

"Oh, never fear, lad. No harm will happen to Mouzelle. We shall all go to the fair, wife and I and the little ones. Pauline and Carline are coming home to-night to go with us, and you may go with us too. I go every year, if only to see the great tower dressed with evergreen and laurel and the flags of the free Cantons, and the statue of our great hero, William Tell, who cleft the apple off his son's head. Hurrah for William Tell and the free Cantons!" and waving his fur cap above his head, Carl Graaf went down the valley.

"It is a pretty little beast and very well taught, too," said a soft fawning voice behind Herman, who looking round perceived, standing close by, a man whom he had not noticed before.

The stranger was shabbily dressed and had a rushen flail basket, such as carpenters carry tools in, slung over his shoulder. He spoke low and softly, but had a sharp, cunning expression which did not suit his voice.

"Let me see your marmot go through his exercise, master," said the traveller, seating himself on a block of stone near the door of the châlet.

Herman complied at once with the request, not a little proud of the exploits of his pet and the exclamations of delight from the stranger, who cried out repeatedly, "Bravo! Bravo! Encore!"