

In this way the over-careful trout kept himself in continual fear, and could neither eat, drink, nor sleep in peace, lest some mischief should be near, so that he grew thinner and thinner, and sadder and sadder every day, for he pined away with hunger, till wasted almost to skin and bone with care and melancholy; at last he died, from the fear of dying—the most miserable death in the world.

Now, when the Genie came to the youngest silver trout, and asked what he wished for, Alas! said the dear little thing, you know, may it please your greatness, I am a very silly and good-for-nothing little fish, and I do not know, not I, what is good for me, and what is bad for me; and I wonder how I came to be worth