

# BETWEEN THE COVERS RARE BOOKS

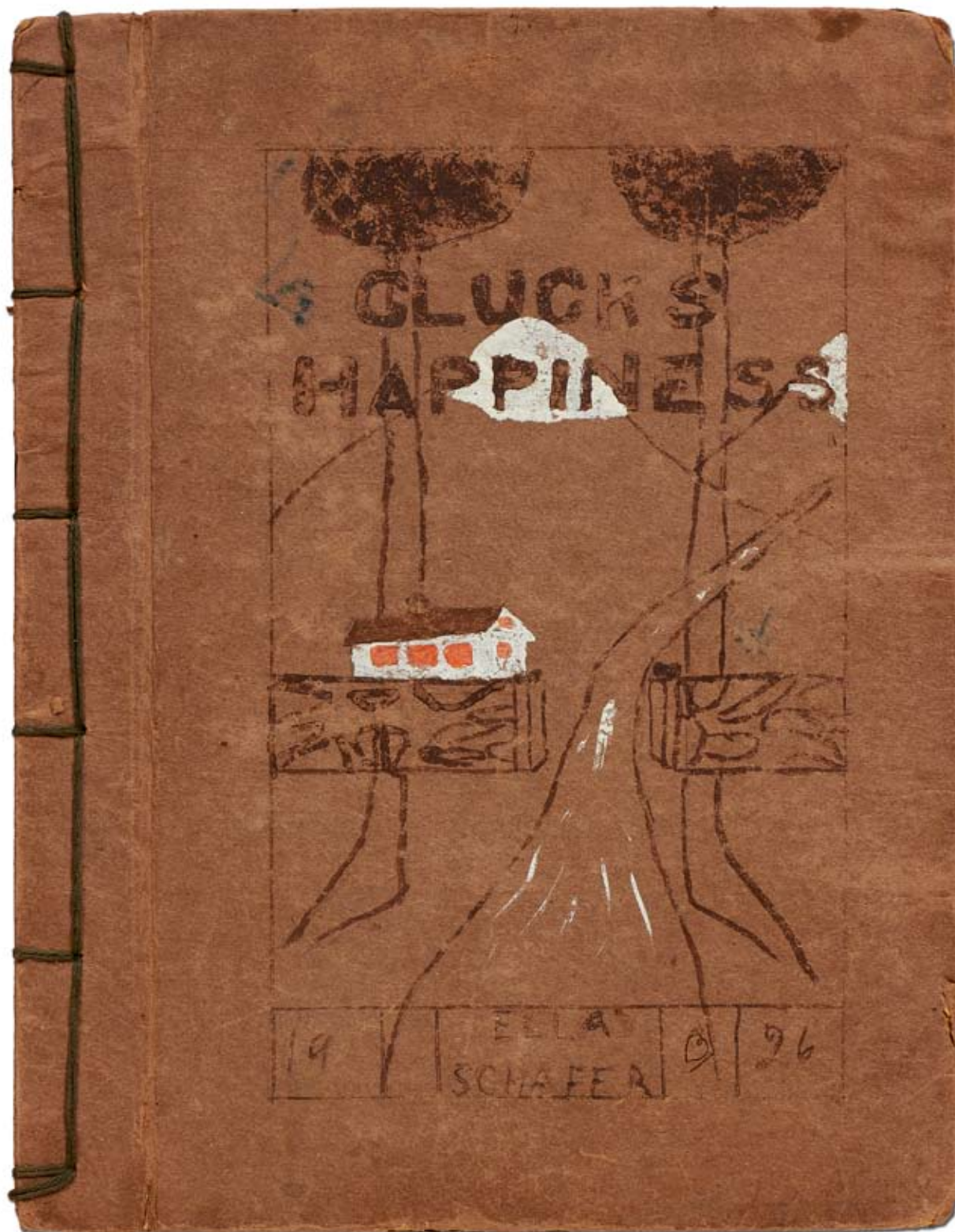
112 Nicholson Rd, Gloucester City, NJ 08030 (856) 456-8008 [betweenthecovers.com](http://betweenthecovers.com)

**Ella Shafer**

*Gluck's Happiness*

Nebraska: 1926

\$950



Small Quarto. Handbound paper boards. Illustrated. Created in the style of a contemporary book, with the first section being disbound pages from Ruskin's "The King of the Golden Rover," presented by Nebraska 7th grader Ella Shafer, in 1926. Both printed pages and handwritten sections are naively stitched within stiff paper illustrated boards.

DEAR READERS

I WROTE THIS BOOK FOR  
THE PLEASURE OF A SICK  
LITTLE GIRL WHOSE  
NAME IS EUPHEMIA GRAY.  
I HOPE THOSE WHO READ  
IT WILL LEARN A LESSON.

I DEDICATE THIS BOOK  
TO A SICK LITTLE GIRL

With hand rendered title page, frontis, introduction to readers, the "book" continues with 38 pages of printed text. From there, the child's work evolves more fully into a true handmade book, with

twenty nine detailed illustrations, in a similar palette of salmon, ochre, black, and twenty eight handwritten pages for the remainder, in addition to list of illustrations, dedication. Additional laid in is a black and white photograph of Dora Shafer, presumably author's sister or mother. [BTC#399466]

GLUCKS  
HAPPINESS

BY

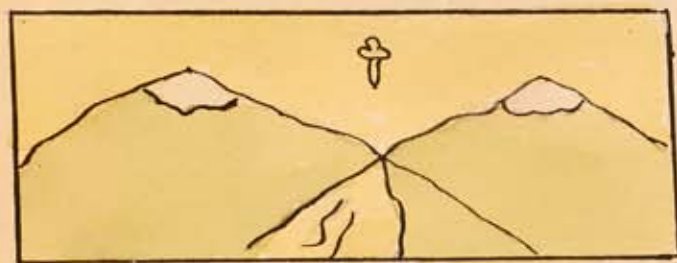
ELLA

SCHAFFER

ILLUSTRATIONS

BY

ELLA  
SCHAFFER



19	COPYRIGHT	26
----	-----------	----

# THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER

## CHAPTER I

### *The Destruction of Treasure Valley*



IN A SECLUDED and mountainous part of Styria there was, in old time, a valley of the most surprising and luxuriant fertility. It was surrounded on all sides by steep and rocky mountains, rising into peaks, which were always covered with snow, and from which a number of torrents descended in constant cataracts.

One of these cataracts fell westward, over the face of a crag so high that, when the sun had set to everywhere, and all below was darkness, his beams still full upon this waterfall, so that it looked like a river of gold. It was therefore called by the people of the neighborhood the Golden River. It was strange that none of the streams fell into the valley itself. They all descended on the other side of the mountains, and wound away through fertile plains and by populous cities.

The clouds were drawn so constantly to the snowy hills, and rested so softly in the circular hollow, that, in time of drought and heat, when all the country round was burnt up, there was still rain in the little valley. Its crops were so good, and its hay so high, and its apples so red, and its grapes so blue, and its wine so rich, and its honey so sweet, that it was a marvel to every one who beheld it. It was therefore not only called the Treasure Valley.

CHANGING HANS AND SCHWARTZ  
INTO MEN



Walt