

As they descended the hill a pretty scene presented itself to the view of the travellers. The balconies and steep overhanging roofs of the cottages scattered in the valley seemed to give an air of coolness to the shaded space below. Meadows gay with flowers lay stretched out in the distance; herds of cattle were feeding or cooling themselves in the pools that glistened in the sun, reflecting the quivering branches of the overhanging trees. It was all a great contrast to the wild rocky hills and shaded valleys they had left behind them, and they enjoyed the change.

Groups of men, women and children, all in holiday attire, some in carts and carriages and some on foot, soon added a greater interest to the scene.

There were caravans of wild beasts, with pictures of huge tigers and lions on the outside, painted larger than life and as red or yellow as the painter could make them, at the sight of which dreadful-looking animals Franz set up a loud cry, declaring that the "beasts with the big claws and white teeth would eat him," and it was only with some difficulty that his sisters could drag him past the slow-moving caravans.

As they entered the suburbs of the town the throng of people grew greater, and poor Lotchen's troubles began. The baby, who had slept soundly most of the way, now began to waken and cry, frightened by the