicate to execute her wicked commands, she shut you up in a tree, where I found you howling. This torment, remember, I did free you from."

"Pardon me, dear master," said Ariel, ashamed to seem ungrateful. "I will obey your commands."

"Do so," said Prospero, "and I will set you free." He then gave orders what further he would have him do, and away went Ariel, first to where he had left Ferdinand, and found him still sitting on the grass in the same melancholy posture.

"O my young gentleman," said Ariel, when he saw him, "I will soon move you. You must be brought, I find, for the lady Miranda to have a sight of your pretty person. Come, sir, follow me." He then began singing,

"Full fathom five thy father lies:  
 Of his bones are coral made;  
 Those are pearls that were his eyes:  
 Nothing of him that doth fade,  
 But doth suffer a sea change  
 Into something rich and strange.  
 Sea nymphs hourly ring his knell:  
 Hark, now I hear them, ding-dong – bell."

This strange news of his lost father soon roused the prince from the stupid fit into which he had fallen. He followed in amazement the sound of Ariel's voice, till it led him to Prospero and Miranda, who were sitting under the shade of a large tree. Now Miranda had never seen a man before, except her own father.

"Miranda," said Prospero, "tell me what you are looking at yonder."

"O father," said Miranda, in a strange surprise, "surely that is a spirit. Lord! How it looks about! Believe me, sir, it is a beautiful creature. It is not a spirit?"

"No, girl," answered her father. "It eats, and sleeps, and has senses such as we have. This young man you see was in the ship. He is somewhat altered by grief, or you might call him a handsome person. He has lost his companions, and is wandering about to find them."

Miranda, who thought all men had grave faces and grey beards like her father, was delighted with the appearance of this beautiful young prince; and Ferdinand, seeing such a lovely lady in this desert place and, from the strange sounds he had heard, expecting nothing but wonders, thought he was upon an enchanted island, and that Miranda was the goddess of the place, and as such he began to address her.

She timidly answered she was no goddess, but a simple maid, and was going to give him an account of herself, when Prospero interrupted her. He was well pleased to find they admired each other, for he plainly perceived they had (as we say) fallen in love at first sight: but to try Ferdinand's constancy he resolved to throw some difficulties in their way: therefore advancing forward, he addressed the prince with a stern air, telling him he came to the island as a spy to take it from him who was the lord of it. "Follow me," said he, "I will tie you, neck and feet together. You shall drink sea water; shellfish, withered roots and husks of acorns shall be your food."

"No," said Ferdinand, "I will resist such entertainment till I see a more powerful enemy," and drew his sword; but Prospero,

waving his magic wand, fixed him to the spot where he stood, so that he had no power to move.

Miranda hung upon her father, saying, "Why are you so ungentle? Have pity, sir; I will be his surety. This is the second man I ever saw, and to me he seems a true one."

"Silence," said her father. "One word more will make me chide you, girl! What! An advocate for an impostor! You think there are no more such fine men, having seen only him and Caliban. I tell you, foolish girl, most men as far excel this, as he does Caliban."

This he said to prove his daughter's constancy; and she replied, "My affections are most humble. I have no wish to see a goodlier man."

"Come on, young man," said Prospero to the prince, "you have no power to disobey me."

"I have not indeed," answered Ferdinand; and not knowing that it was by magic he was deprived of all power of resistance, he was astonished to find himself so strangely compelled to follow Prospero; looking back on Miranda as long as he could see her, he said, as he went after Prospero into the cave, "My spirits are all bound up, as if I were in a dream; but this man's threats, and the weakness which I feel, would seem light to me if from my prison I might once a day behold this fair maid."

Prospero kept Ferdinand not long confined within the cell: he soon brought out his prisoner, and set him a severe task to perform, taking care to let his daughter know the hard labour he had imposed on him, and then pretending to go into his study he secretly watched them both.

Prospero had commanded Ferdinand to pile up some heavy logs of wood. The sons of kings not being much used to laborious work, Miranda soon after found her lover almost dying with fatigue. "Alas!" said she. "Do not work so hard; my father is at his studies, he is safe for these three hours: pray, rest yourself."

"O my dear lady," said Ferdinand, "I dare not. I must finish my task before I take my rest."

“If you will sit down,” said Miranda, “I will carry your logs the while.” But this Ferdinand would by no means agree to. Instead of a help, Miranda became a hindrance, for they began a long conversation, so that the business of log-carrying went on very slowly.

Prospero, who had enjoined Ferdinand this task merely as a trial of his love, was not at his books, as his daughter supposed, but was standing by them invisible, to overhear what they said.

Ferdinand enquired her name, which she told, saying it was against her father’s express command she did so.

Prospero only smiled at this first instance of his daughter’s disobedience, for having by his magic art caused his daughter to fall in love so suddenly, he was not angry that she showed her love by forgetting to obey his commands. And he listened well pleased to a long speech of Ferdinand’s, in which he professed to love her above all the ladies he ever saw.

In answer to his praises of her beauty, which he said exceeded all the women in the world, she replied, “I do not remember the face of any woman, nor have I seen any more men than you, my good friend, and my dear father. How features are abroad, I know not; but believe me, sir, I would not wish any companion in the world but you, nor can my imagination form any shape but yours that I could like. But, sir, I fear I talk to you too freely, and my father’s precepts I forget.”

At this Prospero smiled, and nodded his head, as much as to say, “This goes on exactly as I could wish: my girl will be queen of Naples.”

And then Ferdinand, in another fine long speech (for young princes speak in courtly phrases), told the innocent Miranda he was heir to the crown of Naples, and that she should be his queen.

“Ah! Sir,” said she, “I am a fool to weep at what I am glad of. I will answer you in plain and holy innocence. I am your wife, if you will marry me.”

Prospero prevented Ferdinand’s thanks by appearing visible before them.

“Fear nothing, my child,” said he. “I have overheard, and approve of all you have said. And, Ferdinand, if I have too severely used you, I will make you rich amends by giving you my daughter. All your vexations were but my trials of your love, and you have nobly stood the test. Then as my gift, which your true love has worthily purchased, take my daughter, and do not smile that I boast she is above all praise.” He then, telling them that he had business which required his presence, desired they would sit down and talk together till he returned; and this command Miranda seemed not at all disposed to disobey.

When Prospero left them, he called his spirit Ariel, who quickly appeared before him, eager to relate what he had done with Prospero’s brother and the king of Naples. Ariel said he had left them almost out of their senses with fear at the strange things he had caused them to see and hear. When fatigued with wandering about, and famished for want of food, he had suddenly set before them a delicious banquet, and then, just as they were going to eat, he appeared visible before them in the shape of a harpy, a voracious monster with wings, and the feast vanished away. Then, to their utter amazement, this seeming harpy spoke to them, reminding them of their cruelty in driving Prospero from his dukedom, and leaving him and his infant daughter to perish in the sea, saying that for this cause these terrors were suffered to afflict them.

The king of Naples, and Antonio the false brother, repented the injustice they had done to Prospero; and Ariel told his master he was certain their penitence was sincere, and that he, though a spirit, could not but pity them.

“Then bring them hither, Ariel,” said Prospero. “If you, who are but a spirit, feel for their distress, shall not I, who am a human being like themselves, have compassion on them? Bring them, quickly, my dainty Ariel.”

Ariel soon returned with the king, Antonio and old Gonzalo in their train, who had followed him, wondering at the wild music he played in the air to draw them on to his master’s

presence. This Gonzalo was the same who had so kindly provided Prospero formerly with books and provisions, when his wicked brother left him, as he thought, to perish in an open boat in the sea.

Grief and terror had so stupefied their senses that they did not know Prospero. He first discovered himself to the good old Gonzalo, calling him the preserver of his life; and then his brother and the king knew that he was the injured Prospero.

Antonio with tears, and sad words of sorrow and true repentance, implored his brother's forgiveness, and the king expressed his sincere remorse for having assisted Antonio to depose his brother, and Prospero forgave them; and, upon their engaging to restore his dukedom, he said to the king of Naples, "I have a gift in store for you too"; and opening a door, showed him his son Ferdinand, playing at chess with Miranda.

Nothing could exceed the joy of the father and the son at this unexpected meeting, for they each thought the other drowned in the storm.

"O wonder!" said Miranda. "What noble creatures these are! It must surely be a brave world that has such people in it."

The king of Naples was almost as much astonished at the beauty and excellent graces of the young Miranda as his son had been. "Who is this maid?" said he. "She seems the goddess that has parted us, and brought us thus together."

"No, sir," answered Ferdinand, smiling to find his father had fallen into the same mistake that he had done when he first saw Miranda, "she is a mortal, but by immortal Providence she is mine; I chose her when I could not ask you, my father, for your consent, not thinking you were alive. She is the daughter to this Prospero, who is the famous duke of Milan, of whose renown I have heard so much, but never saw him till now; of him I have received a new life: he has made himself to me a second father, giving me this dear lady."

“Then I must be her father,” said the king, “but – oh! – how oddly will it sound, that I must ask my child forgiveness.”

“No more of that,” said Prospero. “Let us not remember our troubles past, since they so happily have ended.” And then Prospero embraced his brother, and again assured him of his forgiveness; and said that a wise, over-ruling Providence had permitted that he should be driven from his poor dukedom of Milan, that his daughter might inherit the crown of Naples, for that by their meeting in this desert island it had happened that the king’s son had loved Miranda.

These kind words which Prospero spoke, meaning to comfort his brother, so filled Antonio with shame and remorse that he wept and was unable to speak; and the kind old Gonzalo wept to see this joyful reconciliation, and prayed for blessings on the young couple.

Prospero now told them that their ship was safe in the harbour, and the sailors all on board her, and that he and his daughter would accompany them home the next morning. “In the meantime,” says he, “partake of such refreshments as my poor cave affords; and for your evening’s entertainment I will relate the history of my life from my first landing in this desert island.” He then called for Caliban to prepare some food, and set the cave in order; and the company were astonished at the uncouth form and savage appearance of this ugly monster, who (Prospero said) was the only attendant he had to wait upon him.

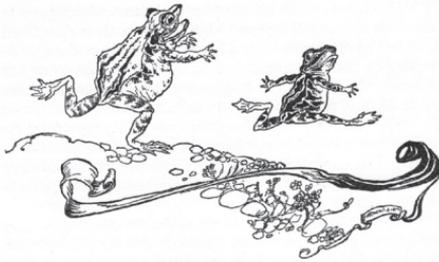
Before Prospero left the island, he dismissed Ariel from his service, to the great joy of that lively little spirit; who, though he had been a faithful servant to his master, was always longing to enjoy his free liberty, to wander uncontrolled in the air, like a wild bird, under green trees, among pleasant fruits and sweet-smelling flowers. “My quaint Ariel,” said Prospero to the little sprite when he made him free, “I shall miss you; yet you shall have your freedom.”

“Thank you, my dear master,” said Ariel, “but give me leave to attend your ship home with prosperous gales before you

bid farewell to the assistance of your faithful spirit; and then, master, when I am free, how merrily I shall live!” Here Ariel sang this pretty song:

“Where the bee sucks, there suck I;  
 In a cowslip’s bell I lie:  
 There I couch when owls do cry.  
 On the bat’s back I do fly  
 After summer merrily.  
 Merrily, merrily, shall I live now  
 Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.”

Prospero then buried deep in the earth his magical books, and wand, for he was resolved never more to make use of the magic art. And having thus overcome his enemies, and being reconciled to his brother and the king of Naples, nothing now remained to complete his happiness but to revisit his native land, to take possession of his dukedom and to witness the happy nuptials of his daughter Miranda and Prince Ferdinand, which the king said should be instantly celebrated with great splendour on their return to Naples. At which place, under the safe convoy of the spirit Ariel, they after a pleasant voyage soon arrived.



OTHER TITLES IN THE ALMA CLASSICS  
ILLUSTRATED CHILDREN'S LIST

---

- Gabriel-Ernest and Other Tales*, by Saki  
*The Little Prince*, by Antoine de Saint-Exupéry  
*Dracula*, by Bram Stoker  
*The Hound of the Baskervilles*, by Arthur Conan Doyle  
*The Adventures of Pipì the Pink Monkey*, by Carlo Collodi  
*The Complete Peter Pan*, by J.M. Barrie  
*Arsène Lupin vs Sherlock Holmes*, by Maurice Leblanc  
*Robinson Crusoe*, by Daniel Defoe  
*Treasure Island*, by Robert Louis Stevenson  
*Belle and Sébastien*, by Cécile Aubry  
*The Bears' Famous Invasion of Sicily*, by Dino Buzzati  
*The Wizard of Oz*, by L. Frank Baum  
*Lassie Come-Home*, by Eric Knight  
*Little Women*, by Louisa May Alcott  
*Black Beauty*, by Anna Sewell  
*The Secret Garden*, by Frances Hodgson Burnett  
*The Jungle Books*, by Rudyard Kipling  
*Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, by Lewis Carroll  
*The Railway Children*, by E. Nesbit  
*What Katy Did*, by Susan Coolidge  
*The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*, by Arthur Conan Doyle  
*The Wind in the Willows*, by Kenneth Grahame  
*Little Lord Fauntleroy*, by Frances Hodgson Burnett  
*The Just-So Stories*, by Rudyard Kipling  
*Anne of Green Gables*, by L.M. Montgomery  
*Five Children and It*, by E. Nesbit  
*Pollyanna*, by Eleanor H. Porter  
*Heidi: Lessons at Home and Abroad*, by Johanna Spyri  
*The Selfish Giant and Other Stories*, by Oscar Wilde  
*The Canterville Ghost and Other Stories*, by Oscar Wilde