

Japanese Fairy Tale Series, No. 4.

THE OLD MAN WHO MADE  
THE DEAD TREES  
BLOSSOM.



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THE OLD

MAN



WHO

MADE

THE

DEAD

TREES BLOSSOM.

**ONCE** upon a time there was  
a kind old couple that kept a pet  
dog. One day the old man dug  
where the dog scratched and unex-





pectedly found a quantity of gold. Now there was a bad-hearted couple, their neighbors, who envied them their good fortune and asked them to lend their dog. As they would take no refusal, they got the dog; but when they took him along the road he would not scratch the ground. Therefore they made him scratch, and then dug where he scratched. But instead of finding gold, they only found a lot of filthy stuff.



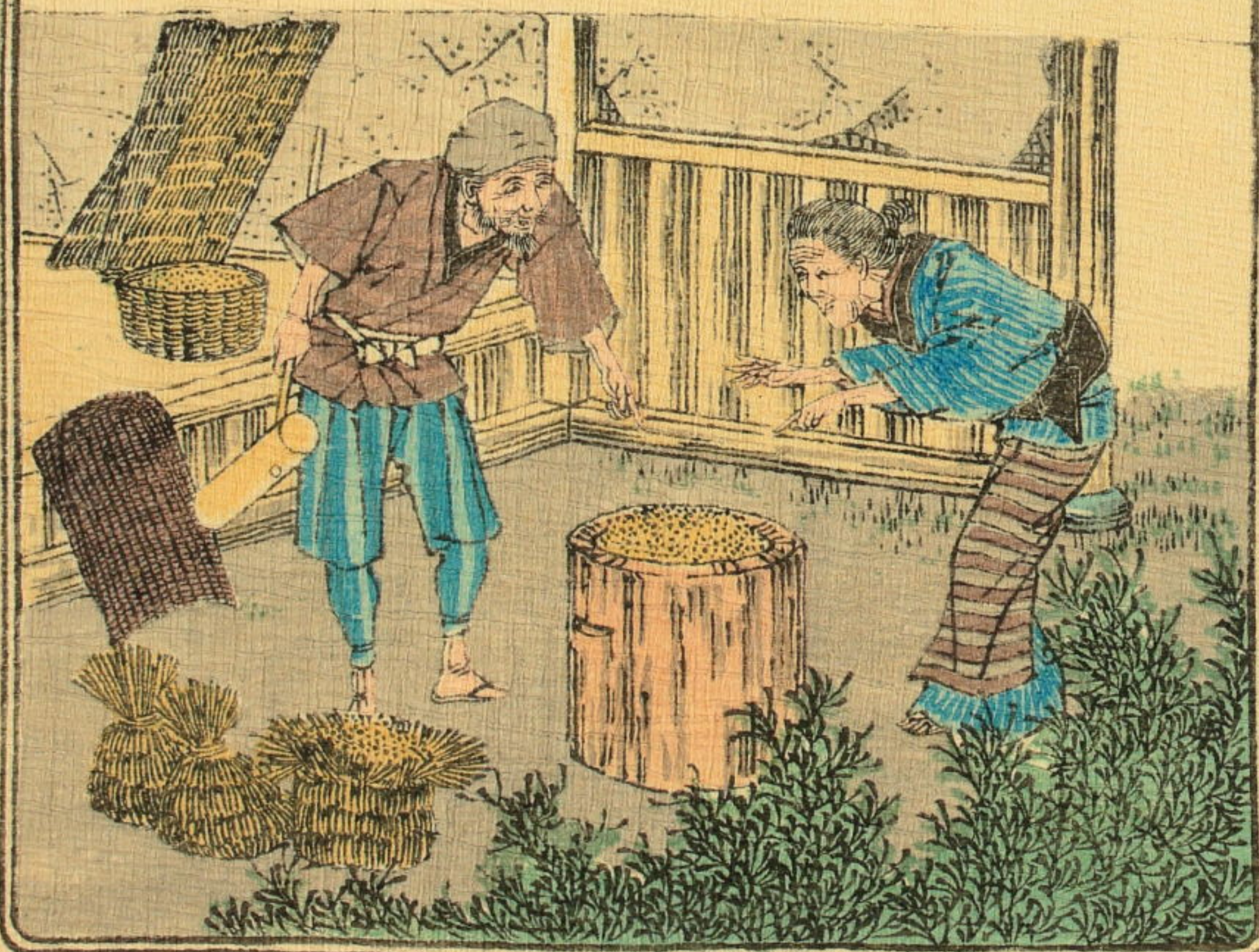


Then they got angry and killed  
the dog, and buried  
him under a  
small pine  
tree by

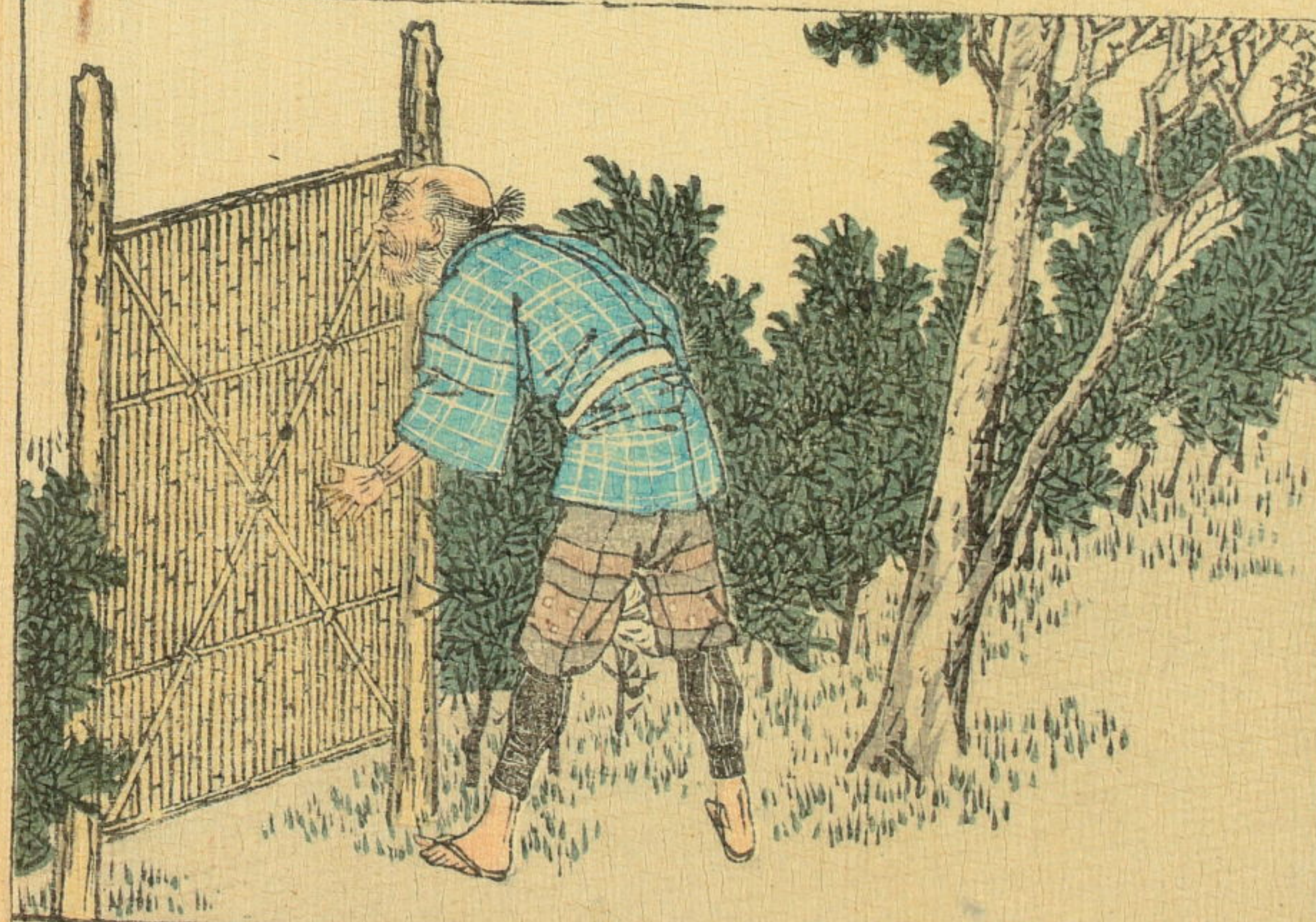




the way side. The pine tree suddenly grew to a great size; and the kind old man cut it down and made a mortar out of the wood. When he pounded barley in that mortar the barley would flow up out



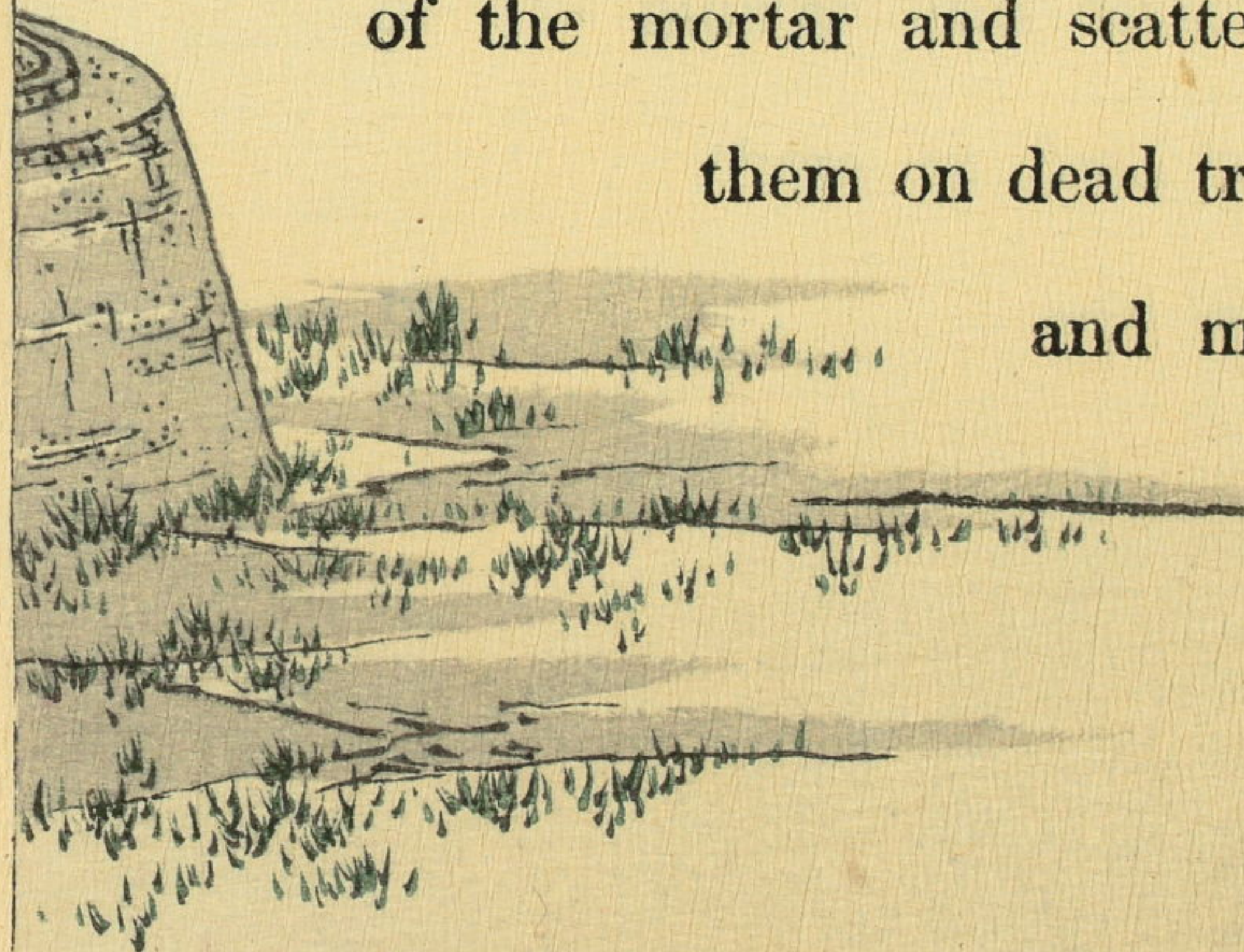
of the bottom and over-flow without end. His neighbor again envied him, and borrowed his mortar to pound his barley in. But when he did so his barley all turned out cracked and worm-eaten. Then





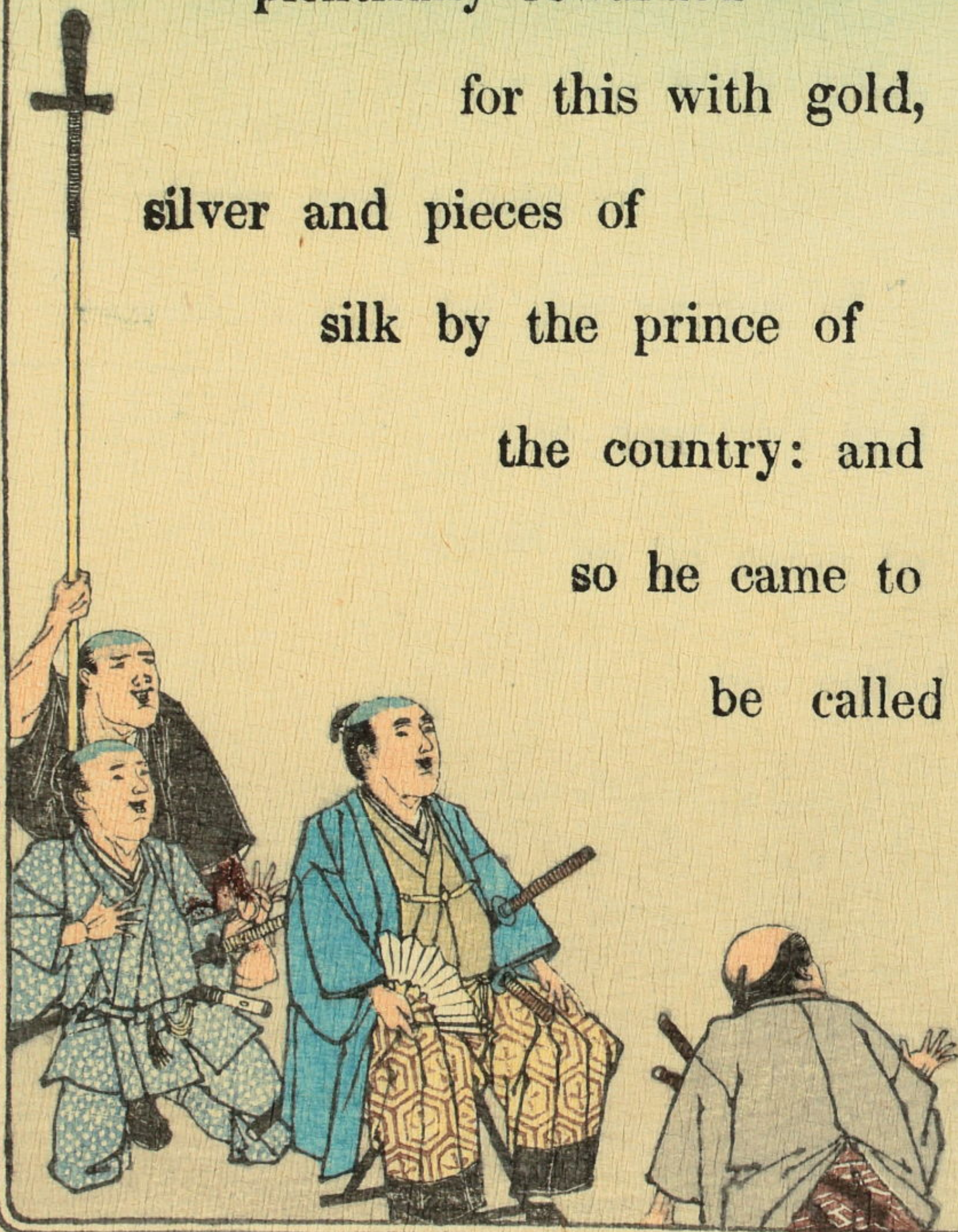


he became still  
more enraged and broke  
the mortar to pieces and used  
it for fire wood. The kind old  
man then took some of the ashes  
of the mortar and scattered  
them on dead trees,  
and made



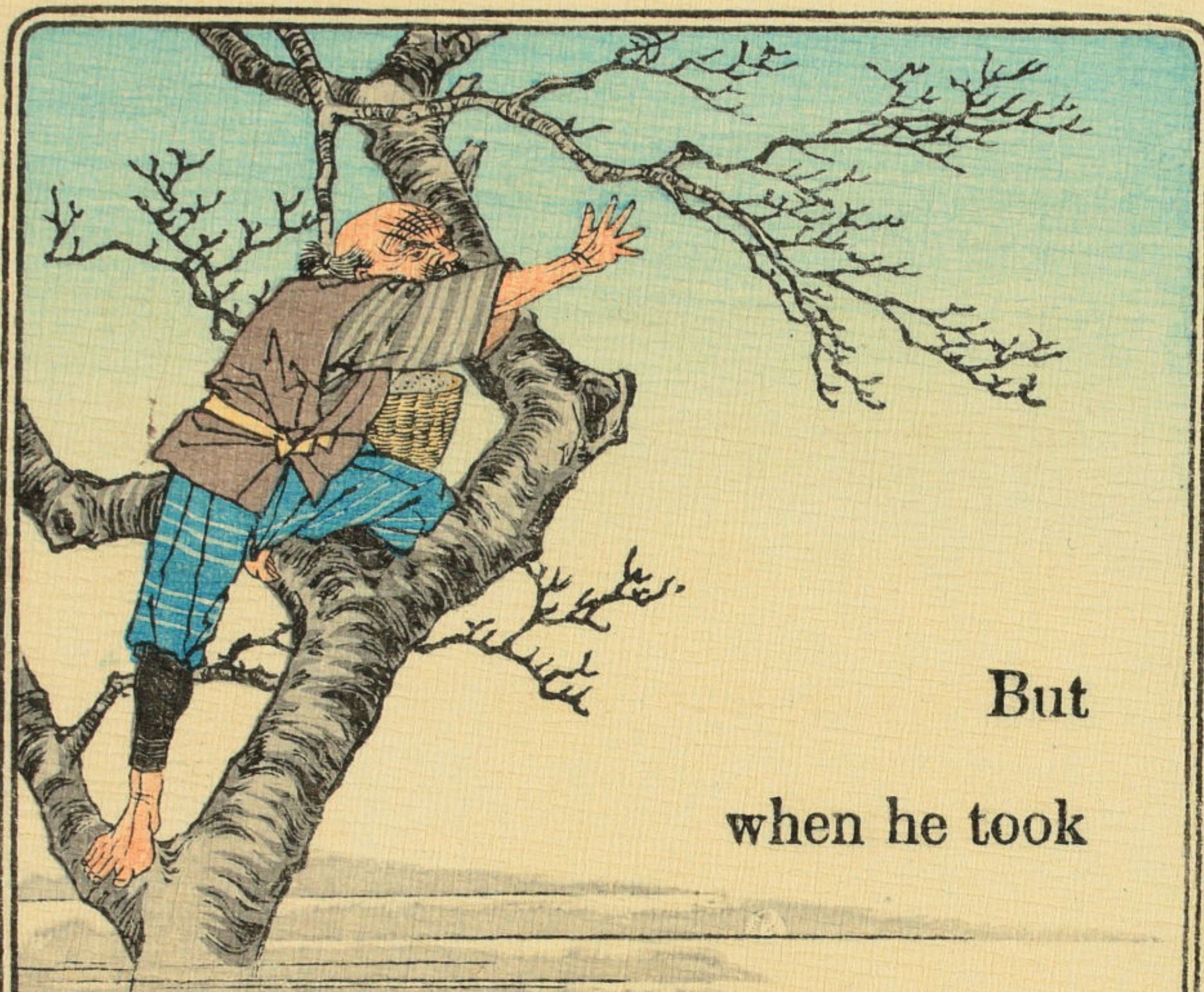


them blossom He was  
plentifully rewarded  
for this with gold,  
silver and pieces of  
silk by the prince of  
the country: and  
so he came to  
be called



“The old  
man who made dead  
trees blossom.” Again his neighbor  
envied him, and attempted to make  
dead trees blossom with the ashes.





But  
when he took

a handful  
and sprinkled it on the  
limbs of a dead tree, the  
tree did not

blossom, but the ashes  
blew into the eyes of the  
prince of the country. The re-  
tainers of the prince roared out:  
"That's a nice state  
of things!"

and  
seized





the old man, and all hands gave him a sore beating. With his head bruised and bloody he barely escaped. In this condition his wife saw him returning in the distance. "My husband too, I see, has been rewarded by the prince with purple garments," she said. But while she was thus rejoicing, he came near, when she looked more closely and saw that her husband instead

of being clothed in purple was stained with blood. As to the man, he then took to his bed sick, and at last died.

