

**COORDINATE CONJUNCTION IN THE HAPPY PRINCE NOVEL BY  
OSCAR WILDE**

**SKRIPSI**

*Submitted in the partial fulfillment of the requirements  
for the degree of sarjana pendidikan (S.Pd)  
English Education Program*

**By:**

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**FACULTY OF TEACHER TRAINING AND EDUCATION  
UNIVERSITY OF MUHAMMADIYAH SUMATERA UTARA**

**MEDAN**

**2018**



**MAJELIS PENDIDIKAN TINGGI  
UNIVERSITAS MUHAMMADIYAH SUMATERA UTARA  
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Panitia Ujian Sarjana Strata-1 Fakultas Keguruan dan Ilmu Pendidikan dalam Sidangnya yang diselenggarakan pada hari Kamis, Tanggal 29 Maret 2018, pada pukul 09.00 WIB sampai dengan selesai. Setelah mendengar, memperhatikan dan memutuskan bahwa:

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Judul Skripsi : Coordinate Conjunction in The Happy Prince Novel by Oscar Wilde

Dengan diterimanya skripsi ini, sudah lulus dari ujian Komprehensif, berhak memakai gelar Sarjana Pendidikan (S.Pd).

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sudah layak disidangkan.

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## SURAT PERNYATAAN

بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ

Saya yang bertandatangan dibawah ini :

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Judul Proposal : Coordinate Conjunction In The Happy Prince Novel By Oscar Wilde

Dengan ini saya menyatakan bahwa:

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2. Penelitian ini akan saya lakukan sendiri tanpa ada bantuan dari pihak manapun dengan kata lain penelitian ini tidak saya tempahkan (dibuat) oleh orang lain dan juga tidak tergolong *Plagiat*.
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Demikian surat pernyataan ini saya perbuat tanpa ada paksaan dari pihak manapun juga, dan dapat dipergunakan sebagaimana mestinya.

Medan, Januari 2018

Hormat saya

Yang membuat pernyataan,



Yerdi Yasmara

Diketahui oleh Ketua Program Studi  
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Tanggal	Deskripsi Hasil Bimbingan Skripsi	Tanda Tangan
24/2 - 2018	Abstract Acknowledgement	
28/2 - 2018	Chapter I Scope & Limitation	
3/3 - 18	Revise all the sentence which are in Future	
7/3 - 18	Chapter II Data Analysis	
12/3 - 18	Chapter IV Conclusion	
15/3 - 18	Reference	

Medan, Maret 2018

Diketahui oleh:  
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Dosen Pembimbing

(Erlindawati, S.Pd, M.Pd)

## ABSTRACT

**YERDI YASMARA, 1402050195** “*Coordinate Conjunction in The Happy Prince novel by Oscar Wilde*”. Skripsi, English Educatin Program. Faculty of Teacher Training and Education, University of Muhammadiyah Sumatera Utara (UMSU). MEDAN 2018.

The study deal with the analysis coordinate conjunction in *The Happy Prince* novel by Oscar Wilde. The objectives of the study were: (1) to find out the types coordinate conjunction in *The Happy Prince* novel by Oscar Wilde and (2) to find out the dominant type of coordinate conjunction in *The Happy Prince* novel by Oscar Wilde. The source of the data were taken from in *The Happy Prince* novel by Oscar Wilde and produced by Steven Andersen, this novel consisted VII chapter in 136 pages. The research took 60 pages which consisted from chapter I until chapter IV. Descriptive qualitative method was applied to analyzed the data. Thus, in doing this research, library research was applied in analyzing the data. After that, all the data obtained in *The Happy Prince* novel by Oscar Wilde. There were ninety-six (96) utterances found of 4 types of coordinate conjunction in *The Happy Prince* novel. There were: cumulative 47 (48,96%), adversative 13 (13,54%), alternative 3 (3,13%), illative 33 (34,37%). Based on the analysis, the researcher found the dominant types of coordinate conjunction in *The Happy Prince* novel by Oscar wilde were cumulative 47 (48,96%).

Key words: *Part of Speech, Coordinate Conjunction, Cumulative, Adversative, Alternative, illative*

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بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ

*Assalamualaikum Wr.Wb*

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In writing this research entitled "Coordinate Conjunction in The happy Prince novel by Oscar Wilde". With purpose for submitting in partial fulfillment of the requirements for degree in study program of English Department, there were so many obstacles faced the researcher can certainly without help for many people, especially the following people, it might be possible for her to finish it. Great thanks is due her lovely great parents, H.Syaflan and HJ.Zuraini, million word never be enough to endless love, care, attention, prayer, encouragements and heart given. Therefore, he would like to thanks to :

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The researcher hopes this study will be useful for all the readers particularly for the student of FKIP University of Muhammadiyah North Sumatera. May Allah the most Almighty, bless them all, Amin.

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Researcher,

Yerdi Yasmara

# CHAPTER 1

## INTRODUCTION

### A. Background of the Study

Murphy (2003:104), says“ a part of speech is a term used in traditional grammar for one of the eight main categories into which words are classified according to their functions in sentences”. Also known as "word classes," these are the building blocks of grammar. Words that are assigned to the same part of speech generally display similar behavior in terms of syntax—they play similar roles within the grammatical structure of sentences and sometimes in terms of morphology, in that they undergo inflection for similar properties. Commonly listed English part of speech are: noun, verb, adjective, conjunction, pronoun, adverb, preposition and article.

When we discuss about conjunction, the readers says it is one of the part of speech. Basically they have not fully mastered what is the conjunction and its function in the sentence. In conjunction there are several types, such as: coordinate conjunction, subordinate conjunction and correlative conjunction, but here the researcher only focuses on coordinate conjunction. In studying conjunction, especially coordinate conjunction many problems are faced by many peoples. As well as less knowing the types of coordinate conjunction and how to process the use of coordinate conjunction in the sentence. So, the researcher interested to analyze the common coordinate conjunction of parts in it. By using The Happy Prince novel and the researcher will analyze and find the coordinate conjunction.

The story of happy prince novel by Oscar Wilde has structural form of sentences that showing coordinate conjunction. Coordinate conjunction is a conjunction (such as *and*) that joins two similarly constructed and syntactically equal words, phrases, or clauses within a sentences, also called a coordinator. The coordinating conjunction in English are : *for, and, nor, but, or, yet, so*. Coordinate conjunction can be combine words with words, phrases and phrases, and clause with clause. Coordinate conjunction are used to join two parts of a sentences that are grammatically equal, the two parts may be single word or clauses. Coordinate conjunction always come between the words or clauses that they join. When a coordinating conjunction joins independent clauses, it is always correct to place a comma before the conjunction. However, if the independent clauses are short and well-balanced, a comma is not really essential.

The happy prince novel is choose to analyze because the novel is one of old popular still now and which has interesting to read in this era, and there are many part of conjunction which use by the authors in the happy prince novel. So that, the researcher hope this research can be expected to the readers. Especially useful for reference about the matter. It is hoped that this study will be useful for knowledge references for those who get troubles in coordinate conjunction and also know how to use of coordinate conjunction in each phrase or clause, so that in the sentences can be organized in a grammatically.

## **B. The identification of the problem**

The problems of this research can be identified as follows:

1. What kinds of difficulties do readers usually face in using coordinate conjunction.
2. How is the process in used of coordinate conjunction in The Happy Prince novel by Oscar Wilde.

## **C. The Scope and Limitation**

The scope of this research is coordinate conjunction and the limitation of this research is *cumulative, adversative, alternative and illative* in The Happy Prince novel.

## **D. Formulation of the Problem**

The problems were formulated as the following:

1. What types of coordinate conjunction used in the happy prince novel by Oscar Wilde.
2. How the way in used coordinate conjunction in the sentence.
3. Why in used coordinate conjunction in the sentence.

## **E. The Objective of the Study**

The objectives of the study are stated below:

1. To find out the types of coordinate conjunction used in the happy prince novel by Oscar Wilde

2. To find out the dominant types of coordinate conjunction used in the happy prince novel by Oscar Wilde.

#### **F. The Significance of the Study**

The finding of this study will be expected to be theoretically and practically useful and relevant.

##### **A. Theoretically**

1. Other research, it is intended to be an input to the research how to conduct a good research and expected to the other researchers to be interested in analyzing the other English speech based on the novel which is one of media in English language.

##### **B. Practically**

1. Reader, who are interest in vocabulary to enrich their proficiency in coordinate conjunction.

## **CHAPTER II**

### **REVIEW OF LITERATURE**

#### **A. Theoretically Framework**

This chapter aims to give a clear clarification related to the subject of this study. This study deals with the use of coordinate conjunction in *The Happy Prince* novel by Oscar Wilde.

#### **1. Part of Speech**

Part of speech occupy the central position in the language system as they present the meeting point of lexicon and grammar of language. The word possesses three main aspects: meaning, form and function. They are the criteria of classifying the lexicon into parts of speech.

Gucker (2016:19) says *Part of Speech* (POS) is a classification or division of the types of words contained in word order in English sentences. Every word in English has certain types by which it can be known to function or use the word in sentence. Therefore, studying Parts of Speech is the first step of some phases to understand sentence forms in English. Part of speech is one of the classes of word, e.g *noun or conjunction* Frank (1972: 72).

Based on Crystal (2001:280). Part of speech is the traditional term for a grammar class of word. The main part of speech recognized by most school grammar derive from the work of the ancient Greek and Romans grammarian,

primarily the noun, pronoun, verb, adverb, adjective, preposition, conjunction and interjection.

The language of parts of speech means parts of the sentence. In terms of parts of speech can be said as 'Parts of speech is a class of words based on the word's function, the way it works in a sentence'. So it can be concluded that parts of speech is the types of words that are grouped by the function of each word, as well as its role in a sentence. To be able to compile and string the sentence, we must understand the parts in the sentence so that there will be no misunderstanding of the future purpose.

## **2. The Types Part of Speech**

There are several parts of speech in each language. According Task (1999:224) says "Part of speech any one of grammatically characterized classes into which the word of a language are grouped. There are :*noun, adjective, adverb, pronoun, article, preposition, verb, conjunction.*"

### **2.1 Noun**

Crystal (1980:264) says "noun is a term in grammatical classification of words, traditional defined as the 'name of person, place, or thing. Noun are generally subclass into common and proper types, and analyze in term of number, gender, case and cauntability".

According to Raymod Murphy (1987:136) a noun can be countable or uncountable. Countable nous are things we can count. A countable noun can be

singular(*banana*) or plural(*bananas*). You cannot use singular countable nouns alone (*without a/the/my,etc*). uncountable nouns are things we cannot count. *An uncountable noun has only one form.*

Example :

1. *John* started to run.
2. Let's go to the *beach*.
3. Look! There's the *Eiffel Tower*.

## 2.2 Article

Crystal (2001:206) says“Article is a term used in the grammatical classification of words, referring to a subclass of determiners which display a primary role in differentiating the use of nouns, *e.g, the/a*in English”. Many language have no article system (*e.g. Russian*), of those which do a distinction is usually made into definite and indefinite (*or non-definite*) types. Partly on semantic an partly on grammatical ground, article may appear before a noun ( *as in English*).

Example :

- a *The* place that I just visited is cozy.
- b He goes to the swimming pool twice *a* week.
- c a man, a book, *an* umbrella

### 2.3 Adverb

Richard et ( 1985:6) says “adverb is a word that describes or adds the meaning of a verb, an adjective, another adverb or a sentence and which answer such question as *how?*, *where?*, or *when?*”. So that, adverb is a word phrase that modifies or qualifies an adjective, verb, or other adverb or a word group, expressing a relation of place, time, circumstance, manner, cause, degree: etc

Example :

- a. She walks as *slowly* as a turtle
- b. She runs the *more slowly* in my class.
- c. Please call me later, I’m studying *now*.

### 2.4 Adjective

Marriam-Webster (1828:28) says“ adjective is a word belonging to one of the major form classes in any of numerous languages and typically serving as a modifier of a noun to denote a quality of the thing named, to indicate its quantity or extent, or to specify a thing as distinct from something else .

The word *red* in "the red car" is an *adjective*”. Based on Task (2001) Adjective is a word that is one part of part of speech that serves to explain noun (noun) including Pronoun (pronoun of object / person). Adjective usually precedes a noun or pronoun given characteristic or can also stand alone if it becomes the object of a nominal sentence. The easiest way to find out a word adjective is to combine it with the word "yang" (though

not absolute). When combined with the word "yang" but not logical, then it is not adjective.

Example:

- a. My sister is not only *beautiful* but also *tall*.
- b. Tonight is very *quiet* and *dark*.
- c. I met a *big* gorilla in the zoo yesterday.

## 2.5. Pronoun

Frank (1993) says “the traditional definition of a pronoun as a word takes the place of a noun. Merriam-Webster(1828) says any of a small set of words in a language that are used as substitutes for nouns or noun phrases and whose referents are named or understood in the context. Pronouns make up a small subcategory of nouns. The distinguishing characteristic of pronouns is that they can be substituted for other nouns. For instance, if you’re telling a story about your sister Sarah, the story will begin to sound repetitive if you keep repeating “Sarah” over and over again.

Example :

- a. *We* are going on vacation.
- b. Don’t tell *me* that *you* can’t go with *us*.
- c. *Someone* spilled orange juice all over the countertop!

## 2.6. Verb

Dave Mahali (2015) says a verb is a word that come from the Latin word *verbum*. It is a part of speech that is used to describe motion or convey a subject in action. A verb is a very important part of any sentence. There are two main functions that a verb can play: there are those verbs that puts a subject into motion and other verbs offer more clarification on the same subject. Based on Marriam (2009) a word that characteristically is the grammatical center of a predicate and expresses an act, occurrence, or mode of being, that in various languages is inflected for agreement with the subject, for tense, for voice, for mood, or for aspect, and that typically has rather full descriptive meaning and characterizing quality but is sometimes nearly devoid of these especially when used as an auxiliary or linking verb.

Example :

- a. Jesse Pinkman *laughed* hysterically.
- b. She should *walk* home
- c. He is *sleep*

## 2.7 Preposition

Frank (1972) says “a preposition is classified as a part of speech in grammar. It denotes the relationship to some other words in a sentence which are placed before a noun or a pronoun”. So that, preposition is a word combined with noun or pronoun, forming phrases that describe verb, noun, or adjective. This word is one of the eight parts of speech that serves to show the relationship

between object of preposition (noun, pronoun, gerund, or noun clause following the preposition) with another word element in a sentence. In other side, It's a word that shows the relationship between a noun or a pronoun and some other word or element in the rest of the sentence. Prepositions are always in prepositional phrases. ... If the prepositional phrase is describing a noun, the phrase is functioning as an adjective. (Adjectives modify nouns and pronouns.)

Example :

- a. I prefer to read *in* the library.
- b. He climbed *up* the ladder to get *into* the attic.
- c. Take your brother *with* you.

## **2.8. Conjunction**

Before discussing conjunction any further, it is better to define conjunction has various definitions based on different grammarians. We must know that the word “conjunction” was come from latin “conjunction” which means “a joining together”.

A conjunction is a joiner, a word that connects parts of a sentence. The conjunction is the part of speech used as a “joiner” for words, phrases, or clauses in a particular sentence. It links these words or groups of words together, in such a way that certain relationships among these different parts of the sentence will be established, and the thoughts that all of these convey will be connected. Conjunction have three basic forms, they are single word, compound and correlative.

Murphy (2003:212), says that conjunction is a word which joins together sentences or a word and clause is known as conjunction. Frank (1985:206) says that conjunction are member of of small class that have no characteristic form, there are chiefly as non moveable structure word that join such unit as parts of speech, phrases, or clauses.

Wren and Martin (1989:128) stated that conjunction is a word which merely join together sentences, and something word. According to them, conjunction are divide into two types, they are coordinating conjunction and subordinating conjunction.

### **3. Types of Conjunction**

According to Baskervill and Sewell (2003:235), it has been mentioned that there are three types of conjunction, they are :

1. Coordinating conjunction
2. Subordinating conjunction
3. Correlative conjunction

#### **3.1 Coordinate Conjunction**

*Gucker (1996:50) says Coordinate conjunction is A coordinating conjunction is a conjunction (such as and) that joins two similarly constructed and/or syntactically equal words, phrases, or clauses within a sentence. The coordinating conjunctions in English are and, but, for, nor, or, so, yet. Coordinate conjunction are used to join two parts of a sentence that are grammatically equal.*

The two parts may be single words or clause and coordinate conjunction always come between the words clause that they join. Coordinating conjunctions are normally used to connect sentence elements of the same grammatical class: nouns with nouns, adverbs with adverbs, clauses with clauses. Occurs when different grammatical structures are used coordinately for the same grammatical function.

According to Wishon (1980: 135), the seven coordinate conjunctions have different functions:

1. For : to explain the reason, cause and purpose
2. And : to add one thing to another
3. Nor : used for revision of negative statement
4. But : show contrast
5. Or : show options
6. Yet : it show contrast
7. So : it shows impact and effect

In other hand, coordinate conjunction are divided into four types, they are:

### **3.1.1 Cumulative**

A cumulative conjunction merely adds one statement to another.

It consist of conjunction such as : and, both...and, as well as, not only...but also.

Example :

1. My servant cooked the food *likewise*.
2. Kirana is busy at the office *in addition* she has to manage the home too.
3. Greeting your teacher makes her happy, *moreover* if you listen to her learning.

### 3.1.2 Adversative

An adversative conjunction expresses opposition or contrast between two statements. Examples are: but, still, yet, whereas, while, nevertheless, etc.

Example :

1. I want to go to the movie with you, *nevertheless* I don't have money.
2. Her mother is a tall mom *whereas* Oftiana is a short daughter.

### 3.1.3 Alternative

A conjunction which presents two alternatives, sometimes indicating a choice between them, is called a disjunctive or alternative conjunction. Examples are: or, either...or, neither...nor, neither, nor, otherwise, else.

Example :

1. Only choose one of them, entering the university *or* applying the job as your degree.
2. Jenifer is *less* interested in Drawing *than* gardening.
3. *Either* you get out of my house *or* I will call the police.

### 3.1.4 Illative

Conjunctions which express an inference are called illative conjunctions. Examples are: *for, because, so.*

It is customary to use a comma between clauses joined by a coordinate conjunction and it usually appears before the conjunction. Comma may separate

items representing the same part of speech, some types of phrases or two independent clauses, they will be joined by a coordinate conjunction.

Example :

1. I didn't go meeting *for* the raining.
2. The taxi has come, *so* I will go.

### **3.2 Subordinate conjunction**

Subordinate conjunction sometimes called a dependent word or subordinator comes at the beginning of a subordinate clause and establishes the relationship between the independent clause and the rest of the sentence. It also turn the clause into something that depends on the rest of the sentence for its meaning. Subordinate conjunction are used to a join a subordinate depend clause to a main clause. Subordinate conjunction usually come at the beginning of the subordinate clause, such as : after, although, as, as long as, because, before, even if, once, since, etc

According to simmons (2014:12) subordinate conjunction has two jobs. First it provides a necessary transition between the two ideas in the sentence. This transition will indicate a time, place, or cause and effect relationship. The second job of subordinate conjunction is to reduce the important of one clause so that a reader understands which of the two ideas is more important. The more important ideas belongs in the main clause, the less important in the clause introduced by subordinate conjunction.

Crystal (2004) stated that there are three main types of subordinate conjunction .

#### Simple Subordinator

It consists of one word like although, if, since, where, because, than, wherever, whether, which:

Example : since, that, unless, until, whereas, while, when, after, so that, whenever, as, suppose

1. While she was still looking at the place where it has been, it suddenly appeared again.
2. She found herself in a long, low hall, which was lit up by a row of lamps hanging from the roof.

### 3.3 Correlative conjunction

Gucker (1996:73) says“ correlative conjunction are the coordinate conjunction (*and, but, or and nor*) used with both, not only, either, and neither”. Correlative are always used pairs. When we use these correlative conjunction pairs together with words or phrase, we create a correlation or relationship between the two. However, in order to ensure that the sentences that are paired together are grammatically correct in format.

Example:

- a. *Either* Nisa *or* her mother is a scientist.
- b. Yuni is *not* his girl friend *but* his cousin

#### **4. Description of Novel**

A novel is any relatively long work of narrative fiction, normally in prose, and typically published as a book. The genre has been described as having "a continuous and comprehensive history of about two thousand years, with its origins in classical Greece and Rome, in medieval and early modern romance, and in the tradition of the novella. The latter, an Italian word for a short story to distinguish it from a novel, has been used in English since the 18th century for a work that falls somewhere in between. Ian Watt, in *The Rise of the Novel*, suggested in 1957 that the novel first came into being in the early 18th century. "A novel is a living thing, all one and continuous, like any other organism, and in proportion as it lives will it be found, I think, that in each of the parts there is something of the other parts."(Kettle 12).

Intrinsic elements are the elements that build the literary work itself. Elements are what because the literary present as a work of martial arts. Intrinsic elements of a novel elements (directly) participate and build the story. Extrinsic elements are the elements that are beyond the works of martial arts, but indirectly affect the building or system or the organism's martial arts.

Wellek & Warren (1956) as an intrinsic element, the element also comprises a number of extrinsic elements. The elements in question ( Wallek& Warren, 1956: 75-135) among others is the state of individual subjectivity authors who have attitudes, beliefs and outlook on life all of which will affect the work that he wrote. In short, elements of the author biographies will also determines the pattern work it produces. Extrinsic elements next is psychology. Psychology of

the author either in the form ( which includes the process of creativity), psychology readers, as well as the application of psychological principles in the work.

Novel is narrative text in forming of prose with a long shape that including some figures and fiction event. The intrinsic elements of novel are plot, setting characterization, point of view, and theme.

## **5. The Happy Prince Novel**

*The Happy and Other Tales*, a collection of five short fairy tales, was written by Oscar Wilde and first published 1888. Wilde was notorious for promoting “art for art’s sake,” and in his essay “The Decay of Lying,” he presented a Socratic dialogue between Romanticism and Realism. It is therefore surprising that an author so vocal about not elevating art into ideals, would turn to the morally didactic genre of fairy tales.

The happy prince is a tale with multiple lessons. From one side it is the critic of the society that can be cruel and heartless and on the other side, it is about the compassion towards humans troubles. The happy prince is a contemporary fairytale whose plot is surreal and it is placed into a modern society with real problems. Oscar Wild tried to state in a simple way the virtues and flaws of a person in all of his fairy tales and tried to criticize the society which is insensible.

The main character knew only about nice things and after that, he decided to open his lead heart to everyone in need. When he helped them he didn’t regret about the decorations taken down from him and he keeps on doing noble things

with the help of a swallow. The swallow was the proof that everyone can do selfless things even though they would maybe be risking their lives. His love and devotion were rewarded with an eternal life.

In the fairytale, we can see the prince and the swallow who try to help the ones in need and make them happy while on the other side we can see the powerful people in important positions who do not want to see what is going on in the world. They only see themselves and their goal in life. Oscar Wild set up a principle of selfishness and selflessness and he took the story to its top when God helped the main heroes of the story.

The story is an allegory. It brings out the importance of charity. We learn that love and sacrifice can endear us to God. The prince in the story is no living prince. He is the statue of a dead prince decorated with gold leaves and precious stones. He is known as the Happy Prince because there is a smile on his lips. But the smile gradually gives way to tears. The Happy Prince cannot help crying over the scenes of misery in the houses of the poor. He decides to help them with his gold leaves and costly stones. The little swallow acts as his messenger, and he gives away all his wealth. The Swallow was on his way back to his homeland when the prince had detained him to help the poor. He still wished to go back but now it was too late. The intense cold killed him. Thus the little swallow lost his life in helping the poor. His death broke the prince's heart. So the swallow and the prince perished for a noble cause. But their death was not the end. It made them immortal. That is why the angel selected the dead swallow and the lifeless heart of the prince as the noblest things on earth. The story teaches a very useful

and very true lesson. We learn that God loves those who love their fellow human beings. The language in which the fairytale was written is simple even though every single word is wisely picked. Oscar Wild is the one leading the storytelling and introducing the readers into the plot. The whole fairytale is filled with hidden messages and because of that, The happy prince is a book you should read with a lot of attention.

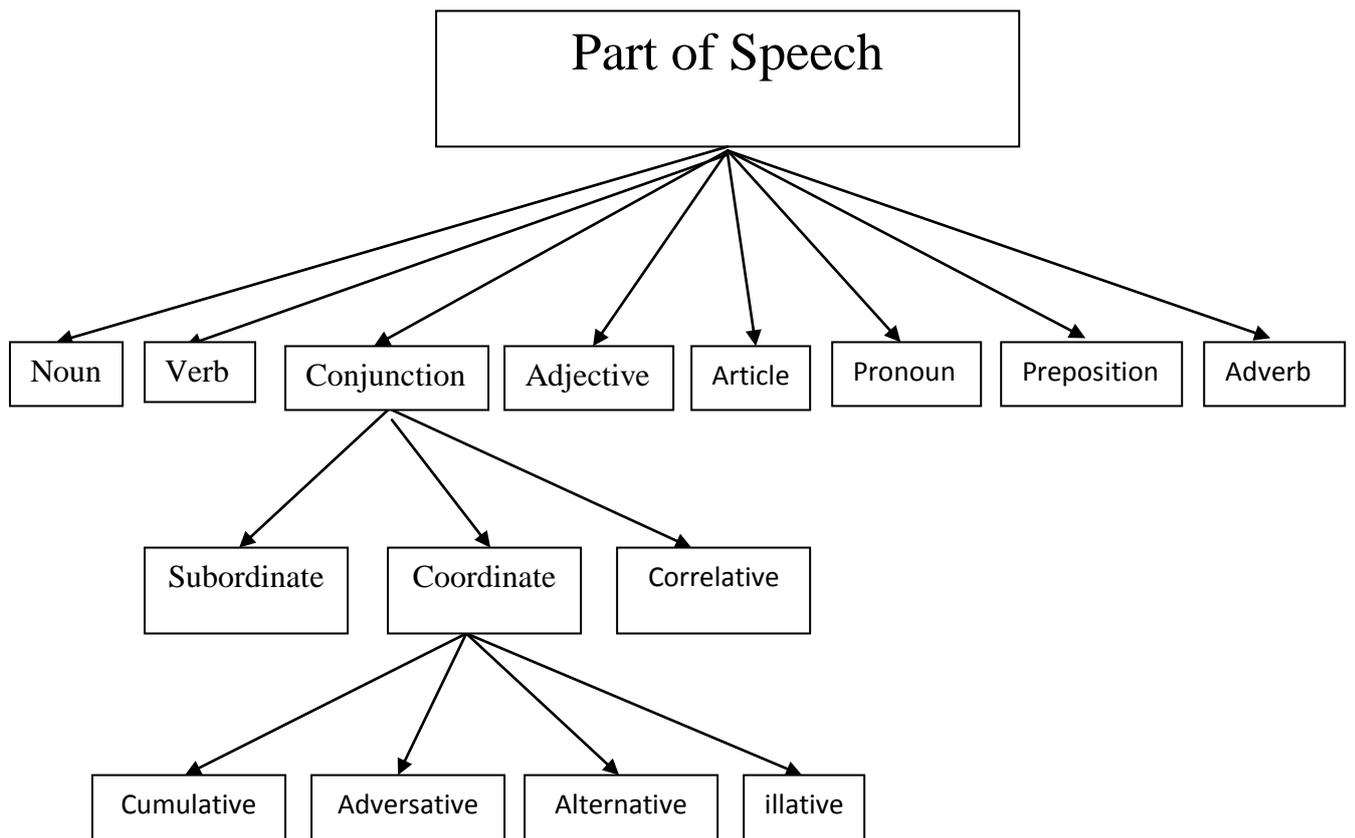
## **6. Relevant Study**

This study was carried out the learning process of students' mastery by using coordinating conjunctions made by second year students of SMP N 3 Tuntang in the academic year of 2012/2013. This study is descriptive Quantitative research and researcher also uses observation, take a note, documentation, and collect the data from students test result. To analyze, the researcher analyzes the students' job sheet by identifying the common mistakes of using coordinating conjunction to know the students mastery toward coordinating conjunctions. The population of this research is the second grade of SMP N 3 Tuntang in the academic year of 2012/2013. The total numbers of populations are 87 students and the researcher takes 22 students (D class) as the subject.

Based on the result of the research, the researcher can conclude that the process of teaching and learning of coordinating conjunctions is the teacher prepare for the material, this material covers in 80 minutes and the teacher uses discussing and communicative method to teach the coordinating conjunction. The

students mastery in coordinating conjunction can be divided into 3 aspects, there are: translation skill 91% (20), coordinating conjunction usage 86 % (19), and sentence arrangement 63 % (14). The result of students' test, 59% (13) students belonging to good to excellent, 23% (5) belonging to average to good and 18% (4) belonging to poor students. The kinds of difficulties do students usually face are 9% (2) students who have difficulties in translation, 13% (3) students in coordinating conjunction usage and 36% (8) students who have difficulties in sentence arrangement. It can be concluded that the students mastery of coordinating conjunction is good to excellent because of the average of score is 82.

## 7. Conceptual Framework



## **CHAPTER III**

### **METHOD OF RESEARCH**

#### **A. Resign Design**

This research was conducted by using library research with descriptive qualitative method. The means this study did not intended to find out new theory but to describe how the theory of the use coordinate conjunction to collects the fact and analyze the data. According to Sugiono (2013:15) qualitative research method that is based on the philosophy post positivism is used to examine the condition of natural objects. The research will attempt to analyze coordinate conjunction in *The Happy prince* novel by Oscar Wilde.

According to Bogdan and Bikken (1982:21), the characteristic qualitative research are:

1. Qualitative research has the natural setting as the direct source of data researcher is the key instrument.
2. Qualitative research is descriptive. The data collected is in the form of words of picture rather than number.
3. Qualitative research are concerned with process rather than simply without comes or products.
4. Qualitative research tend analyze their data inductively.
5. Meanings is of essential to the qualitative approach.

## **B. Source of Data**

The source of the data were taken from in The Happy Prince novel by Oscar Wilde and produced by Steven Andersen, this novel consisted VII chapter in 136 pages. The research took 60 pages which consisted from chapter I until chapter IV.

## **C. Technique of Data Collection**

A technique is way of doing something used describes what you did and how you conducted the study to have the data. The data provided the evidence to support the theory to have a conclusion. In this research, the researcher employed the documentary technique.

This method is a technique of collecting data through write document, especially archives and also books about opinion, theory, argument, etc. which are related to the research problem. The data will conduct through identification and classification. The researcher collected the data from The Happy Prince novel by Oscar wilde. The data collected the analyzed based on types of coordinate conjunction.

They are some steps in collects the data:

- a. Transcribe the data
- b. Reading the chosen text and understanding the stories
- c. Underline the text

#### **D. Technique of Analyzing the data**

The systematic procedures in analyzing coordinate conjunction in The happy Prince novel will following the steps as stated below:

1. Reading the Happy Prince and observe the words of each character in The Happy Prince novel.
2. Identifying the use of coordinate conjunction in The Happy Prince novel
3. Classifying and counting the frequency of coordinate conjunction in The Happy Prince novel, the data will classify in to their : cumulative, alternatives, adversative, and illative.
4. Calculating and percentage of coordinate conjunction which dominantly used in The Happy Prince novel by the percentage formula.
5. Converting the percentage into inference or pattern of use

In which:

$$P = \frac{F}{N} \times 100\% \text{ (Sudijono, 2009:43)}$$

P : wanted percentage

F : the number item

N : the total item

## CHAPTER IV

### DATA ANALYSIS AND FINDINGS

#### A. Data Collection

In this chapter, the researcher analyzes the aspect that observed toward coordinate conjunction in The Happy Prince novel by Oscar Wilde. Then, the researcher analyzes and identification coordinate conjunction. Especially *cumulative, alternative, adversative, and illative* in The Happy Prince.

#### B. Data Analysis

After collecting data, the data were analyzed based on the types of coordinate conjunction. They are: (1) cumulative, (2) alternative, (3) adversative, (4) illative. The most dominant types of coordinate conjunction found in “*The Happy Prince*” by Oscar Wilde. The data were collected or taken from The Happy Prince novel. The research analyzed the types of coordinate conjunction which found out in The Happy Prince novel by Oscar Wilde. Shown in the table.

Table 4.1  
Types of coordinate conjunction in The Happy Prince novel by Oscar Wilde

No	Sentence	Types of coordinate conjunction			
		Cumulative	Adversative	Alternative	Illative
1.	Little boy who was crying <i>for</i> the moon				✓
2.	Master formed <i>and</i> looked very severe	✓			
3.	Scarlet cloaks <i>and</i> their clean white pinafores	✓			
4.	She is domestic, <i>but</i> I love travelling		✓		
5.	She has no many <i>and</i> far too many relations	✓			
6.	He flew round <i>and</i> round her	✓			
7.	I must look <i>for</i> a good chimney-pot				✓
8.	When I was alive <i>and</i> had a human heart	✓			
9.	I live <i>so</i> I died				✓
10.	Why are you weeping <i>then</i> asked the swallow				✓
11.	The ugliness <i>and</i> all the misery	✓			

		Cumulative	Adversative	Alternative	Illative
12.	I will stay with you <i>for</i> one night				✓
13.	The place <i>and</i> the sound	✓			
14.	Flowers on a satin gown <i>for</i> the love of the queen				✓
15.	This pedestal <i>and</i> I cannot move	✓			
16.	Flying up <i>and</i> down the nile	✓			
17.	His mother has nothing to give him <i>but</i> river water		✓		
18.	He has a fever <i>and</i> asking for oranges	✓			
19.	Ready in time <i>for</i> the state –ball				✓
20.	The poor house <i>and</i> looked in	✓			
21.	I feel quite warm now, <i>although</i> it is so cold		✓		
22.	The little swallow began to think, <i>then</i> he fell asleep				✓
23.	I am waited <i>for</i> in Egypt				✓

		Cumulative	Adversative	Alternative	Illative
24.	He visited all the public monuments <i>and</i> sat along time on top the church steep	✓			
25.	Large vessel <i>and</i> watched the sailor haul	✓			
26.	The crocodiles lie in the mud <i>and</i> look lazily about them	✓			
27.	I must leave , <i>but</i> I will never forget you		✓		
28.	You tell me of marvelous thing, <i>but</i> more marvel		✓		
29.	There is no mystery <i>so</i> great as Misery				✓
30.	He flew into dark lanes <i>and</i> saw the white faces	✓			
31.	You are blind now, <i>so</i> I stay with you always				✓
32.	There is no mystery <i>so</i> I great as misery				✓
33.	Another's arms to try <i>and</i> keep themselves warm				✓
34.	He flew back <i>and</i> told the prince what he had seen	✓			

		Cumulative	Adversative	Alternative	Illative
35.	The little boys wore scarlet caps <i>and</i> skated on the ice	✓			
36.	You have stayed too long here, <i>but</i> you must kiss me on the lips		✓		
37.	The baker was not looking <i>and</i> tried to keep himself warm	✓			
38.	Angel brought him the leaden heart <i>and</i> the dead bird	✓			
39.	I shall hold her in my arms, <i>and</i> she will lean her head upon my shoulder	✓			
40.	The great fans of coral that wave <i>and</i> wave in ocean-cavern	✓			
41.	The tears were not <i>yet</i> dry in his beautiful eyes		✓		
42.	Louder grew her song, <i>for</i> she sang of the birth of passion				✓
43.	The torn had not <i>yet</i> reached her heart		✓		
44.	He leaned down <i>and</i> plucked it	✓			
45.	She got up from her chair <i>and</i> went into the house	✓			

		Cumulative	Adversative	Alternative	Illative
46.	The children used to go <i>and</i> play in the Giant's garden	✓			
47.	He stayed with him <i>for</i> seven years				✓
48.	The snow <i>and</i> the frost	✓			
49.	He rattled on the roof of the castle <i>still</i> he broke most of he slates		✓		
50.	Little blossoms <i>and</i> little birds	✓			
51.	The north wind was <i>and</i> blowing roaring above it	✓			
52.	The birds were flying about <i>and</i> twittering with delight	✓			
52.	He sat at the window <i>and</i> looked out at garden	✓			
53.	The children came <i>and</i> played with the Giant	✓			
54.	He crept downstairs <i>and</i> the front door quite softly	✓			
55.	He did not hate the winter now, <i>for</i> he knew that it was merely the spring asleep				✓
56.	My big sword <i>and</i> slay him	✓			

		Cumulative	Adversative	Alternative	Illative
57.	Love is all very well in its way, <i>but</i> friendship is much higher		✓		
58.	He had bright beady eyes <i>and</i> stiff grey whiskers	✓			
59.	Leaning over the wall <i>and</i> plucking large nosegay	✓			
60.	The clove-pink bloomed <i>or</i> blossomed in their proper order			✓	
61.	The daffodil <i>and</i> the Clove -Pink	✓			
62.	A large nosegay <i>or</i> a handful of sweet herbs	✓			
63.	A large flock of woolly sheep <i>but</i> Hans never troubled his head		✓		
64.	A few dried pears <i>or</i> some hard nuts			✓	
65.	A large basket of primroses <i>and</i> that will make him so happy	✓			
66.	Ho would go down <i>and</i> see little Hans	✓			

		Cumulative	Adversative	Alternative	Illative
67.	all kinds of beautiful sentiments, <i>so</i> there is a great sympathy				✓
68.	I am sure he must have been right, <i>for</i> he had blue spectacles				✓
69.	Hopping now on one leg <i>and</i> now on the other	✓			
70.	Many people would think me extremely foolish <i>for</i> parting with it				✓
71.	I am going to bring them into the market <i>and</i> sell them to the daughter	✓			
72.	What I want <i>for</i> the roof of my barn				✓
73.	There won't be any left <i>for</i> you to mend the wheelbarrow				✓
74.	He run into the shed <i>and</i> dragged the plank out	✓			
75.	Would mind crying this sack of flour <i>for</i> me to market				✓
76.	Little Hans was <i>so</i> tired that he was still in bed				✓
77.	Anybody can say charming things <i>and</i> try to please	✓			

		Cumulative	Adversative	Alternative	Illative
78.	Miller came down to get he money <i>for</i> his sick of flour				✓
79.	He knows that <i>then</i> he is doing good				✓
80.	Rubbing his eyes <i>and</i> pulling off his night-cap	✓			
81.	There is no work <i>so</i> delightful as the work one does the others				✓
82.	I will go <i>and</i> do it myself	✓			
83.	Hans was very anxious to go <i>for</i> work in his garden				✓
84.	Cried little Hans <i>and</i> he jumped out of bed	✓			
85.	The night is <i>so</i> dark that I am afraid				✓
86.	The night was <i>so</i> black that little Hans	✓			
87.	The wind was <i>so</i> strong that he could scarcely stand				✓
88.	Drinking spiced wine <i>and</i> eating sweet cakes	✓			

		Cumulative	Adversative	Alternative	Illative
89.	It is quite evident <i>then</i> that you have no sympathy in your nature				✓
90.	I could not get anything <i>for</i> it if I sold it				✓
91.	He has a great many good points, <i>but</i> my own part I have a mother's feelings		✓		
92.	I should have the best place, <i>so</i> he walked at the head of the procession				✓
93.	When he returned he was <i>so</i> tired that he went off to sleep				✓
94.	He had forgotten them, <i>but</i> he consoled himself by the reflection		✓		
95.	The wind was blowing <i>and</i> roaring round the house	✓			
96.	I am going <i>for</i> the Doctor				✓

	NUMBER	47	13	3	33
	TOTAL NUMBER	96			
	PERCENTAGE %	48,96%	13,54%	3,13%	34,37%
	TOTAL PERCENTAGE	100%			

Table 4.2  
The percentage of the types of coordinate conjunction in *The Happy Prince* novel by Oscar Wilde

No	Types of coordinate conjunction	Total (F)	$P = \frac{F}{N} \times 100\%$
1.	Cumulative	47	48,96%
2.	Adversative	13	13,54%
3.	Alternative	3	3,13% %
4.	Illative	33	34,37% %

Based on the data above, there were types of coordinate conjunction which were found in chapter I until chapter IV and consisted from 65 pages on *The Happy Prince* novel by Oscar Wilde. Which contained types of coordinate conjunction were as follow:

1. *For*, which were found in pages of 5, chapter 1
2. *And*, which were found in pages of 2, chapter 1
3. *And*, which were found in pages of 6, chapter 1
4. *But*, which were found in pages of 7, chapter 1
5. *And*, which were found in pages of 7, chapter 1
6. *And*, which were found in pages of 6, chapter 1
7. *For*, which were found in pages of 8, chapter 1
8. *And*, which were found in pages of 9, chapter 1
9. *So*, which were found in pages of 9, chapter 1
10. *Then*, which were found in pages of 9, chapter 1
11. *And*, which were found in pages of 9, chapter 1
12. *For*, which were found in pages of 11, chapter 1
13. *And*, which were found in pages of 11, chapter 1
14. *For*, which were found in pages of 10, chapter 1
15. *And*, which were found in pages of 10, chapter 1
16. *And*, which were found in pages of 10, chapter 1
17. *But*, which were found in pages of 10, chapter 1
18. *And*, which were found in pages of 10, chapter 1
19. *For*, which were found in pages of 12, chapter 1
20. *And*, which were found in pages of 12, chapter 1
21. *Although*, which were found in pages of 12, chapter 1
22. *Then*, which were found in pages of 13, chapter 1
23. *For*, which were found in pages of 13, chapter 1

24. *And*, which were found in pages of 14, chapter 1
25. *And*, which were found in pages of 15, chapter 1
26. *And*, which were found in pages of 16, chapter 1
27. *But*, which were found in pages of 16, chapter 1
28. *But*, which were found in pages of 18, chapter 1
29. *So*, which were found in pages of 18, chapter 1
30. *And*, which were found in pages of 18, chapter 1
31. *So*, which were found in pages of 17, chapter 1
32. *So*, which were found in pages of 18, chapter 1
33. *And*, which were found in pages of 18, chapter 1
34. *And*, which were found in pages of 18, chapter 1
35. *And*, which were found in pages of 19, chapter 1
36. *But*, which were found in pages of 20, chapter 1
37. *And*, which were found in pages of 19, chapter 1
38. *And*, which were found in pages of 22, chapter 1
39. *And*, which were found in pages of 24, chapter II
40. *And*, which were found in pages of 27, chapter II
41. *Yet*, which were found in pages of 28, chapter II
42. *For*, which were found in pages of 31, chapter II
43. *Yet*, which were found in pages of 30, chapter II
44. *And*, which were found in pages of 33, chapter II
45. *And*, which were found in pages of 34, chapter II
46. *And*, which were found in pages of 41, chapter III

47. *For*, which were found in pages of 36, chapter III
48. *And*, which were found in pages of 37, chapter III
49. *Still*, which were found in pages of 37, chapter III
50. *And*, which were found in pages of 37, chapter III
51. *And*, which were found in pages of 39, chapter III
52. *And*, which were found in pages of 39, chapter III
53. *And*, which were found in pages of 35, chapter III
54. *And*, which were found in pages of 40, chapter III
55. *For*, which were found in pages of 42, chapter III
56. *And*, which were found in pages of 43, chapter III
57. *But*, which were found in pages of 45, chapter IV
58. *And*, which were found in pages of 44, chapter IV
59. *And*, which were found in pages of 47, chapter IV
60. *Or*, which were found in pages of 47, chapter IV
61. *And*, which were found in pages of 47, chapter IV
62. *Or*, which were found in pages of 48, chapter IV
63. *But*, which were found in pages of 48, chapter IV
64. *Or*, which were found in pages of 48, chapter IV
65. *And*, which were found in pages of 49, chapter IV
66. *And*, which were found in pages of 51, chapter IV
67. *So*, which were found in pages of 51, chapter IV
68. *For*, which were found in pages of 51, chapter IV
69. *And*, which were found in pages of 51, chapter IV

70. *For*, which were found in pages of 53, chapter IV
71. *And*. Which were found in pages of 52, chapter IV
72. *For*, which were found in pages of 54, chapter IV
73. *For*, which were found in pages of 54, chapter IV
74. *And*, which were found in pages of 54, chapter IV
75. *For*, which were found in pages of 56, chapter IV
76. *So*, which were found in pages of 57, chapter IV
77. *And*, which were found in pages of 57, chapter IV
78. *For*, which were found in pages of 57, chapter IV
79. *Then*, which were found in pages of 58, chapter IV
80. *And*, which were found in pages of 58, chapter IV
81. *So*, which were found in pages of 59, chapter IV
82. *And*, which were found in pages of 58, chapter IV
83. *For*, which were found in pages of 58, chapter IV
84. *And*, which were found in pages of 59, chapter IV
85. *So*, which were found in pages of 62, chapter IV
86. *So*, which were found in pages of 62, chapter IV
87. *So*, which were found in pages of 62, chapter IV
88. *And*, which were found in pages of 63, chapter IV
89. *Then*, which were found in pages of 64, chapter IV
90. *For*, which were found in pages of 64, chapter IV
91. *But*, which were found in pages of 65, chapter IV
92. *So*, which were found in pages of 65, chapter IV

93. *So*, which were found in pages of 60, chapter IV
94. *But*, which were found in pages of 60, chapter IV
95. *And*, which were found in pages of 61, chapter IV
96. *For*, which were found in pages of 64, chapter IV

### C. Research Findings

After analyzing all the data obtained in *The Happy Prince* novel by Oscar Wilde findings were:

1. There were 4 types of coordinate conjunction in *The Happy Prince* novel by Oscar Wilde. There were: cumulative 47 (48,96%), adversative 13 (13,54%), alternative 3 (3,13%), illative 33 (34,37%).
2. The dominant type of coordinate conjunction found in *The Happy Prince* novel by Oscar Wilde there were Cumulative 47 (48,96%).

## **CHAPTER V**

### **CONCLUSION AND SUGGEESTION**

#### **A. Conclusion**

Having analyzed the data, the conclusion are :

3. There were types of coordinate conjunction found in The Happy Prince novel by Oscar Wilde, they are: cumulative 47 (48,96%), adversative 13 (13,54%), alternative 3 (3,13%), illative 33 (34,37%).
4. Based on the analysis, the researcher found the dominant types of coordinate conjunction in The Happy Prince novel by Oscar Wilde. The dominant types of coordinate conjunction were cumulative 47 (48,96%).

#### **B. Suggestion**

Based on the previous conclusion, the suggestion of this research are put forward as follows:

1. For the reader or student study conjunction especially about coordinate conjunction, because it will make them better about types of coordinate conjunction.
2. It can be a good suggested to read and understanding deeply how to put conjunction in the sentence, clause or phrase.
3. The researcher realized this research still not perfection, so it is why the researcher accepted all constructive critic and suggestion from the readers for making this analysis better.

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### **The Happy Prince and Other Tales**

High above the city, on a tall column, stood the statue of the Happy Prince. He was gilded all over with thin leaves of fine gold, for eyes he had two bright sapphires, and a large red ruby glowed on his sword-hilt.

He was very much admired indeed. "He is as beautiful as a weathercock," remarked one of the Town Councillors who wished to gain a reputation for having artistic tastes; "only not quite so useful," he added, fearing lest people should think him unpractical, which he really was not.

"Why can't you be like the Happy Prince?" asked a sensible mother of her little boy who was crying for the moon. "The Happy Prince never dreams of crying for anything."

"I am glad there is some one in the world who is quite happy," muttered a disappointed man as he gazed at the wonderful statue.

"He looks just like an angel," said the Charity Children as they came out of the cathedral in their bright scarlet cloaks and their clean white pinafores.

"How do you know?" said the Mathematical Master, "you have never seen one."

"Ah! but we have, in our dreams," answered the children; and the Mathematical Master frowned and looked very severe, for he did not approve of children dreaming.

One night there flew over the city a little Swallow. His friends had gone away to Egypt six weeks before, but he had stayed behind, for he was in love with the most beautiful Reed. He had met her early in the spring as he was flying down the river after a big yellow moth, and had been so attracted by her slender waist that he

had stopped to talk to her.

"Shall I love you?" said the Swallow, who liked to come to the point at once, and the Reed made him a low bow. So he flew round and round her, touching the water with his wings, and making silver ripples. This was his courtship, and it lasted all through the summer.

"It is a ridiculous attachment," twittered the other Swallows; "she has no money, and far too many relations"; and indeed the river was quite full of Reeds. Then, when the autumn came they all flew away.

After they had gone he felt lonely, and began to tire of his ladylove.

"She has no conversation," he said, "and I am afraid that she is a coquette, for she is always flirting with the wind." And certainly, whenever the wind blew, the Reed made the most graceful curtsies. "I admit that she is domestic," he continued, "but I love travelling, and my wife, consequently, should love travelling also."

"Will you come away with me?" he said finally to her; but the Reed shook her head, she was so attached to her home.

"You have been trifling with me," he cried. "I am off to the Pyramids. Good-bye!" and he flew away.

All day long he flew, and at night-time he arrived at the city.

"Where shall I put up?" he said; "I hope the town has made preparations."

Then he saw the statue on the tall column.

"I will put up there," he cried; "it is a fine position, with plenty of fresh air." So he alighted just between the feet of the Happy Prince.

"I have a golden bedroom," he said softly to himself as he looked round, and he prepared to go to sleep; but just as he was putting his head under his wing a large drop of water fell on him. "What a

curious thing!" he cried; "there is not a single cloud in the sky, the stars are quite clear and bright, and yet it is raining. The climate in the north of Europe is really dreadful. The Reed used to like the rain, but that was merely her selfishness."

Then another drop fell.

"What is the use of a statue if it cannot keep the rain off?" he said; "I must look for a good chimney-pot," and he determined to fly away.

But before he had opened his wings, a third drop fell, and he looked up, and saw--Ah! what did he see?

The eyes of the Happy Prince were filled with tears, and tears were running down his golden cheeks. His face was so beautiful in the moonlight that the little Swallow was filled with pity.

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"Who are you?" he said. "I am the Happy Prince."

"Why are you weeping then?" asked the Swallow; "you have quite drenched me."

"When I was alive and had a human heart," answered the statue, "I did not know what tears were, for I lived in the Palace of Sans-Souci, where sorrow is not allowed to enter. In the daytime I played with my companions in the garden, and in the evening I led the dance in the Great Hall. Round the garden ran a very lofty

wall, but I never cared to ask what lay beyond it, everything about me was so beautiful. My courtiers called me the Happy Prince, and happy indeed I was, if pleasure be happiness. So I lived, and so I died. And now that I am dead they have set me up here so high that I can see all the ugliness and all the misery of my city, and though my heart is made of lead yet I cannot chose but weep."

"What! is he not solid gold?" said the Swallow to himself. He was too polite to make any personal remarks out loud.

"Far away," continued the statue in a low musical voice, "far away in a little street there is a poor house. One of the windows is open, and through it I can see a woman seated at a table. Her face is thin and worn, and she has coarse, red hands, all pricked by the needle, for she is a seamstress. She is embroidering passionflowers on a satin gown for the loveliest of the Queen's maids-ofhonour to wear at the next Court-ball. In a bed in the corner of the room her little boy is lying ill. He has a fever, and is asking for oranges. His mother has nothing to give him but river water, so he is crying. Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow, will you not bring her the ruby out of my sword-hilt? My feet are fastened to this pedestal and I cannot move."

"I am waited for in Egypt," said the Swallow. "My friends are flying up and down the Nile, and talking to the large lotusflowers. Soon they will go to sleep in the tomb of the great King.

The King is there himself in his painted coffin. He is wrapped in yellow linen, and embalmed with spices. Round his neck is a chain of pale green jade, and his hands are like withered leaves."

"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "will you not stay with me for one night, and be my messenger? The boy is so thirsty, and the mother so sad."

"I don't think I like boys," answered the Swallow. "Last summer, when I was staying on the river, there were two rude boys, the

miller's sons, who were always throwing stones at me. They never hit me, of course; we swallows fly far too well for that, and besides, I come of a family famous for its agility; but still, it was a mark of disrespect."

But the Happy Prince looked so sad that the little Swallow was sorry. "It is very cold here," he said; "but I will stay with you for one night, and be your messenger."

"Thank you, little Swallow," said the Prince.

So the Swallow picked out the great ruby from the Prince's sword, and flew away with it in his beak over the roofs of the town.

He passed by the cathedral tower, where the white marble angels were sculptured. He passed by the palace and heard the sound of dancing. A beautiful girl came out on the balcony with her lover.

"How wonderful the stars are," he said to her, "and how wonderful is the power of love!"

"I hope my dress will be ready in time for the State-ball," she answered; "I have ordered passion-flowers to be embroidered on it; but the seamstresses are so lazy."

He passed over the river, and saw the lanterns hanging to the masts of the ships. He passed over the Ghetto, and saw the old Jews bargaining with each other, and weighing out money in copper scales. At last he came to the poor house and looked in. The boy was tossing feverishly on his bed, and the mother had fallen asleep, she was so tired. In he hopped, and laid the great ruby on the table beside the woman's thimble. Then he flew gently round the bed, fanning the boy's forehead with his wings. "How cool I feel," said the boy, "I must be getting better"; and he sank into a delicious slumber.

Then the Swallow flew back to the Happy Prince, and told him what he had done. "It is curious," he remarked, "but I feel quite warm now, although it is so cold."

"That is because you have done a good action," said the Prince.

And the little Swallow began to think, and then he fell asleep.

Thinking always made him sleepy.

When day broke he flew down to the river and had a bath. "What a remarkable phenomenon," said the Professor of Ornithology as he was passing over the bridge. "A swallow in winter!" And he wrote a long letter about it to the local newspaper. Every one quoted it, it was full of so many words that they could not understand.

"To-night I go to Egypt," said the Swallow, and he was in high spirits at the prospect. He visited all the public monuments, and sat a long time on top of the church steeple. Wherever he went the Sparrows chirruped, and said to each other, "What a distinguished stranger!" so he enjoyed himself very much.

When the moon rose he flew back to the Happy Prince. "Have you any commissions for Egypt?" he cried; "I am just starting."

"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "will you not stay with me one night longer?"

"I am waited for in Egypt," answered the Swallow. "To-morrow my friends will fly up to the Second Cataract. The river-horse couches there among the bulrushes, and on a great granite throne sits the God Memnon. All night long he watches the stars, and when the morning star shines he utters one cry of joy, and then he is silent. At noon the yellow lions come down to the water's edge to drink. They have eyes like green beryls, and their roar is louder than the roar of the cataract.

"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "far away across the city I see a young man in a garret. He is leaning over a desk covered with papers, and in a tumbler by his side there is a bunch of withered violets. His hair is brown and crisp, and his lips are red as a pomegranate, and he has large and dreamy eyes. He is trying to finish a play for the Director of the Theatre, but

he is too cold to write any more. There is no fire in the grate, and hunger has made him faint."

"I will wait with you one night longer," said the Swallow, who really had a good heart. "Shall I take him another ruby?"

"Alas! I have no ruby now," said the Prince; "my eyes are all that I have left. They are made of rare sapphires, which were brought out of India a thousand years ago. Pluck out one of them and take it to him. He will sell it to the jeweller, and buy food and firewood, and finish his play."

"Dear Prince," said the Swallow, "I cannot do that"; and he began to weep.

"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "do as I command you."

So the Swallow plucked out the Prince's eye, and flew away to the student's garret. It was easy enough to get in, as there was a hole in the roof. Through this he darted, and came into the room. The young man had his head buried in his hands, so he did not hear the flutter of the bird's wings, and when he looked up he found the beautiful sapphire lying on the withered violets.

"I am beginning to be appreciated," he cried; "this is from some great admirer. Now I can finish my play," and he looked quite happy.

The next day the Swallow flew down to the harbour. He sat on the mast of a large vessel and watched the sailors hauling big chests out of the hold with ropes. "Heave a-hoy!" they shouted as each chest came up. "I am going to Egypt!" cried the Swallow, but nobody minded, and when the moon rose he flew back to the Happy Prince.

"I am come to bid you good-bye," he cried.

"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "will you not stay with me one night longer?"

"It is winter," answered the Swallow, "and the chill snow will soon be here. In Egypt the sun is warm on the green palm-trees, and the crocodiles lie in the mud and look lazily about them. My companions are building a nest in the Temple of Baalbec, and the pink and white doves are watching them, and cooing to each other. Dear Prince, I must leave you, but I will never forget you, and next spring I will bring you back two beautiful jewels in place of those you have given away. The ruby shall be redder than a red rose, and the sapphire shall be as blue as the great sea."

"In the square below," said the Happy Prince, "there stands a little match-girl. She has let her matches fall in the gutter, and they are all spoiled. Her father will beat her if she does not bring home some money, and she is crying. She has no shoes or stockings, and her little head is bare. Pluck out my other eye, and give it to her, and her father will not beat her."

"I will stay with you one night longer," said the Swallow, "but I cannot pluck out your eye. You would be quite blind then."

"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "do as I command you."

So he plucked out the Prince's other eye, and darted down with it. He swooped past the match-girl, and slipped the jewel into the palm of her hand. "What a lovely bit of glass," cried the little girl; and she ran home, laughing.

Then the Swallow came back to the Prince. "You are blind now," he said, "so I will stay with you always."

"No, little Swallow," said the poor Prince, "you must go away to Egypt."

"I will stay with you always," said the Swallow, and he slept at the Prince's feet.

All the next day he sat on the Prince's shoulder, and told him stories of what he had seen in strange lands. He told him of the

red ibises, who stand in long rows on the banks of the Nile, and catch gold-fish in their beaks; of the Sphinx, who is as old as the world itself, and lives in the desert, and knows everything; of the merchants, who walk slowly by the side of their camels, and carry amber beads in their hands; of the King of the Mountains of the Moon, who is as black as ebony, and worships a large crystal; of the great green snake that sleeps in a palm-tree, and has twenty priests to feed it with honey-cakes; and of the pygmies who sail over a big lake on large flat leaves, and are always at war with the butterflies.

"Dear little Swallow," said the Prince, "you tell me of marvellous things, but more marvellous than anything is the suffering of men and of women. There is no Mystery so great as Misery. Fly over my city, little Swallow, and tell me what you see there."

So the Swallow flew over the great city, and saw the rich making merry in their beautiful houses, while the beggars were sitting at the gates. He flew into dark lanes, and saw the white faces of starving children looking out listlessly at the black streets.

Under the archway of a bridge two little boys were lying in one another's arms to try and keep themselves warm. "How hungry we are!" they said. "You must not lie here," shouted the Watchman, and they wandered out into the rain.

Then he flew back and told the Prince what he had seen.

"I am covered with fine gold," said the Prince, "you must take it off, leaf by leaf, and give it to my poor; the living always think that gold can make them happy."

Leaf after leaf of the fine gold the Swallow picked off, till the Happy Prince looked quite dull and grey. Leaf after leaf of the fine gold he brought to the poor, and the children's faces grew rosier, and they laughed and played games in the street. "We have bread now!" they cried.

Then the snow came, and after the snow came the frost. The streets looked as if they were made of silver, they were so bright and glistening; long icicles like crystal daggers hung down from the eaves of the houses, everybody went about in furs, and the little boys wore scarlet caps and skated on the ice.

The poor little Swallow grew colder and colder, but he would not leave the Prince, he loved him too well. He picked up crumbs outside the baker's door when the baker was not looking and tried to keep himself warm by flapping his wings.

But at last he knew that he was going to die. He had just strength to fly up to the Prince's shoulder once more. "Good-bye, dear Prince!" he murmured, "will you let me kiss your hand?"

"I am glad that you are going to Egypt at last, little Swallow," said the Prince, "you have stayed too long here; but you must kiss me on the lips, for I love you."

"It is not to Egypt that I am going," said the Swallow. "I am going to the House of Death. Death is the brother of Sleep, is he not?"

And he kissed the Happy Prince on the lips, and fell down dead at his feet.

At that moment a curious crack sounded inside the statue, as if something had broken. The fact is that the leaden heart had snapped right in two. It certainly was a dreadfully hard frost.

Early the next morning the Mayor was walking in the square below in company with the Town Councillors. As they passed the column he looked up at the statue: "Dear me! how shabby the Happy Prince looks!" he said.

"How shabby indeed!" cried the Town Councillors, who always agreed with the Mayor; and they went up to look at it.

"The ruby has fallen out of his sword, his eyes are gone, and he is golden no longer," said the Mayor in fact, "he is little better

than a beggar!"

"Little better than a beggar," said the Town Councillors.

"And here is actually a dead bird at his feet!" continued the Mayor. "We must really issue a proclamation that birds are not to be allowed to die here." And the Town Clerk made a note of the suggestion.

So they pulled down the statue of the Happy Prince. "As he is no longer beautiful he is no longer useful," said the Art Professor at the University.

Then they melted the statue in a furnace, and the Mayor held a meeting of the Corporation to decide what was to be done with the metal. "We must have another statue, of course," he said, "and it shall be a statue of myself."

"Of myself," said each of the Town Councillors, and they quarrelled. When I last heard of them they were quarrelling still. "What a strange thing!" said the overseer of the workmen at the foundry. "This broken lead heart will not melt in the furnace. We must throw it away." So they threw it on a dust-heap where the dead Swallow was also lying.

"Bring me the two most precious things in the city," said God to one of His Angels; and the Angel brought Him the leaden heart and the dead bird.

"You have rightly chosen," said God, "for in my garden of Paradise this little bird shall sing for evermore, and in my city of gold the Happy Prince shall praise me."

#### THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE ROSE

"She said that she would dance with me if I brought her red roses," cried the young Student; "but in all my garden there is no red rose."

From her nest in the holm-oak tree the Nightingale heard him, and

she looked out through the leaves, and wondered.

"No red rose in all my garden!" he cried, and his beautiful eyes filled with tears. "Ah, on what little things does happiness depend! I have read all that the wise men have written, and all the secrets of philosophy are mine, yet for want of a red rose is my life made wretched."

"Here at last is a true lover," said the Nightingale. "Night after night have I sung of him, though I knew him not: night after night have I told his story to the stars, and now I see him. His hair is dark as the hyacinth-blossom, and his lips are red as the rose of his desire; but passion has made his face like pale ivory, and sorrow has set her seal upon his brow."

"The Prince gives a ball to-morrow night," murmured the young Student, "and my love will be of the company. If I bring her a red rose she will dance with me till dawn. If I bring her a red rose, I shall hold her in my arms, and she will lean her head upon my shoulder, and her hand will be clasped in mine. But there is no red rose in my garden, so I shall sit lonely, and she will pass me by. She will have no heed of me, and my heart will break."

"Here indeed is the true lover," said the Nightingale. "What I sing of, he suffers--what is joy to me, to him is pain. Surely Love is a wonderful thing. It is more precious than emeralds, and dearer than fine opals. Pearls and pomegranates cannot buy it, nor is it set forth in the marketplace. It may not be purchased of the merchants, nor can it be weighed out in the balance for gold."

"The musicians will sit in their gallery," said the young Student, "and play upon their stringed instruments, and my love will dance to the sound of the harp and the violin. She will dance so lightly that her feet will not touch the floor, and the courtiers in their gay dresses will throng round her. But with me she will not dance, for I have no red rose to give her"; and he flung himself down on

the grass, and buried his face in his hands, and wept.

"Why is he weeping?" asked a little Green Lizard, as he ran past him with his tail in the air.

"Why, indeed?" said a Butterfly, who was fluttering about after a sunbeam.

"Why, indeed?" whispered a Daisy to his neighbour, in a soft, low voice.

"He is weeping for a red rose," said the Nightingale.

"For a red rose?" they cried; "how very ridiculous!" and the little Lizard, who was something of a cynic, laughed outright.

But the Nightingale understood the secret of the Student's sorrow, and she sat silent in the oak-tree, and thought about the mystery of Love.

Suddenly she spread her brown wings for flight, and soared into the air. She passed through the grove like a shadow, and like a shadow she sailed across the garden.

In the centre of the grass-plot was standing a beautiful Rose-tree, and when she saw it she flew over to it, and lit upon a spray.

"Give me a red rose," she cried, "and I will sing you my sweetest song."

But the Tree shook its head.

"My roses are white," it answered; "as white as the foam of the sea, and whiter than the snow upon the mountain. But go to my brother who grows round the old sun-dial, and perhaps he will give you what you want."

So the Nightingale flew over to the Rose-tree that was growing round the old sun-dial.

"Give me a red rose," she cried, "and I will sing you my sweetest song."

But the Tree shook its head.

"My roses are yellow," it answered; "as yellow as the hair of the

mermaid who sits upon an amber throne, and yellower than the daffodil that blooms in the meadow before the mower comes with his scythe. But go to my brother who grows beneath the Student's window, and perhaps he will give you what you want."

So the Nightingale flew over to the Rose-tree that was growing beneath the Student's window.

"Give me a red rose," she cried, "and I will sing you my sweetest song."

But the Tree shook its head.

"My roses are red," it answered, "as red as the feet of the dove, and redder than the great fans of coral that wave and wave in the ocean-cavern. But the winter has chilled my veins, and the frost has nipped my buds, and the storm has broken my branches, and I shall have no roses at all this year."

"One red rose is all I want," cried the Nightingale, "only one red rose! Is there no way by which I can get it?"

"There is away," answered the Tree; "but it is so terrible that I dare not tell it to you."

"Tell it to me," said the Nightingale, "I am not afraid."

"If you want a red rose," said the Tree, "you must build it out of music by moonlight, and stain it with your own heart's-blood. You must sing to me with your breast against a thorn. All night long you must sing to me, and the thorn must pierce your heart, and your life-blood must flow into my veins, and become mine."

"Death is a great price to pay for a red rose," cried the Nightingale, "and Life is very dear to all. It is pleasant to sit in the green wood, and to watch the Sun in his chariot of gold, and the Moon in her chariot of pearl. Sweet is the scent of the hawthorn, and sweet are the bluebells that hide in the valley, and the heather that blows on the hill. Yet Love is better than Life, and what is the heart of a bird compared to the heart of a man?"

So she spread her brown wings for flight, and soared into the air. She swept over the garden like a shadow, and like a shadow she sailed through the grove.

The young Student was still lying on the grass, where she had left him, and the tears were not yet dry in his beautiful eyes.

"Be happy," cried the Nightingale, "be happy; you shall have your red rose. I will build it out of music by moonlight, and stain it with my own heart's-blood. All that I ask of you in return is that you will be a true lover, for Love is wiser than Philosophy, though she is wise, and mightier than Power, though he is mighty. Flamecoloured are his wings, and coloured like flame is his body. His lips are sweet as honey, and his breath is like frankincense."

The Student looked up from the grass, and listened, but he could not understand what the Nightingale was saying to him, for he only knew the things that are written down in books.

But the Oak-tree understood, and felt sad, for he was very fond of the little Nightingale who had built her nest in his branches.

"Sing me one last song," he whispered; "I shall feel very lonely when you are gone."

So the Nightingale sang to the Oak-tree, and her voice was like water bubbling from a silver jar.

When she had finished her song the Student got up, and pulled a note-book and a lead-pencil out of his pocket.

"She has form," he said to himself, as he walked away through the grove--"that cannot be denied to her; but has she got feeling? I am afraid not. In fact, she is like most artists; she is all style, without any sincerity. She would not sacrifice herself for others. She thinks merely of music, and everybody knows that the arts are selfish. Still, it must be admitted that she has some beautiful notes in her voice. What a pity it is that they do not mean anything, or do any practical good." And he went into his

room, and lay down on his little pallet-bed, and began to think of his love; and, after a time, he fell asleep.

And when the Moon shone in the heavens the Nightingale flew to the Rose-tree, and set her breast against the thorn. All night long she sang with her breast against the thorn, and the cold crystal Moon leaned down and listened. All night long she sang, and the thorn went deeper and deeper into her breast, and her life-blood ebbed away from her.

She sang first of the birth of love in the heart of a boy and a girl. And on the top-most spray of the Rose-tree there blossomed a marvellous rose, petal following petal, as song followed song. Pale was it, at first, as the mist that hangs over the river--pale as the feet of the morning, and silver as the wings of the dawn. As the shadow of a rose in a mirror of silver, as the shadow of a rose in a water-pool, so was the rose that blossomed on the topmost spray of the Tree.

But the Tree cried to the Nightingale to press closer against the thorn. "Press closer, little Nightingale," cried the Tree, "or the Day will come before the rose is finished."

So the Nightingale pressed closer against the thorn, and louder and louder grew her song, for she sang of the birth of passion in the soul of a man and a maid.

And a delicate flush of pink came into the leaves of the rose, like the flush in the face of the bridegroom when he kisses the lips of the bride. But the thorn had not yet reached her heart, so the rose's heart remained white, for only a Nightingale's heart's-blood can crimson the heart of a rose.

And the Tree cried to the Nightingale to press closer against the thorn. "Press closer, little Nightingale," cried the Tree, "or the Day will come before the rose is finished."

So the Nightingale pressed closer against the thorn, and the thorn

touched her heart, and a fierce pang of pain shot through her. Bitter, bitter was the pain, and wilder and wilder grew her song, for she sang of the Love that is perfected by Death, of the Love that dies not in the tomb.

And the marvellous rose became crimson, like the rose of the eastern sky. Crimson was the girdle of petals, and crimson as a ruby was the heart.

But the Nightingale's voice grew fainter, and her little wings began to beat, and a film came over her eyes. Fainter and fainter grew her song, and she felt something choking her in her throat. Then she gave one last burst of music. The white Moon heard it, and she forgot the dawn, and lingered on in the sky. The red rose heard it, and it trembled all over with ecstasy, and opened its petals to the cold morning air. Echo bore it to her purple cavern in the hills, and woke the sleeping shepherds from their dreams. It floated through the reeds of the river, and they carried its message to the sea.

"Look, look!" cried the Tree, "the rose is finished now"; but the Nightingale made no answer, for she was lying dead in the long grass, with the thorn in her heart.

And at noon the Student opened his window and looked out.

"Why, what a wonderful piece of luck!" he cried; "here is a red rose! I have never seen any rose like it in all my life. It is so beautiful that I am sure it has a long Latin name"; and he leaned down and plucked it.

Then he put on his hat, and ran up to the Professor's house with the rose in his hand.

The daughter of the Professor was sitting in the doorway winding blue silk on a reel, and her little dog was lying at her feet.

"You said that you would dance with me if I brought you a red rose," cried the Student. "Here is the reddest rose in all the

world. You will wear it to-night next your heart, and as we dance together it will tell you how I love you." But the girl frowned.

"I am afraid it will not go with my dress," she answered; "and, besides, the Chamberlain's nephew has sent me some real jewels, and everybody knows that jewels cost far more than flowers."

"Well, upon my word, you are very ungrateful," said the Student angrily; and he threw the rose into the street, where it fell into the gutter, and a cart-wheel went over it.

"Ungrateful!" said the girl. "I tell you what, you are very rude; and, after all, who are you? Only a Student. Why, I don't believe you have even got silver buckles to your shoes as the Chamberlain's nephew has"; and she got up from her chair and went into the house.

"What a silly thing Love is," said the Student as he walked away.

"It is not half as useful as Logic, for it does not prove anything, and it is always telling one of things that are not going to happen, and making one believe things that are not true. In fact, it is quite unpractical, and, as in this age to be practical is everything, I shall go back to Philosophy and study Metaphysics." So he returned to his room and pulled out a great dusty book, and began to read.

## THE SELFISH GIANT

Every afternoon, as they were coming from school, the children used to go and play in the Giant's garden.

It was a large lovely garden, with soft green grass. Here and there over the grass stood beautiful flowers like stars, and there were twelve peach-trees that in the spring-time broke out into delicate blossoms of pink and pearl, and in the autumn bore rich fruit. The birds sat on the trees and sang so sweetly that the children used to stop their games in order to listen to them. "How happy we are here!" they cried to each other.

One day the Giant came back. He had been to visit his friend the Cornish ogre, and had stayed with him for seven years. After the seven years were over he had said all that he had to say, for his conversation was limited, and he determined to return to his own castle. When he arrived he saw the children playing in the garden. "What are you doing here?" he cried in a very gruff voice, and the children ran away.

"My own garden is my own garden," said the Giant; "any one can understand that, and I will allow nobody to play in it but myself." So he built a high wall all round it, and put up a notice-board.

TRESPASSERS  
WILL BE  
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He was a very selfish Giant.

The poor children had now nowhere to play. They tried to play on the road, but the road was very dusty and full of hard stones, and they did not like it. They used to wander round the high wall when their lessons were over, and talk about the beautiful garden inside. "How happy we were there," they said to each other.

Then the Spring came, and all over the country there were little blossoms and little birds. Only in the garden of the Selfish Giant it was still winter. The birds did not care to sing in it as there were no children, and the trees forgot to blossom. Once a beautiful flower put its head out from the grass, but when it saw the notice-board it was so sorry for the children that it slipped back into the ground again, and went off to sleep. The only people who were pleased were the Snow and the Frost. "Spring has forgotten this garden," they cried, "so we will live here all the year round." The Snow covered up the grass with her great white

cloak, and the Frost painted all the trees silver. Then they invited the North Wind to stay with them, and he came. He was wrapped in furs, and he roared all day about the garden, and blew the chimney-pots down. "This is a delightful spot," he said, "we must ask the Hail on a visit." So the Hail came. Every day for three hours he rattled on the roof of the castle till he broke most of the slates, and then he ran round and round the garden as fast as he could go. He was dressed in grey, and his breath was like ice.

"I cannot understand why the Spring is so late in coming," said the Selfish Giant, as he sat at the window and looked out at his cold white garden; "I hope there will be a change in the weather."

But the Spring never came, nor the Summer. The Autumn gave golden fruit to every garden, but to the Giant's garden she gave none.

"He is too selfish," she said. So it was always Winter there, and the North Wind, and the Hail, and the Frost, and the Snow danced about through the trees.

One morning the Giant was lying awake in bed when he heard some lovely music. It sounded so sweet to his ears that he thought it must be the King's musicians passing by. It was really only a little linnet singing outside his window, but it was so long since he had heard a bird sing in his garden that it seemed to him to be the most beautiful music in the world. Then the Hail stopped dancing over his head, and the North Wind ceased roaring, and a delicious perfume came to him through the open casement. "I believe the Spring has come at last," said the Giant; and he jumped out of bed and looked out.

What did he see?

He saw a most wonderful sight. Through a little hole in the wall the children had crept in, and they were sitting in the branches of the trees. In every tree that he could see there was a little

child. And the trees were so glad to have the children back again that they had covered themselves with blossoms, and were waving their arms gently above the children's heads. The birds were flying about and twittering with delight, and the flowers were looking up through the green grass and laughing. It was a lovely scene, only in one corner it was still winter. It was the farthest corner of the garden, and in it was standing a little boy. He was so small that he could not reach up to the branches of the tree, and he was wandering all round it, crying bitterly. The poor tree was still quite covered with frost and snow, and the North Wind was blowing and roaring above it. "Climb up! little boy," said the Tree, and it bent its branches down as low as it could; but the boy was too tiny.

And the Giant's heart melted as he looked out. "How selfish I have been!" he said; "now I know why the Spring would not come here. I will put that poor little boy on the top of the tree, and then I will knock down the wall, and my garden shall be the children's playground for ever and ever." He was really very sorry for what he had done.

So he crept downstairs and opened the front door quite softly, and went out into the garden. But when the children saw him they were so frightened that they all ran away, and the garden became winter again. Only the little boy did not run, for his eyes were so full of tears that he did not see the Giant coming. And the Giant stole up behind him and took him gently in his hand, and put him up into the tree. And the tree broke at once into blossom, and the birds came and sang on it, and the little boy stretched out his two arms and flung them round the Giant's neck, and kissed him. And the other children, when they saw that the Giant was not wicked any longer, came running back, and with them came the Spring. "It is your garden now, little children," said the Giant, and he took a

great axe and knocked down the wall. And when the people were going to market at twelve o'clock they found the Giant playing with the children in the most beautiful garden they had ever seen.

All day long they played, and in the evening they came to the Giant to bid him good-bye.

"But where is your little companion?" he said: "the boy I put into the tree." The Giant loved him the best because he had kissed him.

"We don't know," answered the children; "he has gone away."

"You must tell him to be sure and come here to-morrow," said the Giant. But the children said that they did not know where he lived, and had never seen him before; and the Giant felt very sad.

Every afternoon, when school was over, the children came and played with the Giant. But the little boy whom the Giant loved was never seen again. The Giant was very kind to all the children, yet he longed for his first little friend, and often spoke of him. "How I would like to see him!" he used to say.

Years went over, and the Giant grew very old and feeble. He could not play about any more, so he sat in a huge armchair, and watched the children at their games, and admired his garden. "I have many beautiful flowers," he said; "but the children are the most beautiful flowers of all."

One winter morning he looked out of his window as he was dressing. He did not hate the Winter now, for he knew that it was merely the Spring asleep, and that the flowers were resting.

Suddenly he rubbed his eyes in wonder, and looked and looked. It certainly was a marvellous sight. In the farthest corner of the garden was a tree quite covered with lovely white blossoms. Its branches were all golden, and silver fruit hung down from them, and underneath it stood the little boy he had loved.

Downstairs ran the Giant in great joy, and out into the garden. He hastened across the grass, and came near to the child. And when he

came quite close his face grew red with anger, and he said, "Who hath dared to wound thee?" For on the palms of the child's hands were the prints of two nails, and the prints of two nails were on the little feet.

"Who hath dared to wound thee?" cried the Giant; "tell me, that I may take my big sword and slay him."

"Nay!" answered the child; "but these are the wounds of Love."

"Who art thou?" said the Giant, and a strange awe fell on him, and he knelt before the little child.

And the child smiled on the Giant, and said to him, "You let me play once in your garden, to-day you shall come with me to my garden, which is Paradise."

And when the children ran in that afternoon, they found the Giant lying dead under the tree, all covered with white blossoms.

#### THE DEVOTED FRIEND

One morning the old Water-rat put his head out of his hole. He had bright beady eyes and stiff grey whiskers and his tail was like a long bit of black india-rubber. The little ducks were swimming about in the pond, looking just like a lot of yellow canaries, and their mother, who was pure white with real red legs, was trying to teach them how to stand on their heads in the water.

"You will never be in the best society unless you can stand on your heads," she kept saying to them; and every now and then she showed them how it was done. But the little ducks paid no attention to her. They were so young that they did not know what an advantage it is to be in society at all.

"What disobedient children!" cried the old Water-rat; "they really deserve to be drowned."

"Nothing of the kind," answered the Duck, "every one must make a beginning, and parents cannot be too patient."

"Ah! I know nothing about the feelings of parents," said the Waterrat; "I am not a family man. In fact, I have never been married, and I never intend to be. Love is all very well in its way, but friendship is much higher. Indeed, I know of nothing in the world that is either nobler or rarer than a devoted friendship."

"And what, pray, is your idea of the duties of a devoted friend?" asked a Green Linnet, who was sitting in a willow-tree hard by, and had overheard the conversation.

"Yes, that is just what I want to know," said the Duck; and she swam away to the end of the pond, and stood upon her head, in order to give her children a good example.

"What a silly question!" cried the Water-rat. "I should expect my devoted friend to be devoted to me, of course."

"And what would you do in return?" said the little bird, swinging upon a silver spray, and flapping his tiny wings.

"I don't understand you," answered the Water-rat.

"Let me tell you a story on the subject," said the Linnet.

"Is the story about me?" asked the Water-rat. "If so, I will listen to it, for I am extremely fond of fiction."

"It is applicable to you," answered the Linnet; and he flew down, and alighting upon the bank, he told the story of The Devoted Friend.

"Once upon a time," said the Linnet, "there was an honest little fellow named Hans."

"Was he very distinguished?" asked the Water-rat.

"No," answered the Linnet, "I don't think he was distinguished at all, except for his kind heart, and his funny round good-humoured face. He lived in a tiny cottage all by himself, and every day he worked in his garden. In all the country-side there was no garden so lovely as his. Sweet-william grew there, and Gilly-flowers, and Shepherds'-purses, and Fair-maids of France. There were damask

Roses, and yellow Roses, lilac Crocuses, and gold, purple Violets and white. Columbine and Ladysmock, Marjoram and Wild Basil, the Cowslip and the Flower-de-luce, the Daffodil and the Clove-Pink bloomed or blossomed in their proper order as the months went by, one flower taking another flower's place, so that there were always beautiful things to look at, and pleasant odours to smell.

"Little Hans had a great many friends, but the most devoted friend of all was big Hugh the Miller. Indeed, so devoted was the rich Miller to little Hans, that he would never go by his garden without leaning over the wall and plucking a large nosegay, or a handful of sweet herbs, or filling his pockets with plums and cherries if it was the fruit season.

"Real friends should have everything in common,' the Miller used to say, and little Hans nodded and smiled, and felt very proud of having a friend with such noble ideas.

"Sometimes, indeed, the neighbours thought it strange that the rich Miller never gave little Hans anything in return, though he had a hundred sacks of flour stored away in his mill, and six milch cows, and a large flock of woolly sheep; but Hans never troubled his head about these things, and nothing gave him greater pleasure than to listen to all the wonderful things the Miller used to say about the unselfishness of true friendship.

"So little Hans worked away in his garden. During the spring, the summer, and the autumn he was very happy, but when the winter came, and he had no fruit or flowers to bring to the market, he suffered a good deal from cold and hunger, and often had to go to bed without any supper but a few dried pears or some hard nuts. In the winter, also, he was extremely lonely, as the Miller never came to see him then.

"There is no good in my going to see little Hans as long as the snow lasts,' the Miller used to say to his wife, 'for when people

are in trouble they should be left alone, and not be bothered by visitors. That at least is my idea about friendship, and I am sure I am right. So I shall wait till the spring comes, and then I shall pay him a visit, and he will be able to give me a large basket of primroses and that will make him so happy.'

"'You are certainly very thoughtful about others,' answered the Wife, as she sat in her comfortable armchair by the big pinewood fire; 'very thoughtful indeed. It is quite a treat to hear you talk about friendship. I am sure the clergyman himself could not say such beautiful things as you do, though he does live in a three-storied house, and wear a gold ring on his little finger.'

"'But could we not ask little Hans up here?'" said the Miller's youngest son. 'If poor Hans is in trouble I will give him half my porridge, and show him my white rabbits.'

"'What a silly boy you are!'" cried the Miller; 'I really don't know what is the use of sending you to school. You seem not to learn anything. Why, if little Hans came up here, and saw our warm fire, and our good supper, and our great cask of red wine, he might get envious, and envy is a most terrible thing, and would spoil anybody's nature. I certainly will not allow Hans' nature to be spoiled. I am his best friend, and I will always watch over him, and see that he is not led into any temptations. Besides, if Hans came here, he might ask me to let him have some flour on credit, and that I could not do. Flour is one thing, and friendship is another, and they should not be confused. Why, the words are spelt differently, and mean quite different things. Everybody can see that.'

"'How well you talk!'" said the Miller's Wife, pouring herself out a large glass of warm ale; 'really I feel quite drowsy. It is just like being in church.'

"'Lots of people act well,' answered the Miller; 'but very few

people talk well, which shows that talking is much the more difficult thing of the two, and much the finer thing also'; and he looked sternly across the table at his little son, who felt so ashamed of himself that he hung his head down, and grew quite scarlet, and began to cry into his tea. However, he was so young that you must excuse him."

"Is that the end of the story?" asked the Water-rat.

"Certainly not," answered the Linnet, "that is the beginning."

"Then you are quite behind the age," said the Water-rat. "Every good story-teller nowadays starts with the end, and then goes on to the beginning, and concludes with the middle. That is the new method. I heard all about it the other day from a critic who was walking round the pond with a young man. He spoke of the matter at great length, and I am sure he must have been right, for he had blue spectacles and a bald head, and whenever the young man made any remark, he always answered 'Pooh!' But pray go on with your story. I like the Miller immensely. I have all kinds of beautiful sentiments myself, so there is a great sympathy between us."

"Well," said the Linnet, hopping now on one leg and now on the other, "as soon as the winter was over, and the primroses began to open their pale yellow stars, the Miller said to his wife that he would go down and see little Hans.

"'Why, what a good heart you have!' cried his Wife; 'you are always thinking of others. And mind you take the big basket with you for the flowers.'

"So the Miller tied the sails of the windmill together with a strong iron chain, and went down the hill with the basket on his arm.

"'Good morning, little Hans,' said the Miller.

"'Good morning,' said Hans, leaning on his spade, and smiling from ear to ear.

"And how have you been all the winter?' said the Miller.

"Well, really,' cried Hans, 'it is very good of you to ask, very good indeed. I am afraid I had rather a hard time of it, but now the spring has come, and I am quite happy, and all my flowers are doing well.'

"We often talked of you during the winter, Hans,' said the Miller, 'and wondered how you were getting on.'

"That was kind of you,' said Hans; 'I was half afraid you had forgotten me.'

"Hans, I am surprised at you,' said the Miller; 'friendship never forgets. That is the wonderful thing about it, but I am afraid you don't understand the poetry of life. How lovely your primroses are looking, by-the-bye"!

"They are certainly very lovely,' said Hans, 'and it is a most lucky thing for me that I have so many. I am going to bring them into the market and sell them to the Burgomaster's daughter, and buy back my wheelbarrow with the money.'

"Buy back your wheelbarrow? You don't mean to say you have sold it? What a very stupid thing to do'!

"Well, the fact is,' said Hans, 'that I was obliged to. You see the winter was a very bad time for me, and I really had no money at all to buy bread with. So I first sold the silver buttons off my Sunday coat, and then I sold my silver chain, and then I sold my big pipe, and at last I sold my wheelbarrow. But I am going to buy them all back again now.'

"Hans,' said the Miller, 'I will give you my wheelbarrow. It is not in very good repair; indeed, one side is gone, and there is something wrong with the wheel-spokes; but in spite of that I will give it to you. I know it is very generous of me, and a great many people would think me extremely foolish for parting with it, but I am not like the rest of the world. I think that generosity is the

essence of friendship, and, besides, I have got a new wheelbarrow for myself. Yes, you may set your mind at ease, I will give you my wheelbarrow.'

"Well, really, that is generous of you,' said little Hans, and his funny round face glowed all over with pleasure. 'I can easily put it in repair, as I have a plank of wood in the house.'

"A plank of wood!' said the Miller; 'why, that is just what I want for the roof of my barn. There is a very large hole in it, and the corn will all get damp if I don't stop it up. How lucky you mentioned it! It is quite remarkable how one good action always breeds another. I have given you my wheelbarrow, and now you are going to give me your plank. Of course, the wheelbarrow is worth far more than the plank, but true, friendship never notices things like that. Pray get it at once, and I will set to work at my barn this very day.'

"Certainly,' cried little Hans, and he ran into the shed and dragged the plank out.

"It is not a very big plank,' said the Miller, looking at it, 'and I am afraid that after I have mended my barn-roof there won't be any left for you to mend the wheelbarrow with; but, of course, that is not my fault. And now, as I have given you my wheelbarrow, I am sure you would like to give me some flowers in return. Here is the basket, and mind you fill it quite full.'

"Quite full?' said little Hans, rather sorrowfully, for it was really a very big basket, and he knew that if he filled it he would have no flowers left for the market and he was very anxious to get his silver buttons back.

"Well, really,' answered the Miller, 'as I have given you my wheelbarrow, I don't think that it is much to ask you for a few flowers. I may be wrong, but I should have thought that friendship, true friendship, was quite free from selfishness of any

kind.'

"My dear friend, my best friend,' cried little Hans, 'you are welcome to all the flowers in my garden. I would much sooner have your good opinion than my silver buttons, any day'; and he ran and plucked all his pretty primroses, and filled the Miller's basket.

"Good-bye, little Hans,' said the Miller, as he went up the hill with the plank on his shoulder, and the big basket in his hand.

"Good-bye,' said little Hans, and he began to dig away quite merrily, he was so pleased about the wheelbarrow.

"The next day he was nailing up some honeysuckle against the porch, when he heard the Miller's voice calling to him from the road. So he jumped off the ladder, and ran down the garden, and looked over the wall.

"There was the Miller with a large sack of flour on his back.

"Dear little Hans,' said the Miller, 'would you mind carrying this sack of flour for me to market?'

"Oh, I am so sorry,' said Hans, 'but I am really very busy to-day. I have got all my creepers to nail up, and all my flowers to water, and all my grass to roll.'

"Well, really,' said the Miller, 'I think that, considering that I am going to give you my wheelbarrow, it is rather unfriendly of you to refuse.'

"Oh, don't say that,' cried little Hans, 'I wouldn't be unfriendly for the whole world'; and he ran in for his cap, and trudged off with the big sack on his shoulders.

"It was a very hot day, and the road was terribly dusty, and before Hans had reached the sixth milestone he was so tired that he had to sit down and rest. However, he went on bravely, and as last he reached the market. After he had waited there some time, he sold the sack of flour for a very good price, and then he returned home at once, for he was afraid that if he stopped too late he might

meet some robbers on the way.

"It has certainly been a hard day,' said little Hans to himself as he was going to bed, 'but I am glad I did not refuse the Miller, for he is my best friend, and, besides, he is going to give me his wheelbarrow.'

"Early the next morning the Miller came down to get the money for his sack of flour, but little Hans was so tired that he was still in bed.

"Upon my word,' said the Miller, 'you are very lazy. Really, considering that I am going to give you my wheelbarrow, I think you might work harder. Idleness is a great sin, and I certainly don't like any of my friends to be idle or sluggish. You must not mind my speaking quite plainly to you. Of course I should not dream of doing so if I were not your friend. But what is the good of friendship if one cannot say exactly what one means? Anybody can say charming things and try to please and to flatter, but a true friend always says unpleasant things, and does not mind giving pain. Indeed, if he is a really true friend he prefers it, for he knows that then he is doing good.'

"I am very sorry,' said little Hans, rubbing his eyes and pulling off his night-cap, 'but I was so tired that I thought I would lie in bed for a little time, and listen to the birds singing. Do you know that I always work better after hearing the birds sing?'

"Well, I am glad of that,' said the Miller, clapping little Hans on the back, 'for I want you to come up to the mill as soon as you are dressed, and mend my barn-roof for me.'

"Poor little Hans was very anxious to go and work in his garden, for his flowers had not been watered for two days, but he did not like to refuse the Miller, as he was such a good friend to him.

"Do you think it would be unfriendly of me if I said I was busy?' he inquired in a shy and timid voice.

"Well, really,' answered the Miller, 'I do not think it is much to ask of you, considering that I am going to give you my wheelbarrow; but of course if you refuse I will go and do it myself.'

"Oh! on no account,' cried little Hans and he jumped out of bed, and dressed himself, and went up to the barn.

"He worked there all day long, till sunset, and at sunset the Miller came to see how he was getting on.

"Have you mended the hole in the roof yet, little Hans?' cried the Miller in a cheery voice.

"It is quite mended,' answered little Hans, coming down the ladder.

"Ah!' said the Miller, 'there is no work so delightful as the work one does for others.'

"It is certainly a great privilege to hear you talk,' answered little Hans, sitting down, and wiping his forehead, 'a very great privilege. But I am afraid I shall never have such beautiful ideas as you have.'

"Oh! they will come to you,' said the Miller, 'but you must take more pains. At present you have only the practice of friendship; some day you will have the theory also.'

"Do you really think I shall?' asked little Hans.

"I have no doubt of it,' answered the Miller, 'but now that you have mended the roof, you had better go home and rest, for I want you to drive my sheep to the mountain to-morrow.'

"Poor little Hans was afraid to say anything to this, and early the next morning the Miller brought his sheep round to the cottage, and Hans started off with them to the mountain. It took him the whole day to get there and back; and when he returned he was so tired that he went off to sleep in his chair, and did not wake up till it was broad daylight.

"What a delightful time I shall have in my garden,' he said, and

he went to work at once.

"But somehow he was never able to look after his flowers at all, for his friend the Miller was always coming round and sending him off on long errands, or getting him to help at the mill. Little Hans was very much distressed at times, as he was afraid his flowers would think he had forgotten them, but he consoled himself by the reflection that the Miller was his best friend. 'Besides,' he used to say, 'he is going to give me his wheelbarrow, and that is an act of pure generosity.'

"So little Hans worked away for the Miller, and the Miller said all kinds of beautiful things about friendship, which Hans took down in a note-book, and used to read over at night, for he was a very good scholar.

"Now it happened that one evening little Hans was sitting by his fireside when a loud rap came at the door. It was a very wild night, and the wind was blowing and roaring round the house so terribly that at first he thought it was merely the storm. But a second rap came, and then a third, louder than any of the others.

"It is some poor traveller,' said little Hans to himself, and he ran to the door.

"There stood the Miller with a lantern in one hand and a big stick in the other.

"Dear little Hans,' cried the Miller, 'I am in great trouble. My little boy has fallen off a ladder and hurt himself, and I am going for the Doctor. But he lives so far away, and it is such a bad night, that it has just occurred to me that it would be much better if you went instead of me. You know I am going to give you my wheelbarrow, and so, it is only fair that you should do something for me in return.'

"Certainly,' cried little Hans, 'I take it quite as a compliment your coming to me, and I will start off at once. But you must lend

me your lantern, as the night is so dark that I am afraid I might fall into the ditch.'

"I am very sorry,' answered the Miller, 'but it is my new lantern, and it would be a great loss to me if anything happened to it.'

"Well, never mind, I will do without it,' cried little Hans, and he took down his great fur coat, and his warm scarlet cap, and tied a muffler round his throat, and started off.

"What a dreadful storm it was! The night was so black that little Hans could hardly see, and the wind was so strong that he could scarcely stand. However, he was very courageous, and after he had been walking about three hours, he arrived at the Doctor's house, and knocked at the door.

"Who is there?' cried the Doctor, putting his head out of his bedroom window.

"Little Hans, Doctor.'

"What do you want, little Hans?'

"The Miller's son has fallen from a ladder, and has hurt himself, and the Miller wants you to come at once.'

"All right!' said the Doctor; and he ordered his horse, and his big boots, and his lantern, and came downstairs, and rode off in the direction of the Miller's house, little Hans trudging behind him.

"But the storm grew worse and worse, and the rain fell in torrents, and little Hans could not see where he was going, or keep up with the horse. At last he lost his way, and wandered off on the moor, which was a very dangerous place, as it was full of deep holes, and there poor little Hans was drowned. His body was found the next day by some goatherds, floating in a great pool of water, and was brought back by them to the cottage.

"Everybody went to little Hans' funeral, as he was so popular, and the Miller was the chief mourner.

"As I was his best friend,' said the Miller, 'it is only fair that I should have the best place'; so he walked at the head of the procession in a long black cloak, and every now and then he wiped his eyes with a big pocket-handkerchief.

"Little Hans is certainly a great loss to every one,' said the Blacksmith, when the funeral was over, and they were all seated comfortably in the inn, drinking spiced wine and eating sweet cakes.

"A great loss to me at any rate,' answered the Miller; 'why, I had as good as given him my wheelbarrow, and now I really don't know what to do with it. It is very much in my way at home, and it is in such bad repair that I could not get anything for it if I sold it. I will certainly take care not to give away anything again. One always suffers for being generous.'"

"Well?" said the Water-rat, after a long pause.

"Well, that is the end," said the Linnet.

"But what became of the Miller?" asked the Water-rat.

"Oh! I really don't know," replied the Linnet; "and I am sure that I don't care."

"It is quite evident then that you have no sympathy in your nature," said the Water-rat.

"I am afraid you don't quite see the moral of the story," remarked the Linnet.

"The what?" screamed the Water-rat.

"The moral."

"Do you mean to say that the story has a moral?"

"Certainly," said the Linnet.

"Well, really," said the Water-rat, in a very angry manner, "I think you should have told me that before you began. If you had done so, I certainly would not have listened to you; in fact, I should have said 'Pooh,' like the critic. However, I can say it

now"; so he shouted out "Pooh" at the top of his voice, gave a whisk with his tail, and went back into his hole.

"And how do you like the Water-rat?" asked the Duck, who came paddling up some minutes afterwards. "He has a great many good points, but for my own part I have a mother's feelings, and I can never look at a confirmed bachelor without the tears coming into my eyes."

"I am rather afraid that I have annoyed him," answered the Linnet.

"The fact is, that I told him a story with a moral."

"Ah! that is always a very dangerous thing to do," said the Duck.

And I quite agree with her.