

and sister were both out working in the field above, and it took him some time to get the milk and bread and cheese.

"I will place the things nicely on the table and then ask the stranger to come in and rest awhile, for the good Book says, 'Use hospitality, nothing grudging, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares.' I dare say mother will ask him to stay all night; he can have a part of my bed, he is not very big."

Full of kindly feeling, Herman busied himself to set the humble fare in tempting array, and after putting the cushion from his mother's chair on that placed ready for his guest, he stepped out to summon him to the frugal meal.

But the man was nowhere to be seen; the basket and stick he had carried were gone, and after the first moment of surprise Herman discovered to his dismay that his flute and his pet, his darling Mouzelle, had also disappeared.

In vain he ran hither and thither, calling upon the stranger and whistling the notes of an air which invariably drew the marmot from its hiding-place. No marmot was to be seen running to him to climb his leg and nestle its soft head in his breast, or lick his now tear-stained face.