

THE RESERVATION.

CHAPTER I.

Not far from Oberamergau, in the Bavarian Alps for many years there dwelt, side by side, the families of William Schmidt and John Zittel. They were loyal Germans and sturdy yeomen, eking out a scant livelihood by the pursuit of agriculture, saving all they could, hoping that in the near future they would be able to emigrate to that Mecca of all the oppressed, America.

The passing years brought to the Schmidt family a daughter whom the fond parents christened Katherine, and to the Zittels, some two years before the birth of Katherine, a son was born who was called Heinrich. It was some years later than this before the families had saved sufficient money to pay the expenses of emigrating to America.

The day finally came when the waiting was at an end, and the time for departure at hand. Packing all they could carry in bundles, the men swung them over their shoulders, and, leaving the care of the children to the women, started on foot for the nearest point of transportation.

"I've been thinking, William," said John, "that maybe after all we are making a mistake, and we will soon wish ourselves back in the Fatherland."