

with roasts and salad, fruit and wine, which made his heart rejoice within him. When he sat down at the table, a young and pretty maid waited on him, who seemed much astonished to see how he enjoyed his meal. When he had eaten and drunk enough, he was shown into another room, in which was a magnificent bedstead, with green silk curtains. With a secret dread that the postillion's horn would blow presently, he undressed and lay down in this splendid bed, where he soon fell asleep.

CHAPTER VI.

THE next morning our hero awoke very early, and for a long time could not make out where he was. At last he jumped out of bed, dressed, took his fiddle, and went out into the garden. Not a sound was to be heard in the still morning air but the song of one little bird, which had awoke early and was singing its morning hymn on a bush under the window of the bedroom. On the terrace a tall pale youth, clad in a long coat, was sitting on a stone bench, reading aloud as if he were preaching. The collector began to play on his fiddle, and soon the old woman, who had been looking for him everywhere, appeared with her bunch of keys, and seemed much surprised to hear him play so beautifully. The life our hero led in the castle, which, as he learned, belonged to a rich count, was a glorious one. No sooner did he wish for any food or drink, meat or cheese, fruit or wine, than it was there, just as in a fairy tale. He had nothing to do but play his fiddle or lie in the grass, until he felt as if his joints would fall asunder with idleness, and he grew quite melancholy with doing nothing. At night, after he had retired to his room, he often heard the sound of a guitar under his window, but when he put out his head and shouted: "Hello! who's there?" there was no answer.

One sultry afternoon, when our young friend had climbed up to the top of a tree, he suddenly heard in the distance the blast