

and while the King and his guest partook of the fruit, the dwarf maidens played the most delicious music.

Afterward costly wine was brought in silver goblets.

When the repast was ended, Hibich led his young visitor into an adjoining chamber, on one side of which was silver, on the other gold, and at the royal command, "Silver!" "Gold!" the forester's son must take of the metal named till he was laden with wealth.

Then the Dwarf-King said: "Wilt thou do me a favour? Namely, never to permit any one to shoot at birds on the Hibichenstein; for in this way bits of the rock are broken off.

"As long as the great Hibichenstein remains the great, my crown is secure; but so soon as it becomes the little Hibichenstein, I lose my crown, and can never appear on the earth again."

The youth promised, and Hibich conducted him to another chamber, where stood a delicious bed of fragrant moss, wished him Gute Nacht, and promised to wake him early.

The forester's son had slept but a short time, as it seemed to him, when he was waked up suddenly. It was early dawn, and he shivered, exclaiming, "How cold it is!"

He lay under a bush at the foot of the Hibichenstein, but all the gold and silver that the Dwarf-King Hibich had given him was heaped up beside him.