

"Nay, nay," said the maiden, with unaffected good will, "you really must not disappoint Hans: he would never forgive me. So come," said she, as she unbuckled the wallet which hung over his right shoulder—"let me see what you have here. But"—and she looked tearfully and earnestly in his face—"you *will* be back to-morrow evening, will you, indeed?"

"By to-morrow evening, love, Hans—gömsen—and all. My wallet is pretty well stocked, you see; but I am going to beg a little of that delicious Oberhasli Kirchwasser, to fill my flaschen."

I need not relate how Fritz had his flask filled with the said Kirchwasser, or how his stock of eatables was increased by some delicious cheese, made by the pretty hands of Netty herself, or how sundry other little trifles were added to his portable commissariat, or how he paid for them all in ready kisses, or how Netty sat at the window and watched him with tearful eyes, as he strode up the hill towards the Scheidegg.

At the chalet he found that Hans had started alone, and proceeded towards the Wetterhorn. He drew his belt tighter, and began to ascend the steep and craggy path, which wound round the base of the ice heaped mass, along the face of which, half way to the summit, the clouds were lazily creeping. It was still, sunny day, and he gradually ascended far enough to get a view over the splendid glacier of Rosenlani. Its clear ice, here and there streaked with a line of bright crystal blue, that marked the edge of an ice-reft. Hans was not to be seen. All was still, except now and then the shrill piping of the marmot, or the reverberated roar of the summer lavenges, in the remote and snowy wilds above him. He had just reached the edge of the glacier, and was clambering over the debris, which a long succession of ages had carried down from the rocky peaks above, when the strange whistling sound emitted by the chamois caught his ear. On they dashed, a herd of nine, right across the glacier—bounding like winged things over the fathomless refts, with a foot as firm and confident as if it trod on the green sward. Fritz muttered a grim dormerwetter between his teeth, when the unerring measurement of his practised eye, told him they were out of shot; and dropping down between the huge blocks of stone among which he stood, so as to be out of sight of the game, he watched their course, and calculated his chance of reaching them. They crossed the glacier—sprung up the rocky barrier on the opposite side, leaping from crag to crag, and finding footing where an eagle scarce could perch, until they disappeared at the summit. A moment's calculation, with regard to their probable course, and Fritz was in pursuit. He crossed the glacier further down, and chose a route by which he knew, from experience, he would be most likely, without being perceived by the chamois, to reach the spot where he expected to meet with them.

Many hours had elapsed in the ascent, for he was obliged to make a long circuit, and the sun was getting low in the west when he arrived at the summit. His heart throbbed audibly as he approached the spot where he expected to get a view. All was in his favour. He was to leeward—the almost unceasing thunder of the avalanches drowned any slight noise which the chamois might otherwise have heard—and a little ridge of drifted snow on the