

"Well," said Little Klaus, at length, "as you were so kind as to give me a night's shelter, I won't say nay. You shall have the conjurer for a bushel of money, only it must be full measure, mind you."

"You shall have it," said the farmer. "But you must take away the chest with you, for I wouldn't let it stay an hour longer in the house; there's no knowing but what he may still be inside it."

Little Klaus then gave the farmer his bag containing the dried skin, and received a bushel of money—full measure—in exchange.

The farmer gave him a wheel-barrow into the bargain, to enable him to take away the chest and the bushel of money.

"Farewell!" said Little Klaus, and away he went with his money and the large chest containing the sexton.

At the other end of the forest was a broad, deep river, whose waters were so rapid that one could hardly swim against the tide. A new bridge had just been built over it. Little Klaus now stopped in the middle of the bridge, and said, loud enough to be heard by the sexton: "What shall I do with this stupid chest? It is as heavy as if filled with a stone. I am tired of trundling it any further, so I'll throw it into the river; if it swims after me till I reach home, it's all well and good—if not, I don't care."

He then seized hold of the chest, and began to lift it up a little, as though he were going to throw it into the water.

"Leave it alone," cried the sexton, inside the chest; "let me out first."

"Oh dear, oh dear!" said Little Klaus, pretending to be frightened; he is still inside! I must

make haste and fling him into the river, that he may get drowned."

"Oh! no, no, no!" cried the sexton; "I'll give you a whole bushelful of money if you will set me free."

"That is something like!" said Little Klaus, opening the chest. The sexton crept out, pushed the empty chest into the water, and went home, where he measured out a whole bushel of money for Little Klaus. As he had already received one from the farmer his wheelbarrow was now full of coins.

"I have been well paid for the horse at all events," said he to himself, when he had reached home, and had shaken out all the money into a heap on the floor of his room.

"It will vex big Klaus when he hears how rich I have become through my only horse; but I shan't tell him exactly how it all came about."

He now sent a lad to Big Klaus to borrow a bushel.

"What can he want it for?" thought Big Klaus, as he smeared the bottom of it with tar, that some particles of what was to be measured might stick to it. And sure enough this came to pass, for on receiving back the bushel, three new silver half-florins were adhering to the tar.

"Are you crazy?" cried they; do you think we measure money by the bushel?"

"Skins! skins! who'll buy skins?" cried he, once more; but to all who asked the price of them he answered: "A bushel of money."

"He means to make game of us," said they; and the shoemakers took up their stirrups, and the tanners their leather aprons, and fell to belabouring Big Klaus' shoulders. "Skins! skins!" cried they, mocking him; "I'll warrant we'll tan your skin for you, till it is black and blue. Out of the town with him!" hooted they, and Big Klaus ran as fast as he

could, for he had never been beaten so thoroughly before.

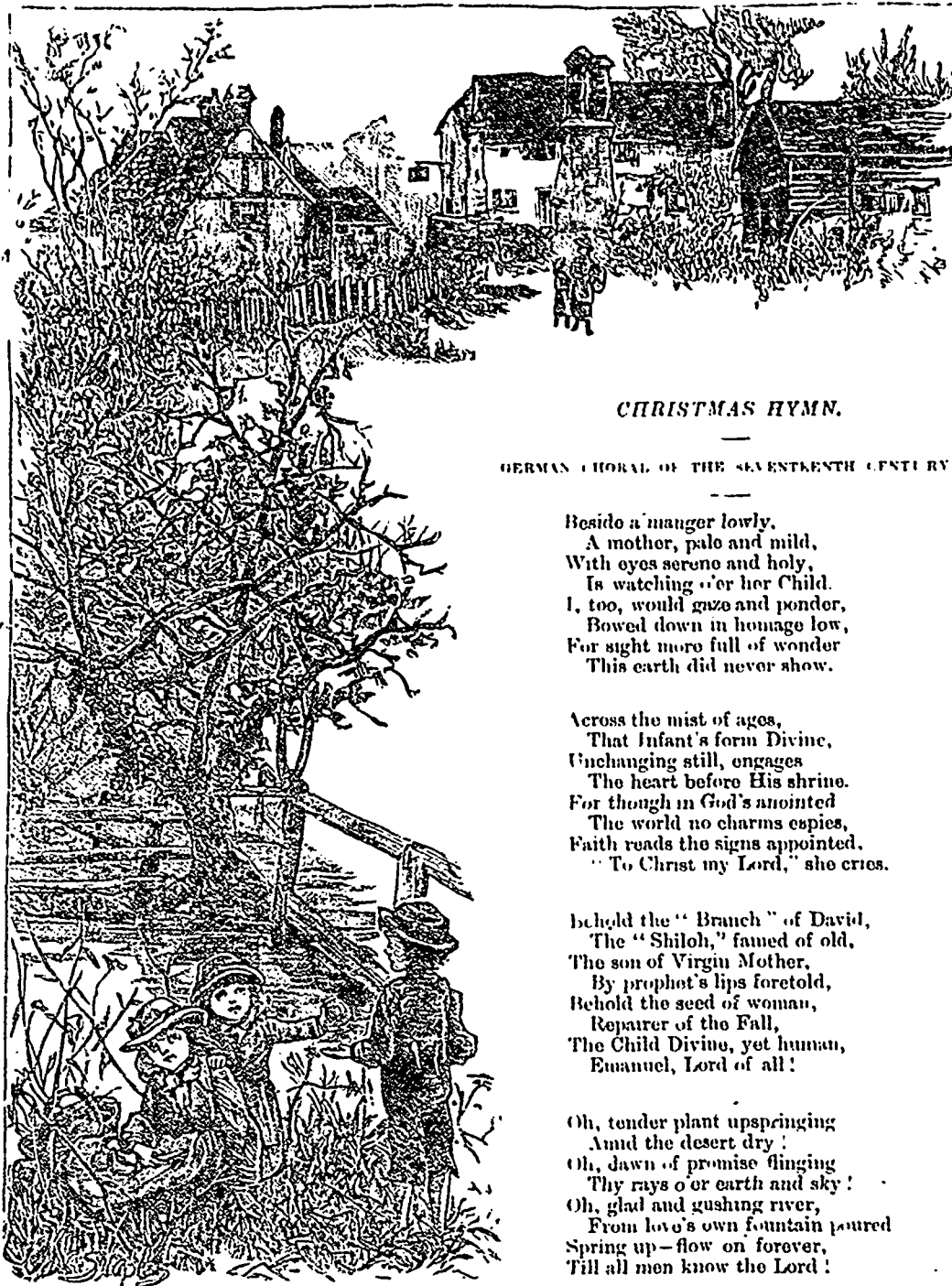
"Little Klaus shall pay me for this!" said he on reaching home; "I'll kill him for his pains."

Meantime Little Klaus' old grandmother had died in his house. She had always been very cross and very unkind to him; still he was sorry, and he put the dead body into his warm bed, to see if it would not bring her back to life. Here he left her all night, while he sat in a corner, and slept in a chair, which he had often done before.

In the middle of the night, the door opened, and in came Big Klaus with his hatchet. He knew the place where Little Klaus's bed stood, and therefore went right up to it, and knocked the old grandame on the head, thinking it must be Little Klaus.

"There!" said he; "now you'll not play off any more of your tricks on me!" And he then went home.

"What a wicked man!" thought Little Klaus. "He wanted to kill me. It was lucky for my old grandame that she was already dead, or he would have put an end to her



### CHRISTMAS HYMN.

GERMAN CHORAL OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

Beside a manger lowly,  
A mother, pale and mild,  
With eyes serene and holy,  
Is watching o'er her Child.  
I, too, would gaze and ponder,  
Bowed down in homage low,  
For sight more full of wonder  
This earth did never show.

Across the mist of ages,  
That Infant's form Divine,  
Unchanging still, engages  
The heart before His shrine.  
For though in God's anointed  
The world no charms espies,  
Faith reads the signs appointed,  
"To Christ my Lord," she cries.

Behold the "Branch" of David,  
The "Shiloh," famed of old,  
The son of Virgin Mother,  
By prophet's lips foretold,  
Behold the seed of woman,  
Repairer of the Fall,  
The Child Divine, yet human,  
Emanuel, Lord of all!

Oh, tender plant upspringing  
Amid the desert dry!  
Oh, dawn of promise flinging  
Thy rays o'er earth and sky!  
Oh, glad and gushing river,  
From love's own fountain poured  
Spring up—flow on forever,  
Till all men know the Lord!

"How comes this?" said Big Klaus; and running off to Little Klaus, he inquired: "Where did you get so much money?"

"Oh, it was given me for my horse's skin which I sold yesterday."

"It was pretty handsomely paid for seemingly," said Big Klaus, who ran home, and seizing a hatchet, knocked his four horses on the head, and then took their skins to town to sell.

"Skins! skins! who'll buy skins?" he cried through all the streets.

A number of shoemakers and tanners came and inquired what he asked for them.

"A bushel of money for each," said Big Klaus.

life."

He now dressed his old grandame in her holiday clothes, borrowed a horse of his neighbour, and harnessed it to his cart, and then placed his old grandame on the back seat, so that she should not fall out when he began to drive, and away they went through the forest. By sunrise they had reached a large inn, at which Little Klaus stopped, and went in for some refreshment.

The landlord was a wealthy man, and he was a good one too; only as passionate as if he had been made of pepper and snuff.

"Good morning!" said he to Little Klaus; "you are stirring betimes to-day."

"Yes," said Little Klaus; "I'm going to