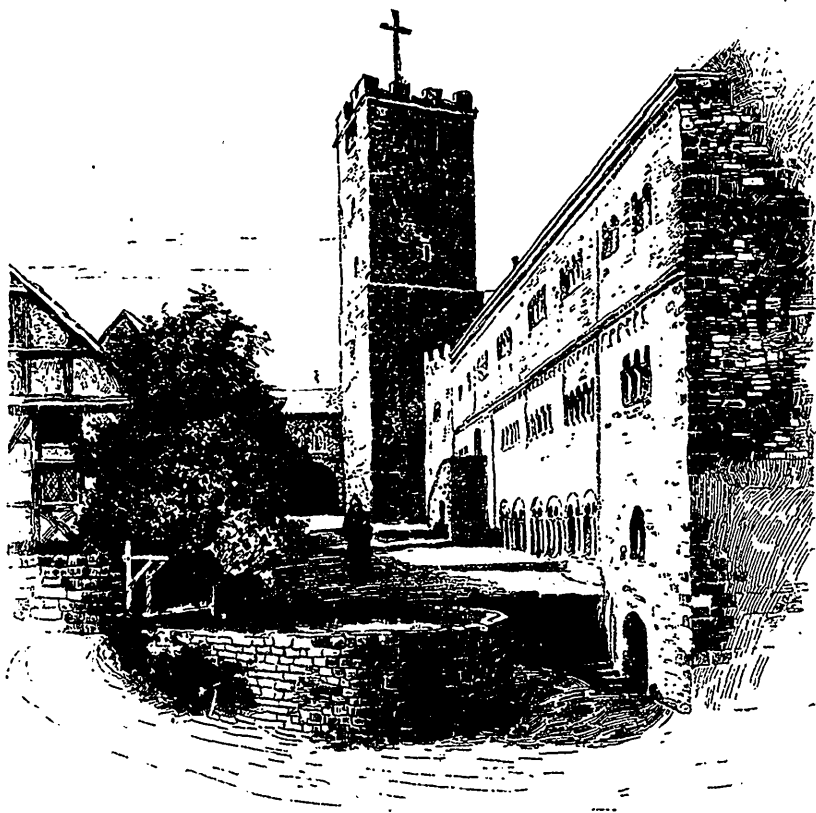


creatures coming down from the forests almost hidden under their huge bundles of wood.

The Thuringian peasant has implicit belief in his own ghost stories, and treasures the belief with that kind of reverence which forbids all interference with his credulity. The snow-white stag with golden horns, that wanders in the forest, he may never have seen, for children to whom the sight is vouchsafed die young;



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but he has heard the hoofs of the black horse of the Knight of Rittersberg, going to the Wittgenstein at midnight, and has listened to the sneezing of the beautiful princess, imprisoned for years in the great rock of the Marienthal. Very few of the most rigid unbelievers of legends but listen with wonder to the kingly stories of the famous old Kyphauser, where Friederich Barbarossa and his courtiers still doze away their lives in the vaults of the ruined castle. "We love our ghosts as we do our forests," said a.