

or the kestrel hawk as if it came from the pines on the rocky pinnacles above their heads, then with a merry shout and laugh ran on to surprise and delude them by some new trick or innocent deception. Even the practised ear of Carl Graaf was often deceived by Herman's mimicry, and the old goatherd would cry out, "Bah! The boy's a witch to cheat us so!"

The early dew was scarcely dry from the azure bells of the blue gentian and the rock saxifrage that carpeted the ground, when our little party made a halt under a group of arbutus bushes to eat a hasty meal before descending the steep road to the more level country. Lotchen selected a thymy knoll on the bank of a bright sparkling rill of cool water. Here she collected the stragglers and made them sit down, while she divided the rye cakes, cheese and apples among them. Herman was not forgotten, but received a liberal share, and the prudent mother greatly commended him for dividing his milk with the boys, and was glad to accept a little of it for the chubby baby.

As soon as the frugal meal was ended, the children gathered up the fragments that remained and stowed them away carefully in Carl's wallet, "for," said the mother, "they may be wanted yet as we go home; cakes are nice, but they do not satisfy hungry children."