

of expectation of rare shows and fine sights that were to gladden their eyes at the fair.

Lotchen, Graaf's wife, trudged on with a pack of homespun wares upon her back, while Carl, like a good husband, carried the fat baby on his shoulder. It was the heavier and to his fond eyes the more precious load. Franz and Fridolin, two stout chubby boys of seven and nine years old, trotted behind or cantered on before like little Highland ponies, their yellow curls smoothed from their usual rough state into tolerable order, while their red cheeks gave proof of the care their older sisters, Carline and Pauline, had taken to scour them clean in the brook that flowed past their father's door.

Herman began to whistle and imitate the notes of the little birds as they carolled in the bushes, and smiled gleefully to see how Carline and her sister turned their heads to listen and look for the feathered songsters. By and by he set Franz and Fridolin scampering up the steep rocky sides of the valley to get a sight of the wild kid whose plaintive bleating he had mimicked; or to hunt for the marmot in its holes and burrows among the rocks, while he mocked its shrill whistling note of anger or surprise.

Sometimes he feigned the wild scream of the eagle