

summit, where he found a large level space, and began to dance and shout for joy, and called to his friend to climb up. But the other shook his head, and told him not to forget he had to come down.

Finally, when his joy had cooled, the forester's son decided to descend, but could not leave the spot, for the Dwarf-King Hibich held him enchanted to the rock for his presumption.

He called to his friend and entreated him to go and tell his father.

Then the forester came with his gun and would shoot his son down.

But as he was about to fire, came Hibich and demanded what he was going to do ; and as he replied he was going to shoot his son down from the mountain, the King advised him not to attempt anything so foolish.

Again he took aim, when it began to thunder and lighten, and the rain poured down in torrents.

Night came on, and the forester was obliged to go home till morning.

Hardly had he gone when the dwarfs arrived, all in miners' dress, and each carrying a mine-lamp.

They had the most skilful ladders, which they placed one on the other, and now they held together as if they had been glued.

As soon as this ladder was ready, and reached the top of the Hibichenstein, a dwarf stood at each side and lighted the way.