

THE COLD HEART

also known as

THE LITTLE GLASS MAN

translated from the German tale

“Das Kalte Herz”

by

WILHELM HAUFF



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THE COLD HEART

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WHOEVER journeys through Swabia should, on no account, neglect to pay a visit to the Black Forest; not so much to see the forest itself, although such countless numbers of vast pines are not to be found in all countries, as to study the inhabitants, between whom and the people in the neighborhood there exists a striking difference.

They are of larger stature than the generality of men, with broad shoulders and strong limbs, and seem as if the invigorating air, which at morning blows through the pine trees, had imparted to them from their youth up a freer breath, a clearer eye, and a ruder courage, than to the inhabitants of the valleys and the plains.

And not only in height and bearing, but in their habits and manners also, they differ strikingly from the people outside.

The residents in the Black Forest dress themselves with much taste; the men allow the beard, which nature has planted on the chin, to grow to its full length, and their black doublets, huge, loose trousers, red stockings, and pointed hats encircled by a wide flapping brim, give them a peculiar but dignified appearance.

Their occupation is principally glass-making; but they also manufacture watches, and carry them over half the world.

On the opposite side of the forest dwell a branch of the same people, whose mode of life has given them habits and customs differing from those of their glass-making brethren.

They deal with their forest; they fell and hew the pine trees, and float them down the Magold to the Neckar, from the Neckar to the Rhine, till the people of the Black Forest and their huge rafts are known as far as Holland.

They halt at all the cities on the streams down which they pass, and wait till men come to buy their timbers and boards; and their strongest and longest timbers they sell to the mynheers to build ships with.

These men are accustomed to a wild and wandering existence; their chief enjoyment is to descend their rivers on their rafts, their sole regret to return again to shore.

Their dress differs much from that of the glass-blowers in the other part of the forest.

Their doublets are of dark-colored linen, with suspenders of green material, the width of the hand, crossing on their breasts, and their trousers are of black leather, from whose pockets project brass foot-rules.

But their chief pride is in their boots, which are longer than those worn anywhere else in the world, for their wide legs reach high above the knee, and the wearers can walk for hours dry-shod through three feet of water.

Till within a recent period the dwellers of the forest firmly believed in wood-demons, and only very lately has this degrading superstition been at all diminished in strength.

It is a singular fact, moreover, that these demons, who are reputed to dwell in the Black Forest, wear the same distinctive

garments as the human inhabitants.

Thus, it is said that the Glass Manikin, a benevolent spirit about four feet in height, never appears but in a peaked hat with a wide brim, a doublet, trousers, and red stockings.

Hollander Michael, on the other hand, who resides on the other side of the forest, is described as a huge, broad-shouldered fellow, in the dress of a woodman; and several persons who have seen him have solemnly declared that their purses were not deep enough to buy the calves whose skins would be required to make his boots.

"They would take in a common man up to his neck," they asserted, and never would confess to the least exaggeration in their statement.

A young native of the Black Forest was in the habit of describing, not long ago, a strange adventure with these wood-demons, which I will now tell you.

There was a certain widow, Mistress Barbara Munk, who lived in the Black Forest, whose husband had been a charcoal-burner; and, after his death, she had brought up her son, a lad of sixteen years, to the same business.

Young Peter Munk, a sharp-witted youth, was for a time satisfied with his lot, for during his father's life he had never looked at the matter otherwise than as sitting the whole week near the roaring kiln, or going down to the city, black and dirty, to sell the coal.

But a charcoal-burner has much leisure for reflection; and when Peter sat at his kiln, the waving trees overhead, the profound silence of the forest, moved his heart to unwonted tears and longings.

Something, he knew not what, inspired him with a mixed feeling of despondency and anger.

At last, however, he discovered the cause of these emotions: it was his station in life.

"A dirty, lonely charcoal-burner!" he said to himself.

"It is a miserable life.

How respectable are glass-blowers, watch-makers, musicians!

But when Peter Munk makes his appearance, washed and dressed, in his father's best doublet with silver buttons, and his brand-new red stockings, and any one comes behind him and says, "Who can this slim lad be?" and secretly admires his stockings and his graceful walk, when he passes me and looks in my face, he is sure to say, "Bah, it's only Peter Munk, the charcoal-burner!" The woodmen on the other side of the forest were also objects of his envy.

When these wood-giants came over, in their handsome dresses, and carrying on their person, in chains, buckles and buttons, half a hundred weight of silver, when they stood looking on at the dance with straddled legs and grinning faces, with their Dutch oaths, and their Cologne pipes a yard in length, like distinguished mynheers, Peter would hold them up to his imagination as perfect pictures of happy men.

And when these fortunate beings thrust their hands into their pockets, and, pulling out handfuls of great dollars, squandered instead of a paltry sixpence, like Peter, six florins here and ten there, Peter's strength of mind gave way, and he would sneak home miserable to his hut.

For many a holiday he had seen one or another of these "wood-masters" play away more money in five minutes than poor Peter could hope to earn in a year.

There were three of these men especially of whom he could not determine which to admire the most.

One of them was a thick, stout man, with a red face, who passed for the richest person in the neighborhood.

They called him Fat Ezekiel.

He made two journeys every year to Amsterdam, and had the good fortune to sell his timber invariably so much dearer than his rivals that, while the others came home on foot, he always travelled sumptuously on wheels.

The second was the longest and leanest man in the whole forest, and was called "Long Slurker."

His extreme impudence was the object of Peter's especial envy; for, though he contradicted the most respectable people, though he took up more room at the tavern than four of the stoutest men, for he either sat with both elbows on the table, or stretched out his long, thin legs on the bench he was occupying, yet none ventured to oppose his selfishness, as he was reputed to be possessed of untold gold.

The third was a young, handsome man and the best dancer in the whole country, and was called by his companions, for that reason, "King Dance."

He had been a poor lad in former times, and had served his apprenticeship with a master-woodman; but all of a sudden he had become immensely rich, and some people said he had found a pot of gold under an old pine-tree; others, that he had fished up with his spear from the Rhine, not far from Bingen, a chest of gold pieces; but, however that may have been, he had suddenly grown very wealthy, and was treated like a prince by young and old.

Peter Munk's thoughts often reverted to these three men, as he sat alone in the forest.

To be sure, all three had one great defect, which made them hated by all the people, and this was their excessive avarice in dealing with debtors and poor men, for generally the people of the Black Forest are kind-hearted and generous.

But everybody knows how it is in these matters; if they were hated for their avarice, they were honored for their wealth; for who like them could throw away his money as if it fell into his pockets from the trees?

"I cannot stand this much longer," said Peter, one day, sorrowfully; for the day before had been a holiday, and everybody had met at the tavern; "if luck doesn't come to me soon, I shall do something I shall be sorry for.

If I were only now as rich and distinguished as Fat Ezekiel, or as bold and influential as Long Slurker, or could toss dollars to the musicians like King Dance!

Where can that fellow have got his money?"

He went over in his mind every method of earning a fortune he could think of; but none suited him.

At last occurred to his mind the traditions he had heard, of people who had been made rich years ago by "Hollander Michael" and the "Glass Manikin."

While his father was alive, a good many poor men had been to visit him, and they had talked of little else but men of wealth, and

how they had got their money.

In many of these stories the glass manikin had played an important part; and, as Peter sat pondering, he could almost remember the verse of poetry which must be spoken at the great pine in the middle of the forest to make the manikin appear.

It began thus, he was sure:

"Treasurer in the forest green,

Who so many hundred years hast seen,

Thine is the land where the pine-trees stand, —"

But, rub up his memory as he pleased, he could not call to mind another line.

He deliberated whether he should inquire of some old man what the rest of the verse was; but a dislike to betray his thoughts repressed his impulse, and, besides, he decided that the tradition of the glass manikin could not be widely known, and very few persons must be acquainted with the poetry, for rich men were not numerous in the forest; and why had not his father and the other poor men tried their fortune?

He once led his mother to speak of the demon, but she merely told him what he knew already, and could only remember the first line of the stanza; though at length she recollected, "that the manikin showed himself only to people who had been born between eleven and two on Sunday.

Peter himself might pass very well as far as that went, if he could only recollect the verses, for he had been born on that day at twelve o'clock."

When the charcoal-burner heard this, he was almost beside himself with a desire to attempt the adventure.

It appeared to him amply sufficient to know a part of the poetry, and to have been born on Sunday, to induce the glass manikin to show himself at once.

So one day, when he had sold his charcoal, and lighted a new kiln, he put on his father's best doublet and red stockings, donned his Sunday hat, and, grasping in his hand his blackthorn stick, took leave of his mother.

"I must go to the city on business," said he.

"We draw for the conscription before long, and I must remind the bailiff once more that you are a widow, and I your only son."

His mother praised him for his thoughtfulness; but no sooner was he out of her sight than he betook himself straight to the old pine-tree.

It stood on the top of the highest elevation in the Black Forest, and not a single village, not even a cottage, stood within a radius of two leagues around, for the superstitious inhabitants believed the neighborhood unsafe.

Lofty and valuable as were the trees, men cut wood in this locality with great reluctance; for often had the wood-cutters, when working in the neighborhood, had their axes fly from the handle and sink into their foot, or the trees had fallen unexpectedly, and wounded or killed the men at work about their roots.

Besides, the finest trees could only have been used for firewood, for the raftsmen never admitted a tree from this dangerous group among their other timber, from respect for the tradition that both man and timber would surely be unlucky if one of these pine-trees was with them afloat; and hence it came, that

in the pine group here the trees stood so lofty and crowded, that even at mid-day it seemed almost night.

Peter Munk's heart was in a fearful state of agitation; for he heard no voice, no footstep but his own, and even the birds seemed to avoid this scene of gloom.

The charcoal-burner had now reached the highest point of the pine grove, and took his stand before a tree of prodigious girth, which a Dutch shipwright would have given many hundred florins for as it stood.

"Here," thought he, "must the treasurer surely dwell," and, removing his large hat and making a humble reverence to the tree, he cleared his throat, and said, in a trembling voice: "I wish you a pleasant evening, Mr. Glass-blower!"

No answer came, and everything was silent as before.

"Perhaps I must repeat the verses," thought he; and he muttered, in a low tone:

"Treasurer in the forest green,
Who so many hundred years hast seen,
Thine is the land where the pine-trees stand, —"

As he said these words, he saw, to his intense alarm, a little singular apparition, peering out from behind the vast tree.

He saw the glass manikin precisely as he had heard him described; the little black doublet, the red stockings, the tiny hat, all, even to the pale, shrewd, handsome face of which he had heard so much, he now believed he had this instant caught a glimpse of.

But, unluckily, rapidly as the manikin had peeped out, he had darted back again as rapidly.

"Mr. Glass-blower," cried Peter, after a pause, "be reasonable, if you please, and don't take me for a fool.

Mr. Glass-blower, if you think I didn't see you, you are very much mistaken; for I distinctly saw you peep out from behind that tree."

Still no answer, though he thought occasionally he could distinguish a faint giggle behind the trunk.

At last his impatience overcame the terror which had hitherto restrained him.

"Wait, you little chap!" cried he; "I'll catch you in a twinkling!" and he sprang, with one bound, behind the tree; but no treasurer could he find in the green thicket, and he saw nothing but an active little squirrel darting up the trunk.

Peter Munk shook his head.

He saw that he had succeeded perfectly with the exorcism to a certain point, and that perhaps a single rhyme only was wanted to enable him to entice the manikin wholly out.

He rubbed his ear; he scratched his pate; but all in vain.

The squirrel took its seat on the lowest branch, and seemed to be laughing at him.

It dressed its fur, whisked its pretty tail, and looked at Peter with its cunning eyes, so that at last the lad began to be afraid to be alone with the creature; for now it seemed to him the squirrel had a man's head, and wore a three-cornered hat; now again it had on its hind legs red stockings and black shoes.

In short, the merry little animal alarmed Peter a good deal, for he could not but think there was a great deal of mystery about it.

Peter left the place much more rapidly than he had come to it.

The gloomy shades of the pine forest seemed to increase in

depth, the trees to stand more compactly together, and he began to be so much terrified that he retreated on the full run; and not till he heard in the distance the barking of a dog, and saw the smoke of a cottage through the trees, did he become more easy and relieved in mind.

But as he drew nearer, and could distinguish the costume of the people in the hut, he found that in his excitement he had taken a wrong direction, and, instead of the glass-blowers, had come among the raftsmen.

The occupants of the hut he saw were wood-cutters; they were an aged man, his son, the proprietor of the house, and several well-grown grand-children.

They received Peter, who begged lodging for the night, with great hospitality, making no inquiry into his name or residence, gave him plenty of cider to drink, and, in the evening, sat before him a roasted heathcock, the choicest delicacy of the Black Forest.

After supper the mistress of the house and her daughters seated themselves with their distaffs round a large torch supplied by the children with the finest resin; the grandfather, the guest, and the husband, sat smoking and looking at the women; and the boys busied themselves in making wooden spoons and forks.

Outside, the storm howled and roared through the pines; the crash of falling trees was heard at frequent intervals, and the whole forest seemed to be breaking over their heads.

The fearless boys wanted to run out into the wood to witness the terrible scene, but their grandfather checked them with a stern look and word.

"I recommend no one," said he, "to leave the house tonight, for by Heaven he will never come back.

Hollander Michael is felling a raft tonight."

The boys looked at him in amazement; they had heard before of Hollander Michael, but they begged their grandfather to tell them, once for all, his whole history.

Peter Munk, also, who had heard indistinct rumors of Hollander Michael on the other side of the forest, chimed in with their entreaties, and inquired of the old man who and where he was.

"He is the lord of this forest," answered the graybeard; "and that at your age you have never yet heard about him shows that you do not live nearer than the pine grove on the hill yonder, and probably a good way further.

I will tell you what little I know of Hollander Michael and the various traditions concerning him.

A century ago, so my grandfather used to say, there were no more respectable, honorable people in the whole world than the dwellers in the Black Forest.

Now, since money has grown to be so plenty, men have become dishonest and wicked.

The young fellows dance and revel on Sundays, and swear enough to make your blood run cold.

It was very different formerly; and, if Hollander Michael were to look into that window this moment, I would say, as I have often said before, that he is solely to blame for all this corruption.

There lived a hundred years ago a rich timber-master hereabouts, who had many servants.

He traded far down the Rhine; and, being a pious man, his

business prospered.

One evening a man came to his door whose equal he had never seen before.

His dress was that of the lads of the Black Forest, but he was a head taller than any one else, and no man could have believed that such a giant existed.

The stranger begged for employment with the wood-cutters, and the wood-master, seeing his great strength and how much work he could do, settled the amount of wages he should pay him, and the bargain was struck.

Such a workman the master had never before had in his employ.

At felling trees he was equal to three men; and when six were dragging at one end of a log, he carried the other without apparent exertion.

After felling timber for six months he went to his master.

"I have hewed wood long enough," said he, "and would like to see where my trees go.

What do you say to letting me take down your rafts one of these days."

The wood-master answered: "I will not stand in your way, Michael, if you wish to see a little of the world.

To be sure, I need for tree-felling strong, able-bodied men like you; but still, your dexterity won't be wasted with my rafts; so, if you wish to go, I agree for once."

So the thing was settled.

The raft which he was to manage had eight sections, the last one composed of the largest ship-timbers.

But what happened?

The evening before he was to start Michael brought down to the river eight beams, far longer and bigger than any ever seen before, and yet carried so easily on his shoulder that all who saw him were aghast.

Where he had felled them, nobody knows to this day.

The wood-master's heart laughed for joy on seeing them, for he saw at a glance what a monstrous price they would fetch; and Michael said: "These are for me to travel on; I should never get along on those wretched little joists there."

His master, in the height of his gratitude, gave him a handsome pair of river-boots; but he threw them aside, and produced a pair of unheard-of dimensions; my grandfather used to say that they weighed a hundred pounds, and stood at least five feet high.

The raft set off; and if Michael had hitherto astonished the wood-cutters, he now filled the raftsmen with utter amazement, for, instead of the raft's floating slowly down the stream, as people had expected from the vast size of the timber, no sooner had it reached the Neckar than it flew along like an arrow.

At every bend in the Neckar, where the raftsmen usually had great trouble in keeping the raft in the middle and preventing it from striking on the gravel or sand, Michael invariably sprang into the water and with one shove pushed the timber right or left, so that it slipped by without danger; and when he came to a straight part of the river, he ran forward on to the front division and, thrusting his huge weaver's beam into the gravel, with one mighty push would send the raft along so that shores and trees and

villages seemed to be all racing in the contrary direction.

In this way, in half the time they usually required, they reached the city of Cologne, where they were wont to dispose of their timber; but here Michael said: "You are fine merchants, are you not, and understand your business!

Do you suppose the people of Cologne use all the timber which comes from the Black Forest?

No, they buy it of you for half its value, and sell it in Holland again at double price.

Let us sell the small timbers here, and go ourselves with the larger ones to Holland.

Whatever we get beyond the usual price is our own profit."

Thus spoke the crafty Michael, and the others assented at once, some because they were anxious to visit Holland, and others for the sake of the expected profit.

One only of the gang was honest, and warned them against exposing their master's property to danger, or cheating him out of the higher price; but the others would not listen, and forgot his words, though Hollander Michael did not.

They descended the Rhine with the raft, under Michael's guidance, and soon arrived at Rotterdam.

Here they obtained fourfold the usual price for their goods, and Michael's huge timbers especially fetched a monstrous sum of money.

Seeing so much gold within their reach, the Black Foresters lost all self-control.

Michael divided the purchase-money, one-fourth to his master and three to the raftsmen, and they squandered and gambled it away in all sorts of debauchery, frequenting the low pot-houses and taverns with sailors and other dissipated people; while the brave man who had attempted to dissuade them from their purpose was sold, it is thought, by Michael to the devil, for he was never seen again.

From this time Holland was a paradise to the lads of the Black Forest, and Hollander Michael their king.

Their masters heard nothing of the proceeding for a long time; and money, swearing, bad manners, drunkenness, and gambling, came insensibly from Holland to these once happy regions.

When the story came out at last, Hollander Michael was nowhere to be found.

But dead he certainly is not; for these hundred years past he has been playing his pranks in this forest, and they say he has helped a great many persons to grow rich, but — at the price of their poor souls, and I say no more of that.

But this much is certain, that on just such stormy nights as this he tears down the largest pines in the pine grove yonder where no one works; and my father saw him once snap off one, four feet in diameter, like a reed.

These he gives to those men who turn aside from virtue and follow him.

At midnight they carry them down to the river, and he steers them down to Holland.

But if I were King of Holland I would have him blown from the cannon's mouth, for every ship will surely sink which has in her one of Hollander Michael's timbers.

This is why we hear of so many shipwrecks; for what else should make a handsome, strong ship, as big as a church, sink to the bottom of the ocean?

I tell you, just so often as Hollander Michael fells a pine in the Black Forest, one of his old timbers springs out from the bottom of some ship; the water of course pours in, and the vessel is lost with crew and cargo.

This is the story of Hollander Michael; and true it is that every evil in these woods must be ascribed to him.

O, he can make a man rich!" added the old grandfather mysteriously; "but not for worlds would I take anything from him.

I wouldn't be in the skin of Fat Ezekiel or Long Slurker for all the Indies!

King Dance has sold himself to him, too, or I am much mistaken."

The storm had gone down while the old man was speaking; the girls, trembling with fear, lighted their lamps and went away to bed, and the men laid a bag of leaves on the stove-bench as a pillow for Peter Munk, and bade him good-night.

Peter had never had such fearful dreams as on this night.

Now, he imagined that he saw the gigantic Hollander Michael tear open the cottage window, and hold in with his prodigiously long arm a purse full of gold pieces, which he shook together with a sweet metallic ring; now, on the other hand, he thought he saw the little, good-natured glass manikin riding round the room on a huge green bottle, and he thought he could again distinguish the faint giggle he had heard in the pine-grove.

Soon his left ear caught a murmur:

"In Holland is gold,

In sums untold,

At a low price sold,

Gold, gold."

Then he heard, in his right ear, the song of the treasurer in the leafy pine forest, and a soft voice whispered: "Stupid coal-burner, stupid Peter Munk, cannot find a word to rhyme with "stand", and yet was born at noon on Sunday!

Rhyme, stupid Peter, rhyme!"

He groaned and grunted in his sleep, trying to find a rhyme, but as he had never made one in his life, all the efforts of his dream were fruitless.

Waking with the earliest beams of morning, his memory still retained the marvels of the previous night, and, sitting near the table with folded arms, he pondered over the whispered words which still lingered in his ear.

"Rhyme, stupid Peter, rhyme," said he to himself, knocking at his forehead with his finger; but no rhyme came.

As he was sitting staring at the floor and thinking of a rhyme for "stand", three lads passed the house in the direction of the wood, and one of them sang:

"On the mountain I did stand,

And I gazed across the dell,

And I saw her wave her hand

In eternal farewell."

It went into Peter's ear like a flash of lightning, and starting up hastily, in fear lest he had heard incorrectly, he rushed from the house and seized the singer roughly by the arm.

"Halt, friend!" he cried, "what was your rhyme to "stand"?

Do me the favor to repeat what you sang just now."

"What business is it of yours, man?" answered the youth, "I will sing just what I please; and let go my arm this moment, or —"

"You must and shall tell me what you were singing!" shouted Peter, almost crazy with anxiety, and tightening his grasp; whereupon, the two others, without an instant's delay, seized him in their powerful grip, and handled him so roughly that he was forced by mere pain to release the sleeve of the third, and sank exhausted on his knees.

"There!" said they, laughing, "you've got your gruel; and remember, you fool, never to attack people of our sort again on the high road."

"Alas!

I shall be sure to remember," answered Peter, with a deep sigh.

"But if you beat me for it, please tell me distinctly what you were singing."

At this they all laughed again, and poked fun at him to their heart's content; but the singer repeated his song at last, and, laughing and singing, the three merry companions went on their way.

"Aha! hand," said battered Peter, rising painfully from the ground.

"Stand and hand — of course!

Now, glass manikin, we will have a word or two together."

He entered the hut, and, taking his hat and staff, bade good-by to the occupants of the cottage, and set off on his return to the pine grove.

Slowly and thoughtfully he trudged along, for he had to compose a line for his verse; at last, however, after he had come within the borders of the grove, and the pines grew tall and thick, he succeeded in his essay at poetical composition, and, in his delight, gave a high leap into the air.

At this moment a man of gigantic height, dressed like a raftsmen, and with a staff like a ship's mast in his hand, stepped forth from behind the pines.

Peter Munk almost dropped on his knees when he saw this figure approaching; for he felt it could be no other than Hollander Michael.

The spectre preserved a profound silence, and Peter gazed at him with eyes of terror.

He stood at least a head taller than the tallest man Peter had ever seen; his face was neither old nor young, but full of furrows and wrinkles; he wore a doublet of dark linen cloth, and the huge boots drawn up over his leather breeches Peter recognized at once as those described by tradition.

"Peter Munk, what brings you to the pine grove?" asked the forest king at length in a deep and threatening voice.

"Good-morning, Mr. Countryman," answered Peter, seeking to conceal his fear, but trembling violently; "I was only going home through this pine grove."

"Peter Munk," said the giant, turning on him a penetrating glance, "your road goes not through this grove."

"No, sir, not exactly," replied Peter, "but the day is warm, and I thought it would be cooler here."

"No lies, charcoal-burner!" shouted Hollander Michael, in a voice of thunder, "or I will strike you dead with this staff!

Think you I did not see you begging of the manikin?" he added more softly.

"Pooh, pooh, Peter! that was a stupid business, and you were lucky in not remembering the poetry.

He is a niggard, that little wretch, and never gives much, and those who receive from him are never happy.

Peter, you are a poor simpleton, and I pity you from my soul; such a high-spirited, handsome lad, who could do so much in the great world, and yet only a charcoal-burner!

Only able to bring out sixpence, when other men shake out big dollars from their pockets!

It's a wretched life!"

"So it is, sir; you are right; it is a wretched life indeed!"

"Well, well," continued the frightful Michael; "you will not be the first brave lad I have helped out of his difficulties.

Say, Peter, how many hundred dollars do you want for your first instalment?"

Saying this, he rattled the gold in his big pockets, and a sound came to Peter's ears like that he had heard in his dream.

But his heart throbbed with terror at these words of the spectre, for Hollander Michael did not look like one who gave money for charity's sake alone.

The old man's mysterious remarks about rich men recurred to his memory, and, filled with an inexpressible alarm, he cried:

"Much obliged, sir! but I wish to have nothing to do with you; I know you of old," and ran, as he had never run before.

The demon came after him with prodigious strides, muttering in a hollow and menacing voice: "You will regret this, Peter.

It is written on your forehead, I can read it in your eyes, that you will not escape me.

Do not run so fast; listen to one sensible word, Peter, before you cross my boundary."

Hearing these words, and seeing before him at no great distance a narrow trench, Peter redoubled his efforts to reach the limits, Michael pursuing him with threats and curses.

The young man leaped across the trench with a desperate spring, just as he saw the spectre raise his staff to deal a fatal blow upon his head.

He crossed the trench without mishap, and the staff splintered in the air as if it had struck an invisible wall, and a long fragment fell at Peter's feet.

He picked the piece up triumphantly to throw it back at Hollander Michael; but the moment he did so he felt the stick move in his hand, and he saw to his horror that he held in his grasp a monstrous serpent, which was already ascending his arm with dripping tongue and gleaming eyes, to assail his throat.

He relaxed his hold, but the reptile had wound itself round his arm, and its darting head drew nearer and nearer to his face.

Suddenly a gigantic heathcock flew down, and, seizing the serpent's head in his beak, flew with the reptile into the air; while Hollander Michael, who had seen the whole affair from the further side of the trench, howled, yelled and raved, as the snake was carried off by a superior power.

Peter went his way, trembling and exhausted; the path grew

steeper, the scene became more savage, and he soon found himself at the huge pine.

He made, as he had done the day before, a low reverence to the invisible manikin, and said:

"Treasurer in the forest green,
Who so many hundred years hast seen,
Thine is the land where the pine-trees stand,
And Sabbath-born children bless thy hand."

"You haven't exactly hit it, charcoal Peter; but since it is you, let it pass," said a soft, melodious voice close by.

He looked round amazed, and under a handsome pine he saw sitting a little man, in a black doublet and red stockings, with a huge hat on his head.

He had a pleasant, kindly face, and a long beard as fine as cobweb.

He was smoking a pipe of blue glass, and, as Peter drew nearer, he saw to his astonishment that the clothes, shoes and hat of the pigmy were also made of colored glass; but it was as flexible as if it were still hot, for it adapted itself like cloth to every motion of his body.

"You have met that scoundrel, Hollander Michael," said the dwarf, coughing oddly between every word.

"He has served you a shameful trick; but I have taken away his magic staff, and he will never get it again."

"Yes, my lord treasurer," replied Peter, with a low bow, "it was an anxious moment.

You are the honorable heathcock, no doubt, who killed the snake.

Accept my sincerest thanks.

I came to obtain your advice and aid.

My affairs are in a very bad condition, indeed, sir.

A charcoal-burner can never do much, and I thought that, as I was young, I might make something better of myself: especially when I see other men who have gone ahead so far in a very short time, like Ezekiel, for instance, and King Dance, who have money as plenty as grass in summer."

"Peter," said the pigmy, solemnly, blowing the smoke from the bowl of his pipe; "Peter, say nothing to me of those men.

What does it profit them to seem happy here for a few years, if they are all the more miserable afterwards?

You must not despise your trade; your father and your grandfather were respectable men, and carried on the same business, Peter Munk!

I earnestly hope it is no love of idleness which brings you to me."

Peter was startled by the little man's solemnity, and blushed scarlet.

"No," said he; "I well know, my lord treasurer, that idleness is the root of all evil; but you will not think the worse of me if I confess that a different position from what I occupy would please me better.

A charcoal-burner is looked on as contemptible all the world over, and the glass-blowers and raftsmen and watch-makers are much more respectable."

"Pride often cometh before a fall," answered the little gentleman of the pine grove, more kindly.

"You men are strange beings!

Few of you are contented with the lot in which you are born and bred.

If you were a glass-blower, you would wish to be a wood-master; if a wood-master, you would long for the place of the forester, or the bailiff.

But, so be it; if you promise to work diligently, Peter, I will help you to a better lot.

I am accustomed to grant to every Sabbath-born child, who knows how to find me, three wishes.

The first two are absolute; but the third, if it is a foolish one, I am at liberty to refuse.

So, state what you want.

But, Peter, let it be something useful and good."

"Huzza!

O! you are an excellent manikin, and properly called treasurer, for treasures are at home in your house!

Let me see.

If I may wish whatever I please, sir, let the first be that I may dance better than King Dance himself, and have always as much money in my pocket as Fat Ezekiel."

"You fool!" said the dwarf, angrily.

"What a miserable wish is this, to dance well, and have money to squander!

Are you not ashamed, stupid Peter, to cheat yourself of your good fortune in this way?

What advantage is it to you and your poor mother, that you can dance?

What benefit is all your money, which, according to your wish, is only for the tavern, and remains there like that of the worthless King Dance?

I give you one more free wish; but mind you wish more sensibly."

Peter scratched his ears, and said, after some delay: "Well, I wish for the finest and richest glass-house in the Black Forest, and money to carry it on."

"Nothing else?" asked the dwarf, anxiously; "Peter, nothing else?"

"Well, sir, you might add a horse, and a little carriage —"

"O, you stupid charcoal-burner!" cried the pigmy, in a rage, throwing his glass pipe against a pine, where it broke into a thousand pieces.

"Horses! carriages!

Sense, I tell you, good common sense you ought to have wished for, and not horses and carriages!

Come, don't be so downcast; it is not so disgraceful, after all. Your second wish was not so very absurd.

A good glass-house keeps master and man; but if you had taken prudence and common sense with it, the horse and carriage would have come of themselves."

"But, lord treasurer," said Peter, "I have still one wish left.

I can wish for common sense, if you think it so necessary."

"No, no.

You will get into many a difficulty, Peter, where you will be happy to think that you have a wish on hand.

Here," said the manikin, drawing a little purse from his

pocket, "here are two thousand florins, and enough for you, too; and never come here again to ask for money.

If you do, I shall hang you up on the highest pine in the forest.

I have always done so since I lived in this wood.

Old Winkfritz, who owned the great glass-house in the lower forest, died three days ago.

Go there tomorrow morning early, and make a fair offer for the property as it stands.

Live honestly, be industrious, and I will visit you occasionally to assist you with advice, since you failed to ask for common sense.

But — I say it earnestly — your first wish was bad.

Beware of going to the tavern, Peter.

It never benefited anybody yet!"

While he spoke, the little man had pulled out a fresh pipe of glass, and, stuffing it with dry rosin, thrust it into his tiny, toothless mouth.

Then drawing forth a huge burning-glass, he stepped into the sunshine and lighted his pipe.

When everything was ready, he held out his hand graciously to Peter, and, giving him some good counsel as they went along, smoked and blew faster and faster, till he vanished at length in a cloud of smoke, which, slowly curling, floated away among the pines.

When Peter reached home, he found his mother in great anxiety on his account; for, from his staying away so long, the good lady was persuaded that her son had been drawn for a soldier.

He made his appearance, however, joyous and cheerful, and told her at great length how he had met a good friend in the forest, who had advanced him some money to aid him in commencing a different business.

Although his mother had lived in charcoal thirty years, and had become as much accustomed to smutty-faced people as a miller's wife is to the mealy visage of her husband, she was foolish enough, as soon as her Peter entered on a more brilliant career, to despise her former condition, and used to say: "Ay, ay, as the mother of a glass-house owner, I am of a different sort from neighbors Gretchen and Betty; and in future I mean to sit in church in the front seats, where the rich folks go."

Her son soon struck a bargain with the heirs of the glass-maker.

He hired all the workmen he could find, and went to work making glass night and day.

At first the business delighted him.

He would go leisurely down to the glass-house with a consequential strut, his hands deep in his trousers' pockets, and his eyes staring insolently in all directions, and there make a variety of sententious and absurd remarks, to the intense amusement of his workmen, and the total destruction of their respect.

His greatest pleasure consisted in watching the operation of glass-blowing; and he often took hold himself and formed odd figures from the plastic mass.

But the business rapidly grew tedious, and his visits to the factory soon occupied but one hour in the day; soon after, one in

two days; and at last he fell into the easy habit of coming only once a week, leaving his workmen in the interval to do precisely as they pleased.

All this was the necessary consequence of his devotion to the tavern.

The Sunday after his return from the pine grove he repaired to the pot-house, and who should spring on to the dancing-floor, as he entered, but King Dance himself, while Fat Ezekiel sat behind his tankard, dicing for dollars.

Peter felt hastily in his pockets, to see if the glass manikin had kept his promise; and, see! they were crammed to bursting with silver and gold!

His legs, too, were jerking and quivering, as if they yearned to be dancing, and, as soon as the first dance was ended, he placed himself with his partner opposite King Dance.

When the latter jumped three feet into the air, Peter jumped four; and when his rival made the most rare and delicate figurings, Peter so played and twisted his feet that the spectators went nearly crazy with admiration.

But when it was known in the dancing-room that Peter had purchased a glass-house, when people saw that as often as he came near the musicians he threw them a crown, there was no end to their astonishment.

Some believed he had found a treasure in the woods; others thought he must have received a legacy; but all honored him immensely, and looked upon him as a perfect gentleman, only because he had plenty of money.

Though he gambled away twenty florins during the evening, yet his money still jingled in his pocket, as if there were at least a hundred dollars there.

When Peter perceived how important he had grown, he lost all self-restraint from joy and pride.

He threw about his money with open hands, and shared it lavishly among the poor, remembering how heavily poverty had once weighed upon himself.

The arts of King Dance were now cast into the shade by the supernatural skill of his new competitor, and Peter received the name of Emperor Dance.

The most desperate gamblers never bet so much on Sundays as he; nor, on the other hand, did they lose so much.

Still, the more he lost, the more he seemed to have.

This resulted from the form of his wish to the glass manikin.

He had wished for just as much money in his pocket as Fat Ezekiel had, and he it was to whom he lost his gold.

So, when he lost twenty or thirty guilders on one bet, he had them back in his pocket as soon as Ezekiel had bagged his gains.

Very soon he had gone further in gluttony and gambling than the vilest debauchees in the Black Forest; and people now oftener called him Gambling Peter than Emperor Dance; for he played now almost every week-day.

Hence his glass-house gradually fell into complete disorder, by reason of Peter's utter want of sense.

He made all the glass he could possibly manufacture; but he had not bought, with the house, the secret of selling it to the best advantage.

He was at a loss at last how to dispose of the vast quantity on

hand, and sold it finally piecemeal to travelling merchants for half its value, solely for means to pay his workmen.

One evening he was going home from the tavern, and thinking with dismay, spite of the wine he had drunk, of the ruin of his property.

Noticing suddenly that someone was walking near him, he looked round, and saw the glass manikin.

He boiled over directly with anger and fury, and, assuming a haughty tone, swore that the pigmy was responsible for all his misfortunes.

"What can I do now with a horse and carriage?" he cried.

"What good do I get from my glass-house and all my glass?"

When I was a miserable charcoal-burner, I lived happier and freer from care than I do now.

I expect every day the bailiff will come and seize my goods for my debts."

"So!" answered the manikin, "I am to blame if you are unlucky?"

Is this your gratitude for my benevolence?

Who taught you to make such foolish wishes?

You chose to be a glass-blower, and didn't know where to sell your glass!

Did I not tell you you should have wished more prudently?

Common sense, Peter; you wanted common sense."

"What good is there in common sense?" cried Peter.

"I have as much of it as anybody else, as I'll show you, you manikin!" and with these words he seized the dwarf by the collar, shouting: "Have I got you now, treasurer?"

Ha! ha!

I'll make my third wish now, and you shall grant it to me, whether or no!

I will have, this instant, two hundred thousand hard dollars, and a house, and — O, horror!" he cried, shaking his hand in agony; for the manikin had suddenly changed into liquid glass, and burned his hand like jets of fire.

Nothing was to be seen of the pigmy.

His swollen hand reminded him, for many days, of his folly and ingratitude.

But he stifled the voice of conscience, and said to himself, "Well, if they sell up my glass-house, and everything else, at any rate they can't take Fat Ezekiel.

As long as he has money on Sundays, I shall never want."

Yes, Peter.

But suppose he has none?

And one day so it happened in the most striking manner.

One Sunday Peter drove up to the tavern at full speed, and the people inside thrust their heads out of the window to see him, one saying: "Here comes Gambling Peter!" and another, "Ay, Emperor Dance, the rich glass-maker!" while a third shook his head, saying softly: "His riches are all very well; but people say all sorts of things of his debts; and I heard somebody say in the city that the bailiff was intending to attach his property before long."

Peter saluted the people at the window with politeness, and, descending from his carriage, called out: "Good-evening, landlord.

Has Fat Ezekiel come yet?"

He heard a deep voice answer: "Ay, ay, Peter, come in.

Your place is kept for you, and we are at it already."

Peter Munk entered the tavern on this invitation; and, feeling in his pockets, knew at once that Ezekiel must be well supplied with funds, for his own pockets were crammed to overflowing.

He sat down with the others at the table, and won and lost alternately, till the more respectable people went home; then they played by lamplight, till at length two of the gamblers left their seats, saying, "Well, we have had enough for tonight, and it is time to go home to our wives and children."

But Gambling Peter insisted on Ezekiel's remaining; and the latter, after many refusals, finally cried: "Well, let me count my money first, and then we'll shake dice for five guilders a throw; less than that is child's play."

He drew out his purse and counted the contents — five hundred guilders in cash, and Peter knew at once of course how much he himself had, without counting.

But, if Ezekiel had won before, he lost every stake now, and swore fearfully at his ill luck.

If he threw doublets, Peter threw triplets immediately after, and generally something better.

At last Ezekiel laid his last five guilders on the table, and said with an oath: "Here's at you again, Peter; but if I lose this we can still go on, for you must lend me some of your winnings; a decent fellow must help his friend."

"As much as you want, though you borrow a hundred," said Peter, delighted at his luck; and Fat Ezekiel shook the dice and threw fifteen.

"Triplets!

Good!" he cried; "beat that if you can."

Peter threw eighteen, and a well-known voice behind him said, "That is the last!"

He looked round, and the gigantic Hollander Michael stood behind his chair.

In his terror he let the money which he had just won, fall to the ground.

But Fat Ezekiel saw nothing, and requested Gambling Peter to lend him ten guilders.

Peter thrust his hand into his pocket, in a half-dreaming state; but no money was there.

He felt in his other pocket; still the same.

He turned his coat inside out, but not a farthing fell.

And now for the first time he remembered his first wish, which was that he might always have as much money as Fat Ezekiel.

Every guilder had vanished.

As he continued to feel for his money, Ezekiel and the landlord looked at him in amazement.

They could not believe that he had none left; but at last, after feeling in his pockets themselves, they became furious, and swore that Gambling Peter must be a wicked magician, and had wished all his winnings away to his own house.

Peter denied it manfully, but appearances were against him.

Ezekiel declared he would tell the frightful story to every person in the Black Forest, and the landlord vowed he would go to the city the first thing in the morning and denounce Peter Munk as a wizard, and he would live, he added, to see the rascal burned at

the stake.

At last they both fell upon him in a fury, and, tearing his coat from his back, threw him out of the door.

Not a star was shining in heaven as Peter slunk sadly homewards; but he could perceive a dark figure striding by his side, which said at length: "It is all up with you, Peter; all your splendor is gone now, and I could have told you it would be so when you refused to listen to my offers, and ran away to that stupid glass dwarf.

See what a man gets by despising my advice.

But try your chance with me once, for I feel compassion for your bad luck.

No one ever repented coming to me; and, if you are not afraid, I can be spoken with all day tomorrow at the pine-grove, whenever you call me."

Peter knew very well who the speaker was; but his presence filled him with terror, and he ran home without making any answer.

THE following Monday, when Peter went to his glass-house, he found there not only his workmen, but several unwelcome strangers, namely, the bailiff and three constables.

The bailiff bade Peter good-morning, and, having inquired how he slept the night before, drew from his pocket a long document containing a list of his creditors.

"Can you pay, or not?" demanded he with a stern look.

"And cut it short, too, for I've not much time to throw away, and I've been here three good hours already."

The despondent Peter confessed that his means were exhausted, and surrendered all his property, house, yard, sheds, stalls, wagons, and horses, to be appraised by the bailiff; and while the latter was going about with the constables, examining and appraising, the thought crossed his mind that the pine grove was not far off, and, as the dwarf had done him no good, he had better pay a visit to the giant.

He ran to the pine grove as fast as if the constables were at his heels; and, though it seemed to him, as he passed the place where he had first spoken to the glass manikin, that an invisible hand held him back, he tore himself loose, and ran on to the ditch which he had noticed in former times: and scarcely had he shouted breathlessly, "Hollander Michael!

Hollander Michael!" when the gigantic raftsmen stood before him, staff in hand.

"So you have come already?" said he, laughing.

"They have been skinning you, no doubt, and want to sell you to your creditors.

Well, well, be easy; your whole trouble comes, as I told you it would, from that contemptible glass manikin, the hypocrite!

If a man means to benefit another, he should do it handsomely, and not like that stingy curmudgeon.

But come," continued he, turning into the wood, "follow me to my house, and we'll see then whether we can come to terms."

"Come to terms!" thought Peter.

"What can he want of me that I can come to terms about?

What can I do for him?

What does he mean, I wonder?

"They first ascended a steep foot-path, and came suddenly to

the edge of a deep, retired defile.

Hollander Michael sprang down the cliff with a leap, as if it were an easy flight of stairs; and Peter nearly fainted from terror when his guide, as soon as he reached the ground, grew in stature to the size of a church-steeple, and, extending an arm towards the charcoal-burner as long as a weaver's beam, with a hand at the end of it as wide as a tavern table, shouted in a voice like a deep funeral bell: "Get into my hand and hold fast by my fingers, and you will not fall."

With fear and trembling Peter did as he was commanded, and, seating himself in the giant's hand, clasped his arms firmly round the thumb.

Their way descended far and deep into the bowels of the earth, but, to Peter's astonishment, seemed to grow no darker; on the contrary, the light of day grew so much brighter in the valley that he was compelled at last to shut his eyes.

Hollander Michael, as his walk continued, had gradually diminished in size, and, when he at length halted before a cottage of the kind occupied by the richer inhabitants of the Black Forest, had resumed his former more moderate dimensions.

The hut into which Peter was led differed in nothing from the huts of other people except in its utter solitude.

The wooden house-clock, the huge fireplace, the broad benches, and the articles on the shelves, were precisely the same as everywhere else.

Michael pointed him to a seat behind a large table, and, leaving the room, soon returned with a pitcher of wine and glasses.

Pouring out a full tumbler for each, Michael began the conversation, and told of the pleasures of the world, of foreign countries, of beautiful cities and rivers, till Peter began to feel a strong desire to visit these places, and said as much to his host.

"If your whole body were running over with courage for bold undertakings, Peter, a couple of throbs of your foolish, useless heart would make you tremble.

Why should a sensible fellow like you trouble himself about dishonor or misfortune?

Did you feel it in your head when they called you lately scoundrel and rogue?

Did it make your stomach ache when the bailiff came to pitch you out of your glass-house?

Tell me, Peter, my boy, what part of you felt these annoyances?"

"My heart," said Peter, pressing his hand to his throbbing breast.

"You have thrown away — no offence, Peter — a great many hundred florins on dirty beggars and such vermin, and what good has it done you?

They blessed you, to be sure, and wished you health; but did you ever find yourself better for that?

For half the money you have wasted on beggars you might have kept a physician in your pay.

As if a blessing were of any use when a man is thrust out of doors!

Bah!

And what was it, Peter, drove you to feel in your pockets

whenever a beggar pulled off his greasy hat to you?

Your heart, Peter, always your heart!

Not your eyes, nor your tongue, nor your arms, nor your legs, but your heart!

You took everything too much to heart, as the saying is."

"But how can a man help it, sir?

I give myself all the trouble in the world to keep my heart down, but it beats and pains me all the same."

"By yourself, of course," said his host, laughing, "you can do nothing to prevent it.

But give me the troublesome thing, and you will see at once how comfortable you will be."

"Give you my heart!" cried Peter in terror.

"I should die on the spot."

"Of course you would, if one of your rascally surgeons were to take it out of your body; you would die, no doubt.

But it's a very different affair with me.

Come and see for yourself."

Rising from his seat he opened a door and led Peter into another room.

Peter's heart contracted painfully as he crossed the threshold, for the sight which met his eye was strange and startling.

Glass vessels filled with a transparent liquid, and each containing a human heart, were ranged on wooden shelves round the room, and on each vessel was pasted a ticket with a name written on it, which Peter read with great surprise.

Here was the heart of the bailiff of F., of Fat Ezekiel, of King Dance, of the head forester; there six hearts of usurers, eight of recruiting-officers, three of money-brokers.

In short, it was a museum of the most respectable hearts within a radius of twenty leagues.

"Look," said Hollander Michael; "all these have thrown aside the cares and anxieties of life.

None of these hearts ever beat with sorrow and suffering, and their former owners never cease to congratulate themselves that they have expelled the uneasy guest from their houses."

"But what do they carry in their breasts in their place?" inquired Peter, giddy at the dreadful sight.

"This," replied the giant, taking from his pocket a heart of marble.

"Indeed!" answered Peter, unable to repress a shudder.

"A marble heart!

But, Hollander Michael, it must feel very cold in a man's bosom."

"Of course," said the spectre; "very agreeably so, however.

Where is the advantage of a warm heart?

The warmth is no benefit in winter, for a glass of brandy and a good fire are a great deal better; and in summer, when everything is so sultry and hot, you have no idea how cooling such a heart as this is!

Besides, as I said before, you will never feel pain nor fear; and silly compassion and such ridiculous emotions will never annoy you again."

"And this is all you can give me?" asked Peter, discontentedly.

"I was expecting money, and you offer me only a marble heart!"

"Nay, a hundred thousand florins I thought would be enough for you at first.

If you manage it well, you will soon get to be a millionaire."

"A hundred thousand!" cried the poor charcoal-burner joyfully.

"Aha! my heart beats so violently I see we shall soon understand one another.

Very well, Michael, give me the stone and the money, and you may have all the uneasiness for yourself."

"I thought you were a sensible lad," said the Hollander, laughing kindly.

"Come, let's take a drink or two, and I'll count out the money."

They sat down to their wine again, and continued to drink till Peter sank into a deep sleep.

He was awakened at last by the merry sounds of a post-horn, and to his surprise found himself sitting in a handsome coach, and travelling on a broad and level road; and, bending out of the window, he saw the Black Forest lying behind him in the blue horizon.

At first he could not believe that it was he sitting in this fine carriage.

His clothes were certainly not those which he had worn yesterday; but his memory of what had taken place was so vivid that he abandoned his reflections and exclaimed: "I am Peter the charcoal-burner, and no one else; that's certain."

He was much surprised to find that he felt no emotions of regret at leaving for the first time his birthplace in the quiet forest where he had passed so many years of his life.

Even when he thought of his mother, now sitting helpless and miserable in her hut, he was wholly unable to squeeze out a tear, or even heave a sigh.

Everything was a matter of indifference to him.

"Ah, to be sure," said he, "tears and sighs, home-sickness and sorrow, all come from the heart, and, thanks to Hollander Michael, mine is stony and cold!"

He laid his hand on his bosom, and his heart was silent and motionless.

"If he has kept his word with the hundred thousand as well as he has with the heart, I have no complaints to make," said he, hunting about in the carriage.

He found articles of dress of all kinds in abundance, but no money.

At last he hit upon a pocket in which he found many thousand dollars in gold, and drafts upon bankers in every large city on the continent.

"I've found all I wanted," he thought; and, throwing himself comfortably in the corner of the coach, resigned himself to meditation on his European tour.

He travelled about the world two years, looking at the houses from his carriage-windows, or the hotel-signs when he came to a halt, and inspecting the wonders of the various cities through which he passed.

But nothing gave him pleasure.

Pictures, palaces, music, dancing, all fatigued him.

His stony heart sympathized with nothing, and his eyes and ears were dead to all that was beautiful.

Nothing remained but the pleasures of eating, drinking, and sleep; and thus he lived, while travelling without an object through the world, eating to give himself amusement, and sleeping to cheat himself of life.

Now and then he seemed to remember that he had led a happier life, when he was a poor laborer and obliged to toil to earn his daily bread.

In those days every lovely landscape, every bit of music or dancing, had given him pleasure, and he would please himself for hours in thinking of the simple meal which his mother was to bring him at the kiln.

Recalling to his memory these pleasant times, it struck him as strange that though in those days the smallest matter threw him into fits of laughter, he now found it difficult to summon up a smile.

When others laughed, he feigned to join with them, but his heart felt no merriment.

He found himself untroubled by anxiety, but contented felt that he was not.

Not home-sickness nor sorrow, but ennui, drove him at last to turn his course towards home.

As he crossed the country from Strasburg, and saw the dark forest of his childhood; as he caught sight for the first time after so long an interval of the manly forms and jovial faces of its inhabitants; as his ear heard the strong, deep, melodious music of his home, — he felt for his heart, wondering why he did not rejoice or weep.

But his heart was of marble, and he felt the folly of his hopes.

Stones are dead, and do not laugh or cry.

His first visit was to Hollander Michael, who received him with his former friendliness.

"Michael," said Peter to the giant, "I have travelled the world over, and seen all there is to be seen, but everything has been vanity, and I have suffered intolerable weariness.

The thing of stone I carry in my breast excluded me from many pleasures.

I am never angry, never sad, and never pleased; and I am as though I were but half alive.

Can you not infuse a little life into my stony heart?

Or rather, Michael, give me back my own.

I had been used to it for five-and-twenty years, and, if it did sometimes play me a treacherous trick, after all it was joyous and alive."

The spectre laughed a bitter, cruel laugh.

"When you are dead, Peter," he answered, "you shall have it without fail.

You shall then receive again your soft, throbbing heart, and be capable of feeling the ensuing joy — or misery.

It can never again be yours on earth!

But, Peter, you say you have travelled, and yet, live as you pleased, have never tasted pleasure.

Establish yourself here in this forest, build you a house, marry, and invest your wealth in trade.

You only need occupation.

You felt ennui merely from idleness, and now ascribe all your unhappiness to this harmless heart."

Peter saw that Michael was right, as far as concerned idleness, and resolved to devote himself day and night to the accumulation of money.

Michael gave him another hundred thousand florins, and once more dismissed him, persuaded that the giant was his devoted friend.

The rumor soon spread through the forest that Charcoal Peter, or Gambling Peter, had come home richer than before; and the result was the same as it has ever been since the beginning of the world.

As long as he was in poverty they pitched him out of the house into the sun; now, when he made his first appearance at the tavern on a Sunday afternoon, people shook his hand, admired his horse, inquired about his travels, and when he sat down, as he did at once, to play for hard dollars with Fat Ezekiel, the respect he inspired was as high as ever.

His business now was no longer glass-making, but dealing in timber, though this was merely a cloak for other avocations.

His principal business was lending money.

Half the forest came gradually in his debt, for he lent money only at ten per cent interest, or sold corn at thrice its value to the poor.

He stood now hand-in-glove with the bailiff, and if a debtor failed to pay Mr. Peter Munk on the exact day, that official would instantly ride over with his myrmidons, distrain house and land, sell it forthwith, and drive father, mother and child into the forest.

At first this severity occasioned Peter some trouble, for the ejected tenants besieged his house in crowds, the men begging for forbearance, the women seeking to soften his stony heart, and the little children crying for a piece of bread.

But this cat's-music, as he called it, ceased entirely as soon as he procured a couple of trained bull-dogs; for no sooner did he whistle for his hounds than the beggars fled shrieking into the wood.

His chief inconvenience was occasioned by "the old woman."

This person was no other than Mrs. Munk, Peter's mother, who had been reduced by the sale of her house and land to the utmost poverty and wretchedness, and for whom her son, with all his wealth, had not seen fit to make inquiry.

The good old lady, weak, feeble and shattered, came sometimes to Peter's house.

She no longer ventured to go in, for he had once driven her out with great violence; but it occasioned her much unhappiness to be compelled to depend on the kindness of other men, when her own son had it in his power to make her old age comfortable.

But the icy heart was never softened at the sight of the pale, familiar face, the imploring glance, and the trembling, outstretched hand.

When she knocked at his door of a Sunday evening, he would draw a kreutzer from his pocket with a growl, wrap it in paper, and send it out to her by a servant.

He heard her trembling voice thanking him and wishing him prosperity; he heard her feeble cough as she crept from his door; but he thought no more of the matter, except to regret that he had again thrown away a kreutzer for nothing.

At last Peter began to think of getting married.

He knew that every father in the Black Forest would gladly have him for a son-in-law, but he was fastidious in his choice, for he wished in this, as in everything else, to be praised for his sagacity and judgment.

He rode, therefore, from one end of the forest to the other, making careful search for a suitable helpmeet; but none of the beauties of the Black Forest seemed to him handsome enough.

At last, after hunting in vain through all the dance-taverns for a beauty to his mind, he heard that the handsomest and most virtuous girl in the whole region about was the daughter of a certain poor wood-cutter.

She lived quietly and apart, managing industriously her father's house, and never appearing at dancing-rooms or Whitsuntide festivities.

When Peter heard of this flower of the forest he determined to win her, and rode over to the cottage.

The father of the beautiful Elizabeth received the distinguished stranger with much surprise, which increased when he learned that it was the rich Mr. Munk, and that he wished to become his son-in-law.

His hesitation was brief, for he thought to himself that all his poverty and care would now be at an end, and he assented without asking his daughter; and the good child was so obedient that she became Madam Munk without resistance.

But things were far otherwise with the poor creature than she had pictured to herself before her marriage.

She had believed she understood the management of a household, but she found too late that she could never do anything to her husband's satisfaction.

She felt compassion for the poor, and, as her husband was rich, thought there could be no sin in giving a poor beggar-woman an occasional penny, or an old mendicant a glass of schnapps; but, seeing her doing this one day, Peter said to her in an angry voice: "Why do you waste my property on beggars and thieves?"

Did you bring so much into my house that you can afford to throw it away like dirt?

Your father's beggary never warmed me a supper yet, and you throw my money about like a queen!

Do so again, madam, and you shall feel the weight of my hand!"

The beautiful Elizabeth wept bitterly in her chamber over her husband's cruelty, and often longed to be at home in her father's miserable hut, rather than live with the rich, stingy, hard-hearted Peter.

Alas! had she known that his heart was of marble, and that he could never love any human being, she would have ceased to wonder.

Henceforth, whenever she sat at the door, and a passing beggar pulled off his hat and craved a little aid, she would shut her eyes to prevent her seeing the sufferer, and clench her hand for fear of thrusting it into her pocket and taking out a piece of money.

The consequence of this naturally was, that Elizabeth grew to be the talk of the whole forest, and people declared that she was even stingier than Peter himself.

One day she was sitting before the door spinning, and

humming a little song, for she felt in good spirits, as the weather was fine and Peter had ridden out to his fields, when a little, old man came down the road, carrying on his shoulders a heavy sack, and coughing so pitifully that she could hear him a long way off.

Elizabeth looked at him compassionately, and thought in her tender heart how wrong it was that so old and small a man should be compelled to carry so heavy a load.

Meanwhile the little man coughed and staggered along, and, when opposite Elizabeth, almost broke down under his burthen.

"Alas! madam, have the goodness to give me a draught of cold water," said he; "I can go no further, and am almost fainting."

"But you should not carry such heavy loads in your old age, poor man," said Elizabeth.

"Yes; but I am obliged to do these jobs from poverty," replied he.

"Ah, so rich a lady as you are has no idea how heavily poverty presses, and how refreshing is a draught of cool water in such sultry heat as this!"

Elizabeth ran into the house, and, taking a pitcher from the shelf, filled it with water; but, standing a few paces distant, and seeing how sadly the little man sat on his sack, her heart overflowed with compassion, and, remembering that her husband was out from home, she set down the pitcher of water, and, filling a cup with wine, cut a large slice of rye bread, and brought both to the old mendicant.

"A glass of wine will do you more good than water, as you are so old," said she; "drink it slowly, and eat this bread with it."

The little fellow looked at her with surprise, and, with big tears standing in his eyes, drank the wine and said: "I have lived many years, but I have seen few people so compassionate, and who know so well how to use their wealth, as you, Madam Elizabeth.

You will be happy hereafter, for so good a heart does not go unrewarded."

"No; and she shall receive her reward on the spot," cried an angry voice, and Peter stood before her, his face crimson with rage.

"So you give my best wine to beggars, do you? and my own cup you lend to such rascals as this!

I'll pay you!"

She fell at his feet, entreating him for mercy; but his stony heart knew no compassion.

He reversed the whip which he held in his hand, and struck her so heavily on her beautiful brow, with its ebony handle, that she sank lifeless into the old man's arms.

Seeing this, a sort of selfish regret seized him for a moment, and he bent down to see if she still retained a spark of life, when the old man said, in a well-known voice: "Give yourself no trouble, Peter.

She was the fairest flower in the Black Forest, but you have crushed her under foot, and she will never bloom again."

Peter's cheeks blanched in a moment.

"So it is you, Mr. Treasurer?

Well, what is done is done, and it was sure to come at last.

I hope, sir, you will not denounce me to the officers as a murderer."

"Villain!" answered the glass manikin.

"What pleasure should I have in bringing your perishable body to the gallows?

No human judge have you to fear, but another and more dreadful arbiter, for you have lost your soul to the Prince of Evil."

"And if I have lost my soul," yelled Peter, "you and your treacherous gifts are the only ones to blame.

You, malicious demon, have led me into ruin; you have driven me to seek assistance from another, and on your shoulders lies the whole responsibility."

Scarcely had he said this, when the glass manikin began to dilate and expand; his eyes became as large as soup-plates, and his mouth like a lighted furnace, with flames issuing from it.

Peter threw himself on his knees, and his marble heart could not prevent his limbs from trembling like aspen-leaves.

The wood-demon seized him by the neck with vulture claws, and, twisting him as a whirlwind twists a leaf, threw him on the ground with such force that his ribs cracked.

"Worm!" cried the spectre in a voice of thunder, "I could crush you if I chose, for you have blasphemed against this forest's lord; but for this murdered woman's sake, who gave me to eat and drink, I grant you a respite of a week.

Mend your ways in this time, or I will rend you in pieces, and send your soul to punishment in its sins!"

Late in the evening some strangers passing by found rich Peter Munk lying senseless in the road.

They turned him over to discover if he still breathed, and for some time could not find a spark of life.

Finally, one of the men went into the house, and, bringing out water, sprinkled it in his face.

Peter drew a deep breath, groaned heavily, and, opening his eyes, gazed about bewildered for some time, and then asked for Elizabeth; but no one had seen her.

Thanking the strangers for their assistance, he crept into the house, and sought in every direction for his wife; but, finding her nowhere, the idea gradually became conviction in his mind that what he had hoped was but a frightful dream was dread and terrible reality.

In his loneliness, strange reflections occupied his thoughts.

Fear he could not feel, for his heart was stone; but, thinking on his wife's death, his mind reverted to his own decease, and how heavily laden he must leave this world, — laden with the tears of the poor, with their thousand curses which had never changed his will, with the misery of the sufferers on whom he had set his dogs, with the silent despair of his own mother, with the blood of the saintly Elizabeth; and if he could not justify himself to the old man, her father, were he to come and ask him, "Where is my daughter and your wife?" how could he stand before the face of One, to whom belonged all woods, all seas, all mountains, and all human souls?

His dreams at night were restless, and incessantly a sweet voice awoke him, calling, "Peter, seek a warmer heart!" — a voice he knew to be Elizabeth's.

The next day he repaired to the tavern to dissipate his melancholy thoughts, and there found, as usual, Fat Ezekiel.

He sat down by his side, and the two friends talked of various

subjects, — of the fine weather, the war, the heavy taxes, and what not, and at length of sudden death.

Peter asked Ezekiel what he thought of death, and if he had ever reflected on his life hereafter.

Ezekiel answered, that the body was buried under ground, and the soul departed at once to heaven or to hell.

"And is the heart buried also?" inquired Peter earnestly.

"Of course, the heart also."

"But if one has no heart?" continued Peter.

Ezekiel looked at him with terror in his face.

"What do you mean?"

Are you mocking me?

Think you I have no heart?"

"O, heart enough, and as hard as a stone!" replied Peter.

Ezekiel looked astounded, and, gazing nervously round to see that no one overheard, whispered: "How do you know that?"

Or perhaps yours too has ceased to feel?"

"Mine too has ceased to feel, at least in my own bosom," answered Peter.

"But tell me, since you now know all, how will it fare with our hearts hereafter?"

"Why should that trouble you, neighbor?" said Ezekiel, laughing.

"You are well enough off during your lifetime, at any rate.

It is the greatest comfort of our cold hearts that such notions give us no uneasiness."

"True enough, but we think of them, nevertheless; and, though I cannot now feel fear, yet I remember distinctly how terribly afraid of hell I felt when I was a little, innocent child."

"Well — we shan't go there just yet, I hope," said Ezekiel.

"I once asked a schoolmaster about it, and he told me that after death hearts were always weighed, to judge how grievously they had sinned.

The light ones rise, the heavy sink; and I'm thinking ours, Peter, will show a decent weight."

"They will indeed," answered Peter; "and it often makes me uneasy to find how unmoved and indifferent my heart remains when I think of these matters."

The next night he heard five or six times the same familiar voice whisper in his ear: "Peter, seek a warmer heart!"

He felt no remorse for her death, but when he told his servants that their mistress had gone on a journey, he thought to himself: "What journey can she be travelling now?"

Six days he spent in this way, and night after night he heard the voice, and day after day recalled the spectre and his frightful menace.

On the seventh morning he sprang from his bed, exclaiming: "Yes, I will try to obtain a warmer heart, for this insensible stone within makes my life only a burthen and fatigue."

He put his Sunday suit hastily on, and, mounting his horse, rode to the pine grove.

He dismounted at a place where the trees grew close and thick, and, fastening his horse to a branch, ran with hasty steps to the big pine, and recited his verse:

"Treasurer in the forest green,

Who so many hundred years hast seen,

Thine is the land where the pine-trees stand,
And Sabbath-born children bless thy hand."

The glass manikin instantly appeared, but a stern and angry expression had displaced his former kindly glance.

He wore a doublet of black glass, with a long crape fluttering from his hat, and Peter well knew for whom he mourned.

"What would you have of me?" he asked in a gloomy voice.

"I have one wish left, Sir Treasurer," answered Peter, with downcast eyes.

"Can hearts of marble wish?" said the dwarf.

"You have now all your wicked mind can desire, and shall have no more."

"But you promised me three wishes, and one is still unused," urged Munk.

"If it is foolish, I can refuse it," said the spectre; "speak; what is it you would ask?"

"Take from my breast this block of stone, and give me back my living heart," said Peter.

"Was it I who made the exchange?" said the manikin.

"Am I Hollander Michael, to give away riches and marble hearts?"

You must seek your heart from him."

"Alas, he never gives back!" sobbed Peter.

"Bad as you are, I feel for your unhappiness," said the glass manikin after a moment's thought.

"As your wish is not foolish, I will not refuse my aid.

Listen.

You can never recover your heart by force, but you can by guile, and perhaps without much difficulty, for Michael has ever been stupid Michael, although he thinks himself extremely shrewd.

Go to him, and do as I direct."

Then, telling him what course to follow to attain his object, he gave him a small cross of finest glass, and said: "As long as you live he can do you no injury; and he will let you pass unopposed, if you hold this out towards him, and pray to God.

When you have obtained what you go for, come back at once to this place."

Peter took the crucifix, and, imprinting every word on his memory, went on to Hollander Michael's abode.

He called his name three times, and the giant stood before him.

"So you have killed your wife?" he said, with a horrid laugh.

"You were perfectly right to do so, for she squandered your property on beggars.

But you must leave the country for a while, for it will lead to trouble when people find she does not come back.

You want money I suppose, and have come to get it?"

"You have guessed it," said Peter, "and a good deal this time, for it's a long road to America."

Michael led him to his cottage; and opening a coffer, in which lay heaps of gold, took out many rolls of the precious metal.

While he was counting it down on the table, Peter said: "You are a tricky fellow, Michael, with your lies about my carrying a stone in my breast and yourself having my real heart."

"And is it not so?" said Michael, amazed.

"Do you feel your heart still?

Is it not cold, like ice?

Do you feel fear, or sorrow?

Do you ever repent a sin?"

"You have merely deadened my heart a little, but I have it in my bosom yet, and so has Ezekiel, who told me you had cheated us.

You have no power to take a man's heart so neatly and safely out of his body.

You would have to use magic to do such a thing."

"But I assure you," cried Michael, offended, "that Ezekiel, and all the rich people about here who have had dealings with me, have just such marble hearts as yours, and their true hearts are all stowed away here in my chamber."

"Pooh, Michael, how easily the lies run off your tongue!" laughed Peter.

"Tell that story to the marines!

Do you suppose I haven't seen tricks of this sort by the dozen during my travels?

These hearts in your chamber are all made of wax.

You are a rich dog, I admit, but you are no wizard."

The giant tore open the chamber door, foaming with anger.

"Come in and read these tickets, and that one yonder.

See! that is 'Peter Munk's heart!'

Do you see how it beats?

Can wax do that, think you?"

"Pooh, pooh; nothing but wax," answered Peter.

"That doesn't beat like a real heart, and I have my own still here in my breast.

You are no wizard, that's certain."

"I will prove it to you!" cried the giant in a rage.

"You shall feel for yourself that it is your own heart."

With that, he tore open Peter's doublet, and, taking the stone from his breast, held it up before his eyes.

Then he took down the true heart, and, breathing upon it, set it carefully in Peter's side, — and instantly the young man felt it beating under his ribs, and found himself capable of enjoying the sensation.

"How does it feel now?" inquired Michael with a laugh.

"Upon my honor, Michael, you were right," answered Peter, privately drawing the crucifix from his pocket.

"I never believed it was possible!"

"Very likely.

You see now I do know a trifle of magic, I suppose.

But come, let me put the stone back in its place."

"Softly, Mr. Michael," cried Peter, taking a step backwards, and holding out the crucifix.

"Men catch mice with bacon, and this time you are the cheated one."

And he began to say a prayer, as the glass manikin had directed him.

Hollander Michael grew smaller and smaller, and fell to the ground writhing like a snake, groaning and moaning, and all the hearts on the shelves began to throb and beat till it sounded like the shop of a clock-maker.

Peter feared, however, that his courage would not hold out,

and dreaded the power of the demon; and, running out of the room and out of the house, he clambered down the cliff pursued by dreadful terror: for he heard Michael gather himself up, and stamp and rage and hurl frightful curses after his flying victim.

Having crossed the boundary, he ran swiftly to the pine grove.

A fearful tempest was raging round him, and the lightning shattered the trees on every side, but he reached the glass manikin's abode without injury.

His heart was beating joyously, but only because it beat at all, for he now looked back upon his past life with the same horror with which he had gazed on the tempest splintering the noble trees.

He thought of his wife Elizabeth, that beautiful, saintly woman, whom he had murdered through avarice, and he looked upon himself as an outcast from mankind.

He reached the dwelling of the glass manikin, weeping convulsively.

The treasurer was sitting under a pine tree, smoking a little pipe, and his expression was softer than before.

"Why do you weep, charcoal-burner?" he asked.

"Have you failed to obtain your heart?"

Lies the marble still in your bosom?"

"Alas! sir," sighed Peter, "as long as I carried a marble heart I never wept, and my eyes were as dry as the ground in July.

But my old heart is almost breaking at the remembrance of my crimes.

I have driven my debtors to despair, I have set my dogs on the poor and sick, and you have not forgotten how my whip fell on that beautiful forehead!"

"Peter, you have been a great sinner!" said the dwarf.

"Money and idleness have been your ruin, till your heart changed to stone, and you could feel no longer joy or sorrow, remorse or compassion.

But repentance atones for sin; and, were I sure that you felt remorse for your past life, it is still in my power to do you a great good."

"I wish nothing more," answered Peter, and his head sank sadly on his breast.

"Hope has fled.

I can never be happy again.

What can I do, alone in the world?"

My mother will never pardon the wrongs I have done to her; and perhaps, monster that I am, I have already brought her with sorrow to the grave!

And Elizabeth! my dear wife!

Alas, Treasurer, rather strike me dead on the spot and bring my wretched life to an instant close!"

"Well," answered the dwarf, "if you are resolved upon it, let it be so.

I have my axe ready in my hand."

He took his pipe quietly from his mouth, extinguished it, and thrust it into his pocket.

Then, rising slowly from his seat, he disappeared behind the trees.

Peter sat weeping on the grass; his life was worthless in his sight, and he waited patiently for his death-blow.

In a few moments he heard soft footsteps behind him, and thought to himself, "He is coming now."

"Look behind you, Peter Munk!" cried the dwarf.

He wiped the tears from his eyes and turned his head.

There stood his mother and Elizabeth, looking at him tenderly.

He sprang up in a frenzy of delight.

"You are not dead, then, Elizabeth!

And you here, too, mother!

Have you forgiven me?"

"They are willing to forgive you," answered the glass manikin, "because you feel sincere remorse.

Return now to your father's cottage, and become a charcoal-burner as before.

If you are honest and manly you will honor your occupation, and your neighbors will respect and love you more than if you possessed ten tons of gold."

With this admonition the glass manikin bade them farewell.

The three blessed and praised him, and slowly returned home.

The handsome house of rich Peter Munk was standing no longer; the lightning had struck it and destroyed it with all his treasures.

But his father's hut stood at no great distance, and thither they turned their steps, unconcerned at the great losses they had so recently sustained.

But great was their amazement when they reached the hut.

It had been changed into a handsome farmer's cottage, and all its interior arrangements, though simple, were tasteful and good.

"The good glass manikin has done this!" cried Peter.

"How charming!" said Elizabeth.

"This is much more like home than that great house of ours with its crowd of servants."

Henceforth Peter Munk was a busy and active man.

Contented with what he had, he applied himself industriously to his business; and thus it came about that he grew prosperous through his own exertions and activity, and was respected and admired throughout the forest.

He ceased to quarrel with the beautiful Elizabeth, treated his mother with affection and reverence, and gave freely to the needy who knocked at his door.

After the lapse of a year and a day Elizabeth gave birth to a handsome boy, and Peter went to the pine grove and recited the verses.

But no glass manikin answered to his summons.

"My Lord Treasurer," he shouted, "listen to me a moment.

I only wish to ask you to be god-father to my little son."

No answer came back, but a puff of wind sighed through the pine-trees, and cast a few pine-cones down into the grass.

"I will take these cones as a keepsake, since you refuse to answer to my call," cried Peter, and, putting them in his pocket, went back to his cottage.

But when he drew off his Sunday doublet, and his mother turned out the pockets to put the coat safely away in the press, four large rolls of money fell out, and, on opening them, their eyes were dazzled by the shine of countless, good, new, handsome

ducats, with not a false one among them.

And this was the present of the manikin to his little god-child.

Henceforth they lived calmly and at peace; and Peter frequently said in after years, when his head was white and his limbs feeble: "It is far better to be contented with little, than to possess money and goods and a cold heart."

THE COLD HEART

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IF ever you should travel through the country of Suabia you should take a peep at the Black Forest, not only that you may admire the magnificent pinetrees, but that you may study the people living there, for they are quite unlike any of their neighbours.

The inhabitants of the Black Forest near the town of Baden are tall and broad and it would almost seem as though the invigorating scent of the pinetrees had strengthened their bodies and their characters too, for they are fearless, frank and honest.

Their principal industries are glass-making and clock-making.

The costume they wear, too, is different from the ordinary run of peasants, and gives them a strange and somewhat dignified appearance.

On the other side of the Forest, although of the same race, the inhabitants are, on account of the different occupations they pursue, somewhat different in their manners and customs.

These people work chiefly in the Forest as wood-cutters and timber-merchants.

They fell their pine-trees and then float them down the Nagold to the Neckar, down the Neckar to the Rhine, even travelling as far as Holland, the rafts of the Black Forest being known upon the sea-coast.

They stop their rafts at every town they come to, so that folks may buy their timber if they have a mind to; but the broadest and tallest beams and masts are sold to the Dutch ship-builders for a good round sum of money.

These men, accustomed to a rough, wandering life, are as different in character from the people living in the other part of the Forest as their costumes differ.

The men living in the neighbourhood of Baden wear black jackets, closely pleated trousers, red stockings, and peaked hats; the woodmen, however, wear jackets of dark coloured linen, broad green braces, black leather breeches, from one of the pockets of which a brass foot rule protrudes, but their chief pride is in their boots, which reach nearly to their middle, so that the raftsmen can wade through fairly deep water without wetting their feet.

At one time it was believed that two spirits inhabited the Black Forest; the one, known as "The Little Glass-man," was a good little spirit, and but three feet and a half in height, and was always to be seen dressed in the same costume as the glass-makers or clock-makers wore; but Dutch Michael, who haunted the further side of the Forest, was a broad-shouldered giant and

was dressed like a raftsman.

Some of the wood-cutters who had seen him declared his boots were so big that an ordinary full-grown man could have stood upright in one of them and yet not have reached to the top of it.

A young Black Forester, named Peter Munk, is said to have had a very extraordinary adventure with these two wood-spirits.

Peter lived with his mother, who was a widow, in the very heart of the Forest.

His father had been a charcoal burner and after his death the mother trained her son to the same employment.

At first Peter was content to follow his father's occupation and to sit by his sooty kiln, as black as soot himself, and now and again to drive into the towns and villages to sell his charcoal.

But he had plenty of time for reflection and it gradually began to occur to him that his lot was not a very happy one.

He thought how smart the glass-makers and clock-makers looked, decked out in their best clothes on Sunday.

"But," said he to himself, "if I were to put on my father's jacket with its silver buttons, and encase my legs in bright red stockings and swagger down the street, folks would say, 'Tis only Peter Munk, the charcoal burner, after all.'"

The wood-cutters, raftsmen and timber-merchants were also objects of his envy.

Whenever these forest giants came into the village in their splendid costumes, decked out with silver buttons and buckles and chains, and stood with their great legs wide apart, watching the dance perhaps, using strange Dutch oaths, and smoking long pipes from Cologne, he would say to himself — "Ah! what happiness to be a man like that!"

Sometimes one of these fortunate beings would lunge a hand into his pocket and bring out a handful of florins and commence to gamble with them; six batzen at a time they would risk at dice, and Peter had seen one of the richest timber-merchants lose in a night more money than he or his father had ever earned in a year, and yet not seem greatly upset over the loss of the money.

At these times Peter would feel half beside himself and would steal away to his lonely hut consumed with rage and jealousy.

There were three men in particular who excited his admiration and envy.

One was a tall stout man, with a very red face, who was said to be the richest man in the country.

He was called "Fat Ezekiel."

Twice a year he journeyed to Amsterdam and was always lucky in getting a better price for his timber than anyone else, so that he could travel back in state, whilst his neighbours had to get back as best they could.

The second man was the tallest and thinnest man in the whole Forest and was nick-named the Long-legged Lounger, and Peter Munk envied him his extraordinary impudence, for he would flatly contradict the most important personages, and no matter how crowded the inn might be he would take up four times as much room as the fattest men; he would plant his elbows on the table, or stretch his long legs upon a bench, and no one ventured to expostulate, because he was so immensely rich.

The third man, however, was young and handsome, and was

the best dancer in the district, so that he was known far and wide as the King of the Dancers.

He had at one time been very poor and acted as servant to one of the timber-merchants, but suddenly he had become enormously rich.

Some said he had found a pot of gold, others affirmed he had fished up a parcel of gold pieces from the bottom of the river, which had been part of the lost Nibelungen treasure; but, no matter how he had attained it, the fact remained that he had suddenly become very rich indeed and was looked upon as little short of a prince by his less lucky friends and companions.

Peter Munk's mind was often occupied by the good fortune of these three men, as he sat alone in the forest or by his fire!

It is true that all three of them were hated by their neighbours on account of their unnatural avarice and their want of feeling for those who owed them money, or for the poor, but though they were hated they were treated with respect on account of their money, for they could afford to scatter it about as the pine-trees scattered their needles.

"Alas!" sighed Peter one day, "I can stand my poverty no longer; would that I were as rich and respected as Fat Ezekiel, or as impudent and powerful as the Long-legged Lounger, or as fine a dancer as the Dance King and be able to throw florins to the fiddlers instead of pence.

Where do these fellows get their money from?"

In thinking of ways and means by which he might amass money, he at length remembered the stories the people used to tell of the little Glass-man and Dutch Michael.

In his father's lifetime they had frequently been visited by folks as poor as themselves, and the conversation would turn to rich folks and how they had acquired their money, and the little Glass-man had not infrequently played a prominent part in the conversation.

He even thought he could remember the little verse it was necessary to recite in the Forest if one wished to summon the little man; it began:

"Owner of all in the pine woods green,
Many a hundred years thou hast seen,
Thine all the land where the pine-trees grow —"

But there he stopped short, and strive as he would he could not remember the rest of the verse.

He thought about asking some of the old men who had been his father's friends, but a certain shyness prevented his mentioning the little Glass-man and so betraying perhaps what was in his mind.

There were very few rich people in the Forest and he wondered why some of them had not tried their luck with the wood-spirits.

At last he persuaded his mother to talk about the little man; but she could tell him little more than he knew already.

Moreover, she could only remember the first line of the verse; but finally she said the spirit only showed himself to folks born on a Sunday between the hours of eleven and two.

"Had you but known the charm," said she, "you might have summoned the Little Man yourself, for you were born at mid-day on a Sunday."

On hearing this Peter Munk was nearly beside himself with impatience to set out upon this adventure.

Surely the portion of the verse he knew would prove sufficient to summon the little Glass-man to a Sunday's child like himself.

So one day when he had managed to sell all his charcoal, instead of kindling a new fire he dressed himself in his father's best jacket and red stockings, put the pointed hat upon his head and, taking his five foot blackthorn staff in his hand, bade good-bye to his mother.

"It will soon be time to draw lots and decide who is to go for a soldier, and I am going to the magistrate to remind him that as you are a widow and I your only son I am exempt from serving in the army," said he.

His mother praised him for his thoughtfulness and he set out towards a particular clump of black pines.

This spot was the highest point in the Black Forest and there was not a village nor a hut for some miles around it, for the superstitious people thought it was haunted.

Although the trees there grew thick and tall they were never felled, for it was said that when anyone had attempted to do so terrible accidents occurred.

Sometimes the axe had sprung from the haft and buried itself in the man's foot, or a stubborn tree trunk that seemed to defy the stroke of the axe fell suddenly and crushed the wood-cutter, injuring him severely and even killing him.

Even the finest tree could but be used for fuel, for the raftsmen would not take a single log from this particular clump, for it was said that it would bring them bad luck and that raft and raftsmen would sink.

And so it chanced that the trees grew thicker and taller, excluding every ray of sunshine, so that even in the daytime it was dark as night there, and Peter Munk's courage began to fail him as he reached the spot, for there was not a sound to be heard, no voice, no footstep except his own, the stroke of no axe resounded, and even the birds seemed to have deserted the place.

Peter reached the highest point of the mountain and stood before a pine-tree of tremendous girth, for which a Dutch ship-builder would have given many a hundred florins.

"This," thought he, "must surely be the abode of the Glass-man," and so he drew his hat from his head, bowed low, and said with a trembling voice: "Good-evening, Master Glass-man," but there was not a sound in reply.

"Perhaps I had better try the little verse," he thought, and began in flattering tones:

"Owner of all in the pine woods green,
Many a hundred years thou hast seen,
Thine all the lands where the pine-trees grow —"

As he spoke he saw to his terror a strange little figure peeping out from behind the big tree trunk.

It seemed to be dressed exactly as he had heard in the black vest, red stockings, and pointed hat.

Even the pale, clever little face he seemed to see for a moment; but it disappeared as quickly as it had come.

"Master Glass-man," cried Peter in trembling tones, "I pray you do not make sport of me.

If you think I did not see you you are mistaken."

But there was no reply, beyond a faint chuckle from behind the tree.

At length his impatience overcame his fear — "Wait awhile, my fine fellow," he cried angrily, "I will soon catch you."

He made a bound towards the tree and darted round to the other side.

But there was no Glass-man there, only a dainty little squirrel that scampered up the trunk of the tree.

Peter Munk shook his head.

He perceived clearly that his failure was on account of his not knowing the concluding line of the verse, but ponder as he might he could not call it to memory.

The squirrel showed itself upon the lower branches of the pine-tree and appeared to mock and make sport of him.

It dressed its fur, waved its bushy tail, gazed at him with its bright clever eyes, but at length he was half afraid of it, for one moment it seemed to have a man's head and to wear a pointed hat, the next moment it was like any ordinary squirrel, then suddenly its hind legs became clothed with red stockings and black shoes.

In short it was quite the strangest little creature Peter Munk had ever seen and he was afraid of it, and so he turned and left the spot quicker than he had gone there.

It seemed to him that the woods grew darker and thicker as he ran, until he became possessed of an absolute terror, and it was not until he heard the barking of dogs in the distance that he slackened his pace, then, as a peasant's hut burst on his astonished gaze, he found that in his fright he had been running in the opposite direction to that which he had intended, and instead of arriving at the dwellings of the glass-makers he had come out amongst the wood-cutters and raftsmen.

The people who lived in this particular cottage were wood-cutters, and the family consisted of an old man, his son, the master of the house, and his family.

Peter Munk approached them and asked if they could give him a night's lodging, and they received him kindly and hospitably, never so much as asking for his name or where he came from.

They gave him cider to drink and in the evening they roasted a large woodcock for his supper, one of the daintiest morsels to be had in the Black Forest.

When they had made a good meal the housewife and her daughters seated themselves round a big blaze of light, which the youths kindled from the resinous pine-wood, and commenced plying their distaffs, the old grandfather, the guest, and the master sat smoking and watching the women at their work, but the young men of the family busied themselves fashioning wooden spoons and forks.

Out in the woods a storm raged and howled amongst the pine-trees.

Now and again there was the sound of a falling tree or the cracking of branches as they were torn from the parent stem.

The fearless youths would have run out into the wood in order to watch the fearful but grand spectacle, but their grandfather forbade them.

"No one wandering in the wood to-night would ever return,"

said he.

"Without doubt Dutch Michael is abroad and seeks a new raft-load in the forest."

The boys had heard many a time of Dutch Michael; but nevertheless they begged their grandfather to tell them a story about him.

Peter Munk, too, who had only heard vague reports about him in his own part of the country, joined his requests to that of the boys and asked him to tell him who he really was and where he lived.

"Why, to think you don't know that now," said the old man.

"You must have come from the other side of the forest then, if not further away.

I will tell you all I know of Dutch Michael.

Some hundreds of years ago, so the story goes, there were no more honest and respectable folks to be found far and wide than the Black Foresters.

It is only since so much money came into the country that folks have become dishonest and wicked.

Nowadays on a Sunday young men dance and smoke, and swear, enough to make one's hair stand on end, but in those days it was different, and even though he stands at the window and hears me say it, I maintain that Dutch Michael is at the root of all the evil.

More than a hundred years ago there lived a rich timber merchant, who had many work-people and whose business was carried on from here to far down the Rhine.

He was a good pious man and a blessing rested on all his ventures.

One evening there came to his door a man the like of whom he had never seen before.

He wore the dress of a Black Forester, but he was a great deal taller than the tallest man and one could scarcely believe it possible for there to be such a giant.

He asked for work and the merchant, seeing that he looked so strong and likely to be able to carry heavy burdens, asked what wages he required and soon came to terms with him.

Michael was the man's name, and such a workman his master had never had before.

When it came to hewing trees, he was worth three other men, and when the timber had to be carried away, though there were six men at the end of a trunk he would take the other end by himself and make no labour of it at all.

At the end of half a year he came to his master and said he was tired of felling timber and would like to go with the rafts and see the places the timber went to.

'Well,' said his master, 'I will not stand in your way.

It is true that you are more useful to me as a wood-cutter, for strong men are needed for such hard work, whereas one has need of skill and dexterity rather than strength upon a raft.

However, this once you shall go.'

And so it came to pass, and he was to set out with a raft consisting of eight portions, all being connected.

But on the evening before they were to start Michael brought down to the river's edge eight more huge trees, the biggest and longest that had ever been seen, and each one he carried upon his

shoulder as easily as though it had been his raft-pole.

To this day no one knows where they had been felled.

The timber merchant's heart rejoiced, for he reckoned this timber would fetch a vast sum; but Michael only said — 'They are for a raft for myself.

I could not very well manage on the other little rafts.'

His master offered him a pair of raftsmen's boots, in return for the service he had done him, but Michael thrust them aside and produced a pair such as never were seen before.

My grandfather assured me they must have weighed a hundred pounds at least and were five or six feet high.

The raft set out and, just as he had astonished the wood-cutters, now he made the raftsmen open their eyes.

They had believed, when they saw the huge additional portion Michael had attached to the raft, that it would travel much slower on that account.

But not so, as soon as it reached the Neckar it darted ahead like an arrow.

When they came to a sharp bend in the river, whereas the raftsmen would formerly have had some trouble to keep the raft in the middle of the stream, and not to run it aground, now, Michael just sprang into the water and with one mighty push turned the raft either to left or right until the danger was past.

When they came to a straight stretch he would run along the different portions of the raft until he came to the front one, and then, bidding all the men put by their poles he would stick his own enormous pole into the gravelly river-bed and send the raft rushing forward at such a pace that trees, country, villages, all seemed flying past.

And so it came about that they reached Cologne in less than half the time it usually took.

Here the raftsmen had been wont to sell all their timber; but Michael now dissuaded them from doing this.

'You are fine merchants,' said he, 'you don't know how to protect your own interests.

Do you suppose the people of Cologne need all the wood they purchase from the Black Forest for themselves?

Not they!

They give you about half what it is really worth and sell it again at a dearer rate in Holland.

Let us sell the smaller timber here and take the larger trees to Holland, and whatever we make over and above the usual price will be our profit.'

So spoke the crafty Michael, and his companions were only too ready to follow his advice, some because they wanted to go to Holland to see the country and some because they liked the idea of the extra money.

Only one man amongst them remained honest, and he begged the rest not to endanger his master's property risking the troublesome journey to Holland, or at least if they went there not to cheat the merchant out of the better price that they sold the wood for.

But they would not listen to him and soon forgot his words, that is to say, with the exception of Michael.

So they floated down the Rhine, Michael steering the raft, and very soon they reached Rotterdam.

Here they obtained four times the usual price for the wood, the huge trunks Michael had added fetching in particular a very high price.

The Black Foresters were delighted at the sight of so much gold.

Michael divided it, one portion for the master and three portions to be divided between the raftsmen.

The men at once began to waste their money in the inns, drinking and gambling with sailors and all sorts of rabble and dishonest folks.

The one honest man amongst them Dutch Michael sold to a press-gang man and he was carried off and never heard of again.

From that time Holland became the Black Foresters' Paradise and Dutch Michael was their king.

It was some time before the timber-merchants discovered the truth of the matter, and so it gradually came about that riches, oaths, bad habits, drinking and gambling were introduced from Holland into the Black Forest.

When the whole story did come out, however, Dutch Michael was nowhere to be found.

But he is not dead, and for over a hundred years he has haunted our forest, and it is said he has helped many a one to become rich, but at the cost of his poor soul.

I will say no more about that, still it is very certain that on stormy nights such as the present, he seeks out the finest trees from the portion of the forest where it is forbidden to fell timber; my own father saw him break one that was full four feet thick as though it had been a reed.

This timber he gives to those who have left the straight path of honesty and gone to him for help.

At midnight he helps them to carry the wood to the river, and steers the rafts down the streams for them until they reach Holland.

But if I were King in Holland, I would have them sunk with shot to the bottom of the stream, for every ship that carries but a single board or bream sold by Dutch Michael is bound to sink.

That is why one hears of so many shipwrecks.

How else could it be that a fine ship, as large as a church should go to the bottom of the sea?

Every time Dutch Michael fells a tree in the forest, a plank in some ship bursts, the water penetrates and the good ship is lost with all hands.

That is the story of Dutch Michael, and it is quite true that it was he who introduced everything that is bad in the Black Forest.

He can make one as rich as a dream," he added mysteriously, "but I would rather be without his wealth, and not for the whole world would I stand in the shoes of Fat Ezekiel or the Long-legged Lounger, and it is said that the Dance King had given up his soul to him also."

The storm had blown over during the old man's recital and now the maidens timidly lit their lamps and crept away to bed, and the men placed a sack of leaves for a pillow for Peter Munk upon the bench in the chimney corner, and wishing him good-night, left him to himself.

Charcoal Peter, as he was usually called, had terrible dreams that night.

He thought that the grim gigantic form of Dutch Michael came to the window and, forcing it open, stretched a long arm through the space and shook a purse of gold pieces at Peter.

The money clinked musically in his ears.

The next moment however, who should appear but the little Glass-man.

He rode here and there in the air upon a huge green glass bottle and Peter thought he could hear the low chuckling he had heard in the clump of black pines; then suddenly he caught the sound of a hoarse voice booming in his left ear these words:

"In Holland there's gold to be had
For the asking, so wherefore be sad?
Dutch Michael has gold, glitt'ring gold,
Come to him, then, for riches untold."

Then in his right ear he heard the three lines of the little Glass-man's verse recited and a soft voice whispered, "Foolish Charcoal Peter, foolish Peter Munk, can't you think of a word to rhyme with 'grow' and you born at mid-day on a Sunday, too?"

For shame, Peter, come try for a rhyme, try for a rhyme."

Peter groaned and sighed in his sleep and tried his hardest to make a rhyme, but as he had never made a single one when awake he did not succeed any better in his dreams.

He awoke as the first streaks of dawn appeared and sat up, placed his elbows on the table and rested his head upon his hands.

As he remembered the whispering in his ears he said to himself: "Rhyme foolish Charcoal Peter, for goodness sake make a rhyme."

He tapped his forehead with his fingers, but no rhyme would come, and as he sat there sad and disturbed in his mind, trying hard to find a rhyme to "grow," the young fellows passed the cottage and one of them was singing at the top of his voice:

"I stood beside a little hut,
Just where the pine-trees grow,
Peeped in for my beloved,
But her face she would not show."

The words rushed through Peter's ears like lightning; but like lightning they were gone again.

He jumped up, ran from the cottage, pursued the three men, and seized the singer roughly by the arm.

"Stop, friend," he cried, "what did you rhyme with 'grow'?
Be good enough, please, to tell me what you were singing."
"What's that to you, fellow?" replied the Black Forester.

"I can sing what I like, I suppose?"

Let go my arm, or —"

"No, no," screamed Peter, clinging all the tighter to him, "I will not let you go until you have told me what you were singing."

But the singer's two companions fell upon Peter and gave him such a drubbing he was forced to let go the singer's clothing, and fell fainting to his knees.

"Now you have your deserts," they said, laughing, "and perhaps you will know better another time than to molest honest folk on an open road."

"I will certainly remember not to do so any more" replied Charcoal Peter with a sigh, "but now that you have given me a good beating be so good as to tell me slowly and clearly the words of the song."

They laughed at him and mocked him, but the singer repeated the words to him and then, laughing and singing, the three young men went on their way.

Peter raised himself painfully to his feet.

"Ah," he said, "so 'show' rhymes with 'grow.'"

Very well, Master Glass-man, we will have a word to say to each other by-and-by."

He went back to the cottage, took leave of his host, and with his staff in his hand set out once more for the clump of black pine-trees.

He walked slowly, for he had to compose a last line to the verse, and although he now had a word to rhyme he found it a difficult matter to make up the whole line.

But by the time he was close to the place and the pines began to grow taller and thicker, he had his line quite complete, and so overjoyed was he that he made a bound forward and nearly bounded up against a huge giant of a man, dressed as a raftsman, and carrying a pole in his hand the size of a ship's mast, who stepped suddenly from out of the clump of pine-trees.

Peter Munk's knees shook with fright as he saw the giant taking slow steps alongside of him, in order to accommodate himself to Peter's pace.

"Without doubt it is Dutch Michael," thought he, but the huge figure paced silently on.

Peter glanced sideways at him from time to time.

He was certainly taller than the tallest man he had ever seen, his face was neither young nor old, but was covered with lines and creases innumerable.

He wore a linen vest and the enormous boots which were drawn up over his leather breeches Peter recognised at once from the old man's story.

"Peter Munk, what are you doing in this clump of black pines?" he asked at length in deep threatening tones.

"Good morning, sir," answered Peter, trying to appear unconcerned, although he was trembling violently.

"I am only on my way home."

"Peter Munk," replied the Forest King, glaring at the unfortunate young man, "your way does not lie through this clump of trees."

"Well, not exactly," said Peter, "but it is so hot to-day that I thought it would be cooler here beneath the pine-trees."

"Don't lie to me, Charcoal Peter," thundered the giant, "or I will strike you to the earth with my pole."

Do you suppose I did not see you begging from the little Glass-man?"

Then in milder tones Dutch Michael went on.

"It was a foolish thing to do, Peter, and it was lucky for you you could not remember the lines of the verse, for the little fellow is a terrible miser, and only gives grudgingly; moreover, whoever accepts money from him is never happy again his whole life long.

You are a simpleton, Peter, and I am sorry for you from the bottom of my heart.

To think that a fine handsome fellow like you should be nothing better than a charcoal burner!

When other folks jingle fat ducats in their pockets you have only a few copper coins to show.

It is a wretched life to lead."

"You are right there, it is a wretched life," said Peter.

"Well, well" proceeded Dutch Michael, "I have helped many a poor fellow in distress and you would not be the first.

Just say how many hundred florins you would like to have to begin with?"

As he spoke he jingled the money in his enormous pockets and it sounded just as it had done in Peter's dream.

Peter's heart beat fast with fear and he was hot and cold by turns, for Dutch Michael had not the appearance of one who gave money out of charity alone.

He remembered the mysterious words of the old man regarding the men who had enriched themselves at the Forest King's expense, and overcome with terror he cried out: "Many thanks, sir, for your kind offer, but I would rather have nothing to do with you," and with that he took to his heels and ran for his life.

But the terrible Michael was not to be shaken off.

By taking huge strides he kept pace with Peter — "You will regret this," he said, "mark my words you will regret it.

Do not run so fast, yonder is the boundary of my domains and I can go no further."

On hearing these words Peter hastened on more than ever and as he reached the boundary he made a spring for safety.

Dutch Michael hurled his huge pole after him.

It missed him, but the force with which it had been thrown caused it to break into splinters.

One splinter fell at his feet and Peter stopped to pick it up to throw it back at Michael; but before he could do so he felt the wood turn and twist in his hand, and to his horror he saw that it had turned into a huge snake, which was about to spring at him.

He tried to shake it off, but it had fastened itself round his arm and darted its horrible head towards his face, when suddenly a woodcock flew down and seized the snake's head in its beak and flew off with it.

Dutch Michael raged and bellowed in vain, and Peter, trembling in every limb, once more set out upon his way.

The path grew steeper and steeper until at length he found himself before the big pine-tree in the centre of the clump of black pines.

As on the previous day, he bowed to the invisible Glass-man and began reciting the verse:

"Owner of all in the pine-woods green,

Many a hundred years thou hast seen,

Thine all the lands where the pine trees grow —

To the Sunday-born thy face now show!"

"Well, it's not quite right yet, but as it is you Charcoal Peter, I will let it pass," said a fine soft voice near him.

Peter turned in surprise and saw, seated beneath a beautiful pine-tree, a little old man.

He was wearing a black vest, red stockings, and a large pointed hat.

He had a refined, delicate little face and a long white beard as soft as a cobweb; but the most extraordinary thing about him that Peter at first sight noticed was that he was smoking a long pipe of blue glass; but on approaching nearer Peter discovered that everything the little man wore, coat, shoes, stockings, all were

made of coloured glass; but it was as flexible as though it were still hot, and went into folds, as cloth would have done, with every movement of the little man's body.

"And so you met that rascal Dutch Michael" said the little man.

"He would have done you an injury had I not taken his magic wand from him.

Moreover, he will not easily get it again."

"Yes, Master Glass-man," replied Peter, bowing low.

"I had a terrible fright.

And so you were the woodcock that pecked the snake to death?

Very many thanks.

But I have come to you for advice.

Things are not very flourishing with me.

A charcoal-burner does not get on in the world, and, as I am young and strong, I should like to be in a better position, especially when I see others like Fat Ezekiel and the Dance King with as much money as they can spend."

"Peter," said the little man sternly, as he blew a cloud of smoke from his pipe, "Peter, don't let me hear you speak of these men.

Just for a few years of happiness, or perhaps only the appearance of happiness they will pay by an eternity of misery.

You should not be-little your trade.

Your father and grandfather before you pursued it.

I trust it is not the love of idleness that has led you to me."

Peter was alarmed by the little man's earnestness and blushed.

"No, no," he faltered, "I know full well that idleness is the root of all trouble; but you cannot wonder that I should wish to better myself.

A charcoal-burner is thought so little of, the glass-makers, clock-makers and raftsmen are all of higher standing."

"Pride goes before a fall," said the little man in more friendly tones.

"You men are a strange race!

It is seldom that any one of you is content with his position.

If you were a glass-worker you would no doubt wish to be a timber merchant, and if you were a timber merchant you would want to be the Keeper of the Forest, or even a magistrate.

I am accustomed to grant three wishes to every Sunday-child that knows how to find his way to me.

The first two are free to be granted; but I can refuse to grant the third if I think it is a foolish one.

So wish something for yourself, Peter, but take care that it is something good and useful."

"Hurrah! you are without doubt a first-rate little fellow, Master Glass-man.

And so as I may wish what I will, I wish that I may dance as well as the Dance King, and when I am with Fat Ezekiel I may always have as much money in my pockets as he has."

"Fool!" cried the little man angrily, "what an idiotic wish to make, to be able to dance and to have a supply of money with which to gamble.

You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Peter, to cheat yourself of your good fortune in such a manner.

Of what use will it be to your poor mother that you can dance well?

And of what use your money if you only spend it in the ale-house?

When you are with Fat Ezekiel and the Dance King your pockets will be as full as theirs, but you will leave your money behind you, and be as poor and hungry the rest of the week as you were before.

I will grant you one other wish, but see that you make better use of it."

Peter scratched his head and spoke after some deliberation.

"Very well, I wish for the finest glass factory in the Black Forest and sufficient money to carry on my business."

"Nothing else?" asked the little man earnestly.

"Nothing else, Peter?"

"Well," said Peter, "whilst I am about it you might as well add a horse and a little carriage."

"Oh! you stupid, you stupid!" cried the little man, and in his wrath he flung his glass pipe at the nearest pine-tree and smashed it into a hundred pieces.

"A horse and carriage indeed!

Why couldn't you wish for knowledge and common sense.

But there, there, no need to look so sad, the second wish was not altogether so foolish as the first.

A glass factory is not a bad thing to possess and will certainly provide its owner with a living, but had you wished for knowledge and common sense with it, the horse and carriage would have followed as a natural consequence."

"But, Master Glass-man," replied Peter, "I have still one wish left and I will wish for knowledge and common sense if you think it so necessary for me to possess it."

"No, no, mark my words you will find yourself in such a dilemma one of these fine days that you will be thankful to have a remaining wish to help you out, and now go home.

Here are two thousand golden crowns, see that you use them to the best advantage, and don't come here asking for more money or I will hang you from the top of the tallest tree.

Three days ago old Winkfritz died.

He owned the largest glass factory in the forest.

Go first thing tomorrow morning and make a bid for the business.

See that you are industrious and behave yourself well, and I will visit you from time to time and give you good advice to make up for your not having wished for common sense, but I must tell you seriously that your first wish was an evil wish.

Be careful how you take to frequenting ale-houses, for never yet did they do anyone anything but harm."

Whilst speaking the little man had taken out another pipe made of the very finest glass, filled it with dried fir cones, and stuck it in his little toothless mouth.

He now drew forth an enormous burning glass and, stepping out into the sunlight, lighted his pipe by means of the glass.

When he had succeeded he offered his hand to Peter in friendly fashion, gave him a little more good advice, smoked faster and faster, and at length disappeared in a cloud of smoke, which circled higher and higher until it reached the tree tops, leaving a

scent of genuine Dutch tobacco behind it.

When Peter reached home he found his mother in great trouble about him, for the good woman quite supposed he had been made to enlist for a soldier.

He told her he had met a good friend in the Forest who had given him enough money to start a different business.

Although his mother had lived for thirty years in the charcoal-burner's hut and had become as accustomed to the sooty faces of her men-folk as a miller's wife to her husband's floury face, she had still sufficient vanity at once to despise their former position as soon as she saw a chance of bettering it.

"As the mother of a man who owns a glass factory," said she, "I shall be a degree above my neighbours, and in future I shall take a foremost seat in church amongst the well-to-do people."

Peter soon made a bargain with Winkfritz's heirs for possession of the glass factory.

He retained all the workmen employed there and worked hard, making glass night and day.

At first he liked his new trade.

He walked about the factory with his hands stuck in his pockets, looking at this and that and making his workmen laugh at his queer questions.

His greatest pleasure was to watch the glass-blowing; he liked to take the soft material and fashion it into all sorts of queer figures.

But he soon tired of the work and by degrees he came less often to the factory; first it fell to passing only an hour a day there, then he would come in every other day, finally only once a week, and all this came of frequenting the ale-house.

The Sunday after he had met the little Glass-man, he went to the inn and there he found the Dance King, already dancing, and Fat Ezekiel, with a can of beer beside him, playing pitch and toss for crown pieces.

He put his hand in his pocket to be sure the little Glass-man kept good faith, and found his pockets bulging with gold and silver.

In his limbs he felt a strange and unaccustomed twitching, as though he wanted to dance, and as soon as the first dance was over he took his partner out and placed himself close to the Dance King.

For every skip the Dance King made Peter made two.

If the Dance King bounded a foot into the air Peter bounded twice as high, and no matter what complicated steps the Dance King made, Peter's dancing was twice as complicated.

He bounded, he pranced, he twisted until all who beheld him were in a whirl of wonder.

As soon as it became known that Peter had purchased a glass factory, and when folks saw the careless way in which he flung a handful of coppers at a time to the musicians, their astonishment knew no bounds.

Some said he must have found buried treasure in the forest, others said he had inherited a big sum of money, and everyone paid him great respect and attention because it was apparent he was a monied man.

The same evening he lost twenty crowns, but in spite of that his money still chinked in his pockets as though he had plenty left.

When Peter saw how much he was looked up to he scarcely knew how to contain himself for pride and joy.

He threw his money about with a free hand and gave a goodly portion to the poor, remembering the times when he had suffered for want of money.

The Dance King's art having been quite supplanted by that of Peter, the latter was nicknamed "Dance Emperor," but this nickname soon gave place to another and a worse one.

On Sundays in the inn there was no worse gambler than he, for no one could afford to lose as much as he could, but as he always played with Fat Ezekiel, who won his money easily, he had still, just as the little Glass-man had promised, as much money in his pockets as his opponent.

If he lost twenty or thirty crowns one minute, no sooner had Fat Ezekiel slipped them into his pocket than the same sum appeared in Peter's.

He took to gambling every day in the week, and what with drinking and playing he soon became one of the worst characters in the Black Forest, and so he came to be called "Gambling Peter" instead of "Dance Emperor."

It was on account of this that his glass factory soon began to show signs of decay.

He ordered glass to be made as before; but as he had no business capacity he did not know how to dispose of it to the best advantage, and soon had such an accumulation of glass goods that he was obliged to sell to pedlars or anyone who would buy it at half price, so that he might have the money to pay his workmen.

One evening as he was going home from the inn he could not help thinking of the terrible muddle he had made of his affairs and worrying himself over the loss of his fortune, when suddenly he became aware that someone was walking beside him, and behold it was the little Glass-man.

Peter flew into a terrible rage and accused the little man of being the cause of all his misfortunes.

"Of what use to me is a horse and a carriage?" he cried.

"Of what use my factory and all my glass?"

I was happier as a poverty-stricken charcoal-burner than I am now, for I never know when the bailiffs may come and seize my goods to pay my debts."

"Oh!" replied the little Glass-man, "so it is my fault, is it, that you are unhappy?"

Is this the thanks you offer me for my generosity?

Why did you wish so foolishly?

You wished to be a glass manufacturer and yet knew nothing about the business.

Did I not warn you to be careful what you wished for?

It was knowledge and common sense you wanted."

"Knowledge and common sense," screamed Peter.

"I will show you that I have as much common sense as you have," and with these words he grabbed the Glass-man by the collar and cried — "Now I have you, Master Glass-man, and I will not let you go until you have granted me a third wish.

Give me now at this very moment, on this very spot, two hundred thousand crown pieces, a house and — oh! oh!" he shrieked aloud, for the Glass-man had turned into a mass of hot molten glass and burnt his hand.

Of the little man himself there was nothing to be seen.

For several days he was reminded of his ingratitude and foolishness by his burnt and swollen hand, but he managed to stifle his conscience and said to himself — "Well, well, even if my factory and everything in it is sold, I have still got Fat Ezekiel to provide me with as much money as I shall require.

As long as his pockets are full on a Sunday, I cannot have mine empty."

Just so, Peter, but how if a time should come when they are empty?

This was exactly what happened.

One Sunday he came driving up to the inn in his carriage and the people looking out of the window remarked: "Here comes Gambling Peter," or "Here comes the Dance Emperor," or "Here comes the rich glass manufacturer."

"I'm not so sure about his riches," said another, "there are grave reports about him in the town and it is said that the bailiffs are to seize his goods for debt."

Peter nodded to the men at the window and called pompously — "Master Innkeeper, is Fat Ezekiel here yet?"

"Yes, yes, here I am," said Fat Ezekiel, "we have kept your place, Peter, and we are at the cards already."

So Peter Munk went in and slipped his hand into his pocket and found that Fat Ezekiel must have plenty of money, for his own pockets were quite full.

He sat down to the table and began to play, losing and winning much as the others did.

But as the night began to fall most of the players rose and went home, but not so Peter Munk.

He challenged Fat Ezekiel to remain and play on.

At first he was not willing, but presently he consented.

"Very well," he said at length, "I will just count my money and then we will throw the dice for five crowns a point, for less than that it is mere child's play."

Ezekiel drew out his purse and counted five hundred crowns, so Peter knew exactly how much he had.

But though Ezekiel had won before, he now began to lose his money and his temper too.

So sure as he threw double fives Peter threw double sixes; whatever Ezekiel threw, Peter threw higher, until at length he had won all Ezekiel's money with the exception of five crown pieces.

"If I lose this," cried Ezekiel, "I will still go on playing, and try to retrieve my luck; you shall lend me some of your winnings, Peter, for one good comrade always helps another."

"As much as you please," replied Peter, "a hundred crowns if possible," for he was merry over his winnings and in a very good temper.

But again Ezekiel lost and Peter started as he heard a harsh voice behind him say — "Oh! ho! there goes the last coin!"

Peter looked round and saw Dutch Michael standing behind him.

In his terror he let fall his money, but Fat Ezekiel saw nothing, but only asked Peter to lend him some money that they might go on playing.

Half in a dream Peter thrust his hand into his pocket.

It was empty, he tried the other — empty too.

He turned them inside out, but not the smallest copper coin was to be seen, and now he remembered for the first time what his wish had been — that he might always have as much money as Fat Ezekiel — well, Ezekiel had none and so Peter's had all disappeared like smoke.

At first the innkeeper and Fat Ezekiel would not believe that he had no money, but when they saw that his pockets really were empty they were very angry, for they declared he must be a sorcerer and that he had wished his money and his winnings away at home so that he might not have to lend any.

Peter attempted to defend himself, but appearances were against him.

Ezekiel declared that the following day he would publish the news all over the Black Forest, and the innkeeper said he should go and denounce Peter as a sorcerer to the magistrate and that he would most assuredly be burnt.

Then they flew at him, beat him soundly, tore his jacket off his back, and threw him out of the door of the inn.

No star shone in the sky as Peter crept miserably home, but in spite of that he recognised a dark figure that walked beside him and kept pace with him.

At length the figure spoke — "Well, Peter Munk, there is an end to you and your splendour.

I could have told you exactly what would happen when you would not listen to me but hurried off to that stupid Glass Dwarf.

Now see what you have come to through despising my advice. But try me once, for I am really sorry for your pitiful fate.

No one has ever repented of coming to me for assistance, and if you are not afraid come to me tomorrow to the clump of pine-trees; I will be there if you call me."

But Peter shuddered and ran home as fast as his legs could carry him.

When Peter entered his glass factory on the Monday morning he found the bailiffs already in possession.

He was asked if he had any money with which he could settle his debts, and on his replying that he had not, his factory, house, stables, horse, carriage and the stock in hand were all seized.

"Well," said he, "since the little man has done nothing for me I will see what the big one will do."

And he set off running as fast as though the police were at his heels.

He reached the clump of black pines, and as he passed the spot where he had seen the little Glass-man it seemed as though an invisible hand caught him and held him back.

But he tore himself loose and dashed across the boundary line into Dutch Michael's domain.

Breathlessly he called: "Dutch Michael, Dutch Michael," and immediately the gigantic figure of the raftsmen stood before him.

"So you have come," he said, laughing.

"And did they wish to sell up you and your possessions?"

Well, well, it was the fault of the little man, miser that he is.

If one makes a present it may as well be one worth having.

But follow me to my house and I will see if we cannot drive a bargain."

"Make a bargain?" thought Peter, "what have I to exchange with him?"

Have I got to serve him, I wonder?"

Dutch Michael led him up a steep woodland pathway until at length they came to a steep ravine, with rugged rocky sides.

Michael sprang down the rugged rocks as though they had been a polished marble staircase, but Peter almost fainted when he saw that the giant grew taller and taller until he was the height of a church tower.

He stretched up an arm as long as a weaver's beam, with a hand the size of a parlour table, and bade Peter seat himself upon it and hold tight.

Peter trembled with fright but obeyed, took his seat upon the giant's hand, and held tight to his thumb.

They went down and down, ever deeper, but to Peter's surprise it was not at all dark, indeed it was quite the contrary, for the sun shone so brightly in his eyes that it dazzled him.

The further Peter went down, the smaller Michael became, until when they reached the bottom of the ravine he was the same size as he had been when Peter first saw him.

They were standing outside a house, such as a well-to-do peasant might have inhabited, and the room Peter was shown into was much the same as any other room except that it seemed very dreary.

A tall clock in a wooden case stood by the wall, an enormous china stove and the usual furniture were all there.

Michael invited him to take a seat at the table and, going out, returned speedily with glasses and a flask of wine.

He poured it out and they began to talk, Dutch Michael telling Peter of all the joys there were to be met with in foreign lands.

He described the beautiful towns and rivers until Peter conceived a great longing to go and see them.

"Ah!" said Michael craftily, "even if your whole body and mind wanted to undertake some great piece of business your poor silly heart would quake with fear.

I can't think what a fine fellow like you wants with a heart.

When you were called a cheat and a rogue where did you feel it most?

Not in your head, I'll be bound!

When the officers of the law came and took possession of all your belongings did you have a stomach-ache?

Tell me, where did it hurt you most?"

"My heart," replied Peter, placing his hand upon his heaving breast.

"Now forgive me," said Michael, "if I remind you that you have given away many hundred crown pieces to beggars and other rabble.

What good has it done you?

They blessed you and wished you good health.

Did that do you any good?

What was it prompted you to put your hand in your pocket every time a beggar held out his ragged hat to you?

Your heart, I tell you.

Neither your eyes, nor your tongue, nor your arm, nor your leg, but your heart.

You took things to heart as the saying is."

"But how can I help it?

I try my best to suppress it; but my heart beats until it hurts

me."

"You poor fellow," laughed Michael, "give me that little palpitating thing and see how much better you will feel without it!"

"Give you my heart!" screamed Peter in horror, "why, I should die on the spot.

No, that I will not!"

"Of course, you would die if an ordinary physician were to cut out your heart.

But with me it is quite a different matter.

Come with me, and I will convince you."

He rose and beckoned to Peter to follow him into another room.

Peter's heart contracted painfully as he crossed the threshold of this room; but he paid no heed to it, such astonishing sights claimed his attention.

There were rows of shelves, and upon these stood glass bottles filled with transparent fluid, and in each of these bottles there was a heart.

Every bottle was labelled and Peter read the names with the greatest curiosity.

There was the name of the Chief Magistrate, Fat Ezekiel's, the Dance King, in fact all the principal people in the neighbourhood.

"Observe," said Michael, "all these people have rid themselves of fear and sorrow for life.

Not one of these hearts beats with fear or sorrow any more, and their former possessors are very well off without such unquiet guests to disturb them."

"But what do they carry in their breasts in place of them?" enquired Peter, who felt faint and giddy.

"This," replied Michael, and he showed him a heart of stone he had taken from a drawer.

"Oh!" said Peter with a shudder, "a heart of stone?

But that must be very cold in one's breast."

"Yes, yes," replied Michael, "quite pleasantly cool.

What do you want with a warm heart?

Even in winter a glass of good cherry brandy will warm your body better than your heart could, and in summer when it is hot and sultry it is nice and cooling.

Then, as I have said, neither grief, nor foolish pity, nor sorrow of any sort can affect such a heart."

"And is that all you have to offer me?" asked Peter ungraciously, "I had hoped for money and you offer me a stone."

"Come, I think a hundred thousand crown pieces would be sufficient for you at first.

If you deal advantageously with it you will soon be a millionaire."

"A hundred thousand!" exclaimed the poor charcoal-burner, joyfully.

"Come, come, my heart, don't beat so wildly, for we are about to part company.

Here, Michael, give me the money and the stone and you may have this disturber of my peace."

"I thought you would prove a sensible fellow," said Michael, "come, we will have another glass of wine and then I will count out the money."

They seated themselves in the next room and drank so much wine that Peter fell asleep.

When he awoke it was to the friendly sound of a post horn, and see, there he was, seated in a beautiful carriage.

He put his head out of the window and saw the Black Forest in the distance behind him.

At first he could not believe it was himself that sat in the carriage, for his clothes were not the same as those he had worn the day before; but he remembered everything so clearly that he could no longer doubt.

"Charcoal Peter am I, and no mistake," he said.

He was surprised he felt no sadness at leaving his home and the Forest where he had lived for so long.

Even the thought of his mother whom he was leaving alone, helpless and in dire poverty, provoked no feeling of remorse in him, and he could not call up a tear nor even a sigh.

He felt perfectly indifferent.

"Of course," said he, "tears and sighs, home-sickness, and grief, come from the heart and, thanks to Dutch Michael, mine is now of stone."

He put his hand to his breast, but nothing moved there.

"If he has kept his word as well regarding the hundred thousand dollars as he has kept it respecting my heart, I shall have nothing to complain of;" with that he began to search the carriage.

He found everything he could possibly require in the shape of clothing, but no money.

But at length he came across a pocket in the lining of the carriage which was stuffed with gold and notes, and letters of credit to all the principal cities.

"Now I have everything I can possibly want," he said, and settling himself comfortably in the corner of his carriage drove away out into the world.

For two years he drove about the country, peering right and left from the windows of his carriage at the houses and villages he passed.

When he came into a town he put up at an inn, then went round with a courier, who showed him all the beautiful and interesting sights, not one of which afforded him the least delight, for his heart of stone prevented him taking pleasure in anything.

Nothing, however beautiful, appealed to his senses any longer.

Nothing was left to him but to eat and drink and sleep — and so he lived without interest or aim in life; to amuse himself he ate and drank, and to prevent his being bored he slept.

Now and again he thought of the days when he had been happy and gay, although he had been obliged to work hard for a livelihood.

In those days every beautiful view had delighted him, music and singing had enchanted him, and the simple food his mother cooked for him and brought to him as he sat beside his kiln had been more appetising than all the dainty dishes he partook of now.

As he thought of the past it struck him as very singular that he no longer desired to smile even, whereas formerly the smallest joke had served as an excuse for laughter.

When other folks laughed he drew his lips into the form of a grin out of politeness; but his heart no longer laughed.

It is true he was never upset over anything, but then he was not really satisfied.

It was not home-sickness or grief; but a sense of blankness, weariness and friendlessness that at length drove him back home.

As he drove out of Strassburg and saw again the beautiful dark pine-trees of his native forest, and looked upon the honest faces of his countrymen, and heard the homely, well-remembered tones of their speech, he placed his hand quickly to his heart, for his blood was coursing wildly through his veins and he felt as though he must both weep and laugh together.

But — how foolish!

His heart was of stone, and stones are dead and can neither laugh nor weep.

His first visit was to Dutch Michael, who received him with friendliness as he had formerly done.

"Michael," said Peter, "I have travelled all over the world and taken pleasure in nothing; I was only bored.

It is true that the stone thing I carry in my breast shielded me from a great deal of unpleasantness, I am never angry or sad, but then I am never glad either and I feel only half alive.

Could you not put a little life into the stone heart, or even give me back my old heart?

I had it for five-and-twenty years and had become accustomed to it, and even if it makes me commit some foolishness occasionally, still it was a merry, happy heart."

The giant laughed a grim and bitter laugh.

"When you are dead, Peter Munk," he replied, "you shall have your soft, feeling heart back again, and experience all the sensations you knew before.

But as long as you are alive you cannot have it.

It would have been of little service to you either, in the life of idleness you have been living lately.

Why don't you settle down now, marry, build a house, make money?

All you require is work; because you were idle you were bored and then you blame your innocent stone heart."

Peter saw that there was sense in what Michael said and made up his mind to devote his time to money-making.

Michael gave him another hundred thousand dollars and they parted good friends.

Very soon the news was spread abroad in the Black Forest that Charcoal Peter, or Gambling Peter, had returned, and that he was richer than formerly.

As usual, now that he had returned a rich man he was received with open arms by those who had turned their backs on him in his misfortunes.

He now pretended that he was a timber merchant, but this was only a blind, his real business was that of a money-lender and corn-dealer.

Very soon half the folks in the Black Forest owed him money, and he charged ten per cent for all he lent.

Or again he sold corn to the poor, who had not the money to pay immediately, for three times its worth.

He was first-rate friends with the magistrate now, and when it happened that Peter's debtors did not pay up to the very day the magistrate would come with his officers and sell up their homes

and drive father, mother and children out into the forest.

At first it caused rich Peter some inconvenience, for the poor creatures besieged his house, the men begged for some consideration, the women tried to soften his heart of stone, and the children cried for bread.

But he bought a pair of fierce dogs to stop the "caterwauling," as he called it, and so soon as a beggar appeared he set his dogs on to him.

But what caused him the most trouble was his poor old mother.

She had fallen into extreme poverty, and though her son had returned a rich man he did not attempt to provide for her.

She came sometimes to his door, weak and ill, her tottering steps supported by a stick, but she did not venture into the house, for once she had been driven out of it.

It was a sore grief to her that she should be dependent on the charity of others when her own son could so well have afforded to care for her in her old age.

But his heart of stone was never moved by the sight of the pale worn face and the withered outstretched hand.

When she knocked at his door he drew some coppers from his pocket and gave them to a servant to hand to her.

He could hear her trembling voice as she thanked him and wished him well, he heard her coughing pitifully as she crept away, and then he thought no more about the matter, except that he had spent some money with no hope of its being returned.

At last Peter made up his mind to get married.

He knew quite well that every father in the Black Forest would be only too glad to let him marry his daughter, but he was very difficult to please, for he wanted everyone to praise the good sense he had shown in making his choice and to be envious of his good fortune.

So he went to every dance-room in the countryside, but not one of the beautiful maidens he met there did he think sufficiently beautiful.

At length he heard that a poor wood-cutter's daughter was the most beautiful and most virtuous maiden in the whole of the Black Forest.

She lived quietly, keeping her father's house in beautiful order, and never so much as showed herself at the dance-rooms, not even at holiday times.

No sooner did Peter hear of this marvel than he made up his mind to wed her, and rode out to the cottage where she dwelt.

The beautiful Lisbeth's father received this fine-looking gentleman with surprise, and was still more astonished when he heard that Peter wished to be his son-in-law.

He did not take long to make up his mind, for he supposed that all his poverty and anxious striving would now be at an end, and so he agreed to his request without so much as asking Lisbeth's consent, but she was such an obedient child that she did not venture to object, and so became Mrs. Peter Munk.

But the poor girl was not as happy as she expected to be.

She had thought herself an accomplished housekeeper, but she could do nothing to please Master Peter.

She was pitiful towards the poor, and, knowing her husband to be a man of means, she thought it no wrong to give them a little

money or food.

But when Peter happened to see her one day he told her with an angry glance and in harsh tones that she was wasting his goods.

"What did you bring with you," he cried, "that you think you can spend so lavishly?"

Why, your beggar father's staff would scarcely serve to heat the soup, and yet you throw money about as though you were a princess.

If I catch you doing it again you shall feel the weight of my hand."

The beautiful Lisbeth wept bitterly when she was alone, and wished herself back again in her father's poor little cottage instead of living in the grand house of the rich but miserly and hard-hearted Peter Munk.

Had she known that he had a heart of stone in his breast and could love neither her nor anyone else she would not have been so surprised.

Sometimes, as she sat in her doorway, a beggar would pass by and hold out his hand in entreaty.

Then Lisbeth closed her eyes tightly that she might not see his misery, and clenched her hands so that they should not involuntarily stray to her pocket for a coin.

And so it happened that Lisbeth came to be ill-thought of throughout the whole of the Black Forest, and it was said that she was even more miserly than Peter himself.

But one day Lisbeth sat by the door of her house and sang a little song as she twirled her distaff, for she was merry because the weather was fine and Peter had ridden out into the country.

She saw a little old man coming along, bent beneath the weight of an enormous sack and panting painfully.

She looked at him pityingly, thinking to herself that it was not right that such an old man should be so heavily laden.

Just as the old man reached Lisbeth he stumbled and almost fell beneath the weight of his sack.

"Have pity, dear lady, and give me a drink of water," he gasped, "I can go no further, I am completely exhausted."

"You are too old to carry such a heavy weight," said Lisbeth.

"True," replied the old man, "but it is on account of my poverty that I am forced to go round as a carrier, otherwise I should not be able to earn a livelihood.

But a rich lady like yourself knows nothing of the pinch of poverty or how good a cool draught of fresh water seems on such a hot day."

On hearing this Lisbeth hurried into the house, took a pitcher from the shelf and filled it with water, and when she turned to hand it to the old man and saw how wretched and tired out he looked as he sat upon his sack, she felt so much pity for him, that she could not resist giving him more substantial help.

So she set the water aside and filled a cup with red wine and gave it to him with a large slice of rye bread.

"This will do you more good than water, seeing that you are so old," she said, "but be careful, do not drink so hastily, take a morsel of bread with the wine."

The old man looked at her with tears in his eyes — "I am very old," he said, "but in all my life I have seen few so pitiful as you or whose gifts were given with such gracious kindness.

But such a kind heart will not go unrewarded."

"No, indeed, and the reward she shall have at once," cried a terrible voice, and when they turned, there stood Peter with a face purple with rage.

"And so you give my best wine to beggars, and serve it in my own cup, too.

Now you shall have your reward."

Lisbeth threw herself at his feet and begged for forgiveness, but his heart of stone knew no pity; he turned the whip he was carrying round and struck her forehead with the ebony handle with so much force that she sank back lifeless into the arms of the old man.

Immediately he began to regret what he had done and stooped to see if she were yet alive.

But the little old man spoke in well-known tones: "Do not trouble, Charcoal Peter, she was the sweetest and loveliest flower in the whole of the Black Forest; now that you have trodden it under foot it will never bloom again."

Every drop of blood forsook Peter's cheeks — "So it is you," he said.

"Well, what is done, is done.

I trust you will not give me up to the hand of the law for this murder."

"Miserable wretch!" replied the little Glass-man.

"What satisfaction should I have in giving your mortal body to the hangman?

It is no earthly court of justice you have to fear, but another and a more awful one, for you have sold your soul to the evil one."

"And if I have sold my heart," screamed Peter, "who, but you, is to blame for it, you and the deceitful tricks you played on me with the treasures I was to gain through you?"

You drove me to seek other help, that has been my undoing, and so the responsibility lies with you."

But scarcely had he spoken before the little Glass-man began to grow bigger.

He grew and he swelled until he became a huge giant, his eyes were as big as saucers and his mouth was the size of a baker's oven out of which flames began to dart.

Peter threw himself on his knees, for his stone heart did not prevent his limbs from shaking like an aspen tree.

With hands like vulture's claws the wood spirit seized him by his neck, twisted him about as the whirlwind does the dry leaves, and then dashed him to the ground so that his ribs cracked.

"Earth-worm!" he cried, in a voice that rolled like thunder, "I could shatter you to pieces if I would, for you have offended the Lord of the Forest.

But for the sake of this dead woman, who fed me and gave me drink, I will give you eight days' grace.

If during that time you do not repent, I will come and grind your bones to powder and you will depart in the midst of your sins."

It was evening when some passing men found Peter Munk lying unconscious on the ground; they turned him over and sought for some sign of life, but for some time in vain.

At length one of them went into the house and fetched some water and sprinkled it on his face.

Then he drew a deep breath, groaned and opened his eyes, looked around him anxiously, and asked for his wife, but no one had seen her.

He thanked the men for their assistance, crept into his house and searched from cellar to attic, but in vain; what he had hoped might prove a bad dream was bitter reality.

Now that he was left quite alone, strange thoughts came to him; he had no fear, for was not his heart cold?

But when he thought of the death of his wife, it reminded him that his own death would come one day.

And how heavily laden with sin he would be!

His soul would be weighed down by the tears of the needy, the curses of those he had ruined, the groans of the wretched ones that had been dragged down by his dogs, the quiet despair of his own mother, and the innocent blood of Lisbeth.

How would he be able to answer her old father when he came and demanded: "Where is my daughter, your wife?"

He was tormented in his dreams, and repeatedly awoke, hearing a sweet voice calling to him: "Peter, Peter, see that you get a warmer heart."

Even when he was awake it was the same, and he knew the voice to be Lisbeth's.

He went down to the inn to divert his thoughts, and there he met Fat Ezekiel.

He sat down opposite to him and they began to talk of all sorts of things, the weather, the war, the stars, and at last of death and how quickly some had died off.

Then Peter asked the fat one what he thought of death and the hereafter.

Ezekiel answered that the body died and was buried, but the soul soared up to heaven or down to the evil one.

"Is the heart buried with the body?" asked Peter.

"Certainly that is buried too!"

"But if one had no heart?" queried Peter.

Ezekiel looked at him in horror.

"What do you say?"

Are you trying to make game of me?

Do you mean to say that I have no heart?"

"Oh! yes, you have a heart right enough," said Peter, "but it is made of stone."

Ezekiel stared at him in astonishment, looked round to see that no one was listening, and then said: "How do you know that? Has your own ceased to beat also?"

"It beats no longer, at least not in my breast," answered Peter Munk.

"But tell me, now you understand how it is with me, what will happen to our hearts?"

"Why worry about that, my friend," laughed Ezekiel.

"You are alive at present and that is the best of having a heart of stone, one is never afraid of such thoughts."

"Quite true, but one thinks about them all the same," said Peter, "and I can remember still how they would have frightened me once upon a time."

"Of course, we can't expect things to go very well with us," said Ezekiel.

"Once upon a time I asked a schoolmaster about it and he told

me that our hearts would be weighed; the light ones went up on the scale and those heavy with sin went down, so I expect our stone hearts will be pretty heavy."

"Sometimes I am a little uncomfortable to think that my heart should be so indifferent to such things," said Peter.

So they talked together.

That night Peter heard the voice whispering five or six times in his ear: "Peter, Peter, see that you get a warmer heart!"

He felt no remorse for what he had done, but when he told his servants that his wife had gone on a journey he wondered to himself whither she had journeyed.

Six whole days and nights passed and ever it seemed to him there was a voice whispering in his ear, and he could think of nothing but the little Glass-man and his warning.

And so, on the seventh day, he sprang out of bed and said: "Well, I will see if I cannot get a warm heart again, instead of this unfeeling stone in my bosom, for it makes my life both tedious and lonely."

So he dressed himself in his best and rode off to the clump of black pines.

When he reached the outskirts he dismounted, tied up his horse, and hurried to the summit of the hill, and as he came to the big pine-tree he repeated his verse:

"Owner of all in the pine-woods green,
Many a hundred years thou hast seen,
Thine all the lands where the pine-trees grow —
To the Sunday-born thy face now show!"

At once the little Glass-man appeared, but he did not seem at all friendly; but looked gloomy and sad.

He wore a coat of black glass, and a long crape veil floated from his hat, and Peter knew very well for whom he wore mourning.

"What do you want with me, Peter Munk?" he asked in deep tones.

"There is still a wish due to me, Mr. Glass-man," answered Peter with downcast eyes.

"Is it possible for a heart of stone to wish for anything?" said the little man.

"You have everything a man of your bad disposition requires, and I shall not readily grant your request."

"But you promised me three wishes," said Peter "and one I have not yet made use of."

"I have the right to withhold it if it is a foolish wish," said the little man, "but say on, what do you want?"

"Take this cold stone out of my breast and give me back my warm living heart in place of it," Peter asked.

"Had I ought to do with the exchange?" demanded the little man.

"Am I Dutch Michael, who gives fortunes and stone hearts away?"

You must recover your heart from him."

"But he will never give it back to me," answered Peter.

"Bad as you are, I am sorry for you," said the little man after a few moments' consideration, "and as your wish is not a foolish one I will promise to assist you.

Listen, you will never obtain your heart by force and so you

must employ cunning, and it may not be a difficult task, for stupid Michael always was and stupid he will remain, although he prides himself upon being extremely clever.

So go straight to him and do exactly as I tell you."

The Glass-man then gave Peter a little cross of pure transparent glass, and proceeded to give him minute instructions as to how he should act.

"He cannot take your life," said the little man, "and he will let you go free if you hold this out to him and whisper a prayer.

As soon as you have obtained what you want come back here to me."

Peter Munk took the little cross, made sure he remembered every word the little man had told him, and went straight off to the spot where Michael was wont to be found.

He called him three times by name and at once the giant appeared.

"And so you have killed your wife," he said with a horrible laugh.

"Well, I should have done the same.

Did she not waste your fortune on beggars?"

But it would be best for you to leave the country for a time, for there will be a fine fuss when it is found out; and so I suppose you want money and have come to fetch it from me?"

"You have guessed it exactly," replied Peter, "but I shall require a good big sum this time.

It is a long way to America."

Michael went in advance and led the way to his home.

As soon as he reached it he went to a chest and took out several packets of gold.

Whilst he was counting it Peter said: "You are a rascal, Michael, for you deceived me, telling me that I had a stone in my breast, and that you had my heart."

"And is it not so?" asked the astonished Michael, "can you feel your heart beat?"

Do you know what fear or remorse is?"

"Ah! you have just made my heart stand still, but I have it still in my breast and so has Ezekiel.

It was he who told me you had lied to us; you are not the one to take one's heart out without his feeling it, that would be magic."

"But I assure you I did," said Michael angrily.

"You, and Ezekiel, and all the other rich people who have had dealings with me have hearts of stone, and your own original hearts I have here, shut up in a room."

"Now how easily the lies trip from your tongue!" laughed Peter.

"You must make some one else believe that.

I have seen dozens of similar tricks on my travels.

The hearts you have in your room there are merely waxen ones.

You are a rich fellow, I allow, but you do not understand magic."

The giant became furious and tore open the door of the room.

"Come in and read all these labels; look at this, look at that, do you see it is labelled 'Peter Munk's Heart!'"

do you see how it throbs?

Could you make a waxen one do that?"

"All the same, it is wax," said Peter.

"A real heart does not beat like that, I have mine still in my breast.

No, it is evident you do not understand magic."

"But I will prove it to you!" cried the angry Michael; "you shall feel for yourself that it is your own heart."

He tore Peter's vest open, took a stone from his breast and showed it to him.

Then he took the real heart, breathed on it, and put it carefully in its place, and immediately to his delight Peter felt it begin to beat.

"Now what have you to say?" laughed Michael.

"Truly you were in the right," answered Peter, carefully drawing the little cross from his pocket.

"I would not have believed it possible for a man to do such a thing."

"Well, it was as I said," answered Michael; "you see I do understand magic, but come, now, I must put the stone back in your breast."

"Softly, softly, Michael!" cried Peter, and he took a step backwards and held out the cross towards him.

"With a morsel of cheese the mouse is caught, and this time it is you who have been caught."

And he at once began to murmur the first prayer that came to his lips.

At once Michael began to dwindle away, fell down on the ground and writhed like a worm, and groaned and sighed, and all the hearts in the glass bottles began to throb and beat until it sounded like the clock-maker's workshop.

But Peter was afraid, and his courage began to fail him, and he turned and ran out of the house and, driven by fear, he climbed the steep face of the rocky ravine, for he could hear Michael raging and stamping and uttering fearful oaths.

As soon as he reached the top he ran quickly to the clump of black pines.

A fearful thunderstorm broke out suddenly, lightning flashed from left to right of him, striking the trees about him, but he reached the domain of the little Glass-man in safety.

His heart was beating with joy, simply because it did beat.

But suddenly he saw with horror that his past life had been even as the terrible thunderstorm that had dealt destruction right and left in the beautiful forest.

He thought of Lisbeth, his good and beautiful wife, whom he had murdered on account of his avarice, and he saw himself as an outcast of humanity.

When he reached the little hill where the Glass-man dwelt he was weeping bitterly.

The Glass-man sat beneath the pine-tree and smoked a pipe, and he looked more cheerful than previously.

"Why do you weep, Charcoal Peter?" he asked.

"Did you not get your heart?"

Have you still a stone in your breast?"

"Ah! sir!" sighed Peter, "when I had a heart of stone I never wept, my eyes were as dry as the land in July; but now my heart is breaking as I think of all I have done.

My debtors I drove out to misery and want, and set my dogs

upon the poor and sick, and you know alas! how my whip fell upon that snow-white brow!"

"Peter, you have been a great sinner!" said the little man.

"Money and idleness spoilt you; when your heart became as a stone you could feel neither joy, nor sorrow, neither remorse nor pity.

But repentance can make amends and if I knew for certain that you were sorry for your past life I would still do something for you."

"I ask for nothing more," answered Peter, and let his head sink mournfully upon his breast.

"All is over for me, never again can I rejoice, and what can I do alone in the world?"

My mother will never forgive me for what I have done; even now, maybe, I have brought her to her grave, monster that I am.

And Lisbeth, my wife!

It were a kindness to strike me dead, Master Glass-man, so that my miserable life were at an end."

"Good," replied the little man, "if you insist, well, I have my axe near at hand."

He took his pipe quietly from his mouth, tapped it and put it back again.

Then he rose slowly and stepped behind the pine-tree.

But Peter sat down upon the grass weeping, his life had become worthless to him, and patiently he awaited the stroke of death.

Shortly afterwards he heard light footsteps behind him and thought, "He is coming now!"

"Look round, Peter Munk!" cried the little man.

Peter wiped the tears from his eyes and, looking round, saw his mother, and Lisbeth, his wife, smiling at him.

He sprang up joyfully, "Then you are not dead, Lisbeth?"

And you are here also, Mother, and have forgiven me?"

"They pardon you," said the little Glass-man, "because you are truly penitent, and everything shall be forgotten.

Go home now to your father's cottage and be a charcoal-burner as before; if you are honest and industrious you will learn to respect your work, and your neighbours will love and esteem you more than if you had ten tons of gold."

Thus spoke the little Glass-man, and then bade him farewell.

The three happy people praised and blessed him and turned towards home.

Peter's splendid house was no longer standing.

It had been struck by lightning and burnt to the ground, together with all his money and treasures, but it was no great distance to the old hut, and so they turned their steps towards it and were not in the least troubled about the great loss.

But what was their surprise on reaching the little hut to find it had become a fine farm-house, furnished throughout with simplicity, but with everything that was necessary and good.

"That is the work of the little Glass-man," cried Peter.

"How beautiful everything is," said Lisbeth; "I shall be far happier and more at home here than in the great big house with its many servants."

From that time Peter became an industrious and honest fellow.

He was contented with what he had and plied his trade without grumbling; and so it came to pass that through his own exertions he became well off and respected and loved by everyone in the Forest.

He never quarrelled with his wife, honoured his mother, and gave to the poor who came knocking at his door.

After a time a beautiful boy came to them, to add to their happiness, and then Peter went to the clump of pine-trees and again recited his little rhyme, but the Glass-man did not show himself.

"Master Glass-man," cried Peter loudly, "do listen to me, for I only meant to ask you to be godfather to my little son!"

But there was no reply, only a little breath of wind sighed through the pine-trees and blew a few cones to the ground.

"Well, I will take these as a remembrance, as you will not show yourself to me," said Peter, and popped the cones into his pocket, and went home.

But when he took off his best coat and his mother shook out the pockets before laying it away in the chest, out tumbled four fine big rolls of gold pieces.

That was the good Glass-man's christening present to little Peter.

And so they lived happily ever after, and when Peter Munk was an old man with grey hair he was wont to say: "It is better to be content with little, than to have money and possessions and a cold heart."

THE COLD HEART

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THOSE who travel through Swabia should always remember to cast a passing glance into the Schwarzwald (The Black Forest), not so much for the sake of the trees (though pines are not found everywhere in such prodigious numbers, nor of such a surpassing height), as for the sake of the people, who show a marked difference from all others in the neighbourhood.

They are taller than ordinary men, broad-shouldered, strong-limbed, and it seems as if the bracing air which blows through the pines in the morning, had allowed them, from their youth upwards, to breathe more freely, and had given them a clearer eye and a firmer, though ruder, mind than the inhabitants of the valleys and plains.

The strong contrast they form to the people living without the limits of the "Wald," consists, not merely in their bearing and stature, but also in their manners and costume.

Those of the Schwarzwald of the Baden territory dress most handsomely; the men allow their beards to grow about the chin just as nature gives it; and their black jackets, wide trousers, which are plaited in small folds, red stockings, and painted hats surrounded by a broad brim, give them a strange, but somewhat grave and noble appearance.

Their usual occupations are the manufacturing of glass, and the so-called Dutch clocks, which they carry about for sale over

half the globe.

Another part of the same race lives on the other side of the Schwarzwald; but their occupations have made them contract manners and customs quite different from those of the glass manufacturers.

Their Wald supplies their trade; felling and fashioning their pines, they float them through the Nagold into the Neckar, from thence down the Rhine as far as Holland; and near the sea the Schwarzwälder and their long rafts are well known.

Stopping at every town which is situated along the river, they wait proudly for purchasers of their beams and planks; but the strongest and longest beams they sell at a high price to Mynheers, who build ships of them.

Their trade has accustomed them to a rude and roving life, their pleasure consisting in drifting down the stream on their timber, their sorrow in wandering back again along the shore.

Hence the difference in their costume from that of the glass manufacturers.

They wear jackets of a dark linen cloth, braces a hand-breadth wide, displayed over the chest, and trousers of black leather, from the pocket of which a brass rule sticks out as a badge of honour; but their pride and joy are their boots, which are probably the largest that are worn in any part of the world, for they may be drawn two spans above the knee, and the raftsmen may walk about in water at three feet depth without getting their feet wet.

It is but a short time ago that the belief in hobgoblins of the wood prevailed among the inhabitants, this foolish superstition having been eradicated only in modern times.

But the singularity about these hobgoblins who are said to haunt the Schwarzwald, is, that they also wear the different costumes of the people.

Thus it is affirmed of the Little Glass Man, a kind little sprite three feet and a half high, that he never shows himself except in a painted little hat with a broad brim, a doublet, white trousers, and red stockings; while Dutch Michel, who haunts the other side of the forest, is said to be a gigantic, broad-shouldered fellow wearing the dress of a raftsmen; and many who have seen him say they would not like to pay for the calves whose hides it would require to make one pair of his boots, affirming that, without exaggeration, a man of the middle height may stand in one of them with his head only just peeping out.

The following strange adventure with these spirits is said to have once befallen a young Schwarzwälder: There lived a widow in the Schwarzwald whose name was Frau Barbara Munk; her husband had been a charcoal-burner, and after his death she had by degrees prevailed upon her boy, who was now sixteen years old, to follow his father's trade.

Young Peter Munk, a sly fellow, submitted to sit the whole week near the smoking stack of wood, because he had seen his father do the same; or, black and sooty and an abomination to the people as he was, to drive to the nearest town and sell his charcoal.

Now a charcoal-burner has much leisure for reflection, about himself and others; and when Peter Munk was sitting by his stack, the dark trees around him, as well as the deep stillness of the forest, disposed his heart to tears, and to an unknown secret

longing.

Something made him sad, and vexed him, without his knowing exactly what it was.

At length, however, he found out the cause of his vexation, — it was his condition.

'A black, solitary charcoal-burner,' he said to himself; 'it is a wretched life.

How much more are the glass manufacturers, and the clock-makers regarded; and even the musicians, on a Sunday evening!

And when Peter Munk appears washed, clean, and dressed out in his father's best jacket with the silver buttons and brand-new red stockings — if then, any one walking behind him, thinks to himself, "I wonder who that smart fellow is?" admiring, all the time, my stockings and stately gait; — if then, I say, he passes me and looks round, will he not say, "Why, it is only Peter Munk, the charcoal-burner."?'

The raftsmen also on the other side of the wood were an object of envy to him.

When these giants of the forest came over in their splendid clothes, wearing about their bodies half a hundredweight of silver, either in buckles, buttons, or chains, standing with sprawling legs and consequential look to see the dancing, swearing in Dutch, and smoking Cologne clay pipes a yard long, like the most noble Mynheers, then he pictured to himself such a raftsman as the most perfect model of human happiness.

But when these fortunate men put their hands into their pocket, pulled out handfuls of thalers and staked a Sechsbätznér piece upon the cast of a die, throwing their five or ten florins to and fro, he was almost mad and sneaked sorrowfully home to his hut.

Indeed he had seen some of these gentlemen of the timber trade, on many a holy-day evening, lose more than his poor old father had gained in the whole year.

There were three of these men in particular of whom he knew not which to admire most.

The one was a tall stout man with ruddy face, who passed for the richest man in the neighbourhood; he was usually called 'fat Hezekiel'.

Twice every year he went with timber to Amsterdam, and had the good luck to sell it so much dearer than the others that he could return home in a splendid carriage, while they had to walk.

The second was the tallest and leanest man in the whole Wald, and was usually called 'the tall Schlurker'; it was his extraordinary boldness that excited Munk's envy, for he contradicted people of the first importance, took up more room than four stout men, no matter how crowded the inn might be, setting either both his elbows upon the table, or drawing one of his long legs on the bench; yet, notwithstanding all this, none dared to oppose him, since he had a prodigious quantity of money.

The third was a handsome young fellow, who being the best dancer far around, was called 'the king of the dancing-room'.

Originally poor, he had been servant to one of the timber merchants, when all at once he became immensely rich; for which some accounted by saying he had found a potful of money under an old pine tree, while others asserted that he had fished up in the Rhine, near Bingen, a packet of gold coins with the spear which

these raftsmen sometimes throw at the fish as they go along in the river, that packet being part of the great 'Niebelungenhort', which is sunk there.

However this might be, the fact of his suddenly becoming rich caused him to be looked upon as a prince by young and old.

Often did poor Peter Munk the coal-burner think of these three men when sitting alone in the pine forest.

All three indeed had one great fault, which made them hated by everybody; this was their insatiable avarice, their heartlessness towards their debtors and towards the poor, for the Schwarzwälder are naturally a kind-hearted people.

However, we all know how it is in these matters; though they were hated for their avarice, yet they commanded respect on account of their money, for who but they could throw away thalers, as if they could shake them from the pines?

'This will do no longer,' said Peter one day to himself, when he felt very melancholy, it being the morrow after a holiday, when everybody had been at the inn; 'if I don't soon thrive I shall make away with myself; oh that I were as much looked up to and as rich as the stout Hezekiel, or as bold and powerful as the tall Schlurker, or as renowned as the king of the dancing-room, and could, like him, throw thalers instead of kreutzers to the musicians!

I wonder where the fellow gets his money!'

Reflecting upon all the different means by which money may be got, he could please himself with none, till at length he thought of the tales of those people who, in times of old, had become rich through the Dutchman Michel, or the Little Glass Man.

During his father's lifetime other poor people often came to call, and then their conversation was generally about rich persons, and the means by which they had come by their riches; in these discourses the Little Glass Man frequently played a conspicuous part.

Now, if Peter strained his memory a little, he could almost recall the short verse which one must repeat near the Tannenbühl in the heart of the forest, to make the sprite appear.

It began as follows —

'Keeper of wealth in the forest of pine,
Hundreds of years are surely thine:
Thine is the tall pine's dwelling place —'

But he might tax his memory as much as he pleased, he could remember no more of it.

He often thought of asking some aged person what the whole verse was.

However, a certain fear of betraying his thoughts kept him back, and moreover he concluded that the legend of the Little Glass Man could not be very generally known, and that but few were acquainted with the incantation, since there were not many rich persons in the Wald; — if it were generally known, why had not his father, and other poor people, tried their luck?

At length, however, he one day got his mother to talk about the little man, and she told him what he knew already, as she herself remembered only the first line of the verse; but she added that the sprite would show himself only to those who had been born on a Sunday, between eleven and two o'clock.

He was, she said, quite fit for evoking him, as he was born at twelve o'clock at noon; if he but knew the verse.

When Peter Munk heard this he was almost beside himself with joy and desire to try the adventure.

It appeared to him enough to know part of the verse, and to be born on a Sunday, for the Little Glass Man to show himself.

Consequently when he one day had sold his charcoal, he did not light a new stack, but put on his father's holiday jacket, his new red stockings, and best hat, took his blackthorn stick, five feet long, into his hand, and bade farewell to his mother, saying, 'I must go to the magistrate in the town, for we shall soon have to draw lots who is to be soldier, and therefore I wish to impress once more upon him that you are a widow, and I am your only son.'

His mother praised his resolution; but he started for the Tannenbühl.

This lies on the highest point of the Schwarzwald, and not a village or even a hut was found, at that time, for two leagues around, for the superstitious people believed it was haunted; they were even very unwilling to fell timber in that part, though the pines were tall and excellent, for often the axes of the wood-cutters had flown off the handle into their feet, or the trees falling suddenly, had knocked the men down, and either injured or even killed them; moreover, they could have used the finest trees from there only for fuel, since the raftsmen never would take a trunk from the Tannenbühl as part of a raft, there being a tradition that both men and timber would come to harm if they had a tree from that spot on the water.

Hence the trees there grew so dense and high that it was almost night at noon.

When Peter Munk approached the place, he felt quite awestricken, hearing neither voice nor footstep except his own; no axe resounded, and even the birds seemed to shun the darkness amidst the pines.

Peter Munk had now reached the highest point of the Tannenbühl, and stood before a pine of enormous girth, for which a Dutch shipbuilder would have given many hundred florins on the spot.

'Here,' said he, 'the treasure-keeper (Schatzhauser) no doubt lives'; and pulling off his large hat, he made a low bow before the tree, cleared his throat, and said with a trembling voice, 'I wish you a good evening, Mr. Glass Man.'

But receiving no answer, and all around remaining silent as before, he thought it would probably be better to say the verse, and therefore murmured it forth.

On repeating the words he saw, to his great astonishment, a singular and very small figure peep forth from behind the tree.

It seemed to him as if he had beheld the Little Glass Man, just as he was described; the little black jacket, red stockings, hat, all even to the pale, but fine shrewd countenance of which the people talked so much, he thought he had seen.

But alas, as quickly as it had peeped forth, as quickly it had disappeared again.

'Mr. Glass Man,' cried Peter Munk, after a short hesitation, 'pray don't make a fool of me; if you fancy that I have not seen you, you are vastly mistaken; I saw you very well peeping forth from behind the tree.'

Still no answer; only at times he fancied he heard a low, hoarse tittering behind the tree.

At length his impatience conquered this fear, which had still restrained him, and he cried, 'Wait, you little rascal, I will have you yet.'

At the same time he jumped behind the tree, but there was no Schatzhauser, and only a pretty little squirrel was running up the tree.

Peter Munk shook his head; he saw he had succeeded to a certain degree in the incantation, and that he perhaps only wanted one more rhyme to the verse to evoke the Little Glass Man; he tried over and over again, but could not think of anything.

The squirrel showed itself on the lowest branches of the tree, and seemed to encourage or perhaps to mock him.

It trimmed itself, it rolled its pretty tail, and looked at him with its cunning eyes.

At length he was almost afraid of being alone with this animal; for sometimes it seemed to have a man's head and to wear a three-cornered hat, sometimes to be quite like another squirrel, with the exception only of having red stockings and black shoes on its hind feet.

In short, it was a merry little creature, but still Peter felt an awe, fancying that all was not right.

Peter now went away with more rapid strides than he had come.

The darkness of the forest seemed to become blacker and blacker; the trees stood closer to each other, and he began to be so terrified that he ran off in a trot, and only became more tranquil when he heard dogs bark at a distance, and soon after descried the smoke of a hut through the trees.

But on coming nearer and seeing the dress of the people, he found that having taken the contrary direction, he had got to the raftsmen instead of the glass-makers.

The people living in the hut were wood-cutters, consisting of an aged man with his son, who was the owner, and some grownup grandchildren.

They received Peter Munk, who begged a night's quarter, hospitably enough without asking his name or residence; they gave him cider to drink, and in the evening a large black cock, the best meal in the Schwarzwald, was served up for supper.

After this meal the housewife and her daughters took their distaffs and sat round a large pine torch, which the boys fed with the finest rosin; the host with his guest sat smoking and looking at the women; while the boys were busy carving wooden spoons and forks.

The storm was howling and raging through the pines in the forest with-out, and now and then very heavy blasts were heard, and it was as if whole trees were breaking off and crashing down.

The fearless youths were about to run out to witness this terrific and beautiful spectacle, but their grandfather kept them back with a stern look and these words: 'I would not advise any of you,' cried he, 'to go now outside the door; by heavens he never would return, for Michel the Dutchman is building this night a new raft in the forest.'

The younger of them looked at him with astonishment, having probably heard before of Michel, but they begged their grandpapa to tell them some interesting story of him.

Peter Munk, who had heard but confused stories of Michel the

Dutchman on the other side of the forest, joined in this request, asking the old man who and where he was.

'He is the lord of the forest,' was the answer; 'and from your not having heard this at your age, it follows that you must be a native of those parts just beyond the Tannenbühl, or perhaps still more distant.

But I will tell you all I know, and how the story goes about him.

A hundred years ago or thereabouts, there were far and wide no people more upright in their dealings than the Schwarzwälder, at least so my grandfather used to tell me.

Now, since there is so much money in the country, the people are dishonest and bad.

The young fellows dance and riot on Sundays, and swear to such a degree that it is horrible to hear them; whereas formerly it was quite different, and I have often said and now say, though he should look in through the window, that the Dutchman Michel is the cause of all this depravity.

A hundred years ago there lived a very rich timber merchant who had many servants; he carried his trade far down the Rhine and was very prosperous, being a pious man.

One evening a person such as he had never seen came to his door; his dress was like that of the young fellows of the Schwarzwald, but he was full a head taller than any of them, and no one had ever thought there could be such a giant.

He asked for work, and the timber merchant, seeing he was strong, and able to carry great weights, agreed with him about the wages and took him into his service.

He found Michel to be a labourer such as he had never yet had; for in felling trees he was equal to three ordinary men, and when six men were pulling at one end of a trunk he would carry the other end alone.

After having been employed in felling timber for six months, he came one day before his master, saying, "I have now been cutting wood long enough here, and should like to see what becomes of my trunks; what say you to letting me go with the rafts for once?"

To which his master replied, "I have no objection, Michel, to your seeing a little of the world; to be sure I want strong men like yourself to fell the timber, and on the river all depends upon skill; but, nevertheless, be it for this time as you wish."

Now the float with which Michel was to go consisted of eight rafts, and in the last there were some of the largest beams.

But what then?

The evening before starting the tall Michel brought eight beams to the water, thicker and longer than had ever been seen, and he carried every one of them as easily upon his shoulder as if it had been a rowing-pole, so that all were amazed.

Where he had felled them, no one knows to this day.

The heart of the timber merchant was leaping with joy when he saw this, calculating what these beams would fetch; but Michel said, "Well, these are for me to travel on; with those chips I should not be able to get on at all."

His master was going to make him a present of a pair of boots, but throwing them aside, Michel brought out a pair the largest that had ever been seen, and my grandfather assured me they

weighed a hundred pounds and were five feet long.

The float started; and if Michel had before astonished the wood-cutters, he perfectly astonished the raftsmen; for his raft, instead of drifting slowly down the river as they thought it would, by reason of the immense beams, darted on like an arrow, as soon as they came into the Neckar.

If the river took a turn, or if they came to any part where they had a difficulty in keeping the middle stream, or were in danger of running aground, Michel always jumped into the water, pushing his float either to the right or to the left, so that he glided past without danger.

If they came to a part where the river ran straight, Michel often sprang to the foremost raft, and making all put up their poles, fixed his own enormous pole in the sand, and by one push made the float dart along, so that it seemed as if the land, trees, and villages were flying by them.

Thus they came in half the time they generally took to Cologne on the Rhine, where they formerly used to sell their timber.

Here Michel said, "You are but sorry merchants and know nothing of your advantage.

Think you these Cologne people want all the timber from the Schwarzwald for themselves?

I tell you no, they buy it of you for half its value, and sell it dear to Holland.

Let us sell our small beams here, and go to Holland with the large ones; what we get above the ordinary price is our own profit."

Thus spoke the subtle Michel, and the others consented; some because they liked to go and see Holland, some for the sake of the money.

Only one man was honest, and endeavoured to dissuade them from putting the property of their master in jeopardy or cheating him out of the higher price.

However, they did not listen to him and forgot his words, while Michel forgot them not.

So they went down the Rhine with the timber, and Michel, guiding the float, soon brought them to Rotterdam.

Here they were offered four times as much as at Cologne, and particularly the large beams of Michel fetched a very high sum.

When the Schwarzwälder beheld the money, they were almost beside themselves with joy.

Michel divided the money, putting aside one-fourth for their master, and distributing the other three among the men.

And now they went into the public-houses with sailors and other rabble, squandering their money in drinking and gambling; while the honest fellow who had dissuaded them was sold by Michel to a slave-trader, and has never been heard of since.

From that time forward Holland was a paradise to the fellows from the Schwarzwald, and the Dutchman Michel their king.

For a long time the timber merchants were ignorant of this proceeding, and before people were aware, money, swearing, corrupt manners, drunkenness and gambling were imported from Holland.

When the thing became known, Michel was nowhere to be found, but he was not dead; for a hundred years he has been

haunting the forest, and is said to have helped many in becoming rich at the cost of their souls of course: more I will not say.

This much, however, is certain, that to the present day, in boisterous nights, he finds out the finest pines in the Tannenbühl where people are not to fell wood; and my father has seen him break off one of four feet diameter, as he would break a reed.

Such trees he gives to those who turn from the right path and go to him; at midnight they bring their rafts to the water and he goes to Holland with them.

If I were lord and king in Holland, I would have him shot, for all the ships that have but a single beam of Michel's, must go to the bottom.

Hence it is that we hear of so many shipwrecks; if it were not so, how could a beautiful, strong ship as large as a church go down.

But as often as Michel fells a pine in the forest during a boisterous night, one of his old ones starts from its joints, the water enters, and the ship is lost, men and all.

So far goes the legend of the Dutchman Michel; and true it is that all the evil in the Schwarzwald dates from him.

Oh! he can make one rich', added the old man mysteriously; 'but I would have nothing from him; I would at no price be in the shoes of fat Hezekiel and the long Schlurker.

The king of the dancing-room, too, is said to have made himself over to him.'

The storm had abated during the narrative of the old man; the girls timidly lighted their lamps and retired, while the men put a sackful of leaves upon the bench by the stove as a pillow for Peter Munk, and wished him good-night.

Never in his life had Peter such heavy dreams as during this night; sometimes he fancied the dark gigantic Michel was tearing the window open and reaching in with his monstrous long arm a purse full of gold pieces, which jingled clearly and loudly as he shook them; at another time he saw the little friendly Glass Man riding upon a huge green bottle about the room, and thought he heard again the same hoarse laughter as in the Tannenbühl; again something hummed into his left ear the following verse:

'In Holland I wot,
There's gold to be got,
Small price for a lot,
Who would have it not?'

Again he heard in his right ear the song of the Schatzhauser in the green forest, and a soft voice whispered to him, 'Stupid Coal-Peter, stupid Peter Munk, you cannot find a rhyme with "place," and yet are born on a Sunday at twelve o'clock precisely.

Rhyme, dull Peter, rhyme!'

He groaned, he wearied himself to find a rhyme, but never having made one in his life, his trouble in his dream was fruitless.

When he awoke the next morning with the first dawn, his dream seemed strange to him; he sat down at the table with his arms crossed, and meditated upon the whisperings that were still ringing in his ears.

He said to himself, 'Rhyme, stupid Peter, rhyme,' knocking his forehead with his finger, but no rhyme would come.

While still sitting in this mood, looking gloomily down before him and thinking of a rhyme with 'place,' he heard three men

passing outside and going into the forest, one of whom was singing:

'I stood upon the brightest place,
I gazed upon the plain,
And then — oh then — I saw that face,
I never saw again.'

These words flashed like lightning through Peter's ear, and hastily starting up, he rushed out of the house, thinking he was mistaken in what he had heard, ran after the three fellows and seized, suddenly and rudely, the singer by the arm, crying at the same time, 'Stop, friend, what was it you rhymed with "place"?

Do me the favour to tell me what you were singing.'

'What possesses you, fellow?' replied the Schwarzwälder.

'I may sing what I like; let go my arm, or —'

'No, you shall tell me what you were singing,' shouted Peter, almost beside himself, clutching him more tightly at the same time.

When the other two saw this, they were not long in falling foul upon poor Peter with their large fists, and belabouring him till the pain made him release the third, and he sank exhausted upon his knees.

'Now you have your due,' said they, laughing; 'and mark you, madcap, never again stop people like us upon the highway.'

'Woe is me!' replied Peter with a sigh, 'I shall certainly recollect it.

But now that I have had the blows, you will oblige me by telling me plainly what he was singing.'

To this they laughed again and mocked him; but the one who had sung repeated the song to him, after which they went away laughing and singing.

"Face," then said the poor belaboured Peter as he got up slowly, 'will rhyme with "place"; now, Little Glass Man, I will have another word with you.'

He went into the hut, took his hat and long stick, bade farewell to the inmates, and commenced his way back to the Tannenbühl.

Being under the necessity of inventing a verse, he proceeded slowly and thoughtfully on his way; at length, when he was already within the precincts of the Tannenbühl, and the trees became higher and closer, he found his verse, and for joy cut a caper in the air.

All at once he saw coming from behind the trees a gigantic man dressed like a raftsman, who held in his hand a pole as large as the mast of a ship.

Peter Munk's knees almost gave way under him, when he saw him slowly striding by his side, thinking he was no other than the Dutchman Michel.

Still the terrible figure kept silence, and Peter cast a side glance at him from time to time.

He was full a head taller than the biggest man Peter had even seen; his face expressed neither youth nor old age, but was full of furrows and wrinkles; he wore a jacket of linen, and the enormous boots being drawn above his leather breeches, were well known to Peter from hearsay.

'What are you doing in the Tannenbühl, Peter Munk?' asked the wood king at length, in a deep, roaring voice.

'Good morning, countryman,' replied Peter, wishing to show himself undaunted, but trembling violently all the while.

'Peter Munk,' replied Michel, casting a piercing, terrible glance at him, 'your way does not lie through this grove.'

'True, it does not exactly,' said Peter, 'but being a hot day, I thought it would be cooler here.'

'Do not lie, Peter,' cried Michel, in a thundering voice, 'or I strike you to the ground with this pole; think you I have not seen you begging of the little one?' he added mildly.

'Come, come, confess it was a silly trick, and it is well you did not know the verse; for the little fellow is a skinflint, giving but little; and he to whom he gives is never again cheerful in his life.

Peter, you are but a poor fool and I pity you in my soul; you, such a brisk, handsome fellow, surely could do something better in the world than make charcoal.

While others lavish big thalers and ducats, you can scarcely spend a few pence; 'tis a wretched life.'

'You are right, it is truly a wretched life.'

'Well,' continued Michel, 'I will not stand upon trifles; you would not be the first honest good fellow whom I have assisted at a pinch.

Tell me, how many hundred thalers do you want for the present?' shaking the money in his huge pocket, as he said this, so that it jingled just as Peter had heard it in his dream.

But Peter's heart felt a kind of painful convulsion at these words, and he was cold and hot alternately; for Michel did not look as if he would give away money out of charity, without asking anything in return.

The old man's mysterious words about rich people occurred to him, and urged by an inexplicable anxiety and fear, he cried, 'Much obliged to you, sir, but I will have nothing to do with you and know you well,' and at the same time he began to run as fast as he could.

The wood spirit, however, strode by his side with immense steps, murmuring and threatening, 'You will repent it, Peter; it is written on your forehead and to be read in your eyes that you will not escape me.

Do not run so fast, listen only to a single rational word; there is my boundary already.'

But Peter, hearing this and seeing at a little distance before him a small ditch, hastened the more to pass this boundary, so that Michel was obliged at length to run faster, cursing and threatening while pursuing him.

With a desperate leap Peter cleared the ditch, for he saw that the wood spirit was raising his pole to dash it upon him; having fortunately reached the other side, he heard the pole shatter to pieces in the air as if against an invisible wall, and a long piece fell down at his feet.

He picked it up in triumph to throw it at the rude Michel; but in an instant he felt the piece of wood move in his hand, and, to his horror, perceived that he held an enormous serpent, which was raising itself up towards his face with its venomous tongue and glistening eyes.

He let go his hold, but it had already twisted itself tight round his arm and came still closer to his face with its vibrating head; at this instant, however, an immense black cock rushed down, seized

the head of the serpent with its beak, and carried it up in the air.

Michel, who had observed all this from the other side of the ditch, howled, cried, and raved when he saw the serpent carried away by one more powerful than himself.

Exhausted and trembling, Peter continued his way; the path became steeper, the country wilder, and soon he found himself before the large pine.

He again made a bow to the invisible Little Glass Man, as he had done the day before, and said:

'Keeper of wealth in the forest of pine,
Hundreds of years are surely thine,
Thine is the tall pine's dwelling place,
Those born on Sunday see thy face.'

'You have not quite hit it,' said a delicate fine voice near him, 'but as it is you, Peter, I will not be particular.'

Astonished he looked round, and lo! under a beautiful pine there sat a little old man in a black jacket, red stockings, and a large hat on his head.

He had a tiny affable face and a little beard as fine as a spider's web; and strange to see, he was smoking a pipe of blue glass.

Nay, Peter observed to his astonishment, on coming nearer, that the clothes, shoes, and hat of the little man were also of coloured glass, which was as flexible as if it were still hot, bending like cloth to every motion of the little man.

'You have met the lubber Michel, the Dutchman?' asked the little man, laughing strangely between each word.

'He wished to frighten you terribly; but I have got his magic cudgel, which he shall never have again.'

'Yes, Mr. Schatzhauser,' replied Peter, with a profound bow, 'I was terribly frightened.

But I suppose the black cock was yourself, and I am much obliged to you for killing the serpent.

The object of my visit to you, however, is to ask your advice; I am in very poor circumstances, for charcoal-burning is not a profitable trade; and being still young I should think I might be made something better, seeing so often as I do how other people have thriven in a short time; I need only mention Hezekiel, and the king of the dancing-room, who have money like dirt.'

'Peter,' said the little man gravely, blowing the smoke of his pipe a long way off, 'don't talk to me of these men.

What good have they from being apparently happy for a few years here, and the more unhappy for it afterwards? you must not despise your trade; your father and grandfather were honest people, Peter Munk, and they carried on the same trade.

Let me not suppose it is love of idleness that brings you to me.'

Peter was startled at the gravity of the little man, and blushed.

'No, Mr. Schatzhauser,' said he; 'idleness is the root of every vice, but you cannot blame me, if another condition pleases me better than my own.

A charcoal-burner is, in truth, a very mean personage in this world; the glass manufacturer, the raftsmen, and clock-makers, are people much more looked upon.'

'Pride will have a fall,' answered the little man of the pine wood, rather more kindly.

'What a singular race you are, you men!

It is but rarely that one is contented with the condition in which he was born and bred, and I would lay a wager that if you were a glass manufacturer, you would wish to be a timber merchant, and if you were a timber merchant you would take a fancy to the ranger's place, or the residence of the bailiff.

But no matter for that; if you promise to work hard, I will get you something better to do.

It is my practice to grant three wishes to those born on a Sunday, who know how to find me out.

The first two are quite free from any condition, the third I may refuse, should it be a foolish one.

Now, therefore, Peter, say your wishes; but mind you wish something good and useful.'

'Hurrah!' shouted Peter; 'you are a capital glass man, and justly do people call you the treasure-keeper, for treasures seem to be plentiful with you.

Well, then, since I may wish what my heart desires, my first wish is that I may be able to dance better than the king of the dancing-room, and to have always as much money in my pocket as fat Hezekiel.'

'You fool!' replied the little man angrily, 'what a paltry wish is this, to be able to dance well and to have money for gambling.

Are you not ashamed of this silly wish, you blockish Peter?

Would you cheat yourself out of good fortune?

What good will you and your poor mother reap from your dancing well?

What use will money be to you, which, according to your wish, is only for the public-house, there to be spent like that of the wretched king of the dancing-room?

And then you will have nothing for the whole week and starve.

Another wish is now left free to you; but have a care to desire something more rational.'

Peter scratched himself behind his ears, and said, after some hesitation, 'Now I wish for the finest and richest glass factory in the Schwarzwald, with everything appertaining to it, and money to carry it on.'

'Is that all?' asked the little man, with a look of anxiety; 'is there nothing else, Peter?'

'Why you might add a horse and chaise.'

'Oh, you stupid Peter!' cried the little man, while he flung his glass pipe against a thick pine so that it broke in a hundred pieces.

'Horses? a carriage?'

Sense, I tell you, sense — common sense and judgment you ought to have wished for, but not a horse and chaise.

Come, come, don't be so sad, we will do all we can to make it turn out for the best, even as it is, for the second wish is on the whole not altogether foolish.

A good glass factory will support its man; but you ought to have wished for judgment and sense in addition; a horse and chaise would come as a matter of course.'

'But, Mr. Schatzhauser,' replied Peter, 'I have another wish left, and might very well wish for sense, if I am so much in need of it, as you seem to think.'

'Say no more about it.

You will get involved in many an embarrassment yet, when you will be glad of being at liberty to obtain your third wish.

And now proceed on your way home.'

Drawing a small bag from his pocket, he said: 'There are two thousand florins; let that be enough, and don't come again asking for money, for, if you do, I must hang you up to the highest pine.

That is the way I have always acted ever since I have lived in the forest.

Three days ago old Winkfritz died, who had a large glass factory in the Unterwald.

Go there to-morrow morning, and make a fair offer for it.

Look well to yourself.

Be prudent and be industrious; I will come to see you from time to time, and assist you with word and deed, since you have not wished for common sense.

But I must repeat it seriously; your first wish was evil.

Guard against frequenting the public-house, Peter; no one who did so ever prospered long.'

The little man, while thus talking to him, had taken a new pipe, of the most beautiful glass, from his pocket, charged it with dry fir-apples, and stuck it into his little toothless mouth.

Then drawing out a large burning-glass, he stepped into the sun and lighted it.

When he had done this, he kindly offered his hand to Peter, added a few more words of salutary advice which he might carry on his way, puffed and blew still faster, and finally disappeared in a cloud of smoke, which smelled of genuine Dutch canaster, and, slowly curling upwards, vanished amidst the tops of the pines.

On his arrival home, Peter found his mother in great anxiety about him, for the good dame thought in reality her son had been drawn among the recruits.

He, however, was in great glee and full of hope, and related to her how he had met with a good friend in the forest, who had advanced him money to begin another trade.

Although his mother had been living for thirty years in a charcoal-burner's hut, and was as much accustomed to the sight of sooty people as any miller's wife is to the floury face of her husband, yet, as soon as her Peter showed her a more splendid lot, she was vain enough to despise her former condition, and said: 'In truth, as the mother of a man who possesses a glass manufactory, I shall indeed be something different from neighbour Kate and Betsy, and shall in future sit more consequentially at church among the people of quality.'

Her son soon came to terms with the heir of the glass manufactory.

He kept the workmen he found, and made them work day and night at manufacturing glass.

At first he was pleased well enough with his new trade; he was in the habit of walking leisurely into the factory, striding up and down with an air of consequence and with his hands in his pockets, looking now in one corner, now in another, and talking about various things at which his workmen often used to laugh heartily.

His chief delight, however, was to see the glass blown, when he would often set to work himself, and form the strangest figures of the soft mass.

But he soon took a dislike to the work; first he came only for an hour in the day, then only every other day, and finally only once a week, so that his workmen did just what they liked.

All this came from his frequenting the public-house.

The Sunday after he had come back from the Tannenbühl he went to the public-house, and who should be jumping there already but the king of the dancing-room; fat Hezekiel also was already sitting by a quart pot, playing at dice for crown-pieces.

Now Peter quickly put his hand into his pocket to feel whether the Little Glass Man had been true to his word, and lo! his pockets were stuffed full of silver and gold.

He also felt an itching and twitching in his legs, as if they wished to dance and caper.

When the first dance was over, he took his place with his partner at the top next to the king of the dancing-room; and if the latter jumped three feet high, Peter jumped four; if he made fantastic and graceful steps, Peter twined and twisted his legs in such a manner that all the spectators were utterly amazed with delight and admiration.

But when it was rumoured in the dancing-room that Peter had bought a glass manufactory, and when people saw that Peter, as often as he passed the musicians, threw a six-bätzner piece to them, there was no end of astonishment.

Some thought he had found a treasure in the forest, others were of opinion that he had succeeded to some fortune, but all respected him now, and considered him a made man, simply because he had plenty of money.

Indeed that very evening he lost twenty florins at play, and yet his pockets jingled and tingled as if there were a hundred thalers in them.

When Peter saw how much respected he was, he could no longer contain himself with joy and pride.

He threw away handfuls of money and distributed it profusely among the poor, knowing full well as he did how poverty had formerly pinched him.

The feats of the king of the dancing-room were completely eclipsed by those of the new dancer, and Peter was surnamed the 'emperor of the dancing-room.'

The most daring gamblers did not stake so much as he did on a Sunday, neither did they, however, lose so much; but then, the more he lost, the more he won.

This was exactly what he had demanded from the Little Glass Man; for he had wished he might always have as much money in his pocket as fat Hezekiel, and it was to this very man he lost his money.

If he lost twenty or thirty florins at a stroke, they were immediately replaced in his own pocket, as soon as Hezekiel pocketed them.

By degrees he carried his revelling and gambling further than the worst fellows in the Schwarzwald, and he was oftener called 'gambling Peter' than 'emperor of the dancing-room,' since he now gambled almost all days of the week.

In consequence of his imprudence, his glass manufactory gradually fell off.

He had manufactured as much as ever could be made, but he had failed to purchase, together with the factory, the secret of

disposing of it most profitably.

At length it accumulated to such a degree that he did not know what to do with it, and sold it for half price to itinerant dealers in order to pay his workmen.

Walking homewards one evening from the public-house, he could not, in spite of the quantity of wine he had drunk to make himself merry, help thinking with terror and grief of the decline of his fortune.

While engaged in these reflections, he all at once perceived some one walking by his side.

He looked round, and behold it was the Little Glass Man.

At the sight of him he fell into a violent passion, protested solemnly, and swore that the little man was the cause of all his misfortune.

'What am I to do now with the horse and chaise?' he cried; 'of what use is the manufactory and all the glass to me?'

Even when I was merely a wretched charcoal-burner, I lived more happily, and had no cares.

Now I know not when the bailiff may come to value my goods and chattels, and seize all for debt.'

'Indeed?' replied the Little Glass Man, 'indeed?'

I am then the cause of your being unfortunate.

Is that your gratitude for my benefits?'

Who bade you wish so foolishly?'

A glass manufacturer you wished to be, and you did not know where to sell your glass!'

Did I not tell you to be cautious in what you wished for?'

Common sense, Peter, and prudence, you wanted.'

'A fig for your sense and prudence,' cried Peter; 'I am as shrewd a fellow as any one, and will prove it to you, Little Glass Man,' seizing him rudely by the collar as he spoke these words, and crying, 'Have I now got you, Schatzhauser?'

Now I will tell you my third wish, which you shall grant me.

I'll have instantly, on the spot, two hundred thousand hard thalers and a house.

Woe is me!' he cried, suddenly shaking his hand, for the little man of the wood had changed himself into red-hot glass, and burned in his hand like bright fire.

Nothing more was to be seen of him.

For several days his swollen hand reminded him of his ingratitude and folly.

Soon, however, he silenced his conscience, saying: 'Should they sell my glass, manufactory and all, still fat Hezekiel is certain to me; and as long as he has money on a Sunday, I cannot want.'

'Very true, Peter!'

But, if he has none?'

And so it happened one day, and it proved a singular example in arithmetic.

For he came one Sunday in his chaise to the inn, and at once all the people popped their heads out of the windows, one saying, 'There comes gambling Peter'; a second saying, 'Yes, there is the emperor of the dancing-room, the wealthy glass manufacturer'; while a third shook his head, saying, 'It is all very well with his wealth, but people talk a great deal about his debts, and somebody in town has said that the bailiff will not wait much longer before he distrains upon him.'

At this moment the wealthy Peter saluted the guests at the windows in a haughty and grave manner, descended from his chaise, and cried: 'Good evening, mine Host of the Sun.

Is fat Hezekiel here?'

To this question a deep voice answered from within: 'Only come in, Peter; your place is kept for you; we are all here at the cards already.'

Peter entering the parlour, immediately put his hand into his pocket, and perceived, by its being quite full, that Hezekiel must be plentifully supplied.

He sat down at the table among the others and played, losing and winning alternately; thus they kept playing till night, when all sober people went home.

After having continued for some time by candle-light, two of the gamblers said: 'Now it is enough, and we must go home to our wives and children.'

But Peter challenged Hezekiel to remain.

The latter was unwilling, but said, after a while, 'Be it as you wish; I will count my money, and then we'll play dice at five florins the stake, for anything lower is, after all, but child's play.'

He drew his purse, and, after counting, found he had a hundred florins left; now Peter knew how much he himself had left, without counting first.

But if Hezekiel had won before, he now lost stake after stake, and swore most awfully.

If he cast a pasch, Peter immediately cast one likewise, and always two points higher.

At length he put down the last five florins on the table, saying, 'Once more; and if I lose this stake also, yet I will not leave off; you will then lend me some of the money you have won now, Peter; one honest fellow helps the other.'

'As much as you like, even if it were a hundred florins,' replied Peter, joyful at his gain, and fat Hezekiel rattled the dice and threw up fifteen; 'Pasch!' he exclaimed, 'now we'll see!'

But Peter threw up eighteen, and, at this moment, a hoarse, well-known voice said behind him, 'So! that was the last.'

He looked round, and behind him stood the gigantic figure of Michel the Dutchman.

Terrified, he dropped the money he had already taken up.

But fat Hezekiel, not seeing Michel, demanded that Peter should advance him ten florins for playing.

As if in a dream, Peter hastily put his hand into his pocket, but there was no money; he searched in the other pocket, but in vain; he turned his coat inside out, not a farthing, however, fell out; and at this instant he first recollected his first wish, viz. to have always as much money in his pocket as fat Hezekiel.

All had now vanished like smoke.

The host and Hezekiel looked at him with astonishment as he still searched for and could not find his money; they would not believe that he had no more left; but when they at length searched his pockets, without finding anything, they were enraged, swearing that gambling Peter was an evil wizard, and had wished away all the money he had won home to his own house.

Peter defended himself stoutly, but appearances were against him.

Hezekiel protested he would tell this shocking story to all the

people in the Schwarzwald, and the host vowed he would the following morning early go into the town and inform against Peter as a sorcerer, adding that he had no doubt of his being burnt alive.

Upon this they fell furiously upon him, tore off his coat, and kicked him out of doors.

Not one star was twinkling in the sky to lighten Peter's way as he sneaked sadly towards his home, but still he could distinctly recognise a dark form striding by his side, which at length said, 'It is all over with you, Peter Munk; all your splendour is at an end, and this I could have foretold you even at the time when you would not listen to me, but rather ran to the silly glass dwarf.

You now see to what you have come by disregarding my advice.

But try your fortune with me this time, I have compassion on your fate.

No one ever yet repented of applying to me, and if you don't mind the walk to the Tannenbühl, I shall be there all day tomorrow and you may speak to me, if you will call.'

Peter now very clearly perceived who was speaking to him, but feeling a sensation of awe, he made no answer and ran towards home.

When, on the Monday morning, he came to his factory, he not only found his workmen, but also other people whom no one likes to see, viz. the bailiff and three beadles.

The bailiff wished Peter good morning, asked him how he had slept, and then took from his pocket a long list of Peter's creditors, saying, with a stern look, 'Can you pay or not?'

Be short, for I have no time to lose, and you know it is full three leagues to the prison.'

Peter in despair confessed he had nothing left, telling the bailiff he might value all the premises, horses and carts.

But while they went about examining and valuing the things, Peter said to himself, 'Well, it is but a short way to the Tannenbühl, and as the little man has not helped me, I will now for once try the big man.'

He ran towards the Tannenbühl as fast as if the beadles were at his heels.

On passing the spot where the Little Glass Man had first spoken to him, he felt as if an invisible hand were stopping him, but he tore himself away and ran onwards till he came to the boundary which he had well marked.

Scarcely had he, quite out of breath, called 'Dutch Michel, Mr. Dutch Michel!' when suddenly the gigantic raftsmen with his pole stood before him.

'Have you come then?' said the latter, laughing.

'Were they going to fleece you and sell you to your creditors?'

Well, be easy, all your sorrow comes, as I have always said, from the Little Glass Man, the Separatist and Pietist.

When one gives, one ought to give right plentifully and not like that skinflint.

But come,' he continued, turning towards the forest, 'follow me to my house, there we'll see whether we can strike a bargain.' 'Strike a bargain?' thought Peter.

'What can he want of me, what can I sell to him?'

Am I perhaps to serve him, or what is it that he can want?'

They went at first uphill over a steep forest path, when all at

once they stopped at a dark, deep, and almost perpendicular ravine.

Michel leaped down as easily as he would go down marble steps; but Peter almost fell into a fit when he saw him below, rising up like a church steeple, reaching him an arm as long as a scaffolding pole, with a hand at the end as broad as the table in the ale-house, and calling in a voice which sounded like the deep tones of a death bell, 'Set yourself boldly on my hand, hold fast by the fingers and you will not fall off.'

Peter, trembling, did as he was ordered, sat down upon his hand and held himself fast by the thumb of the giant.

They now went down a long way and very deep, yet, to Peter's astonishment, it did not grow darker; on the contrary, the daylight seemed rather to increase in the chasm, and it was some time before Peter's eyes could bear it.

Michel's stature became smaller as Peter came lower down, and he stood now in his former size before a house just like those of the wealthy peasants of the Schwarzwald.

The room into which Peter was led differed in nothing but its appearance of solitariness from those of other people.

The wooden clock, the stove of Dutch tiles, the broad benches and utensils on the shelves were the same as anywhere else.

Michel told him to sit down at the large table, then went out of the room and returned with a pitcher of wine and glasses.

Having filled these, they now began a conversation, and Dutch Michel expatiated on the pleasures of the world, talked of foreign countries, fine cities and rivers, so that Peter, at length, feeling a yearning after such sights, candidly told Michel his wish.

'If you had courage and strength in your body to undertake anything, could a few palpitations of your stupid heart make you tremble; and the offences against honour, or misfortunes, why should a rational fellow care for either?

Did you feel it in your head when they but lately called you a cheat and a scoundrel?

Or did it give you a pain in your stomach, when the bailiff came to eject you from your house?

Tell me, where was it you felt pain?

'In my heart,' replied Peter, putting his hand on his beating breast, for he felt as if his heart was anxiously turning within him.

'Excuse me for saying so, but you have thrown away many hundred florins on vile beggars and other rabble; what has it profited you?

They have wished you blessings and health for it; well, have you grown the healthier for that?

For half that money you might have kept a physician.

A blessing, a fine blessing, forsooth, when one is distraised upon and ejected!

And what was it that urged you put your hand into your pocket, as often as a beggar held out his broken hat? — Why your heart again, and ever your heart, neither your eyes, nor your tongue, nor your arms, nor your legs, but your heart; you have, as the proverb truly says, taken too much to heart.'

'But how can we accustom ourselves to act otherwise?

I take, at this moment, every possible pains to suppress it, and yet my heart palpitates and pains me.'

'You, indeed, poor fellow!' cried Michel, laughing; 'you can do

nothing against it; but give me this scarcely palpitating thing, and you will see how comfortable you will then feel.'

'My heart to you?' cried Peter, horrified.

'Why, then, I must die on the spot!

Never!'

'Yes, if one of your surgeons would operate upon you and take out your heart, you must indeed die; but with me it is a different thing; just come in here and convince yourself.'

Rising at these words, he opened the door of a chamber and took Peter in.

On stepping over the threshold, his heart contracted convulsively, but he minded it not, for the sight that presented itself was singular and surprising.

On several shelves glasses were standing, filled with a transparent liquid, and each contained a heart.

All were labelled with names which Peter read with curiosity; there was the heart of the bailiff in F., that of fat Hezekiel, that of the king of the dancing-room, that of the ranger; there were the hearts of six usurious corn merchants, of eight recruiting officers, of three money-brokers; in short, it was a collection of the most respectable hearts twenty leagues around.

'Look!' said Dutch Michel, 'all these have shaken off the anxieties and cares of life; none of these hearts any longer beat anxiously and uneasily, and their former owners feel happy now they have got rid of the troublesome guest.'

'But what do they now carry in their breasts instead?' asked Peter, whose head was nearly swimming at what he beheld.

'This?' replied he, taking out of a small drawer, and presenting to him — a heart of stone.

'Indeed!' said Peter, who could not prevent a cold shuddering coining over him.

'A heart of marble?

But, tell me, Mr. Michel, such a heart must be very cold in one's breast.'

'True, but very agreeably cool.

Why should a heart be warm?

For in winter its warmth is of little use, and good strong Kirschwasser does more than a warm heart, and in summer when all is hot and sultry, you can't think how cooling such a heart is.

And, as before said, such a heart feels neither anxiety nor terror, neither foolish compassion nor other grief.'

'And that is all you can offer me?' asked Peter indignantly; 'I looked for money and you are going to give me a stone.'

'Well! an hundred thousand florins, methinks, would suffice you for the present.

If you employ it properly, you may soon make it a million.'

'An hundred thousand!' exclaimed the poor coal-burner, joyfully.

'Well, don't beat so vehemently in my bosom, we shall soon have done with one another.

Agreed, Michel, give me the stone and the money, and the alarm you may take out of its case.'

'I always thought you were a reasonable fellow,' replied Michel, with a friendly smile; 'come, let us drink another glass, and then I will pay you the money.'

They went back to the room and sat down again to the wine,

drinking one glass after another till Peter fell into a profound sleep.

He was awakened by the cheerful blast of a post-boy's bugle, and found himself sitting in a handsome carriage, driving along on a wide road.

On putting his head out he saw in the airy distance the Schwarzwald lying behind him.

At first he could scarcely believe that it was his own self sitting in the carriage, for even his clothes were different from those he had worn the day before; but still he had such a distinct recollection that, giving up at length all these reflections, he exclaimed, 'I am Peter and no other, that is certain.'

He was astonished that he could not, in the slightest degree, feel melancholy now that he for the first time departed from his quiet home and the forests where he had lived so long.

He could not even press a tear out of his eyes or utter a sigh, when he thought of his mother, who must now feel helpless and wretched; for he was indifferent to everything: 'Well,' he said, 'tears and sighs, yearning for home and sadness, proceed indeed from the heart, but thanks to Dutch Michel, mine is of stone and cold.'

Putting his hand upon his breast, he felt all quiet and no emotion.

'If Michel,' said he, beginning to search the carriage, 'keeps his word as well with respect to the hundred thousand florins as he does with the heart, I shall be very glad.'

In his search he found articles of dress of every description he could wish, but no money.

At length, however, he discovered a pocket containing many thousand thalers in gold, and bills on large houses in all the great cities.

'Now I have what I want,' thought he, squeezed himself into the corner of the carriage and went into the wide world.

For two years he travelled about in the world, looked from his carriage to the right and left up the houses, but whenever he alighted he looked at nothing except the sign of the hotel, and then ran about the town to see the finest curiosities.

But nothing gladdened him, no pictures, no building, no music, no dancing, nor anything else had any interest for, or excited his stone heart; his eyes and ears were blunted for everything beautiful.

No enjoyment was left him but that which he felt in eating and drinking and sleep; and thus he lived running through the world without any object, eating for amusement and sleeping from ennui.

From time to time he indeed remembered that he had been more cheerful and happier, when he was poor and obliged to work for a livelihood.

Then he was delighted by every beautiful prospect in the valley, by music and song, then he had for hours looked in joyful expectation towards the frugal meal which his mother was to bring him to the kiln.

When thus reflecting on the past, it seemed very strange to him that now he could not even laugh, while formerly he had laughed at the slightest joke.

When others laughed, he only distorted his mouth out of

politeness, but his heart did not sympathise with the smile.

He felt he was indeed exceedingly tranquil, but yet not contented.

It was not a yearning after home, nor was it sadness, but a void, desolate feeling, satiety and a joyless life that at last urged him to his home.

When, after leaving Strasburg, he beheld the dark forest of his native country; when for the first time he again saw the robust figures, the friendly and open countenances of the Schwarzwälder; when the homely, strong, and deep, but harmonious sounds struck upon his ear, he quickly put his hand upon his heart, for his blood flowed faster, thinking he must rejoice and weep at the same time; but how could he be so foolish? he had a heart of stone, and stones are dead and can neither smile nor weep.

His first walk was to Michel, who received him with his former kindness.

'Michel,' said he, 'I have now travelled and seen everything, but all is dull stuff and I have only found ennui.'

The stone I carry about with me in my breast, protects me against many things; I never get angry, am never sad, but neither do I ever feel joyful, and it seems as if I were only half alive.

Can you not infuse a little more life into my stone heart, or rather, give me back my former heart?

During five-and-twenty years I had become quite accustomed to it, and though it sometimes did a foolish thing, yet it was, after all, a merry and cheerful heart.'

The sylvan spirit laughed grimly and sarcastically at this, answering, 'When once you are dead, Peter Munk, it shall not be withheld; then you shall have back your soft, susceptible heart, and may then feel whatever comes, whether joy or sorrow.'

But here, on this side of the grave, it can never be yours again.

Travelled you have indeed, Peter, but in the way you lived, your travelling could afford you no satisfaction.

Settle now somewhere in the world, build a house, marry, and employ your capital; you wanted nothing but occupation; being idle, you felt ennui, and now you lay all the blame on this innocent heart.'

Peter saw that Michel was right with respect to idleness, and therefore proposed to himself to become richer and richer.

Michel gave him another hundred thousand florins, and they parted good friends.

The report soon spread in the Schwarzwald that 'Coal Peter,' or 'gambling Peter,' had returned, and was much richer than before.

It was here as it is always.

When he was a beggar he was kicked out of the inn, but now he had come back wealthy, all shook him by the hand when he entered on the Sunday afternoon, praised his horse, asked about his journey, and when he began playing for hard dollars with fat Hezekiel, he stood as high in their estimation as ever before.

He no longer followed the trade of glass manufacturer, but the timber trade, though that only in appearance, his chief business being in corn and money transactions.

Half the people of the Schwarzwald became by degrees his debtors, and he lent money only at 10 per cent, or sold corn to the poor, who, not being able to pay ready money, had to purchase it

at three times its value.

With the bailiff he now stood on a footing of the closest friendship, and if any one failed paying Mr. Peter Munk on the very day the money was due, the bailiff with his beadles came, valued house and property, sold all instantly, and drove father, mother, and child out into the forest.

This became at first rather troublesome to Peter, for the poor outcasts besieged his doors in troops, the men imploring indulgence, the women trying to move his stony heart, and the children moaning for a piece of bread.

But getting a couple of large mastiffs, he soon put an end to this cat's music, as he used to call it, for he whistled and set them on the beggars, who dispersed screaming.

But the most troublesome person to him was 'the old woman,' who, however, was no other than Frau Munk, Peter's mother.

She had been reduced to great poverty and distress, when her house and all was sold, and her son, on returning wealthy, had troubled himself no more about her.

So she came sometimes before his house, supporting herself on a stick, as she was aged, weak, and infirm; but she no more ventured to go in, as he had on one occasion driven her out; and she was much grieved at being obliged to prolong her existence by the bounties of other people, while her own son might have prepared for her a comfortable old age.

But his cold heart never was moved by the sight of the pale face and well-known features, by her imploring looks, outstretched withered hands, and decaying frame.

If on a Saturday she knocked at the door, he put his hand grumbling into his pocket for a six-batzen piece, wrapped it in a bit of paper, and sent it out by a servant.

He heard her tremulous voice when she thanked him, and wished him a blessing in this world, he heard her crawl away coughing from the door, but he thought of nothing except that he had again spent six batzen for nothing.

At length Peter took it into his head to marry.

He knew that every father in the Schwarzwald would gladly give him his daughter, but he was fastidious in his choice, for he wished that everybody should praise his good fortune and understanding in matrimony as well as in other matters.

He therefore rode about the whole forest, looking out in every direction, but none of the pretty Schwarzwälder girls seemed beautiful enough for him.

Having finally looked out in vain for the most beautiful at all the dancing-rooms, he was one day told the most beautiful and most virtuous girl in the whole forest was the daughter of a poor wood-cutter.

He heard she lived quiet and retired, was industrious and managed her father's household well, and that she was never seen at a dancing-room, not even at Whitsuntide or the Kirchweihfest (a great festival in German villages, which comes in October or November).

When Peter heard of this wonder of the Schwarzwald, he determined to court her, and, having inquired where the hut was, rode there.

The father of the beautiful Elizabeth received the great gentleman with astonishment, but was still more amazed when he

heard it was the rich Herr Peter who wished to become his son-in-law.

Thinking all his cares and poverty would now be at an end, he did not hesitate long in giving his consent, without even asking the beautiful Elizabeth, and the good child was so dutiful that she became Frau Peter Munk without opposition.

But the poor girl did not find the happiness she had dreamt of.

She believed she understood the management of a house well, but she could never give satisfaction to Herr Peter; she had compassion on poor people, and, as her husband was wealthy, thought it no sin to give a poor woman a penny, or a dram to a poor aged man.

This being one day found out by Peter, he said to her, with angry look and gruff voice, 'Why do you waste my property upon ragamuffins and vagabonds?

Have you brought anything of your own to the house that you can give away?

With your father's beggar's staff you could not warm a soup, and you lavish my money like a princess.

Once more let me find you out, and you shall feel my hand.'

The beautiful Elizabeth wept in her chamber over the hard heart of her husband, and often wished herself at home in her father's poor hut rather than with the rich, but avaricious and sinful Peter.

Alas! had she known that he had a heart of marble and could neither love her nor anybody else, she would not, perhaps, have wondered.

But as often as a beggar now passed while she was sitting before the door, and drawing his hat off, asked for alms, she shut her eyes that she might not behold his distress, and closed her hand tight that she might not put it involuntarily in her pocket and take out a kreutzer.

This caused a report and obtained an ill name for Elizabeth in the whole forest, and she was said to be even more miserly than Peter Munk.

But one day Frau Elizabeth was again sitting before the door spinning and humming an air, for she was cheerful because it was fine weather, and Peter was taking a ride in the country, when a little old man came along the road, carrying a large heavy bag, and she heard him panting at a great distance.

Sympathisingly she looked at him and thought how cruel it was to place such a heavy burden upon an aged man.

In the meanwhile the little man came near, tottering and panting, and sank under the weight of his bag almost down on the ground just as he came opposite Frau Elizabeth.

'Oh, have compassion on me, good woman, and give me a drink of water,' said the little man; 'I can go no farther, and must perish from exhaustion.'

'But you ought not to carry such heavy loads at your age,' said she.

'No more I should if I were not obliged to work as carrier from poverty and to prolong my life,' replied he.

'Ah, such rich ladies as you know not how painful poverty is, and how strengthening a fresh draught would be in this hot weather.'

On hearing this she immediately ran into the house, took a

pitcher from the shelf and filled it with water; but she had only gone a few paces back to take it to him, when, seeing the little man sit on his bag miserable and wretched, she felt pity for him, and recollecting that her husband was out from home, she put down the pitcher, took a cup, filled it with wine, put a loaf of rye bread on it, and gave it to the poor old man.

'There,' she said, 'a draught of wine will do you more good than water, as you are very old; but do not drink so hastily, and eat some bread with it.'

The little man looked at her in astonishment till the big tears came into his eyes; he drank and said, 'I have grown old, but have seen few people who were so compassionate and knew how to spend their gifts so handsomely and cordially as you do, Frau Elizabeth.

But you will be blessed for it on earth; such a heart will not remain unrequited.'

'No, and she shall have her reward on the spot,' cried a terrible voice, and looking round they found it was Herr Peter, with a face as red as scarlet.

'Even my choicest wine you waste upon beggars, and give my own cup to the lips of vagabonds?

There, take your reward.'

His wife fell prostrate before him and begged his forgiveness, but the heart of stone knew no pity, and flourishing the whip he held in his hand, he struck her with the ebony handle on her beautiful forehead with such vehemence that she sank lifeless into the arms of the old man.

When he saw what he had done it was almost as if he repented of the deed immediately; he stooped to see whether there was yet life in her, but the little man said in a well-known voice, 'Spare your trouble, Peter; she was the most beautiful and lovely flower in the Schwarzwald, but you have crushed it and never again will see it bloom.'

Now the blood fled from Peter's cheek and he said, 'It is you, then, Mr. Schatzhauser? well, what is done is done then, and I suppose this was to happen.

But I trust you will not inform against me.'

'Wretch,' replied the Little Glass Man, 'what would it profit me if I brought your mortal part to the gallows?

It is not earthly tribunals you have to fear, but another and more severe one; for you have sold your soul to the evil one.'

'And if I have sold my heart,' cried Peter, 'it is no one's fault but yours and your deceitful treasures; your malicious spirit brought me to ruin; you forced me to seek help from another, and upon you lies the whole responsibility.'

He had scarcely uttered these words when the little man grew enormously tall and broad, his eyes it is said became as large as soup plates, and his mouth like a heated furnace vomiting flames.

Peter fell upon his knees, and his stone heart did not protect his limbs from trembling like an aspen leaf.

The sylvan spirit seized him, as if with vultures' claws, by the nape of the neck, whirled him round as the storm whirls the dry leaves, and dashed him to the ground so that his ribs cracked within him.

'You worm of dust,' he cried, in a voice roaring like thunder, 'I could crush you if I wished, for you have trespassed against the

lord of the forest; but for the sake of this dead woman that fed and refreshed me, I give you a week's respite.

If you do not repent I shall return and crush your bones, and you will go hence in your sins.'

It was already evening when some men passing by saw the wealthy Peter Munk lying on the ground.

They turned him over and over to see whether there was still life in him, but for a long time looked in vain.

At length one of them went into the house, fetched some water and sprinkled some on his face.

Peter fetched a deep sigh and opened his eyes, looked for a long time around, and asked for his wife Elizabeth, but no one had seen her.

He thanked the men for their assistance, crawled into his house, searched everywhere, but in vain, and found what he imagined to be a dream a sad reality.

As he was now quite alone strange thoughts came into his mind; he did not indeed fear anything, for his heart was quite cold; but when he thought of the death of his wife his own forcibly came to his mind, and he reflected how laden he should go hence — heavily laden with the tears of the poor; with thousands of the curses of those who could not soften his heart; with the lamentations of the wretched on whom he had set his dogs; with the silent despair of his mother; with the blood of the beautiful and good Elizabeth; and yet he could not even so much as give an account of her to her poor old father, should he come and ask, 'Where is my daughter, your wife?'

How then could he give an account to Him — to Him to whom belong all woods, all lakes, all mountains, and the life of men?

This tormented him in his dreams at night, and he was awoke every moment by a sweet voice crying to him, 'Peter, get a warmer heart!'

And when he was awoke he quickly closed his eyes again, for the voice uttering this warning to him could be none other but that of his Elizabeth.

The following day he went into the inn to divert his thoughts, and there met his friend, fat Hezekiel.

He sat down by him and they commenced talking on various topics, of the fine weather, of war, of taxes, and lastly, also of death, and how such and such a person had died suddenly.

Now Peter asked him what he thought about death, and how it would be after death.

Hezekiel replied, 'That the body was buried, but that the soul went either up to heaven or down to hell.'

'Then the heart also is buried?' asked Peter, anxiously.

'To be sure that also is buried.'

'But supposing one has no longer a heart?' continued Peter.

Hezekiel gave him a terrible look at these words.

'What do you mean by that?

Do you wish to rally me?

Think you I have no heart?'

'Oh, heart enough, as firm as stone,' replied Peter.

Hezekiel looked in astonishment at him, glancing round at the same time to see whether they were overheard, and then said,

'Whence do you know that?

Or does your own perhaps no longer beat within your breast?'

'It beats no longer, at least, not in my breast,' replied Peter Munk.

'But tell me, as you know what I mean, how will it be with our hearts?'

'Why does that concern you, my good fellow?' answered Hezekiel, laughing.

'Why, you have plenty here upon earth, and that is sufficient.

Indeed, the comfort of our cold hearts is that no fear at such thoughts befalls us.'

'Very true, but still one cannot help thinking of it, and though I know no fear now, still I well remember how I was terrified at hell when yet an innocent little boy.'

'Well, it will not exactly go well with us,' said Hezekiel; 'I once asked a schoolmaster about it, who told me that the hearts are weighed after death to ascertain the weight of their sins.

The light ones rise, the heavy sink, and methinks our stone hearts will weigh heavy enough.'

'Alas, true,' replied Peter; 'I often feel uncomfortable that my heart is so devoid of sympathy, and so indifferent when I think of such things.'

So ended their conversation.

But the following night Peter again heard the well-known voice whispering into his ear five or six times, 'Peter, get a warmer heart!'

He felt no repentance at having killed his wife, but when he told the servants that she had gone on a journey, he always thought within himself, where is she gone to?

Six days had thus passed away, and he still heard the voice at night, and still thought of the sylvan spirit and his terrible menace; but on the seventh morning he jumped up from his couch and cried, 'Well, then, I will see whether I can get a warmer heart, for the cold stone in my breast makes my life only tedious and desolate.'

He quickly put on his best dress, mounted his horse, and rode towards the Tannenbühl.

Having arrived at that part where the trees stand thickest, he dismounted, and went with a quick pace towards the summit of the hill, and as he stood before the thick pine he repeated the following verse:

'Keeper of wealth in the forest of pine,
Hundreds of years are surely thine:
Thine is the tall pine's dwelling-place —
Those born on Sunday see thy face.'

The Little Glass Man appeared, not looking friendly and kindly as formerly, but gloomy and sad; he wore a little coat of black glass, and a long glass crape hung floating from his hat, and Peter well knew for whom he mourned.

'What do you want with me, Peter Munk?' asked he with a stern voice.

'I have one more wish, Mr. Schatzhauser,' replied Peter, with his eyes cast down.

'Can hearts of stone still wish?' said the former.

'You have all your corrupt mind can need, and I could scarcely fulfil your wish.'

'But you have promised to grant me three wishes, and one I have still left.'

'I can refuse it if it is foolish,' continued the spirit; 'but come, let me hear what you wish.'

'Well, take the dead stone out of me, and give me a living heart,' said Peter.

'Have I made the bargain about the heart with you?' asked the Little Glass Man.

'Am I the Dutch Michel, who gives wealth and cold hearts?

It is of him you must seek to regain your heart.'

'Alas! he will never give it back,' said Peter.

'Bad as you are, yet I feel pity for you,' continued the little man, after some consideration; 'and as your wish is not foolish, I cannot at least refuse my help.

Hear then.

You can never recover your heart by force, only by stratagem, but probably you will find it without difficulty; for Michel will ever be stupid Michel, although he fancies himself very shrewd.

Go straightway to him, and do as I tell you.'

He now instructed Peter fully, and gave him a small cross of pure glass, saying, 'He cannot touch your life and will let you go when you hold this before him and repeat a prayer.

When you have obtained your wish return to me.'

Peter took the cross, impressed all the words on his memory, and started on his way to the Dutchman Michel's residence; there he called his name three times and immediately the giant stood before him.

'You have slain your wife?' he asked, with a grim laugh.

'I should have done the same; she wasted your property on beggars; but you will be obliged to leave the country for some time; and I suppose you want money and have come to get it?'

'You have hit it,' replied Peter; 'and pray let it be a large sum, for it is a long way to America.'

Michel leading the way, they went into his cottage; there he opened a chest containing much money and took out whole rolls of gold.

While he was counting it on the table Peter said, 'You're a wag, Michel.

You have told me a fib, saying that I had a stone in my breast, and that you had my heart.'

'And is it not so then?' asked Michel, astonished.

'Do you feel your heart?

Is it not cold as ice?

Have you any fear or sorrow?

Do you repent of anything?'

'You have only made my heart to cease beating, but I still have it in my breast, and so has Hezekiel, who told me you had deceived us both.

You are not the man who, unperceived and without danger, could tear the heart from the breast; it would require witchcraft on your part.'

'But I assure you,' cried Michel angrily, 'you and Hezekiel and all the rich people, who have sold themselves to me, have hearts as cold as yours, and their real hearts I have here in my chamber.'

'Ah! how glibly you can tell lies,' said Peter, laughing; 'you must tell that to another to be believed; think you I have not seen such tricks by dozens in my journeys?

Your hearts in the chamber are made of wax; you're a rich

fellow I grant, but you are no magician.'

Now the giant was enraged and burst open the chamber door, saying, 'Come in and read all the labels, and look yonder is Peter Munk's heart; do you see how it writhes?

Can that too be of wax?'

'For all that, it is of wax,' replied Peter.

'A genuine heart does not writhe like that.

I have mine still in my breast.

No! you are no magician.'

'But I will prove it to you,' cried the former angrily.

'You shall feel that it is your heart.'

He took it, opened Peter's waistcoat, took the stone from his breast, and held it up.

Then taking the heart, he breathed on it, and set it carefully in its proper place, and immediately Peter felt how it beat, and could rejoice again.

'How do you feel now?' asked Michel, smiling.

'True enough, you were right,' replied Peter, taking carefully the little cross from his pocket.

'I should never have believed such things could be done.'

'You see I know something of witchcraft, do I not?'

But, come, I will now replace the stone again.'

'Gently, Herr Michel,' cried Peter, stepping backwards, and holding up the cross, 'mice are caught with bacon, and this time you have been deceived,' and immediately he began to repeat the prayers that came into his mind.

Now Michel became less and less, fell to the ground, and writhed like a worm, groaning and moaning, and all the hearts round began to beat, and became convulsed, so that it sounded like a clock-maker's workshop.

Peter was terrified, his mind was quite disturbed; he ran from the house, and, urged by the anguish of the moment, climbed up a steep rock, for he heard Michel get up, stamping and raving, and denouncing curses on him.

When he reached the top, he ran towards the Tannenbühl; a dreadful thunderstorm came on; lightning flashed around him, splitting the trees, but he reached the precincts of the Little Glass Man in safety.

His heart beat joyfully — only because it did beat; but now he looked back with horror on his past life, as he did on the thunderstorm that was destroying the beautiful forest on his right and left.

He thought of his wife, a beautiful, good woman, whom he had murdered from avarice; he appeared to himself an outcast from mankind, and wept bitterly as he reached the hill of the Little Glass Man.

The Schatzhauser was sitting under a pine-tree, and was smoking a small pipe; but he looked more serene than before.

'Why do you weep, Peter?' asked he; 'have you not recovered your heart?'

Is the cold one still in your breast?'

'Alas! sir,' sighed Peter, 'when I still carried about with me the cold stony heart, I never wept, my eyes were as dry as the ground in July; but now my old heart will almost break with what I have done.

I have driven my debtors to misery, set the dogs on the sick

and poor, and you yourself know how my whip fell upon her beautiful forehead.'

'Peter, you were a great sinner,' said the little man.

'Money and idleness corrupted you, until your heart turned to stone, and no longer knew joy, sorrow, repentance, or compassion.

But repentance reconciles; and if I only knew that you were truly sorry for your past life, it might yet be in my power to do something for you.'

'I wish nothing more,' replied Peter, dropping his head sorrowfully.

'It is all over with me, I can no more rejoice in my lifetime; what shall I do thus alone in the world?'

My mother will never pardon me for what I have done to her, and I have perhaps brought her to the grave, monster that I am!

Elizabeth, my wife, too, — rather strike me dead, Herr Schatzhauser, then my wretched life will end at once.'

'Well,' replied the little man, 'if you wish nothing else, you can have it, so my axe is at hand.'

He quietly took his pipe from his mouth, knocked the ashes out, and put it into his pocket.

Then rising slowly, he went behind the pines.

But Peter sat down weeping in the grass; his life had no longer any value for him, and he patiently awaited the deadly blow.

After a short time he heard gentle steps behind him, and thought, 'Now he is coming.'

'Look up once more, Peter Munk,' cried the little man.

He wiped the tears from his eyes and looked up, and beheld his mother, and Elizabeth his wife, who kindly gazed on him.

Then he jumped up joyfully, saying, 'You are not dead, then, Elizabeth, nor you, mother; and have you forgiven me?'

'They will forgive you,' said the Little Glass Man, 'because you feel true repentance, and all shall be forgotten.

Go home now, to your father's hut, and be a charcoal-burner as before; if you are active and honest, you will do credit to your trade, and your neighbours will love and esteem you more than if you possessed ten tons of gold.'

Thus saying, the Little Glass Man left them.

The three praised and blessed him, and went home.

The splendid house of wealthy Peter stood no longer; it was struck by lightning, and burnt to the ground, with all its treasures.

But they were not far from his father's hut, and thither they went, without caring much for their great loss.

But what was their surprise when they reached the hut; it was changed into a handsome farmhouse, and all in it was simple, but good and cleanly.

'This is the Little Glass Man's doing,' cried Peter.

'How beautiful!' said Frau Elizabeth; 'and here I feel more at home than in the larger house, with many servants.'

Henceforth Peter Munk became an industrious and honest man.

He was content with what he had, carried on his trade cheerfully, and thus it was that he became wealthy by his own energy, and respected and beloved in the whole forest.

He no longer quarrelled with his wife, he honoured his mother, and relieved the poor who came to his door.

When, after twelve months, Frau Elizabeth presented him with a beautiful little boy, Peter went to the Tannenbühl, and repeated the verse as before.

But the Little Glass Man did not show himself.

'Mr. Schatzhauser,' he cried loudly, 'only listen to me.

I wish nothing but to ask you to stand godfather to my little son.'

But he received no answer, and only a short gust of wind rushed through the pines, and cast a few cones on the grass.

'Then I will take these as a remembrance, as you will not show yourself,' cried Peter, and he put them in his pocket, and returned home.

But when he took off his jacket, and his mother turned out the pockets before putting it away, four large rolls of money fell out; and when they opened them, they found them all good and new Baden dollars, and not one counterfeit, and these were the intended godfather's gift for little Peter, from the little man in the Tannenbühl.

Thus they lived on, quietly and cheerfully; and many a time Peter Munk, when gray-headed, would say, 'It is indeed better to be content with little, than to have wealth and a cold heart.'

THE COLD HEART

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WHOEVER travels through Suabia should never forget also to peep a little into the Black Forest, not for the sake of the trees, although one does not find such a great number of splendidly shot-up pines everywhere, but rather for the sake of the people, who form a marked contrast to other people in the neighbourhood.

They are taller than ordinary men, broad-shouldered, of mighty limbs, and it appears as if the strengthening fragrance which wafts through the pines in the morning, had given them from youth up a freer breathing, a clearer eye, and a firmer if a somewhat ruder courage than the inhabitants of the river valleys and plains.

They do differ greatly, not merely by their bearing and stature from those people living outside the forest, but also by their manners and attire.

The inhabitants of the Black Forest near Baden dress in the prettiest manner; the men allow the beard to grow, just as nature has placed it around their chins; their black jackets, their tremendous closely pleated trousers, their red stockings, and their peaked hats with their broad brims, give them a strange but serious and dignified air.

The people in these parts generally occupy themselves with making glass; they also make clocks, which they carry about for sale through half the world.

On the other side of the forest live some of the same race, but their occupations have given them different customs and habits from those of the glass-makers.

They trade with their forest; they fell and hew their pines,

float them on the Nagold into the Neckar, and from the Upper Neckar down the Rhine ever so far into Holland; and the long rafts of the Black Foresters are well known on the sea shore.

They stop at every town, situated on the river, proudly awaiting whether people will buy their beams and boards.

Their strongest and longest beams, however, they dispose of at a heavy sum to the Dutch, who build ships of them.

These men are accustomed to a rough and wandering life.

Their pleasure is in floating down the streams upon their rafts, sorrowfully to ascend again along the banks.

It is thus that their gala-dress is so different from that of the glass-blowers in the other part of the Black Forest.

They wear jackets of dark linen cloth, green braces of the width of a hand over the wide chest, breeches of black leather, from a pocket of which peeps out a foot rule, made of brass, like a token of dignity; their pride and delight however are their boots, the largest undoubtedly worn in any part of the world; for they can be drawn up fully two spans above the knee, and the raftsmen can walk about in them through water three feet deep without getting their feet wet.

A short time ago the inhabitants of this forest believed in wood spirits; only and in recent times has it been possible to rid them of this foolish superstition.

But it is strange that even the spirits which are said to dwell in the Black Forest are distinguished by these different costumes.

It has been asserted that the Little Glass-man, a good little spirit, three and a half feet in height, never showed itself except in a little peaked hat with a broad brim, a jacket, little trousers, and little scarlet stockings.

Dutch Michael, however, who haunts the other side of the forest, is said to be a very tall, broad-shouldered fellow, dressed as a raftsmen; and several, having seen him, assert that they would not like to pay out of their purse for the calves, the skins of which were required to make his boots.

"So large that an ordinary man could stand up to his throat in them," they said, and would have it that nothing was exaggerated.

With these wood spirits a young Black Forester is said to have had a peculiar adventure, which I will relate.

There lived in the Black Forest a widow, Frau Barbara Munk; her husband had been a charcoal-burner, and after his death she trained her son, sixteen years old, gradually to the same kind of business.

Young Peter Munk, who was a cunning fellow, contented himself, because he had seen his father do nothing else, to sit throughout the whole week at the smoking kiln, black and sooty, an aversion to the people, and to drive down into the town to sell them his charcoal.

A charcoal-burner, however, has plenty of time for reflection about himself and others, and whenever Peter Munk was sitting near his kiln, the dark trees around and the deep silence of the forest moved his heart to tears and unknown longings.

There was something which troubled him, something which annoyed him, he did not know exactly what it was.

At length he discovered what it was that annoyed him, namely his position.

"A black, lonely charcoal-burner!" he said to himself; "it is a

wretched life.

How nice the glass-makers look, the clock-makers, even the musicians on Sunday evening!

But if I, Peter Munk, go out washed clean and neatly dressed in father's Sunday jacket with silver buttons and brand-new stockings, and some one goes behind me and thinks: 'Who may be that handsome fellow?' and admires my stockings and stately gait; if he passes and turns round, he is sure to say: 'Oh, it is only the charcoal-burner, Peter Munk.'" The raftsmen also on the other side were objects of his jealousy.

Whenever these forest giants came over in their splendid dresses, carrying half a hundredweight of silver upon their persons in buttons, buckles and chains; whenever, with outstretched legs and distinguished appearance, they watched the dance, swore in Dutch, and smoked like the grandest Mynheers out of Cologne pipes a yard in length, he then regarded such a raftsmen as a perfect picture of a happy man.

And whenever these fortunate beings dived into their pockets, bringing out whole handfuls of big dollars, throwing the dice for six-batzen-pieces, losing now five florins, winning again ten, he would go nearly mad, stealing away sadly to his hut, for on many a holiday evening he had seen one or another of these timber merchants lose more at play than poor father Munk earned in a year.

There were three of these men in particular of whom he did not know which to admire most.

One was a stout tall man with a red face, and was considered the wealthiest man round about the country.

He was called Fat Ezekiel.

Twice a year he travelled with timber to Amsterdam, and had the good fortune always to sell it so much dearer than others, that, when the others returned home on foot, he could always drive back in grand style.

The next was the tallest and thinnest in the whole forest, and he was called Schlurker Long-shanks, and this one was envied by Munk on account of his extraordinary impudence; he contradicted the most respected people; occupied, however crowded the inn might be, more room than four of the stoutest men — for he either rested his elbows on the table, or put one of his long legs beside him on the seat — and yet no one dared to gainsay him, because he was immensely rich.

The third, however, was a handsome young man, who was the best dancer far and wide, and who was therefore called the Dance-room King.

He had been a poor man and had acted as a servant to a timber merchant, when all of a sudden he became enormously rich.

Some said he had found a pot full of money under an old pine; others alleged he had fished up with the pole which the raftsmen occasionally thrust at fish, not far from Bingen on the Rhine, a parcel of gold pieces, and this parcel was said to belong to the treasure of the Nibelungen, which was buried there.

In short he had become rich all at once, and was looked upon as a prince by young and old.

Many a time did Peter Munk think of these three men when he was sitting alone in the pine forest.

All three had one great fault, which made them hated by the people; this was their inhuman avarice, their harshness towards debtors and the poor — for the Black Foresters are a good-hearted little people.

But one knows what usually happens in such cases; and although they were hated for their avarice, yet they were greatly esteemed on account of their money, for who like them could afford to throw away dollars as if money were to be shaken off the pines.

"I cannot endure this any longer," said Peter one day to himself, deeply distressed; for the day before had been a holiday and many people were at the inn.

"If I do not make my fortune soon I shall do myself some injury.

If I were only so respected and rich as Fat Ezekiel, or so bold and powerful as Lanky Schlurker, or so celebrated as the Dance-room King, and be able to throw dollars to the musicians instead of kreutzers!

Where did the fellow get the money from?" He meditated upon all sorts of means as to how he might get money, but none would occur to him.

At last he too remembered the legends about those people who had become wealthy in ancient times through the Dutch Michael and the Little Glass-man.

During his father's lifetime, other poor people had often come to see him, and much was said then about wealthy men and how they became rich.

On such occasions the Little Glass-man played a prominent figure; indeed, if he remembered rightly, he could almost recall to mind the little verse which it was necessary to say in the middle of the forest whenever it was to make its appearance.

It commenced:

"Treasurer in the pine-wood green,

Many hundred years hast seen,

Where pine-trees grow thine is the ground —"

But strain his memory as he would, he could not recollect another single line.

He often thought as to whether he should not ask this or that old man, how the verse ran; but a certain shyness always prevented him from betraying his thoughts, and concluded that the legend of the Little Glass-man was little known and the verse only familiar to a few; for there were not many rich people in the forest.

But why had not his father and the other poor people tried their good fortune?

At last one day he got his mother to talk about the little man; she told him what he knew already, remembering too merely the first line of the verse, and finally told him the little spirit only showed itself to people who were born on a Sunday between the hours of eleven and two.

He would do excellently for that, if he only knew the little verse, for he had been born on a Sunday at twelve o'clock at noon.

When Charcoal-burner Peter heard this, he was almost beside himself with joy and eagerness to hazard this adventure.

He was satisfied with knowing part of the little verse, and to have been born on a Sunday, to induce the Little Glass-man to

come forth.

One day, therefore, after having disposed of his charcoal, he did not light another new kiln, but donned his father's best coat and his new scarlet stockings, put on his Sunday hat, took his five-foot blackthorn stick in his hand, and bade farewell to his mother.

"I must go into the town to the magistrate's office, for we shall have to draw lots soon who is to be a soldier, and therefore I wish to call his attention again that you are a widow and I your only son."

His mother praised his resolution; he went his way however towards the pine thicket.

The pine forest is situated on the highest top of the Black Forest, and at that time there was not a single village within two hours' walk, nay, not even a hut, for the superstitious people thought it was not safe there.

People were also unwilling to fell trees in that district, in spite of high and magnificent pines which were there; for many times when the wood-cutters worked there the axe-head had sprung from the haft into the river, or the trees had fallen very quickly, carrying with them the men and injuring or even killing them.

The finest trees there could only be used for fuel, and the raftsmen never took a single stem from the thicket on their floats, because it was said that both man and timber would meet with an accident if a tree from the forest were on it.

That was the reason why the trees in the thicket grew so thick and high; so that it was almost dark in broad daylight, and Peter Munk became perfectly terrified there, for no voice was heard, no footsteps except his own, and no sound of an axe.

Even the birds appeared to avoid this dense darkness of pine.

The charcoal-burner, Peter Munk, had now reached the highest point of the forest, and was standing before a pine of enormous dimensions, for which a Dutch ship-builder would have given many hundred florins on the spot.

"Here," he thought, "probably lives the Treasurer;" took off his big Sunday hat, made a deep bow before the tree, cleared his throat, and said in a trembling voice: "I wish you a very happy good evening, Mr. Glass-man."

No answer however followed, and all round about was as quiet as before.

"Perhaps I must say the little verse," he thought, and then he murmured:

"Treasurer in the pine-wood green,
Many hundred years hast seen,
Where pine-trees grow thine is the ground —"

Whilst saying these words he saw, to his great terror, a very little, strange figure peeping out behind the thick pine; he fancied he saw the Little Glass-man as he had been described to him — the little black jacket, the little red stockings, the little hat, all exactly like it; even the pale but delicate clever little face, of which he had heard.

But alas! just as quickly as the Little Glass-man had peeped out, just as quickly had it also disappeared again!

"Mr. Glass-man," exclaimed Peter Munk, after some hesitation, "kindly do not take me for a fool, Mr. Glass-man; and if you think I did not see you, you are greatly mistaken, for I saw you distinctly peeping from behind the tree."

Still there was no answer, and only occasionally he believed he heard a low, hoarse giggling behind the tree.

At last his impatience overcame his fear, which had kept him back until then.

"Wait, you little fellow," he exclaimed; "I shall soon capture you;" bounded with one jump behind the pine; there was no Treasurer however in the green pine-wood, but a pretty little squirrel running up the tree.

Peter Munk shook his head; he perceived that he had carried the charm to a certain point, and that perhaps only one more rhyme was wanting to the little verse to induce the Little Glass-man to make his appearance; but thinking now one way and then another, all to no purpose.

The squirrel was seen on the lowest branches of the pine, and seemed to cheer him up, or to mock him.

It cleaned itself, it curled its beautiful tail, it looked at him with its clever eyes; at last, however, he was almost afraid to be alone with this animal, for at one time the squirrel appeared to have a man's head, wearing a three-cornered hat, at other times it was exactly like any other squirrel, having only on its hind legs red stockings and black shoes.

In short, it was a lively animal; but yet Charcoal Peter was afraid of it, for he thought that there was something wrong about it.

With quicker steps than he had come, Peter went away again.

The darkness of the pine-wood seemed to grow deeper and deeper; the trees to stand more closely together; and he was so much terrified that he ran off hastily on hearing dogs barking in the distance, but soon after, on seeing amongst the trees the smoke from the chimney of a cottage, he became calmer again.

When, however, he approached and saw the dress of the cottage people, he discovered that in his fear he had taken exactly the opposite direction, and had come to the raftsmen instead of the glass men.

The people who lived in the hut were wood-cutters; an old man, his son, the master of the house, and some grown-up grandchildren.

They warmly received Charcoal Peter, who asked for a night's lodging; without asking his name or place of residence, they gave him some cider to drink; and in the evening a large woodcock, the best dish in the Black Forest, was served.

After supper the hostess and her daughters placed themselves at their distaffs round a large blaze, which was fed by the boys with choicest resin; the grandfather, the guest, and the host smoked and looked on at the women, the boys, however, were occupied in carving spoons and forks out of wood.

Outside, in the forest, the storm was roaring and raging through the pines; heavy blows were heard everywhere, and it often seemed as if whole trees were bending and clashing together.

The fearless boys were anxious to run out into the wood to look at this terribly beautiful spectacle; their grandfather, however, restrained them with grave words and looks.

"I would advise no one to venture out of doors at present," he called out to them; "believe me, he will never come back again, for Dutch Michael is felling a new raft-load in the forest to-night."

The boys stared at him; they had probably heard about Dutch Michael; now, however, they requested their grandfather to relate something interesting about him.

Peter Munk, who had also heard about Dutch Michael on the other side of the forest merely in a vague manner, agreed to it, and asked the old man who and where he was.

"He is the master of this forest, and judging from your not having heard about him at your age, you must either live on the other side of the forest, or else still further away.

I will however relate to you what I know about Dutch Michael, and what is said about him.

Nearly a hundred years ago — so at least my grandfather told me — there were far and wide no more honest people on earth than the Black Foresters.

At the present time, since so much money is in the country, men have become dishonest and wicked.

The young fellows dance and sing on a Sunday, and swear, so that it is fearful to hear them: at that time, however, it was different, and if he were to look in at the window now, I should say, and have often said, Dutch Michael was to blame for all this mischief.

Well, there lived a hundred years ago or more a rich timber merchant, who had many servants; he carried on his trade far down the Rhine, and his business was blessed, for he was a pious man.

One evening there came to his door a man, such a one as he had never seen.

His dress was like that of the young fellows of the Black Forest, but he was a full head taller than any of them, and people believed then that there could be no such giant.

This man asked the timber merchant for work, and the timber merchant, looking at him, and seeing that he was strong and capable of carrying heavy loads, struck a bargain with him as to his wages, and they came to terms.

Michael was a workman such as this timber merchant had never had before.

In felling he was as good as three, and whenever six dragged at one end he alone lifted the other.

After having felled trees for half a year he one day appeared before his master and said to him: 'I have now been here long enough hewing timber, and I should like to see also where my timber goes to, and how would it be if you were to allow me to go on the rafts for once?'

The timber merchant replied: 'I will not stand in your way, Michael, if you are desirous of seeing a little of the world; although for the felling of trees I require muscular men like yourself, whereas on the rafts it is skill that is required; however, be it so for once.'

And so it was; the raft with which he was to go, was divided into eight divisions, the last of which was laden with the largest beams.

But what happened?

On the evening before, the strong Michael brings eight more beams to the river side, thick and long as one had never seen before, and carried each one of them as easily on his shoulders as if it were a pole; every one being amazed at it.

Where he felled them no one knows to this day.

The timber merchant's heart leapt for joy on seeing this, for he calculated what these beams might be sold for; Michael, however, said: 'Well, these are for me to travel on, but I cannot get along on those little chips.'

His master was about to present him with a pair of raftsmen's boots as a token of his gratitude; he however threw them aside, and produced a pair, such as there was none to equal; my grandfather assured me that they weighed a hundred pounds, and were five feet long.

The raft started, and if Michael had before astonished the wood-cutters, he now astonished the raftsmen; for instead of the raft going slower on the river on account of the tremendous beams, as one would have thought, it now shot forward like an arrow as soon as they reached the Neckar.

Wherever the Neckar made a bend the raftsmen usually had some difficulty in keeping the raft in the middle, in order not to ground on gravel or sand; Michael, however, always jumped into the water, pushed with one stroke the raft right or left, so that it glided by without danger; and if he came to a straight passage he would run to the first division, have all poles fastened, stick his enormous beam into the gravel, and with one push the raft floated along, so that the country, trees, and villages seemed to be flying past.

In this way they had reached Cologne on the Rhine in half the time usually required; and there they had usually sold their cargo.

Michael, however, said here: 'You are a nice sort of merchants, and understand your interest!

Do you suppose the people of Cologne need all this wood, which comes from the Black Forest, for themselves?

No, they buy it from you at half its value, and sell it again at a high price in Holland.

Let us dispose of the small beams here, and go with the larger ones to Holland; and what we take above the usual price will be our own profit.'

In this way spoke the subtle Michael, and the others agreed to it; some because they would like to go to Holland to see it, others for the sake of the money.

One man only was honest, and urged them not to endanger the property of their master, or to cheat him of the higher price; but they did not listen to him, and forgot his words.

Dutch Michael, however, did not forget them.

In this way they went down the Rhine with their timber, Michael guiding the raft, and bringing them quickly to Rotterdam.

The people there offered them four times the former price, and especially Michael's enormous beams were paid for at a high rate.

When the Black Foresters saw so much money, they did not know how to contain themselves for joy.

Michael divided it, one part for the timber merchant, and the three parts amongst the men.

They now sat down together with sailors and other bad rabble in the inns, spending their money in drink and gambling; the honest man, however, who had tried to dissuade them, was sold by Dutch Michael to a crimp, and nothing more was heard of him.

From that time Holland became a Paradise to the young fellows of the Black Forest, and Dutch Michael their king; the timber merchants did not hear anything about this trade for a long time, and money, swearing, evil habits, drunkenness, and gambling came from Holland unnoticed.

Dutch Michael was nowhere to be found when the story came to light; but all the same he is not dead yet; he has been haunting the forest for more than a century; and it is said that he has assisted many in getting rich, but at the cost of their poor souls; and I will say no more.

This much however is certain, that even now on stormy nights like these he selects everywhere the finest pines in the forest, where no one is allowed to fell trees, and my father has seen him break one four feet thick like a rush.

With these he makes a present to those who go wrong and go to him; about midnight they take their rafts to the water, and he travels with them to Holland.

But if I were lord and king in Holland I would order him to be shot into the ground with grape shot, for all the ships which have only one single plank from Dutch Michael are sure to run aground.

That is the reason one hears of so many shipwrecks; for how is it possible otherwise, for a fine, strongly-built ship, as large as a church, to sink at sea?

As often, however, as Dutch Michael fells a pine in the Black Forest on a stormy night, one of his old planks jumps out of the joints of the ship, the water penetrates, and the ship is lost with all hands.

This is the legend of Dutch Michael, and true it is, that all evil in the Black Forest originates from him.

He it is who can make one rich," added the old man mysteriously; "but I should not like to have anything from him.

I would not be in the skin of Fat Ezekiel at any price, or of Lanky Schlurker; it is also said that the Dance-room King has sold himself to him!"

The storm had abated during the old man's recital; the girls lighted the lamps timidly and went away; the men, however, laid a sack full of leaves as a pillow upon the stone bench for Peter Munk, and wished him good-night.

The charcoal-burner, Peter Munk, had never had such disturbed dreams as on this night.

At one time he fancied the gloomy gigantic Dutch Michael was bursting open the room windows, reaching in with his tremendously long arm a bag filled with gold coins, which he jingled together so that they made a clear and pleasant sound; sometimes he saw the affable Little Glass-man again riding about the room on an immense green bottle; and he thought he heard again the quiet laughter as in the forest; then again, something was buzzing in his left ear:

"In Holland there is gold
For one and all we're told,
And for a trifle sold,
This gold, gold, gold."

He then heard again in his right ear the little song about the Treasurer in the green pine forest, and a soft voice whispered, "Stupid Charcoal Peter, stupid Peter Munk, who can find no rhyme to 'ground,' and although you were born on a Sunday exactly at

twelve o'clock.

Rhyme, Stupid Peter, rhyme!"

He sighed and groaned in his sleep; he endeavoured to find a rhyme, but as he had, however, never made one in his life, all his labour in the dream was in vain.

When, however, he awoke with the early dawn his dream appeared to him somewhat strange; he placed himself with his arms crossed at the table meditating over the whispers which were still ringing in his ears.

"Rhyme, stupid charcoal-burner, Peter Munk, rhyme," he said to himself tapping his forehead with his fingers, but no rhyme would come out.

Whilst he was thus sitting there still looking sadly before him, thinking about the rhyme to "ground," three young fellows passed by the house into the forest, and one of them sang as they passed:

"I stood upon the mountain-top,
And looked down on the level ground;
I saw her pass, she did not stop,
I knew she would no more be found."

These words ran like a flash of lightning through Peter's ear; he rose hastily, rushed out of the house because he thought he had not heard it properly, ran after the three young fellows and seized the singer hastily and rudely by the arm: "Stop, friend!" he exclaimed; "what did you rhyme to the word 'ground'?"

Do me the favour and tell me what you have sung."

"What is that to you, fellow?" replied the Black Forester; "I can sing what I like, and let go my arm, or —"

"No, you shall tell me what you have sung!" cried Peter, almost beside himself, and laying hold of him firmly.

The two others, however, on seeing this, did not hesitate long, but attacked poor Peter with their strong fists, belabouring him dreadfully until he loosed his grasp on the third, and sank exhausted on his knees.

"Well, now you have your share," they said laughing, "and remember, you silly fellow, that you should never again attack people such as we are in the open road."

"Alas, I shall certainly remember," replied Charcoal Peter, sighing; "now, however, having got my beating, be so good as to tell me distinctly what the other man sang."

They then laughed again and mocked him; the one, however, who had sung the song repeated it to him, and laughing and singing they continued their journey.

"Well," said the poor beaten fellow on getting up with difficulty, "'ground' rhymes to 'found', now, Little Glass-man, let us have a word together again."

He went into the cottage, fetched his hat and long stick, took leave of the people in the cottage, and retraced his steps towards the forest.

He went on his way slowly and thoughtfully, for he had to think of a verse.

At last, on reaching the district of the forest, where the pines became higher and thicker, he remembered his verse, and sprang off the ground with delight.

A very tall man attired as a raftsman, and with a pole as long as a mast in his hand, stepped out from behind the pines.

Peter Munk almost sank upon his knees on seeing him

walking slowly by his side, for he thought it was Dutch Michael and no one else.

The terrible figure kept silent, and Peter looked at him sometimes with terror.

He might be a head taller than the tallest man that Peter had ever seen; his face was no longer young, neither was it old, but covered with furrows and wrinkles; he wore a linen jacket, and his great boots drawn over his leathern trousers, were quite familiar to Peter from the legend.

"Peter Munk, what are you doing in the pine forest?" asked the Forest King at last, in a deep threatening voice.

"Good morning, countryman," replied Peter, wishing to appear calm, but trembling violently.

"I am on my way home through the pine forest."

"Peter Munk," replied the other, casting a piercing and terrible glance at him, "your road does not lie through this forest."

"Well, no, not exactly," said the other, "but it is warm to-day, so I thought it would be cooler here."

"Do not lie, Charcoal Peter!" exclaimed Dutch Michael, in a thundering voice, "or I shall strike you to the ground with this pole; do you think I did not see you begging of the little man?" he added gently.

"Begone, that was a foolish trick, and it is lucky you did not know the little verse; the little fellow is a miser, and does not give much, and whoever receives anything from him will never be happy during his lifetime.

Peter, you are a poor simpleton, and I pity you from the bottom of my heart; such a cheerful handsome fellow, who might succeed in the world, and yet you are only a charcoal-burner!

When others can shake armfuls of dollars and ducats out of their sleeves, you can scarcely chink a couple of six kreutzers together; it is a wretched life."

"It is quite true, and you are right; it is a wretched life."

"Well, I won't be very particular," continued the terrible Michael; "I have assisted many a brave fellow in trouble, and you would not be the first.

Just tell me, how many hundred dollars do you require for the present?" In saying these words he jingled the money in his gigantic pockets, and it sounded again as it had done in the night during his dream.

Peter's heart, however, throbbed with fear and anxiety at these words; he first became cold, then warm, and Dutch Michael did not look as if he gave money away for charity without asking for something in return.

The mysterious words of the old man concerning the rich people occurred to him, and, seized by inexplicable fright and timidity, he exclaimed: "Many thanks, sir, but I would rather have nothing to do with you — I know you already!" and ran away as fast as he could.

The Wood Spirit, however, strode by the side of him, taking gigantic steps, muttering in a hollow and threatening voice: "You will repent it, Peter; it is written on your forehead, and it is to be read in your eyes, you shall not escape me.

Do not run so quickly, but just listen to a word of reason, for yonder my boundary already ends."

When Peter heard this, and seeing not far from him a little

ditch he hastened on still faster that he might cross the boundary; so that Michael was at last obliged to run quicker, pursuing him with oaths and threats.

The young fellow cleared the ditch with a bound of despair, for he saw how the Wood Spirit stretched out his pole, and was about to throw it upon him vigorously.

He reached the opposite side in safety, and the pole splintered in the air, just as if it had been thrown against an invisible wall, a large piece darted towards Peter.

He picked it up triumphantly in order to throw it back to the rude Dutch Michael; but at this moment he felt the piece of wood moving in his hand, and to his great terror he saw that it was a huge serpent he was holding in his hand, which was already crawling up to him, with foaming tongue and gleaming eyes.

He let it go, but it had already twisted itself tightly round his arm, and was coming nearer and nearer with its wriggling head up to his face, when all of a sudden a great woodcock swooped down, and seizing the head of the serpent with its beak, rose with it into the air, and Dutch Michael, who had seen all this from the ditch, howled and roared and raged on seeing the serpent carried away by a stronger one than itself.

Exhausted and trembling, Peter continued his journey; the path became steeper, the country more barren, and soon he found himself near a tremendous pine.

He again made, as on the previous day, a bow to the invisible Little Glass-man, and then said:

"Treasurer in the pine-wood green,
Many hundred years hast seen,
Where pine-trees grow thine is the ground,
By Sunday-born alone thou'rt found."

"Although you have not quite succeeded, Charcoal Peter Munk, yet because it is you I will accept it," said a soft gentle voice near him; he turned round with surprise, and perceived under a beautiful pine a little old man, in a black jacket and scarlet stockings, with a large hat upon his head.

He had a delicate, cheerful little face, wore a little beard, as fine as a cobweb; he was smoking a pipe of blue glass, which looked peculiar, and as Peter approached he saw to his surprise that also the clothes, shoes, and hat of the dwarf were also made of coloured glass; it was however as flexible as if it were still hot, for it creased like a piece of cloth according to the movements of the little man.

"Have you met with the ruffian, Dutch Michael?" said the dwarf, whilst coughing a little between every word in a peculiar manner.

"He would like to have frightened you, but I have deprived him of his magic wand, which he shall never have again."

"Yes, Mr. Treasurer," replied Peter, making a low bow, "I was very much afraid.

But probably you were the gentleman woodcock who killed the serpent; I thank you for it very much.

I have come to you, however, to ask counsel; I get on very badly and miserably; a charcoal-burner does not thrive, and being still young, I thought something better might turn up for me; for whenever I see others who have succeeded so well in so short a time, as, for instance, Ezekiel and the Dance-room King, who have

money as plentiful as hay —"

"Peter," said the Dwarf, very seriously puffing away at his pipe, "Peter, don't tell me anything about these people.

What does it profit them if they have here a few years the appearance of happiness and then to be the more unhappy ever afterwards?

You must not despise your trade; your father and grandfather were men of honour, who also carried on the same trade, Peter Munk!

I hope it is not love of idleness that brings you to me."

Peter was frightened at the seriousness of the little man, and blushed.

"No, no!" said he.

"I know very well, Mr. Treasurer in the Pine Wood, that idleness is the root of all evil; but surely you cannot think it amiss of me if a different position is more agreeable to me than my own.

A charcoal-burner is really of little importance in the world, but the glass-men, raftsmen, and watch-makers are all much more esteemed."

"Pride often precedes the fall," replied the Little Man of the Pine Forest, in a more friendly manner.

"You are a peculiar race, you men!

Seldom is one of you satisfied with the position in which you are born and brought up, and I am positive if you were a glass-man you would like to be a timber merchant; and if you were a timber merchant, then it would be the appointment of a forest-keeper, or the magistrate's residence that would suit you.

But be it as it may, if you promise to work diligently, I will help you to something better, Peter.

I am in the habit of granting three wishes to every Sunday-child who knows how to find his way to me.

The first two are unlimited, the third I can refuse if it is silly.

Therefore wish for something now, but — Peter, something good and useful."

"Hullo!

You are an excellent Little Glass-man, and are rightly called the Treasurer, for your house is filled with treasures.

Well — if I may wish therefore for that which my heart desires, I should ask first of all that I may be able to dance still better than the Dance-room King, and always have as much money in my pockets as Fat Ezekiel."

"You fool!" replied the little man, in an angry voice.

"What a wretched wish this is, to be able to dance well and to have money for gambling!

Are you not ashamed, stupid Peter, to deceive yourself thus for thy happiness?

Of what advantage is it to you, or to your poor mother, if you can dance well?

What is the use of your money, which, according to your wish, is only intended to be spent in drink at the public house, and to remain there like that of the wretched Dance-room King?

In this way you will have no money all the week, and will be half starved as before.

One more wish I will yet allow you, but take care that you wish more prudently."

Peter scratched his ear, and said, after some hesitation: "Well,

I wish to own the most beautiful and richest glass-factory in the whole of the Black Forest, with all its contents and money."

"Anything else?" asked the dwarf, with an anxious mien.

"Anything else, Peter?"

"Well — you might add a horse and a little carriage to it."

"Oh, you stupid Charcoal Peter Munk!" exclaimed the dwarf, throwing his glass pipe angrily at a thick pine so that it broke into a hundred pieces.

"Horses!

A little carriage!

Understanding, I tell you, understanding, common sense and judgment you should have wished for, but not little horses and carriages.

Well, don't be so sad, we shall see, that even so it will not be to your disadvantage; for the second wish was not altogether a foolish one.

A good glass-factory also provides food for its owner, but if you had added judgment and understanding, carriages and horses would have come of their own accord."

"But, Mr. Treasurer," replied Peter, "I have, as you know, one more wish left.

So that I might wish for understanding, if it is so indispensable to me as you think."

"Certainly not!

You will find yourself one day in many perplexities, in which you would be glad if you had one more wish left.

And now, be off on your way home.

Here," said the little forest spirit, pulling out of his pocket a little purse, "here are two thousand florins, that must be enough, and do not come to me again to ask for money, or else I shall hang you up to the highest pine.

I have always done that since I lived in this forest.

Three days ago the old Winkfritz died, who was the owner of the large glass-factory in the lower part of the Black Forest.

Go there to-morrow morning and make an offer for the business, as you think proper.

Keep in good health, be industrious, and I will visit you sometimes, and help and advise you, because you have not as yet asked for understanding.

But — and this I tell you seriously — your first wish was a bad one.

Be careful not to run into the public houses, Peter.

This has never done any one any good in the long run."

The Little Man, while thus speaking, had pulled out a new pipe of alabaster glass filled with dried fir-cones, and put it into his little toothless mouth.

He then pulled out an enormous magnifying glass, stepped into the sunshine, and lit his pipe.

Having done this, he offered Peter his hand in a friendly manner, and also gave him some warning words on the road, smoked and puffed more and more quickly, and disappeared at last in a cloud of smoke, which smelt like real Dutch tobacco, and soared away curling amid the tops of the pines.

When Peter reached home, he found his mother in great distress about him, for the good woman believed nothing else but that her son had been enlisted in the army.

He was however cheerful and good tempered, and related to her how he had met with a kind friend in the forest, who advanced him money in order to change his business from that of charcoal burning.

Although his mother had been living for thirty years in the charcoal burner's cottage, and been accustomed to the look of sooty men, like every miller's wife to the floury face of her husband, yet she was after all vain enough, as soon as Peter portrayed to her a more brilliant lot, to despise her former position and said: "Yes, as the mother of a man who owns a glass-factory, I am after all somewhat different from our neighbours Grete and Bete, and for the future I shall take the chief place in the church among the wealthy."

Her son soon struck a bargain with the heirs of the glass-factory.

He retained the workmen who were there, and had glass made all day and night.

At first the trade pleased him.

He used to go into the factory at his ease, walk about there with his hands in his pockets, look about now here, now there, and say one thing and another at which his workmen often laughed not a little; his greatest delight was to see the glass being blown, and he often set to work and formed the most peculiar figures out of the yet soft mass.

Soon, however, he grew tired of the work; and at first he only came for one hour a day into the glass-factory, afterwards only every other day, finally only once a week, and his workmen did as they liked.

All this, however, was the result of his frequenting public houses.

The Sunday after he had returned from the pine forest, he went into the inn, and who should be there already dancing in the room, than the Dance-room King, and the stout Ezekiel, too, was already sitting behind his tankard gambling for crown pieces.

Peter quickly put his hands into his pockets to see whether the Little Glass-man had kept his word, and behold, his pockets were filled with silver and gold.

He felt his legs twitch and tremble, as if they would dance and bound; and on the first dance being finished, he placed himself with his partner close to the Dance-room King, and whenever the latter bounded three feet into the air, Peter went four feet, and whenever the Dance-room King took peculiar and graceful steps, Peter twisted and turned his legs, so that all spectators were almost beside themselves with delight and admiration.

When, however, it was known in the dance-room that Peter had bought a glass-factory, and when it was seen that as often as he danced past the musicians, he threw them a six-batzer, there was no end of surprise.

Some believed he had found a treasure in the forest; others thought he had received a legacy; all, however, now respected him, and considered him a made man, simply because he had money.

Although the same evening he lost twenty florins in gambling, notwithstanding the money in his pockets rattled and jingled, as if there were still some hundreds of dollars in them.

When Peter saw how much he was respected, his joy and

pride knew no bounds; he threw away his money by handfuls and divided it freely amongst the poor, remembering very well how his poverty had at one time affected him.

The skill of the Dance-room King was marred by the supernatural skill of the new dancer, and Peter was now called by the name of Dance-room Emperor.

The boldest gamblers did not risk so much as he did on the Sunday, but they did not lose so much either.

The more he lost the more he gained.

This was exactly as he had asked of the Little Glass-man.

He had wished to have in his pockets always as much money as Fat Ezekiel, and this was just the man to whom he lost his money.

After losing twenty or thirty florins all at once, he had them immediately in his pockets again, on Ezekiel taking them.

By-and-by he indulged in drinking and gambling more than the worst fellows in the Black Forest, and people more often called him Gambling Peter, than Dance Emperor, for he now also played on every working-day.

On account of this, however, his glass-factory fell to ruin by degrees, owing to Peter's want of sense.

He had as much glass manufactured as possible, but he had not bought with the house the secret where it could best be sold.

At last he did not know what to do with the large quantity of glass, and sold it at half price to travelling traders, only to enable him to pay his workmen.

One evening, on returning home from the inn, in spite of the quantity of wine which he had drunk, to cheer up his spirits, he thought with terror and grief of the ruin of his property, when all of a sudden he perceived that some one was walking by his side, and on turning round, behold, it was the Little Glass-man.

He now became angry, passionate, and swore by all that was sacred to him, the little man was the cause of all his misfortune.

"What is the use of a horse and a little carriage to me now?" he exclaimed.

"What is the use of my house and all my glass?"

Even when I was still a wretched charcoal-burner, I lived more cheerfully and had no cares.

Now, however, I do not know when the bailiff may come to seize all my goods, and sell them on account of my debts!"

"Really!" said the Little Glass-man.

"Indeed!"

Am I to blame because you are so unfortunate?

Is this your gratitude for my kindnesses?

Who asked you to wish so foolishly?

You wished to be a glass-maker, and were ignorant as to where you should dispose of your glass?

Did I not tell you that you should be careful in wishing?

Understanding, Peter, wisdom has been wanting in thee."

"What, understanding and wisdom!" cried the other.

"I am as clever a fellow as any, and will prove it to you, Little Glass-man.

In saying these words he seized the little man rudely by the collar, and exclaimed: "Have I got you now, Treasurer in the Green Pine Wood?"

And now I will have my third wish, and you shall grant it.

I demand on the spot two hundred thousand dollars in hard cash, and a house and — ah, dear me!" he uttered, wringing his hands, for the little forest man had changed into hot burning glass, and burned in his hand like sputtering fire.

Nothing more of the little man was seen.

His swollen hand reminded him for several days of his ingratitude and foolishness.

He then, however, stifled his conscience, and said: "And even if they sell my glass-factory and everything, yet Fat Ezekiel is left to me.

As long as he has money on Sunday, I shall not want."

Quite true, Peter!

But suppose all his money goes?

So it happened one day, and it was a remarkable arithmetical example.

One Sunday Peter drove up to the inn; people were putting their heads out of the windows, when one said: "Gambling Peter is coming," and another said: "Yes, the Dance-room Emperor, the rich glass-maker," a third shook his head and said: "People talk a great deal about his wealth, and all sorts of things are in circulation as regards his debts;" and some one in the town said: "The bailiff will not much longer delay in laying hold of his property."

In the meantime the wealthy Peter politely and majestically saluted the guests at the window, alighted from his carriage, and exclaimed: "Good evening, landlord of the Sun Hotel.

Has the Stout Ezekiel already arrived?" and a deep voice said: "Come in, Peter! your place has been reserved for you; we are all here and have already commenced playing at cards."

Thus Peter Munk entered the tap-room, and putting his hands immediately into his pockets, noticed that Ezekiel must be well supplied with money, for his pockets were filled up to the brim.

He sat down at the table with the others and played, winning and losing every now and then; and thus they played until night time, when all respectable people went home, and until two other gamblers said: "It is enough now, we must go home to wife and child."

Gambling Peter, however, requested Fat Ezekiel to remain.

For a long time he refused; at last, however he cried: "All right, I will just count my money, and then we will gamble five florins a point, for lower is only child's play."

He pulled out his purse and counted five hundred florins in hard cash; and Gambling Peter knew now how much he had himself, and had no occasion to count.

If Ezekiel had won before, he now lost every point, and swore terribly into the bargain.

If he threw a triplet, Gambling Peter threw one too, and always two pips higher.

He now put his last five florins on the table and exclaimed: "Once more, and if I lose again, I shall not leave off after all, and you must lend me some of your winnings, Peter, for one honest man helps the other!"

"As much as you like, and even it be a hundred florins," said the Dance-room Emperor, rejoicing at his gain; and Fat Ezekiel, shaking the dice, threw fifteen.

"A triplet!" he exclaimed, "now we shall see!"

Peter, however, threw eighteen, and a hoarse familiar voice behind him said: "Well, that was the last."

He turned round, and the gigantic Dutch Michael stood behind him.

Frightened, he dropped the money which he had already taken up.

Fat Ezekiel, however, did not see the Master of the Wood, but asked Gambling Peter to advance him ten florins to play with.

Half dreaming, the latter put his hand into his pocket, but there was no money; he searched the other pocket, but there too was no money; he turned his coat inside out, but not one single red farthing fell out, and now, only, he remembered his first wish, namely, always to have as much money as Fat Ezekiel.

All had disappeared like smoke.

The innkeeper and Ezekiel looked at him in astonishment, as he kept on seeking for his money, but could not find it.

They would not believe that he had no more.

When, however, they at last searched his pockets themselves, they became angry and swore that Gambling Peter was a wicked enchanter, and had sent all the money that he had gained home by enchantment.

Peter defended himself bravely, but appearances were against him.

Ezekiel said he would relate the frightful story to all the people in the Black Forest; and the innkeeper promised him that he would go into the town early on the following day to accuse Peter Munk of being an enchanter, and live, he added, to see him burnt.

They then attacked him furiously, tore his jacket from off his body, and threw him out of doors.

No star shone in the sky when Peter sorrowfully stole towards his home; but nevertheless he could recognise a dark figure going along with him, who at last said: "It is all over with you, Peter Munk; all your splendour has come to an end, and I might have told you that at a time when you would have nothing to do with me, but ran to the stupid Glass dwarf.

Now you see what people get when they despise my advice.

But just give me a trial; I pity your fate.

Nobody has ever repented who has applied to me, and if you are not afraid of the way, all day to-morrow I shall be at your service in the pine-wood if you call me."

Peter perceived indeed who was thus addressing him, but he was so overcome with horror, that he said nothing, but ran towards his house.

When Peter went to his glass factory on Monday morning, not only his workmen were there, but other people also, whom one does not care to see, namely the magistrate and three legal officials.

The magistrate wished Peter good morning, asked how he had slept, and then pulled out a long register, in which Peter's creditors were written down.

"Can you pay or not?" asked the magistrate with a stern look.

"And make haste about it, for I have not much time to lose, and it is a good three hours' walk to the prison."

Peter thereupon became dismayed, and confessed that he was unable to pay, and left it to the magistrate to value his house and

yard, factory and stables, carriages and horses; and whilst the legal officials and the magistrate were going round examining and valuing he thought, "It is not far from here to the pine wood, and as the little man has not assisted me, I will for once try the great man."

He ran towards the pine wood, as quickly as if the court officials were pursuing him; he fancied on running past the place where he had at first spoken to the Little Glass-man, that an invisible hand was keeping him back; but he tore himself away, and ran on further as far as the boundary, which he had noted so well before, and, scarcely had he called, almost out of breath, "Dutch Michael!

Mr. Dutch Michael!" than the gigantic raftsmen was already standing before him with his pole in his hand.

"Have you come?" said the latter, laughing.

"Did they want to flay you, and sell you to your creditors?"

Well, be calm — all your unhappiness proceeds, as I have told you, from the Little Glass-man — from that apostate and hypocrite.

If one gives away anything, it must be done heartily, and not like this miser.

But come," he continued, turning towards the forest, "follow me to my house, and there we shall see whether we can strike a bargain."

"Strike a bargain!" thought Peter.

"What can he desire of me — whatever can I sell to him?"

Does he want me to enter his service, or what does he want?"

They first went up a steep wood path, and then suddenly stood close to a deep, dark, steep ravine.

Dutch Michael jumped down the rock, as if it were a smooth marble staircase: Peter, however, had almost fainted, for when the other had reached the bottom, he made himself as tall as a church tower, and held out an arm to him as long as a weaver's beam, and from it a hand as large as the table at the tavern, and exclaimed in a voice that resounded up the rock like a funeral bell: "Sit down on my hand, and lay hold of my fingers, and you will not fall."

Peter, trembling, did as he was told, took his seat upon the hand, and held on by the giant's thumb.

He went down far and deep; notwithstanding, to Peter's surprise, it grew no darker; on the contrary, the daylight seemed to become even brighter in the ravine, and his eyes could hardly stand the glare.

Dutch Michael had made himself smaller again the lower Peter descended, and was now standing in his former figure, in front of a house as neat and good as those of the rich peasants of the Black Forest.

The room into which Peter was conducted was just the same as those of other people, except that it was a little more lonesome.

The wooden cased clock, the immense stove, and broad benches, and ornaments on the shelves were the same here as elsewhere.

Michael gave him a seat at the large table, went out and soon returned with a flask of wine and some glasses; he filled them, and now they began to talk, Dutch Michael telling about the pleasures of the world, of foreign countries, beautiful towns, and rivers, so that Peter at last conceived a great longing for them, which he told

the very Dutchman plainly.

"If your whole body were full of courage to undertake anything, yet a few palpitations of your silly heart would make you tremble; and then the annoyances caused by feelings of honour, and misfortune; why should a sensible fellow trouble himself about these things?"

Did you take offence when you were lately called a cheat and a rascally fellow?

Did you suffer much when the magistrate came to turn you out of the house?

What was it, tell me, that pained you so much?"

"My heart," said Peter, as he pressed his hand upon his throbbing breast; for he felt as if his heart were moving to and fro in anguish.

"You have — do not take it amiss — you have thrown away many hundred florins on wretched beggars and other low rabble.

What has it profited you?"

They have blessed you for it, and wished you good health in return; well, were you any the better in health for that?"

For one half of the money you have squandered, you might have kept a physician.

Blessing, indeed a pretty blessing, when one's things are sold by auction, and one is turned out of doors!

And what was it that urged you to put your hands into your pockets whenever a beggar held out his ragged hat to you?"

Your heart, your heart again, neither your eyes nor your tongue, your arms nor your legs, but your heart; you have, as one has rightly said, taken things very much to heart."

"But how is it possible to repress this feeling?"

I am now trying my hardest to repress it, but still my heart beats and pains me."

"Quite true," replied the other, laughing, "you, poor fellow, can do nothing against it; but give me your beating thing, and you shall see how comfortable you will feel."

"You, my heart?" exclaimed Peter, with terror.

"Then I should have to die on the spot!"

Never!"

"Yes, if one of your surgeons were to take your heart out of your body, then indeed you would have to die; but with me it is a different thing; come in and convince yourself."

In saying these words he stood up, opened the door of a room, and led Peter inside.

His heart contracted convulsively as he stepped across the threshold, but he did not notice it, for the sight which presented itself to him was strange and surprising.

On several wooden shelves were glass bottles filled with a transparent liquid, and in each of these bottles lay a heart; there were also labels stuck on the bottles with names written on them, which Peter read with avidity; there was the heart of the magistrate in F.; the heart of the fat Ezekiel, the heart of the Dance-room King, the heart of the chief forester; there were six hearts of corn usurers, eight of recruiting officers, three of brokers — in short, it was a collection of the most esteemed hearts in the circuit of twenty hours' journey round.

"Look!" said Dutch Michael, "all these have cast aside the anxieties and cares of life; none of these hearts beat any more with

pain and uneasiness, and their former owners are now quite at their ease, in having turned the 'restless guest' out of the house."

"But what is it they now carry in their breasts instead of it?" asked Peter, who almost fainted on seeing all this.

"This," replied the other, and gave him out of a drawer a heart of stone.

"What?" replied Peter, unable to repress the shudder which went through him, "a heart of marble stone; but, Mr. Dutch Michael, just listen, if that is so it must be very cold in one's breast!"

"True, but pleasantly cool.

Why then should a heart be warm?

In winter the warmth is no good to you, but good cherry brandy does you more good than a warm heart; and in the summer, when all is parching and hot, you hardly believe how cooling such a heart is.

And as I have said, neither anguish nor fear, neither foolish sympathy nor any other suffering moves such a heart."

"And that is all you can give me?" asked Peter disconsolately.

"I had hoped for money, and you would give me a stone!"

"Well, I think a hundred thousand florins will suffice you for the present.

If you invest it wisely you can soon become a millionaire."

"A hundred thousand!" cried the poor charcoal burner joyfully.

"Well, but do not thrust so violently on my breast, we shall soon strike a bargain with each other.

All right, Michael, give me the stone and the money, and you may take this 'disturber' out of its case."

"I knew very well that you were a sensible fellow," replied the Dutchman with a friendly smile; "come, let us have another glass of wine, and then I will pay you the money."

They then sat down together again over the wine in the room, and kept on drinking and drinking, until Peter sank into a deep sleep.

Charcoal Peter Munk awoke at the pleasant sound of a post horn, and behold! he was sitting in a beautiful carriage driving along on a broad road, and looking out of the carriage he saw behind him the Black Forest in the blue distance.

At first he could hardly believe it was himself who was sitting in this carriage.

His clothes also were no longer the same as those he had worn the day before, but he still remembered everything so distinctly that at last he gave up meditating and exclaimed: "I am Charcoal Peter Munk, that is certain, and none other."

He was surprised at himself, that he did not feel at all melancholy as he, for the first time, left his quiet home and the forest where he had lived so long.

Not even when he thought of his mother, who was sitting now helpless and in misery, did a tear come into his eye, nor did he sigh, for he looked upon everything with indifference.

"Yes, indeed," he then said, "tears and sighs, home sickness and melancholy proceed from the heart, and, thanks to Dutch Michael, mine is cold and of stone."

He put his hand upon his breast, and all was quiet there, nothing moved.

"If he keeps his word as well with the hundred thousand florins as he has done about my heart, I shall rejoice," he said, and began to examine his carriage.

He found clothes of every kind he could wish for, but no money.

At last he came upon a bag, and found several thousand dollars in gold, and bills on mercantile houses in all great towns.

"Now I have all I desired," he thought, placed himself comfortably in a corner of the carriage, and drove out into the wide world.

He rode about for two years in the world, and looked out of his carriage right and left at all the houses, looked, when he stopped, at nothing else but the sign of the inn, then ran about the town and had all the most remarkable objects pointed out to him.

But nothing pleased him, no pictures, no house, no music, no dance, his heart of stone had no sympathy for anything, and his eyes and ears were insensible to everything that was beautiful.

Nothing more remained to him than the pleasure of eating, and drinking, and sleeping, and thus he lived, whilst travelling aimlessly through the world; he dined for his amusement, and slept from tediousness.

Now and again he indeed remembered having been more cheerful and happy when he was still poor and obliged to work to gain his livelihood.

At that time every beautiful view in the valley, music, and song had delighted him, and he there rejoiced for hours together at the plain food which his mother used to bring him to the kiln.

As he was thus thinking of the past, matters seemed very strange to him now that he could not even smile, when formerly he had laughed at the slightest joke.

Whenever others laughed he would merely screw up his mouth out of courtesy, but his heart did not laugh with it.

He then felt that he was remarkably at ease, but still he did not feel satisfied.

It was not home sickness or melancholy, but a blank, wearisome, joyless life which at last induced him to return home again.

As he drove from Strasburg over the Rhine, and perceived the gloomy forest of his home, when he for the first time saw again those powerful figures, those cheerful and honest faces of the Black Foresters, when his ear heard the sounds of home, powerful, deep, but cheering, he put his hand quickly to his heart, for his blood flowed faster, and he fancied he must rejoice and weep at the same time, but how could he be so foolish, since he had only a heart of stone?

Stones are dead, and neither smile nor weep.

His first visit was to Dutch Michael, who received him with his old affability.

"Michael," he said to him, "I have travelled now and seen everything, but all was folly, and time hung heavy on me.

True, your stony thing which I carry in my breast does indeed protect me against many things.

I never get angry, or sad, but neither do I feel any pleasure, and it seems to me as if I were only half alive.

Could you not animate this heart of stone a little — or rather, return me my old heart?

I had become accustomed to it for five-and-twenty years, and if sometimes it committed a stupid freak, yet after all it was a gay and merry heart."

The Wood Spirit laughed grimly and bitterly.

"When you are dead, Peter Munk," he replied, "you shall no longer be without it; you shall then have your soft, sensitive heart back again, and then you will feel what happens, joy or sorrow.

But in these regions it can no longer be yours again!

Yet, Peter! you have indeed travelled, but in the way in which you lived it could not be of any use to you.

Settle somewhere in the wood, build a house, marry, accumulate wealth, your only want is work; because you had nothing to do, time hung heavy upon you, and now you throw all the blame upon this innocent heart."

Peter perceived that Michael was right, as regards his idleness, and determined to become richer and richer.

Michael presented him with another hundred thousand florins, and parted with him as his good friend.

Report soon spread in the Black Forest that Charcoal Peter Munk, or gambling Peter, had turned up again, and was still more wealthy than before.

Things now happened as is usually the case; when he was reduced to poverty he was thrown out of doors at the Sun inn, but now when he made his first appearance there, one Sunday afternoon, every one shook him by the hand, admired his horse, asked him about his journey; and when he was playing again with the fat Ezekiel for hard dollars, he stood as high as ever in the people's estimation.

He did not carry on, however, his trade of glass-making, but a timber trade, and that only for appearance sake.

His chief business was to deal in corn and money.

By degrees half the people in the Black Forest became his debtors, and he only lent money at ten per cent, or sold corn at three times its value to the poor people, who were unable to pay ready money for it.

With the magistrate he was now in close friendship, and if anyone did not pay Mr. Peter Munk to the day, the magistrate would ride out with his bailiffs, value house and chattels, sell them quickly and turn father, mother, and child into the forest.

At first this caused rich Peter some displeasure, for the poor people, whose things had been sold by auction, then besieged his door in crowds; the men begged for leniency, the women endeavoured to soften his heart of stone, and the children cried for a little piece of bread.

But when he had procured a couple of big mastiffs, this cat's music, as he called it, soon ceased.

He whistled and set the dogs at the begging people, who fled with cries.

The greatest trouble was caused by an old woman, who was no other, however, than Frau Munk, Peter's mother.

She had fallen into poverty and misery, and her house and chattels had been sold, and when her son had returned a wealthy man, he no longer paid any attention to her.

She now used sometimes to come, old, weak, and infirm, leaning on a stick, in front of the house.

She no longer ventured to go in, for he had once sent her

away; and she was sorry to be obliged to live on the charity of other people when her only son might have been able to procure for her an old age without care.

His cold heart, however, was never moved at the sight of the pale, well-known features, by the imploring glances, by the withered, outstretched hand, by her tottering form.

Grumblingly he pulled out of his pocket a six-batzen-piece when she knocked at his door on Saturday evening, folded it in a piece of paper, and sent it out to her by a servant.

He heard her trembling voice when she thanked him, and wished that he might prosper in the world; he heard her coughing on going away, but he thought no more about her except that he had again spent six batzen to no purpose.

At last Peter resolved to marry.

He knew that any father in the whole Black Forest would willingly give him his daughter; but he was difficult to please, for he desired that in this matter also every one should praise his good fortune and sense; he therefore rode about the whole forest, looking here and there, but none of the handsome girls of the Black Forest appeared to him to be handsome enough.

At last, after he had sought in vain for the fairest maiden in every ball-room, he heard one day that the most beautiful and most virtuous in the whole forest was the daughter of a poor wood-cutter.

She was living quietly and in seclusion, looking after her father's house with skill and industry, and never showed herself at the ball-room, not even at Whitsuntide, or on Church festivals.

When Peter heard of this marvel of the Black Forest, he resolved to ask her to be his wife, and rode to the hut which had been pointed out to him.

The father of the beautiful Elizabeth received the distinguished gentleman with surprise, and was still more amazed when he heard that this was the rich Peter who wished to become his son-in-law.

He soon made up his mind, for he thought that all his cares and poverty would now come to an end; he agreed without even asking the handsome Elizabeth, and the good child was so obedient, that she became Mrs. Peter Munk, without objecting.

But the poor woman did not fare so well as she had dreamed.

She thought she understood her domestic affairs thoroughly, but she could not do a thing for Peter so as to earn his thanks; she had compassion on the poor people, and as her husband was rich, she thought it was no sin to give a penny to a poor beggar woman, or a little brandy to an old man; when, however, Mr. Peter noticed this one day, he said in a gruff voice, and with angry looks: "Why do you waste my property on beggars and tramps? did you bring anything with you into the house that you could give away?"

With your father's beggar's-staff no supper can be warmed up, and you throw away the money like a princess.

Let me only catch you once more, and you shall feel the weight of my hand!"

The handsome Elizabeth wept in her room over the cruel disposition of her husband, and she often wished rather to be at home in her father's poor hut than to live with the rich but avaricious, hard-hearted Peter.

Alas, had she known that he had a heart of marble, and that he

could neither love her nor any one else, she would indeed not have been surprised.

Whenever she sat at the door, and a beggar-man passed and took off his hat asking her for alms, she would shut her eyes that she might not see his misery, clenching her hand more firmly lest she should involuntarily put it into her pocket and bring out a small copper coin.

It thus happened that the beautiful Elizabeth was decried throughout the whole forest, and it was said she was even more stingy than Peter Munk.

One day, however, as Elizabeth was sitting again in front of the house, spinning and humming a song as well, for she was cheerful because it was fine weather, and Peter had ridden out into the fields, a little old man came that way, carrying a great heavy sack, and she heard him already panting in the distance.

Elizabeth looked at him in a sympathising manner, and thought that so old and small a man ought not to be thus heavily laden.

In the meantime the little man, panting and tottering, approached, and when he was opposite to Elizabeth he almost fell to the ground under his burden.

"Pray, have pity on me, lady, and give me a drink of water," said the little man, "I cannot go further, and am dying of thirst."

"But you ought not to carry such heavy burdens at your age," said Elizabeth.

"True, if I were not obliged to go errands as a messenger, by reason of my poverty, to earn my living," he replied; "alas, so rich a lady as you are does not know how poverty presses, and how refreshing a drink of water is in such heat."

When she heard this she hastened into the house, took a pitcher from the shelf and filled it with water; but when she returned and was only a few more steps from the little man and saw how he was sitting on the sack in so wretched and sad a manner, she felt compassion for him, thus thinking, and as her husband was not at home, she put the pitcher of water on one side, took a cup and filled it with wine, put a large piece of rye bread on it and brought them to the old man.

"There, a draught of wine will do you more good than water, seeing how very old you are," she said; "but do not drink so quickly, and do eat the bread with it."

The little man looked at her in surprise, until large tears filled his eyes; he drank and then said: "I have become old, but have seen few people who are so compassionate and know how to bestow their gifts in so generous and kind a manner as you, Elizabeth.

And for this you will prosper upon earth; such a heart does not remain unrewarded."

"No, she shall receive her reward at once!" cried a terrible voice, and on their turning round, behold, it was Peter, with a face crimson as blood.

"And you even pour out my best wine for beggar people, and my own cup you put to the lips of tramps!

There, take your reward!"

Elizabeth fell on her knees and asked for pardon, but the stony heart knew no pity.

He swung round the whip which he was holding in his hand,

and struck her so heavily with the ebony handle on her beautiful forehead that she sank lifeless into the arms of the old man.

On seeing this it seemed as if he repented of the deed on the spot; he stooped down to see whether she was still alive; the little man, however, said in a well known voice, "Spare your trouble, Charcoal Peter; she was the fairest and loveliest flower in the Black Forest, but you have crushed her, and she will never blossom again."

Then all the colour left Peter's cheeks, and he said: "So it is you, Mr. Treasurer?

well, what is done is done, and probably it had thus been destined.

I hope, however, you will not denounce me to the authorities as a murderer!"

"Wretch!" replied the Little Glass-man.

"What will it profit me if I were to bring your mortal body to the gallows? it is not earthly judgment which you have to fear, but another, and more severe, for you have sold your soul to the evil one."

"And if I have sold my heart," cried Peter, "no one else is to blame but you, and your delusive treasures; you treacherous spirit! it is you who have caused my ruin; you compelled me to seek help from another, and on you lies the whole responsibility."

But scarcely had he said this when the Little Glass-man began to grow and swell; he became tall and large, and his eyes were said to have been as large as soup-plates, and his mouth like a heated oven, from which flames burst forth.

Peter threw himself upon his knees, and his stony heart did not prevent his limbs trembling like an aspen leaf.

The Wood Spirit seized him by the neck, with the claws of a vulture, turned him over as the whirlwind does dead leaves, and then threw him to the ground so that all his ribs cracked.

"Worm of earth!" he exclaimed in a voice which rolled like thunder, "I could annihilate you if I would, for you have sinned against the master of the forest.

But for the sake of this dead lady, who gave me food and drink, I will grant you eight days' respite.

If you do not change for the better, I shall come again and grind your bones to powder, and you shall die in your sins."

It was already evening when some men who were passing, saw rich Peter Munk lying on the ground.

They turned him over to try whether he were still alive, but all their endeavours were in vain.

At last one of them went into the house and brought out some water, and sprinkled it over him.

Peter then drew a long breath, groaned, opened his eyes, looked round him for a long time, and then asked for Elizabeth, his wife, but no one had seen her.

He thanked the men for their assistance, stole back to his house, and searched everywhere, but Elizabeth was neither in the cellar, nor in the loft, and what he had considered a terrible dream, proved to be a bitter reality.

Now that he was so completely alone, strange thoughts occurred to him; he was afraid of nothing, for his heart of course was cold; and when he thought of the death of his wife, thoughts of his own departure came into his mind, and how he must pass

away, heavily laden with the tears of the poor, with thousands of their imprecations, which had been unable to soften his heart, with the misery of the wretches upon whom he had set his dogs, laden with the quiet despair of his mother, and with the blood of the fair and good Elizabeth; he was unable to give an account to the old man, her father, should he come and ask: "Where is my daughter, your wife?" How should he be able to answer that Other, to whom all forests, seas, mountains, and the lives of men belong?

He was tormented also at night in his dreams, and constantly on his awaking, a sweet voice cried to him: "Peter, procure a warmer heart for yourself."

When he was awake, he again quickly closed his eyes, for the voice seemed to be that of his wife Elizabeth, who called this warning to him.

The next day he went to the tavern, to divert his thoughts, and there he met fat Ezekiel.

He placed himself near him; they talked about many things, about the fine weather, war, and taxes, and at last also about death, and how here and there some one had died so quickly.

Peter thereupon asked the fat man what he thought about death, and what would happen afterwards?

Ezekiel answered him that the body was buried; the soul, however, would either go up to heaven, or down into hell.

"Is the heart buried as well?" asked Peter, anxiously.

"Certainly, that is also buried."

"But what happens if one has no longer a heart?" continued Peter.

Ezekiel looked at him with horror as he said these words.

"What do you mean by it?"

"Are you joking with me?"

"Do you suppose I have no heart?"

"Oh, heart enough, as firm as a stone," replied Peter.

Ezekiel looked at him in surprise, looked round to see if any one had heard it, and then said: "How do you know that? or is yours also not throbbing any more?"

"It beats no more, at any rate here in my breast!" replied Peter Munk.

"But tell me, since you know now what I mean, what will happen to our hearts?"

"What is that to you, fellow?" asked Ezekiel, laughing.

"You have plenty to live upon in this world, and that is sufficient.

That is just the most convenient thing with our cold hearts that no fear troubles us at such thoughts."

"Quite true, but yet one thinks of it, and although I know not at present what fear is, yet I still remember very well how much I dreaded hell, when I was still a little innocent boy."

"Well, we shall not feel very comfortable," said Ezekiel.

"I once asked a schoolmaster about it, who told me that our hearts were weighed after death to ascertain how heavy they had become through sin.

The light ones ascend, and the heavy ones descend, and I think our stones will be full weight."

"Of course," replied Peter, "it is very unpleasant to me, that my heart should be without sympathy, and quite indifferent when I think of such things."

Thus he spoke; but the next night he heard five or six times the well-known voice whispering in his ears: "Peter, procure a warmer heart for yourself."

He felt no repentance for having killed his wife, but when he told the servants that she was away on a journey, he still thought: "I wonder whither she may have travelled!"

Things had gone on in this way for six days, and he always heard this voice at night, and always thought of the Wood Spirit, and of his terrible threat; but on the seventh morning he jumped from his bed and exclaimed, "Well then, I will see whether I can procure a warmer heart, for the unfeeling stone in my breast makes my life only tedious and lonely."

He quickly dressed himself in his Sunday clothes, mounted his horse, and rode towards the pine wood.

In the pine wood, where the trees grew closer together, he dismounted, tied up his horse, and went with quick steps to the top of the hill, and when he stood before a thick pine, he commenced his rhyme:

"Treasurer in the pine wood green,
Many hundred years hast seen,
Where pine trees grow thine is the ground,
By Sunday-born alone thou'rt found."

Then the Little Glass-man made his appearance, but not in a friendly and confidential manner as before, but gloomy and sad; he was dressed in a little coat of black glass, long crape fluttered from his hat, and Peter knew full well for whom he mourned.

"What do you want from me, Peter Munk?" he asked in a deep voice.

"I have one more wish, Mr. Treasurer," replied Peter, with cast-down eyes.

"Can hearts of stone still wish?" said the other.

"You have all you require for your evil disposition, and I shall not readily grant your wish."

"But you promised me three wishes, and I have one more left."

"Yet I can refuse it if it is a foolish one," continued the spirit; "but let me hear what it is."

"Take the dead stone out of me, and give me my living heart," said Peter.

"Did I make the bargain with you!" asked the Little Glass-man.

"Am I Dutch Michael, who gives away wealth and cold hearts? It is with him you must seek your heart."

"Alas, he will never return it," replied Peter.

"I pity you, bad as you are," said the little man, after some reflection.

"But because your wish is not foolish, I cannot, at any rate, refuse you my help.

Listen, it is impossible for you to obtain your heart by force; you can only obtain it by cunning, and there will be no difficulty about it, for Michael, after all, remains the stupid Michael, although he thinks himself very wise.

Go, therefore, straightway to him, and do as I tell you."

He now instructed Peter what he should do, and gave him a little cross of pure glass: "Your life he cannot take, and he will let you go free if you hold this before him and pray.

And if you receive what you desire, come back to me at this

place."

Peter Munk took the little cross, impressed all the words on his mind, and then went to Dutch Michael's house.

He called him by name three times, and immediately the giant stood before him.

"Have you killed your wife?" he asked with a terrible laugh.

"I should have done the same; she has given away all your fortune to the beggar-people.

But you will be obliged to leave the country for a time, for it will cause a stir if she is not found; and I dare say you require money and have come to fetch it."

"You have guessed it," replied Peter, "and a great deal this time, for it is very far from here to America."

Michael led the way and took him to his hut; he there opened a chest in which there was much money, and took out whole rolls of gold.

Whilst he was counting them upon the table, Peter said: "You are a rascal, Michael, for you have deceived me.

You told me I had a stone in my breast and that you had my heart!"

"And is it not so?" asked Michael surprised.

"Do you feel your heart? is it not as cold as ice? have you any fears or cares? do you ever repent of anything?"

"You only made my heart stand still, but I have still the same as formerly in my breast, and Ezekiel also told me you had lied to my face.

You are not the man who could tear the heart out of one's breast, without danger, and without one feeling it; to do that you must be capable of employing witchcraft."

"But I assure you," exclaimed Michael angrily, "you and Ezekiel and all rich people who have sided with me, have such cold hearts as you, and I have their real hearts here in my room."

"Well, how glibly lying comes off your tongue!" laughed Peter.

"You had better tell that story to some one else.

Do you think I did not see on my travels a dozen of such similar tricks? the hearts here in your room are all imitations in wax.

You are a rich fellow, that I admit, but you are not an enchanter."

The giant grew furious, and burst open the door of the room.

"Come in and read all the labels; look at that one there; that is Peter Munk's heart; do you see how it throbs? is it possible to do that with wax?"

"And yet it is made of wax," replied Peter.

"A real heart does not beat like that, I have mine still in my breast.

No, you cannot practice enchantment!"

"But I will prove it to you!" exclaimed the other angrily.

"You shall feel it yourself that this is your heart."

He took it, tore open Peter's jacket, took the stone out of his breast, and showed it to him.

He then took the heart, breathed on it and put it carefully in its place, and immediately Peter felt how it throbbed, and he was again able to rejoice at it.

"How do you feel now," asked Michael smiling.

"Indeed, you were quite right," replied Peter, taking his little

cross carefully out of his pocket.

"I should never have believed that it was possible to do such things!"

"Am I not right?"

I can practice enchantment, and that you see; but come, let me put the stone back again into your breast."

"Gently, Michael!" cried Peter, retreating a step, and holding the little cross towards him.

"Mice are caught with bacon, and this time you are deceived."

He immediately began to pray — the first words that occurred to him.

Michael now became smaller and smaller, fell down, and wriggled about like a worm, and sighed and groaned, and all the hearts around them began to beat and throb, till it sounded like the noise made in a watch-maker's shop.

Peter, however, was afraid, and felt very uneasy; he ran out of the room, and out of the house, and urged on by fear he climbed up the wall of rock, for he heard that Michael had risen, that he was stamping and raging, and sending terrible curses after him.

When he reached the top, he ran towards the pine wood; a terrible thunderstorm took place, the lightning played near him right and left, smashing the trees; he, however, arrived safely in the territory of the Little Glass-man.

His heart beat with joy simply because it was able to beat.

He then looked back with terror on his past life as on the thunderstorm which had caused destruction behind him everywhere in the beautiful forest.

He thought of his wife Elizabeth, his good and beautiful wife, whom he had killed from avarice; he looked upon himself as an outcast of humanity, and shed bitter tears when he reached the hill belonging to the Little Glass-man.

The Treasurer was sitting under a pine-tree, and smoking out of his little pipe; he looked however more cheerful than before.

"Why do you weep, Charcoal Peter?" he asked.

"Did you not receive your heart? — does the cold one still lie in your breast?"

"Alas, sir!" sighed Peter; "when I still bore the cold stony heart I never cried; my eyes were as dry as the ground in July; now, however, my old heart is nearly breaking on account of what I have done!"

My debtors I have hurried into misery, set my dogs at the poor and sick, and you yourself know — how my whip fell upon her beautiful forehead!"

"Peter, you were a great sinner!" said the little man; "money and idleness ruined you until your heart turned into stone, and no longer knew either joy or suffering, penitence or pity.

Repentance, however, atones for much, and if I only knew that you really lamented your past life, I might yet be able to do something for you."

"I require no more," replied Peter, lowering his head sadly.

"It is all over with me; all my days of happiness are over.

What shall I do alone in the world?"

My mother will never forgive me for what I have done to her, and perhaps I have been the cause of her death, monster that I am.

And Elizabeth my wife! rather kill me also, Mr. Treasurer, and then my wretched life will all of a sudden come to an end."

"Well" replied the little man, "if you wish for nothing else, you can have that; my axe is within reach."

He quietly took his little pipe out of his mouth, put it out, and placed it in his pocket.

He then rose slowly and went behind the pines.

Peter, however, sat down weeping on the grass; his life was no longer of any value to him, and patiently he awaited his death blow.

After some time he heard gentle steps behind him, and thought: "He is coming now."

"Turn round once more, Peter Munk!" exclaimed the little man.

Peter dashed his tears away, turned round, and saw — his mother and his wife Elizabeth, gazing at him in a kindly manner.

He now sprang up joyfully.

"Then you are not dead, Elizabeth?"

And you too are here, mother, and have you forgiven me?"

"They are willing to pardon you," said the Little Glass-man, "because you feel true repentance, and all shall be forgotten.

Go home now to your father's hut, and be a charcoal-burner as before; if you are true and honest you will honour your trade, and your neighbours will love and esteem you more than if you had ten tons of gold."

Thus spoke the Little Glass-man, and took leave of them.

The three praised and blessed him and returned home.

The splendid house of the rich Peter was no longer standing there; the lightning had set fire to it, and it was burnt down with all its treasures; but it was not far to the paternal hut; they wended their way towards it and the great loss did not distress them.

But how surprised they were on reaching the hut! it had turned into a beautiful farm-house, and everything in it was plain, but good and clean.

"The good Little Glass-man has done that!" cried Peter.

"How beautiful!" said his wife Elizabeth.

"Here I feel much more at home than in the large house with the numerous servants."

Henceforth Peter Munk became an industrious and honest man.

He was satisfied with what he had, carried on his business cheerfully, and it so happened that he became beloved, wealthy, and respected throughout the whole forest by his own exertions.

He never quarrelled any more with his wife Elizabeth, honoured his mother, and assisted the poor who knocked at his door.

When after the lapse of some time his wife Elizabeth presented him with a lovely boy, Peter went to the pine wood and repeated his little rhyme.

But the Little Glass-man did not make his appearance.

"Mr. Treasurer!" he cried loudly, "do listen to me; I ask for nothing, but request you to stand god-father to my little son!" but he made no reply; only a breath of wind sighed through the pines, and caused some cones to fall on the grass.

"I will take them with me for a keepsake, because you refuse to make your appearance," exclaimed Peter, putting the cones into his pocket, and went home; but when he reached home and took

off his Sunday jacket, and his mother turned the pockets inside out, and was about to put it into the chest, four large rolls of money fell out, and on opening them they were all good and new Baden dollars, and not a base one amongst them.

This was the god-father's present from the little man in the pine forest for little Peter.

Thus they lived quietly and happily; and often in after years, when Peter Munk had grey hair, he would say: "After all it is much better to be content with little, than to have gold and lands, and a cold heart."

THE COLD HEART

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THE traveller through Suabia ought not to forget also to penetrate some little distance into the Black Forest; not so much on account of the trees (although one does not often find such a multitude of magnificent pines) as on account of the people who are quite unlike those of the surrounding neighbourhood.

They are taller than ordinary, broad-shouldered, and strong-limbed; and it would seem as though the invigorating fragrance with which the pine-trees perfume the morning-air had endowed them from youth with freer breathing, with a clearer eye, and with higher, if ruder, courage than belong to the people of the plains and valleys, who dwell outside the forest.

And they differ from these, not only in size and bearing, but also in dress and in manners.

The inhabitants of the Baden side of the Black Forest, dress in the most picturesque costume.

The men allow the beard to grow as nature has ordained; and their black jackets, their enormous tightly-plaited trowsers, their red stockings and broad-brimmed, peaked hats, impart to them a peculiar, but at the same time a grand and dignified appearance.

The occupation of these people, is the manufacture of glass; they also make clocks which they carry about the neighbourhood for sale.

A people of the same race dwell on the opposite side of the forest, but their mode of labour has imparted to them habits and customs very different from those of the glass-makers.

They trade with their forest; that is, they fell and hew their pines, float them down the river Nagold to the Neckar, and from the Upper-Neckar to the Rhine, far down into Holland; so that even on the sea-coast the Black Foresters, and their floats, are familiar objects.

They halt at every town on the way down the rivers; and tarry with proud dignity to see whether any one desires to purchase planks and beams from them; but their strongest and longest beams they sell at high prices to the Dutch Mynheers for ship-building purposes.

These people are accustomed to a rough and wandering life.

Their great delight is in floating down the stream on their rafts; their grief, in being obliged to wend their way home along the banks.

Then their employment causes their gala-dress to differ widely from that of the glass-makers in the other portion of the Black Forest.

They wear jackets of dark linen-cloth, broad green braces over the wide chest, and black leathern breeches, from a pocket of which a brass rule peeps out as a token of dignity; but their real pride is in their boots, which are probably the largest to be found in any part of the world; for they can be drawn up fully two spans above the knee, and thus these raftsmen are able to walk through water three feet in depth without getting their feet in the least wet.

Up to within a recent date the inhabitants of the Black Forest believed in wood-spirits; indeed, it is only in quite modern times that they have been induced to give up this foolish superstition.

It is curious that (according to the traditions of the forest) even these wood-spirits present a similar difference in costume.

Thus we are assured that the little glass-man, (a good little spirit not more than three feet and a half in height) never showed himself in any dress but that of a peaked hat with a broad brim, a jacket, trowsers, and red stockings.

Dutch Michael, on the contrary, who frequented the other side of the forest, is said to have been a broad-shouldered giant in the garb of a raftsman; and several who saw him assert that all their fortune would not suffice to pay for such a calf's skin as was required to make his boots.

So large, they say, were these, that without any exaggeration, an ordinary man could stand up to his throat in one of them.

With these wood-spirits a young Black Forester is said to have met with an adventure which I will relate.

There lived in the Black Forest a widow, Frau Barbara Munkin; her husband had been a charcoal-burner; and after his death, she gradually trained her son, a boy sixteen years of age, to the same business.

Young Peter Munk, who was a smart boy, was very well content; because at home he had never seen men do otherwise than sit the whole week over a smoking kiln, or go (all black and sooty, objects of aversion) down into the town to sell their charcoal.

Now a charcoal-burner has plenty of time for reflection, and thus it happened that when Peter Munk was sitting beside his kiln, the dark trees of the forest that were all around him, and the deep silence that reigned everywhere, excited involuntary melancholy and yearnings within his breast.

He felt troubled and uneasy; wherefore, he did not know.

At length, he discovered the cause of his discomfort; and this was — his position.

"A solitary, black, charcoal-burner!" said he to himself; "it is a wretched life.

How respectable the glass-makers, the clock-makers, and even the musicians look on Sunday evening!

But if Peter Munk were washed clean, and nicely dressed in father's best jacket with silver buttons and in brand-new red stockings, and some one walking behind me were to say to himself: 'who is that genteel lad?' and were to praise my stockings and my stately walk in his heart, see! so soon as he should have passed me, and should turn round to look, he would certainly

exclaim: 'Oh! it is only Peter Munk, the charcoal-burner.'" The raftsmen on the other side of the forest were also objects of his envy.

Whenever these forest-giants came over with their fine clothes, carrying a half hundred weight of silver upon their persons in buttons, buckles and chains; when, with out-stretched legs, and haughty mien they looked on at the dance, swore in Dutch and smoked (like the most distinguished Mynheers) out of Cologne pipes an ell in length, then he represented a raftsman to himself as the very ideal of a happy man.

And when these favourites of fortune dived into their pockets, and brought out whole handfuls of thalers and would throw the dice for six batzners (pieces of silver-coin) and lose or win five florins here, ten there, he would lose all self-possession and glide away sorrowfully to his hut.

For on many a holiday he had seen one or another of these timber-lords lose more at play in one evening than poor Father Munk had earned in a year.

There were three of these men in particular, of whom he knew not which to admire most.

One was a large, stout man with a red face, who passed for the richest man in all the country round.

He was always called "Fat Ezekiel."

He went twice every year to Amsterdam with timber for building; and had the good fortune always to sell at such a much higher price than any one else that instead of returning home on foot like the others, he was always able to drive grandly in a coach.

The next was the tallest and thinnest man in all the forest, he was called "Lank Schlurker," and Munk envied him chiefly on account of his extraordinary audacity, he would contradict the most respectable people; and, even if the public-house were crowded to excess, would insist on requiring and occupying more space than four of the stoutest men; for he always either planted his elbows on the table, or bent up one of his long legs beside him on the bench, yet no one dared to thwart him because he was so immensely rich.

The third was a young, handsome man who danced better than any one far or near, and who was for this reason nick-named the "Dance-room king."

He had been quite a poor man and had been servant to one of the timber-lords; suddenly he became very rich.

Some said he had found a pot of gold under an old pine; others maintained that, at a spot in the Rhine not far from Bingen, he had with the pole, which the raftsmen frequently thrust at fish, brought up a parcel of gold pieces which parcel belonged to the great Nibelungen treasure lying buried there.

Be that as it may, he suddenly became rich, and was looked upon as a prince by every one, young and old.

Peter Hunk often thought of these three men when he was sitting alone in the pine-forest.

True, all three of them had one grand fault which caused them to be hated, and this was their insatiable avarice, their total want of feeling towards those who were either in debt or poor, for the Black Foresters are in general a very kind-hearted people.

But every one knows what happens in these cases; although they were hated for their avarice, yet they were held in

consideration for their wealth, for who could, like them, throw away thalers as though money were to be shaken off the pine-trees?

"Things cannot go on as they are much longer," Peter said to himself one day, in a fit of troubled melancholy, (for the previous day had been a holiday, and the inn had been full of people); "if I do not soon meet with better luck I shall do myself some mischief.

Oh! that I were rich and a person of importance like fat Ezekiel, or lank Schlurker; or a man of fame able to throw my thalers instead of kreutzers to the musicians like the 'Dance-room king?' where did the fellow get his money from?"

He pondered over every possible means of getting money; but none pleased him.

At length, he bethought himself of the old traditions of his people, and how in ancient times men had become rich by means of Michael the Dutchman, and of the glass-man.

During his father's lifetime, other poor people had often come to pay visits at the house, and had talked a great deal of wealthy men and in what way they had become rich.

In these narrations the glass-man played a conspicuous part.

Indeed, when Peter came to reflect, he could almost recall the verses that were to be uttered at the summit of the mountain in the heart of the pine-forest, in order to cause the glass-man to appear.

They began thus:

"Hearken, thou for ages past

Master of the forest vast!

Thou, whose treasured gold is laid

Deep beneath the pine's green shade

Thou, whose elfin form is shown —"

But strain his memory as he would, he could not recall a single line more.

Sometimes the thought occurred to him whether he should ask this or that old man how the incantation proceeded; but a certain feeling of dread lest he should betray what was passing in his thoughts withheld him from doing so.

Besides he came to the conclusion that the legend of the glass-man could only be known to very few; for there were not many rich people in the forest; and why had not his father and the other poor people tried their luck?

At last he led his mother on to talk about the little man.

She repeated what he already knew; she could only tell him the first line of the invocation; but said that the spirit would only show himself to those who were born on a Sunday between the hours of eleven and two.

He then exactly answered the requirements, if he did but know the lines; for he had been born on a Sunday at twelve, at noon.

When Peter Munk, the charcoal-burner, heard this he became almost beside himself with delight and with eagerness to undertake this adventure.

It seemed to him that to know a portion of the lines and to have been born on a Sunday were sufficient to compel the little glass-man to show himself.

Therefore one day when he had sold all his charcoal, he lighted no new kiln, but dressed himself in his father's best jacket,

and in his new red stockings, put on his Sunday hat, took his five foot black-thorn stick in his hand, and bade his mother farewell in these words: "I must go to the office in the town; for the lots will soon be drawn for service in the army, and I wish to remind the officer that you are a widow and I your only son."

His mother praised his intention; however, he went straight to the pine-grove.

The pine-grove stands at the summit of the Black Forest; and in those days there was not a village, not a hut within a circle of three leagues from it, for the superstitious people deemed its vicinity unsafe.

Also, tall and magnificent as were the pines, yet within this district no one would willingly fell timber; for it had frequently happened when wood-cutters had felled trees there that the axe-head had sprung from the haft and had wounded them in the feet, or that the trees had fallen suddenly, carrying the men down also and injuring or even killing them; and one of the finest trees from the grove had been useless except for fuel, since the raftsmen would never take a single stem from the pine-grove upon their floats, for the tradition was current that if a tree from the pine-grove were on the float both men and timber would be unlucky.

This was the reason why the trees grew so thickly and so tall in the pine-grove that even in broad noonday it was almost as dark as night.

To Peter the whole scene was fearful; for he could hear no sound of an axe; no voice, no step but his own; the very birds seemed to shun this thick pine-grove.

Peter Munk, the charcoal-man, had now reached the highest point of this pine-grove, and was standing before a pine of enormous circumference for which a Dutch ship-owner would have paid down many hundred florins on the spot.

This, thought he, is a very likely place for the keeper of the treasure to live in; he then took off his large Sunday hat, made a low bow before the tree, cleared his voice and said in trembling tone: "I wish you a good evening, Herr Glass-man," but he received no reply, all was silent as before.

"Perhaps I ought to repeat the verses" he thought, and then he murmured:

"Hearken, thou for ages past

Master of the forest vast!

Thou, whose treasured gold is laid

Deep beneath the pine's green shade

Thou, whose elfin form is shown —"

As he said these words, he saw, (to his great horror) a very small, strange figure peeping out from behind the thick trunk of the pine.

He fancied he saw the glass-man just as he had been described: the little black jacket, the red stockings, the little hat, all were there; and he thought he perceived even the pallid, but delicate and intelligent face of which he had heard talk.

But alas! just as suddenly as this little glass-man had peeped out, just so suddenly did he disappear!

"Herr Glass-man!" exclaimed Peter after some hesitation; "be so kind as not to take me for a fool, Herr Glass-man, if you fancy that I did not see you, you are very much mistaken, I saw you plainly peeping from behind the tree."

Still there was no reply, but sometimes he thought he could distinguish a low, hoarse laugh behind the tree.

At length, impatience overcame the fear which had restrained him until now.

"Wait a while, you little rogue," he cried, "I will soon catch you"; and with one bound he sprang behind the pine-tree; but there was no treasure-keeper in the green pine-wood, nothing but a pretty little squirrel that ran up the tree.

Peter Munk shook his head, he perceived that he had brought the charm to a certain point and that, perhaps, only one rhyme was wanting to enable him to entice forth the little glass-man; he thought now of this, now of that, yet could discover nothing.

The squirrel sat on the lowest branches of the pine and seemed sometimes to encourage, sometimes to mock him.

It cleaned itself, it curled its beautiful tail, it looked at him with its intelligent eyes: but, at length, he became almost afraid of being alone with the animal.

For now the squirrel appeared to have the head of a man and to wear a three-cornered hat, then it looked like any ordinary squirrel, except that on its hind feet it had red stockings and black shoes.

In short, it was a comical creature; yet charcoal-Peter was afraid of it, for he thought all was not right about it.

Peter retreated with quicker steps than those with which he had come.

The twilight of the forest seemed to grow deeper and deeper, the trees to stand more thickly together, and he began to be so alarmed that he broke into a run, and it was not until he heard the barking of dogs in the distance, and perceived the smoke of a cottage among the trees that he became more calm.

When he approached and could distinguish the dress of the people in the hut, he perceived that in his anxiety he had taken exactly the wrong direction, and had arrived in the district belonging to the raftsmen instead of that of the glass-men.

The people who lived in this hut were wood-cutters; an old man, his son the master of the house, and some grown up grandchildren.

They received charcoal-Peter, who requested lodging for the night, hospitably, without asking his name or place of abode; gave him some apple-wine, and in the evening a large mountain-cock, the most dainty dish of the Black Forest, was put on the table.

After supper the good woman of the house and her daughters seated themselves at their distaffs round the large blaze which the younger ones fed with the choicest pieces of fir-resin.

The grandfather, the guest, and the master of the house smoked and looked on at the women, and the boys were occupied in carving wooden spoons and forks.

The storm howled outside in the forest and roared among the pines; heavy blows were heard in different directions, and it often seemed as though whole trees were falling and crashing against each other.

The courageous boys wished to run out into the forest to look at this fearfully beautiful scene, but their grandfather restrained them with grave words and looks.

"I would advise no one to go outside the door just now," he cried; "for by Heavens! he will never come back again; the

Dutchman Michael is this night felling a new raft-load in the forest."

The young people stared at him in astonishment; they might certainly have heard before of the Dutchman Michael; but now they entreated their grandfather to tell them something about him.

Peter Munk, who had heard Dutch Michael spoken of on the other side of the forest in a vague manner, also joined in their request, and inquired of the old man, who and what Michael was.

"He is the lord of this forest; and I suppose from your not having heard of him at your age that you must either live on the other side of the pine-forest, or else that you have never been far from home.

But I will tell you all that I know of the Dutchman Michael, and what tradition says concerning him.

Some hundred years ago, (at least so my grandfather used to say) there were far and near no more honest people in the world than the Black Foresters.

In these days, since so much money has come into the country, men have grown dishonest and wicked.

The young men dance and sing on Sunday, and swear, so that it is fearful to hear them.

In former times they were quite different, and though the Dutchman Michael were to look in at the window at this moment, I would say as I have often said before, that he is to blame for all this evil.

There lived some hundred years ago and more, a wealthy timber-lord who had many servants; he carried on his trade far down the Rhine, and his work prospered, for he was a pious man.

One evening a man came to his door, such as he had never seen; his dress resembled that of the young men of the Black Forest, but he was a full head taller than any of them, and no one would have credited the existence of such a giant.

This man asked the timber-lord for work, and the latter looking at him and seeing that he was strong and able to carry heavy loads, agreed with him for his wages and they concluded the bargain.

Michael was a workman such as this timber-lord had none other.

In felling trees he was equal to three other men, and if six dragged at one end he would lift the other by himself.

When he had been felling timber for half a year, he went one day to his master and said to him, 'I have now been here long enough hewing trees and I should like to see what becomes of my timber; how would it be if you allowed me this time to take it down the river?' The timber-lord answered, 'I will not stand in your way, Michael, if you wish to go out a little into the world; it is true that for felling trees I require strong men such as you are, whereas for the river much dexterity is required; but be it so for this time.' And so it was; the raft with which he was to go had eight divisions, and the last of these was filled with the largest beams.

And what happened on the evening before starting? sturdy Michael brought down eight more beams to the waterside, thicker and longer than any that had ever been seen, and he carried them on his shoulder as though they were poles, so that every one was amazed.

To this day no one knows where he felled them.

The timber-lord laughed in his heart when he saw this, for he calculated how much these beams would sell for.

But Michael said, 'Herr, these are for me to travel on, I could not journey on those little chips yonder.' His master was going to give him a pair of raftsmen's boots as a token of thanks, but he threw them on one side, and brought out a pair such as never could be matched, my grandfather assured me that they weighed a hundred pounds and were seven feet in length.

The raft started; and if Michael had previously astonished the wood-cutters, he now astonished the raftsmen; for instead of the raft making slower progress as one would have expected on account of the enormous beams, it flew forward like an arrow directly they reached the Neckar.

In places where the Neckar took a bend and where the raftsmen usually had some trouble in keeping the rafts in the middle of the stream, and in avoiding to run either on the gravel or sand, Michael always sprang into the water, and with one pull drew the raft right or left, so that he glided by without danger.

Then when he found a straight passage, he would run to the first joint, make all the poles fast, thrust his enormous beams into the gravel, and with one push the raft would dash forward so that the land, trees, and villages seemed to be flying past.

Thus they arrived at Cologne on the Rhine, where they usually sold their load, in half the time generally required.

But when here, Michael said: 'you without doubt are skilled traders and understand your own interest! but do you suppose that these men in Cologne need all this timber that comes from the Black Forest for themselves? not so; they purchase it from you for about half its value, and then sell it at a high price in Holland.

Let us sell the small timber here and go on to Holland with the larger, and all that we gain above the ordinary price will be our own profit.' Thus spoke the subtle Michael, and the others were content; some, because they were well pleased to go to Holland; others, on account of the money.

One solitary man alone was honest, and tried to dissuade them from running the property of their master into danger, and from cheating him of the higher price; but the others would not listen to him; they soon forgot his words, but the Dutchman Michael did not forget them.

Thus they went down the Rhine with the timber.

Michael managed the raft and brought them speedily to Rotterdam.

There, they were offered four times the former price, and large sums were paid especially for Michael's gigantic beams.

When the Black Foresters beheld all this money they did not know how to contain themselves for joy.

Michael divided it; one share for the timber-lord, the other three shares among the men.

And now they consorted with sailors and all sorts of bad company in the inns, and squandered or gambled away their money; but Dutch Michael sold the brave man who had given them the warning to a crimp and nothing more was heard of him.

From that time forward, Holland became a paradise in the eyes of the men of the Black Forest, and Dutch Michael was their king; for a long time the timber-lords knew nothing of this traffic;

and money, swearing, evil habits, drunkenness and gambling crept in from Holland unperceived.

Dutch Michael was, so tradition says, at length nowhere to be found; yet he is not dead; his spectre has appeared in the forest within a hundred years; and it is said that he has been of great assistance to many in getting rich, but at the cost of their souls; more than this I will not say.

But this much is certain; that on stormy nights like this, he chooses out the finest pines in that pine-grove where it is said that no mortal can fell trees, and my father has seen him break a trunk four feet thick like a rush.

He makes a present of such to those who turn from the right path and go to him; about midnight they float the raft and he goes with them to Holland.

If I were king and master in Holland, I would order grape-shot to be fired into them; for a ship which has but one plank in her bought of Dutch Michael is sure to sink.

Hence it is that one hears of so many shipwrecks; were it not so how could a strong, fine vessel as large as a church founder at sea?

But so often as Dutch Michael on a stormy night fells a pine in the Black Forest, so often an old plank springs out from the joints of some vessel; the water rushes in, and the vessel is lost with all on board.

This is the legend of Dutch Michael and it is certain that every evil in the Black Forest originates with him.

Oh, yes! he can make a man rich!" added the old man in a mysterious tone; "but I should not like to take anything from him, I would not stand in the shoes of fat Ezekiel or lank Schlurker at any price; the Dance-room king is also said to have sold himself to him."

The storm had lulled during the old man's narration, the girls lighted their lamps timidly and went away; the men laid a bag of leaves on the stone-bench as a pillow for Peter Munk and wished him good night.

Charcoal-Peter Munk had never had such troubled dreams as those of that night.

Sometimes he fancied that the dark gigantic form of Dutch Michael had burst open the window and with his monstrous arm was pushing in a bag filled with gold pieces which, jingling one against the other, made a pleasant, ringing sound.

Sometimes he saw the friendly little glass-man riding round the room on an immense flask, and he thought he could again hear the subdued laugh, as he had heard it in the pine-grove.

Then came a murmuring sound at his left ear:

"In Holland is gold

To be had at your will;

For a trifle 'tis sold

So your money-bags fill,

With gold! gold! gold!"

Next, at his right ear he heard the ditty of the treasure-keeper of the pine-forest, and a gentle voice whispered: "Stupid charcoal-Peter, stupid Peter Munk that can find no rhyme to 'shown' and yet wast born at twelve o'clock on a Sunday!

Rhyme, stupid Peter, rhyme!"

He sighed, he groaned in his sleep, he wearied himself to find

a rhyme; but as he had never made one in all his life his labour in his dream was in vain.

However, when he awoke with the first glow of dawn, his dream rose before him with strange vividness; he seated himself at the table with folded arms, and meditated over the whispers which seemed still to sound in his ears.

"Rhyme, stupid charcoal-Peter Munk, rhyme," he said to himself, and he rapped his forehead with his finger; but no rhyme would come.

Whilst he was sitting thus, and looking straight before him with a troubled gaze, thinking of a rhyme for "shown", three young men in the forest passed in front of the house, and as they passed one was singing:

"At eve from the summit above
I anxiously gazed o'er the vale
And I looked on my heart's dearest love
She was riding all tearful and pale.
Alas! gloomy morning hath shown
She hath bidden adieu to the glen
She hath left me for ever alone
No, ne'er may I see her again!"

The words fell like an electric shock on Peter's ear.

He rose hurriedly, rushed out of the house, (though he thought he could hardly have heard aright) sprang after the three young men and seized the singer hastily and roughly by the arm.

"Stop, friend," he cried; "what rhyme have you there for shown?"

Do be kind enough to repeat to me what you were singing?"

"What business is it of yours, fellow?" replied the forester.

"I may sing what I choose; and let loose my arm or —" "Nay, you must tell me what you sang!" exclaimed Peter, almost beside himself and holding him still more tightly.

However the two others, when they saw this, hesitated no longer but fell upon Peter with heavy blows and gave him a sound drubbing till, from sheer pain, he loosed his hold on the third, and sank on his knees exhausted.

"Now you have your deserts," they said, laughing; "and, mark you, silly boy, never again attack people like us in the open road."

"Ah! I will mark it well!" answered Peter with a sigh, "but since I have had all these blows, be so kind as to tell me distinctly what that man sang."

They laughed still more and mocked at him; but he who had sung the song, repeated the words to him, and they proceeded on their way laughing and singing.

"Then," said the poor beaten fellow, as he raised himself with some difficulty, "alone rhymes to shown; now, little glass-man, we will try again to speak a word together."

He went into the hut, fetched his hat and long stick, bade farewell to the people of the cottage, and took his way back to the pine-grove.

He walked slowly and thoughtfully; for he had to bethink himself of the verses.

At last, when he had already reached the precincts of the pine-grove, and the pines were becoming thicker and higher, he had recalled the verse to mind, and joyfully he bounded to the summit.

A colossal man in the dress of a raftsmen, with a pole as long

as a mast in his hand, stepped out from behind the pines.

Peter Munk almost sank to the earth when he saw this man turn towards him with measured steps; for he thought, it was Dutch Michael and none other.

The fearful figure remained silent and Peter peeped at him occasionally with terror.

He was, indeed, taller by a whole head than the tallest man that Peter had ever seen; his face was no longer that of a young man, neither was it old, though covered with furrows and wrinkles: he wore a linen jacket, and the enormous boots drawn over his leathern trowsers seemed familiar to Peter from the legend.

"Peter Munk, what are you doing in the pine-grove?" enquired the forest-king at length, in a deep, threatening voice.

"Good morning, Landsmann," replied Peter, who tried to appear quite at his ease, although trembling violently; "I am wishing to go home through the pine-grove."

"Peter Munk," rejoined the other, casting at him a terrific and penetrating glance, "your road does not lie through this grove!"

"No, not my direct road," said Peter, "but it is so warm to-day that I thought it would be cooler this way."

"Do not tell falsehoods, charcoal-Peter," exclaimed Dutch Michael in a voice of thunder, "or I will strike you to the ground with my staff."

Do you fancy that I did not see you importuning the little man?" he added in a more gentle tone.

"Well, well! that was a stupid trick, and it is lucky that you did not know the charm."

He is a niggard, that little fellow, and does not bestow much, and he to whom he gives, has not a merry life.

Peter, you are a poor simpleton, and I am sorry for you.

Such a handsome, gay, young fellow who might do something in the world, and yet you only burn charcoal.

Where others can shake out thalers or ducats by the armful, you can scarcely chink a couple of farthings together, it is a miserable life!"

"That is true; you are quite right; it is a wretched life!"

"Well, I will not stop at this," continued the terrible Michael; "I have already helped many a brave boy out of poverty and you would not be the first."

But tell me, how many hundred thalers do you want to begin with?"

With these words he jingled the money in his gigantic pockets, till it sounded as it had done in the night in Peter's dream.

But Peter's heart thrilled with fear and anxiety at the words; he became hot and cold, for Dutch Michael did not look as though he would give away money from mere compassion, without requiring something in return.

The mysterious words of the old man regarding those who had become rich, recurred to his mind; and, a prey to inexpressible distress and alarm, he exclaimed: "Many thanks, sir, but I do not desire to have any dealings with you and I know you already;" he then ran away as fast as he could.

But the wood-spirit with his giant strides kept close beside him, and muttered in a hollow, threatening voice; "You will think better of it, Peter; it is written in your forehead, it may be read in

your eyes; you cannot escape from me.

Do not run so fast; do but listen to a word of reason: here is my boundary close!"

But when Peter heard this, and saw a little ditch not far from him, he hastened on still faster that he might cross the boundary, so that at length Michael was obliged to run faster and pursued him with oaths and threats.

The young man cleared the ditch with a bound of despair, for he saw how the wood-spirit stretched out his pole and would have let it fall heavily upon him; he reached the opposite side in safety, and the pole splintered in the air as if against an invisible wall, and a large piece fell across near Peter.

He took it up triumphantly to throw it back to Dutch Michael; but at this moment he felt the piece of wood move in his hand; and to his horror, he saw that it was an immense snake that he was holding and which was already gaping at him with foaming tongue and lightning glance.

He let go of it, but it had already twisted itself firmly round his arm, and was pushing its vibrating head nearer and nearer to his face.

Suddenly an enormous mountain-cock flew down, seized the head of the snake in its beak, and carried it up with it into the air; whilst Dutch Michael who had seen all this from the ditch, howled and roared and raged as the snake was carried away by a stronger than itself.

Trembling and exhausted, Peter proceeded on his way; the path became steeper, the country wilder, and he shortly found himself at the giant pine.

As on the previous day he made his reverence to the invisible little glass-man, and then began:

"Hearken, thou for ages past
Master of the forest vast!
Thou, whose treasured gold is laid
Deep beneath the pine's green shade
Thou, whose elfin form is shown
To the Sunday-born alone!"

"You have not quite succeeded, but since you are a Sunday-child, charcoal-Peter Munk, that will suffice," said a soft, gentle voice near him.

He looked round with astonishment, and saw, sitting under a handsome pine, a little old man in a black jacket and red stockings, with the usual large hat upon his head; he had a pleasing and friendly countenance, and wore a little beard as fine as a spider's web; he was smoking a pipe made of blue glass which had a very strange appearance; and as Peter drew nearer he saw to his astonishment that the clothes, shoes, and hat of the little man were also all made of coloured glass; this was as flexible as though still hot, for it yielded to his every movement.

"You have met that churl Dutch Michael," said the little man, whilst between each word he gave a peculiar cough, "he tried to frighten you, but I have got his staff from him and he will never attack you again!"

"Indeed, Herr Treasure-keeper," replied Peter with a low bow, "I was very much alarmed; you then were doubtless that gentleman, the mountain-cock, who bit the snake and killed it; I offer you my most hearty thanks.

But I am come to ask counsel of you; things fare ill and uncomfortably with me; a charcoal-burner cannot advance himself; and as I am young, I have thought that I might do better for myself.

I often see others who have done so in a short time; take, for instance, Ezekiel and the Dance-room king, with whom money is as plentiful as straws."

"Peter," said the little man very gravely, and puffing the smoke from his pipe far up into the air; "Peter," said he, "say nothing to me of these men.

What do they gain by having for a few years the appearance of happiness, only that afterwards they should be the more unhappy? you should not despise your trade.

Your father and grandfather were estimable men, and they also followed it.

Peter Munk, I will not believe that it is love of idleness that brings you to me."

Peter was frightened at the seriousness of the little man and coloured; "no," said he, "I know, my Lord treasure-keeper of the pine-grove, that idleness is the parent of all vices, but you cannot think ill of me if some other position in life be more pleasing to me than my own; a charcoal-burner is, indeed, but little esteemed in the world, and glass-men, raftsmen, and clock-makers are all so much more esteemed!"

"Pride often comes before a fall," answered the little lord of the pine-forest in a rather more kindly tone; "you are a strange race, you men!

It is seldom that any one of you is fully content with the position in which he has been born and brought up; and it is certain that if you were a glass-man you would wish to be a timber-lord; and if you were a timber-lord then it would be the appointment of forest-keeper or the house of the bailiff that would suit you; if you will promise to work bravely I will help you to something better, Peter.

It is my practice to grant three wishes to every Sunday-child who knows how to find me; the two first are unrestricted, the third I can refuse, if it prove foolish.

Therefore wish now for something; but, Peter, let it be for something good and useful."

"Hurrah! you are an excellent little glass-man, and are rightly named the treasure-keeper, for the home of all treasures is with you.

Well then, if I may wish for whatever my heart most desires; for the first thing, I will wish that I may be able to dance even better than the Dance-room king, and have as much money in my pockets as fat Ezekiel."

"You fool!" replied the little man angrily, "what a pitiful wish is this, to be able to dance well, and to have money for play!

Are you not ashamed, silly Peter, to delude yourself thus as regards your happiness? of what use will it be to either your mother or yourself that you are able to dance? what will your money avail you when, according to your wish, it is to be spent at the inn and to remain there like that of the Dance-room king?

Thus you will have nothing left for the whole week and will be as poverty-stricken as before; one more wish I will allow you subject to no control, but take heed that you wish with more

discretion!"

Peter scratched his ear; and after a little hesitation, he said, "Then, now I wish for the handsomest and most luxurious glass-house in the whole of the Black Forest, with money and everything necessary for living in it."

"Nothing more?" inquired the little man with anxiety, "nothing more, Peter?"

"Well! you might add a horse and a little carriage."

"Oh, foolish charcoal-Peter!" cried the little man, and in his displeasure he threw his glass-pipe at a large pine so that it broke into a hundred pieces.

"Horses! a little carriage! good sense, I tell you, good sense, sound common sense, and judgment you ought to have wished for, and not for horses and carriages.

However, do not look so melancholy, we shall see that it will not be altogether an injury to you, for the second wish was not entirely a foolish one; a good glass-house gives shelter to its owner and master; but if you had added thereto good sense and discretion, the carriage and horses would have come of themselves."

"But, Herr Treasure-keeper," replied Peter, "I have still one wish left, so that I might yet wish for good sense, if it be so necessary for me as you think!"

"Not so; you will find yourself in many perplexities in which you will be glad that you have one wish left; now go home.

Here," said the spirit of the pine-forest, "are two thousand florins, and this is enough; do not come to me again to ask for money; for if you do so, I shall be obliged to hang you up to the highest pine; for thus I have done ever since I have lived in the forest.

Old Winkfritz, who had the large glass-house in the lower forest, died three days ago.

Go thither to-morrow early, and make a fair offer for the business.

Behave well, be industrious, and I will visit you sometimes and will help and advise you, since as yet you have not asked for sense and judgment.

But, and I say this very seriously, Peter, your first wish was a bad one.

Beware of running to the inn, Peter, it never did anyone good for any length of time."

Whilst thus speaking the little man had taken out a new pipe of most beautiful glass, and filled it with dried fir-cones and put it into his little toothless mouth.

He then drew out an immense burning-glass, moved into the sunshine, and lighted his pipe.

When he had finished, he offered Peter his hand in a friendly manner, gave him some kind instructions about his road, smoked and puffed more and more quickly, and at length vanished in a cloud of smoke which (like that from real Dutch tobacco) gradually and slowly disappeared, curling amid the summit of the pines.

When Peter arrived at home he found his mother in great anxiety about him; for the good woman believed nothing less than that her son had been carried off for a soldier.

He, however, was in very good spirits, and told her how he

had met with a kind friend in the forest who had advanced him some money that he might set up in some other business than that of charcoal-burner.

Although his mother had already lived for thirty years in a charcoal-burner's hut and was as well used to the appearance of sooty men as a miller's wife is to the floury face of her husband, yet she had pride enough to despise her former circumstances so soon as Peter suggested a more brilliant lot to her; and she said: "Yes! as the mother of a man who owns a glass-house I shall be something different from neighbour's Grete and Bete, and henceforward I shall take a seat in church among the rich."

Her son soon came to an agreement with the inheritor of the glass-house; he retained the workmen whom he found there, and manufactured glass day and night.

At first, the occupation pleased him; and he used to go to the glass-house at his ease; he walked about with his hands in his pockets and with an air of importance, peeped about now here, now there; spoke to this one and that, at which his workpeople often laughed not a little; and his great delight was to see the glass blowing.

He often worked at this himself and blew the strangest forms from out of the soft mass.

But he soon became tired of this occupation; and began to come to the glass-house for only one hour in the day, then only once in two days, at last only once in the week, and his workmen did as they liked.

All this arose from his frequent visits to the inn.

On the Sunday after he had come from the pine-grove he went there; and who should be already bounding in the dancing-room, but the Dance-room king, whilst fat Ezekiel was sitting behind his tankard, throwing the dice like a prince.

Peter quickly felt in his pockets to see whether the little glass-man had kept his word; and behold! his pockets were full of gold and silver; and his legs began to thrill and tremble as though he must of necessity spring forward and dance.

When the first dance was ended, he placed himself with his partner close by the Dance-room king; and when the latter made a bound three feet high, Peter made one of four feet; and when he danced in peculiar and graceful steps, then Peter twisted and turned his own feet in such a manner that all the spectators were lost in delight and admiration.

But when it became known in the dance-room that Peter had purchased a glass-house, and when it was seen that in dancing as he passed the musicians, he threw them silver-coin, astonishment was unbounded.

Some opined that he had found treasure in the forest; others supposed that he had received a legacy; but all respected him now, and held him to be a made man, simply because he now had money.

Indeed, on that very evening he lost twenty florins by gambling and yet the money in his pockets rattled and jingled as though there were still a hundred thalers left there.

When Peter saw how highly he was esteemed he hardly knew how to contain himself for joy and pride.

He threw his money about on all sides and shared it liberally with the poor; for, indeed, he knew well how heavily poverty had

once pressed upon himself.

The skill of the Dance-room king was cast quite into the shade by the supernatural art of the new dancer, and Peter now received the name of "Emperor of the Dance."

The most enterprising gamblers on that Sunday did not stake so much as he did, but neither did they lose so much.

And yet the more he lost, the more he won; for everything happened just as he had desired of the little glass-man.

He had wished always to have in his pockets as much money as fat Ezekiel; and this was exactly the man to whom he lost his money; thus when he lost twenty or thirty florins at a time, directly that Ezekiel pocketed them, he had the same sum again in his own pockets.

By degrees he carried his carousing and gambling to a greater pitch than did the most idle people in the Black Forest; and he was called "Gambling Peter" more often than "Emperor of the Dance"; for now he played on almost every working-day.

Hence his glass-house fell to ruin by degrees; and Peter's want of sense was the cause.

He ordered as much glass as possible to be made; but he had neglected with the house to buy also the secret as to where the glass could best be sold.

At length, he did not know what to do with the accumulation of glass, and he sold it off to travelling traders that he might have wherewith to pay his workmen.

One evening he was returning home from the inn; and, notwithstanding the quantity of wine which he had taken to keep up his spirits, he was thinking with grief and horror of the ruin of his property, when all at once he perceived that some one was walking beside him.

He looked round, and see! it was the little glass-man.

He fell into a great passion, assumed a haughty manner, and swore that the little man was to blame for all his misfortunes; "what shall I do now with the horse and carriage?" he exclaimed, "of what use is my house and all my glass?"

I lived more happily when I was only a charcoal-burner, and I had then no cares; now I know not at what moment the bailiff may not come, value my goods and sell them by auction on account of my debts!"

"Is it so?" replied the little glass-man, "So!

The blame is then to be laid on me if you are unfortunate!

Is this your gratitude for my benefits?

Who told you to make such foolish wishes?

You wished to be a glass-man and were quite ignorant where you should sell your glass.

Did I not tell you that you should be careful in wishing?

You have been wanting, Peter, in common sense and discretion."

"What! common sense and discretion!" cried the other, "I am as prudent a fellow as any, and will prove it to you, my little glass-man;" and with these words he seized the little man rudely by the collar, exclaiming, "Have I caught you now, Sir Treasure-keeper of the pine-wood?

Now I will make my third wish and grant it you shall.

Here on the spot I wish for two hundred thousand thalers, and a house and — oh! unfortunate me!" he cried wringing his

hand, for the little forestman had changed into molten glass and burned his hand like a flame of fire.

But the little man himself was no longer visible.

For several days Peter's swollen hand kept his ingratitude and folly in his remembrance; but he stifled his conscience and said, "If they do sell my glass-house and all that I have, still fat Ezekiel will remain the same; and so long as he has money on Sundays, I shall not want."

True, Peter!

But suppose he has none!

And thus it happened one day, and it was a strange warning.

One Sunday that Peter drove up to the inn, the people were stretching their heads out of the windows, and one said, "Here comes gambling Peter!" another, "yes, the Emperor of the Dancers, the rich glass-man"; whilst a third shook his head and said, "people may talk much of his wealth, but they are also talking everywhere of his debts, and a man in the town was saying that the bailiff will not much longer delay to seize his goods!"

Meanwhile, rich Peter was courteously but pompously greeting the guests at the windows; he alighted proudly from his carriage saying, "Good evening, landlord, has fat Ezekiel arrived?"

A deep voice answered, "within, Peter! your place has been kept for you, we are already here and at cards."

Peter Munk entered the room, felt in his pockets immediately, and perceived that Ezekiel must be well supplied with money, for his own pockets were full to the brim.

He seated himself at the table with the others, played, and won and lost here and there; thus they went on playing till, when evening came, the other respectable people went home; then they played on by candlelight, till two other players said, "We have had enough now, and must go home to wife and child!"

But gambling Peter asked fat Ezekiel to stay; for a long time he would not consent, but at last he exclaimed, "very good! now I will count my money and then we will throw the dice; five florins a point, for lower is mere child's play!"

He took out his purse, counted his money, and found a hundred florins; gambling Peter then knew how much he himself had, and had no occasion to count.

But if Ezekiel had won before, now he lost point after point and swore fearfully in consequence.

Whenever he threw a triplet, Peter immediately threw one also and always two pips higher.

At last, he put down his last five florins on the table, and cried, "once more, and even if I lose this I will not leave off, for you can lend me some of your winnings, Peter; one good fellow will always help another!"

"As much as you like, even if it be a hundred florins," said the Emperor of the Dance, elated by his gains; fat Ezekiel rattled the dice and threw fifteen; "a triplet," he cried, "now we shall see!" but Peter threw eighteen, and a hoarse, familiar voice behind him said, "Done, that was the last!"

He looked round, and there large as a giant, stood Dutch Michael behind him; terrified, he let fall the money which he had taken up.

Fat Ezekiel did not see the apparition, but demanded that gambling Peter should hand him ten florins to bet with.

Half in a dream, the latter put his hand into his pocket, but there was no money there; he searched the other pocket, but neither could any be found there; he turned his coat inside out, but not one red copper fell out; and now first did he bethink himself of his wish, always to have as much money as fat Ezekiel.

All had vanished like smoke.

Both the landlord and Ezekiel looked at him in amazement, as he sought everywhere and could not find his money; they would not believe that he had none; but, at length, when they themselves had searched his pockets, they grew angry and swore that gambling Peter was a wicked enchanter and had wished away both his own money, and that which he had won, to his own home.

Peter defended himself stoutly; but appearances were against him.

Ezekiel said he would tell the horrible story to every one in the Black Forest, and the landlord told him that he would go into the town with early morning and make a complaint of Peter as an enchanter; and he added, they should live to see him burnt.

They then fell upon Peter, tore his jacket off him, and flung him out at the door.

Not a star was visible in the sky as Peter slunk home in melancholy mood; and yet he could perceive that a dark figure was striding close to him, who at length spoke thus: "All is over with you, Peter Munk, all your grandeur is at an end, and I could have warned you of this before, when you would not listen to me, but ran away to the stupid glass-man.

Now you see what happens when people despise my counsel.

But try your fortune once more with me; I am concerned at your fate; none ever repented who had recourse to me; and if you are not afraid of the path, I shall be all day to-morrow in the pine-grove ready to talk to you if you call me."

Peter knew well who it was that spoke thus to him, and he was seized with horror; he made no reply but ran quickly home.

When Peter went to his glass-house on Monday morning there were no workmen there; but there were instead people whom one does not like to see; namely, the bailiff and three officers of the law.

The bailiff wished Peter a good morning, inquired how he had slept, and then drew out a long paper in which Peter's creditors were enumerated.

"Can you pay, or can you not?" asked the bailiff with a stern look; "make your answer short, for I have not much time to wait, and it is three good hours' walk to the fort."

Peter, grown desperate, confessed that he had no longer anything, and left it to the bailiff to value his house, yard, factory and stables, carriage and horses; and whilst the bailiff and law-officers were going round examining and valuing everything, he thought, "it is not far to the pine-grove; as the little man has not helped me I will for once make trial of the great man."

He ran to the pine-grove with as much speed as though the officers of justice were on his track.

As he passed the spot on which he had first spoken to the glass-man it seemed to him as though an invisible hand would have detained him; but he shook himself free and ran on further to the boundary which he had marked so well before.

Almost breathless, he had scarcely called, "Dutch Michael!

Dutch Michael!" before the giant raftsman stood before him, staff in hand.

"Are you come!" he said with a smile.

"Have they tried to flay you and to sell you to your creditors?"

Well! be calm! all your misfortunes spring, as I have said, from the glass-man, from this strait-laced over-pious little fellow.

If a fellow give anything he should give heartily, and not like this niggard.

But come!" he continued, turning towards the forest, "follow me to my house and there we will see whether we cannot strike a bargain!"

"Strike a bargain!" thought Peter, "what can he desire of me, what can I sell to him?"

Am I to render him some service or what would he have?"

They went at first up a steep wood-path, and then suddenly stood by a dark, deep, ravine; Dutch Michael sprang down the rock as though it were a marble staircase; but Peter became paralysed with dread; for as soon as the former had reached the bottom of the ravine, he made himself as tall as a church-tower and stretched out an arm like a weaver's beam, and from it a hand as large as the inn-table, and exclaimed in a voice which resounded like a funeral bell; "Stand on my hand and hold yourself steady by my fingers, and you will not fall."

Peter, trembling, did as he was ordered; took his stand on the hand and held on by the fingers of the giant.

Down he went deep and far; and yet, to Peter's astonishment, it did not grow darker; on the contrary, the daylight appeared to become brighter in the ravine, and his eyes could hardly bear it.

As Peter descended, Dutch Michael made himself small again; and he now stood, in his original stature, in front of a house of similar excellence with those inhabited by the richer peasants of the Black Forest.

The room into which Peter was conducted differed in no way from that belonging to ordinary mortals, except that it seemed very lonely.

The wooden-cased clock against the wall, the immense stove of Dutch tiles, the broad benches, the furniture were all the same here as elsewhere.

Michael offered him a seat at the table, went out, and soon returned bringing a flask of wine and some glasses.

He filled these and then they began to talk.

Dutch Michael discoursed so much of the enjoyments of the world, of foreign countries, of beautiful towns and rivers that Peter conceiving a great longing to see all these, told the Dutchman so plainly.

"If you had the courage and strength of body to undertake some enterprise, still a few pulsations of your silly heart would make you tremble; and then the mortifications caused by feelings of honour, by misfortune, why should a sensible fellow care for such as these?"

Were you annoyed when you were lately called a deceiver and a wicked fellow?"

Did it vex you when the bailiff came to turn you out of your house?"

What, tell me, what part of you was it that felt uncomfortable?"

"My heart," said Peter as he pressed his hand on his throbbing breast, for it seemed to him as though his heart were moving to and fro in anguish.

"You have," said Dutch Michael, "do not take it ill that I say so, you have thrown away many hundred florins on miserable beggars and other unworthy peopler of what use has this been to you?"

They have wished you blessings and good health in return, but have you been really any more healthy on that account?

For one half of the money you have squandered you could have kept a physician.

Blessing, yes, a pretty blessing, when one is seized for debt and thrust out of one's house!

And what was it that impelled you to feel in your pocket whenever a beggarman took off his ragged hat?

Your heart, I repeat it, your heart; neither your eyes nor your tongue, nor your arms, nor your legs, but your heart."

"But how can one become so used to this as not to feel it?"

I have taken great pains to repress feeling and yet my heart will still beat and make me uneasy."

"It is true," replied the other laughing, "that you, poor fellow, can do nothing to prevent this, but give me your now scarce throbbing heart, and you shall see how comfortable you will then feel."

"You! my heart!" cried Peter with horror, "I should have to die on the spot.

No, never!"

"Yes, if one of your surgeons wished to take your heart out of your body you would indeed die; but with me it is quite a different thing.

Come here and convince yourself."

With these words he stood up, opened the door of a room and led Peter inside.

His heart contracted convulsively as he crossed the threshold, but he did not notice it, for the spectacle presented to him was both strange and astounding.

On several wooden shelves were ranged glasses filled with transparent fluid and in each of these glasses lay a heart, there were also labels on the glasses with names written on them which Peter read eagerly.

There was the heart of the bailiff in T.; the heart of fat Ezekiel; the heart of the Dance-room king; the heart of the chief forester; there were six hearts of corn-dealers, eight of recruiting officers, three of brokers; in short, this was a collection of the hearts of people held in high esteem within a district of twenty hours' journey.

"See," said Dutch Michael, "all these have cast aside the cares and anxieties of life; none of these hearts beat any more with pain or uneasiness, and their estimable owners are very comfortable in having banished the unquiet guest from their houses."

"But what do they carry about within them instead?" asked Peter, who felt almost ready to faint at what he saw.

"This," replied the other, and he extended to him from a bag a heart of stone.

"What," replied Peter, unable to repress the shudder which passed through him, "a heart of marble?"

But hark you, Herr Dutch Michael, this must feel very cold lying within one's breast."

"Well, very pleasantly cool; and why should a heart be warm?"

In winter its beat is of no use to you; a good cherry cordial would be of more good than a warm heart; and in summer, when all is so hot and parching, you would not believe how cooling such a heart is; whilst, as I have said, it never throbs with anguish or fear, with foolish pity or any other uncomfortable emotion."

"And is this all that you are able to give me?" asked Peter discontentedly, "I hoped for money and you would give me a stone."

"Well, I think that with a hundred thousand florins you will have enough for the present; if you manage it skilfully you will soon be a millionaire."

"A hundred thousand," cried the poor charcoal-burner joyfully, "but do not thrust so violently at my heart; we shall soon come to terms with each other; well, Michael, give me the stone and the money and you may take this pendulum out of its case."

"I always thought you were a sensible fellow," said the Dutchman with a friendly smile, "Come let us have another glass of wine and then I will count out the money to you."

They then sat down together over the wine in the other room and drank again and again till Peter fell into a deep sleep.

Charcoal-Peter Munk awoke at the joyous sound of a post-horn; and behold, he was sitting in a handsome carriage, driving along a broad road; and, as he leant out of the carriage, he saw the Black Forest lying behind him in the blue distance.

At first he could scarcely believe it was himself who was seated in the carriage, for even his clothes were no longer the same as those he had worn on the previous day.

However he remembered everything so clearly that at last he gave up meditating, and cried, "Charcoal-Peter Munk am I, that is certain, and none other!"

He was astonished at himself that he did not feel at all melancholy now that he was for the first time quitting the quiet home and the forest where he had lived so long; not even when he thought of his mother, who was sitting helpless, and in misery, did a tear rise to his eye nor could he give one sigh; all appeared to him matters of such indifference.

"Ah! truly," he then said, "tears and sighs, home-sickness, and melancholy, all come from the heart and, thanks to Dutch Michael, mine is cold and of stone."

He laid his hand on his breast; all was still there; not a throb.

"If he keep his word as well with the hundred thousand florins as he has done about my heart, I shall be delighted," he said, and he began to examine his carriage.

He found clothes of every kind that he could desire, but no money; at last, he came upon a pouch and discovered several thousand thalers in gold, and bills on various houses in different large towns.

"Now I have all I wish for," he thought, and he seated himself comfortably in a corner of the carriage and drove out into the wide world.

He travelled for two years; gazed out of his carriage right and left at all the houses he passed; when he stopped he merely looked at the sign of his inn, then went out into the town and caused all

the objects most worthy of note to be shown to him; but nothing gave him any pleasure, no pictures, no houses, no music, no dancing; his heart had no share in anything and his eyes and ears were dulled for all that was beautiful.

No pleasures now remained to him but those of eating, drinking and sleeping, and thus while he was travelling about the world he lived without any object, eating for amusement and sleeping from ennui.

Now and then, it is true, he recollected how he had been more happy, more gay when he was still poor and obliged to work for his bread.

Then all the beautiful views in the valley, then music and singing had given him the greatest delight; then he had been for hours long pleased with the simple fare that his mother was used to bring him at the kiln.

When he thought thus of the past, it seemed very strange to him that now he could never smile when formerly he used to laugh at the slightest joke; now when others laughed he would move his lips out of courtesy, but his heart never laughed with them.

He felt that he was indifferent about everything, but contented he was not.

It was not home-sickness nor melancholy, but a blank, wearisome, joyless life which at length brought him home.

When he drove from Strasburg and perceived the dark forests of his home, when for the first time he beheld again the powerful forms, the true, friendly faces of the Black Foresters, when his ear caught the sounds of home, full, deep but cheering, he put his hand quickly to his heart, for his blood flowed faster and he fancied that he must needs both weep and rejoice at the same time; but — how could he be so foolish? had he not a heart of stone, and stone is inanimate and can neither weep nor laugh.

He went first to Dutch Michael who received him with his old friendliness of manner.

"Michael," he said, "I have now travelled and seen everything, but all is uninteresting, and I am weary of all.

It is true that this thing of stone which I carry in my heart is a great protection to me, for I am never angry and never sad, but then neither do I ever feel any pleasure and it seems to me as though I were only half alive.

Could you not make this stone heart capable of some little emotion, or, which I would prefer, give me back my old heart?

I had become used to that in the course of five-and-twenty years, and if sometimes it were a little troublesome, yet it was a gay and a merry heart."

The wood-spirit laughed grimly and bitterly, "when, you are dead, Peter Munk," he answered, "you shall no longer be without it; then you shall have your soft, sensitive heart again, and then you will feel whatever arises, be it joy or grief; but in this world it can never be yours any more.

Well, Peter, you have indeed travelled; but in the manner in which you lived travelling could not be of any use to you.

Settle yourself now somewhere in the forest, build a house, marry, increase your fortune; you only need employment; you were wearied because you were idle, and now you would lay all the blame on this innocent heart."

Peter perceived that Michael was right as to the punishment of idleness and he devoted himself to making himself richer and richer.

Michael presented him with another hundred thousand florins, and parted with him as his true friend.

The report very soon spread in the Black Forest that charcoal-Peter Munk, or gambling Peter had returned again and much richer even than before.

Now all went on as formerly; when he was a beggar he was flung out of the door, but now when, on one Sunday afternoon, he made his appearance, every one shook him by the hand, praised his horse, asked him about his journey; and when he sat down again to play for hard cash with fat Ezekiel, he stood as high as ever in public estimation.

He did not now carry on the business of glass-making, but ostensibly traded in timber.

His principal trade really was in corn and money.

Half the people in the Black Forest became in debt to him by degrees; he lent money at ten per cent or sold corn at three times its value to the poor who could not pay.

He was now firm friends with the bailiff, and if any one could not pay Herr Peter Munk to the day, the bailiff would ride out with his officials, value the house and goods, sell them instantly and turn father, mother and children into the forest.

At first, this caused rich Peter some annoyance; for the poor people who were ruined besieged his door in numbers, the men entreated for forbearance, the women endeavoured to soften his stony heart, and the children moaned for a piece of bread; but when he had provided himself with a couple of good mastiffs this "cats-music," as he called it, quickly ceased; for he whistled and hounded on his dogs, and the poor people fled with cries.

But his greatest encumbrance was the "Old Woman"; who, however, was none other than Frau Munkin, Peter's mother; she had fallen into poverty and misery when his house and premises had been sold; and her son, when he returned rich, had no longer paid any attention to her; old, weak, and infirm, she now sometimes came to a tree in front of the house; further she never ventured, for once he had sent her away; it was a grief to her to be obliged to live on the benevolence of other people because her own son had condemned her to a neglected old age.

But his cold heart was never touched by the sight of the pale, familiar features, by the imploring glances, by the withered out-stretched hand, by the tottering form; and when, on Saturday evening, she would knock at the door he would sulkily pull out a small coin, fold it in a piece of paper, and send it out by a servant; he then heard her trembling voice, as she spoke her thanks and wished that he might prosper in the world; he heard her glide coughing from the door, but he thought no more about her except that he had spent the money to no purpose.

At length, Peter resolved upon marrying; he knew that any father in the whole Black Forest would willingly give him his daughter; but he was difficult to please; for he wished that, in this matter, every one should praise his good fortune and good sense.

He, therefore, rode throughout the whole forest, and looked now here, now there; but none of the fair maidens of the Black Forest seemed to him to be lovely enough.

At length, after he had sought in vain in every dancing-room for the fairest of her sex, he heard one day that the most beautiful and most virtuous girl in the whole forest was the daughter of a poor wood-cutter.

She was living quietly and in seclusion, taking care of her father's house with skill and industry; and she never allowed herself to be seen at dances, not even at fair-time or Whitsuntide.

When Peter heard of this marvel of the forest, he resolved to pay his addresses to her and rode to her hut which had been pointed out to him.

The father of the lovely Elisabeth received the grand gentleman with astonishment, and was still more amazed when he heard that was the wealthy Herr Peter who wished to become his son-in-law.

He did not take long to consider, for he thought that all his poverty and anxiety would now come to an end; he agreed without even asking Elisabeth, and the good child was so docile that she became Frau Peter Munkin without making any opposition.

But the poor girl did not fare so well as she had dreamed.

She thought she understood her household duties thoroughly, yet she could not give satisfaction to Herr Peter.

She was compassionate to the poor; and as her husband was rich, she thought that it could be no sin to give a penny to a poor beggar woman, or something to drink to an old man; but when Herr Peter saw her do this one day, he said in a rough voice, and with angry looks; "Why are you wasting my property on beggars and tramps?"

What did you bring with you into the house that you should be giving away?

The beggar's staff of your father would scarce suffice to warm up one supper, and you throw money about as if you were a princess.

If I catch you doing this again you shall feel the weight of my arm."

The lovely Elisabeth wept in her own room over the harsh disposition of her husband, and she often wished that she were at home in her father's poor hut rather than living with the wealthy, but stingy and hard hearted Peter.

Oh! if she had known that he had a heart of marble, and that he was not able to love her nor any one, truly she would not have been surprised.

But now whenever she was sitting at the door and a beggar man passed and took off his hat and began his moan, she would shut her eyes tightly that she might not see his misery, and clench her hand firmly lest she should involuntarily put it into her pocket and bring out a copper coin.

Thus it came to pass that the beautiful Elisabeth was decried throughout the whole forest, and that she was said to be even more stingy than Peter Munk.

One day Frau Elisabeth was sitting in front of her house, spinning and humming a song; for she felt gay because the weather was fine and because Herr Peter had ridden out into the fields.

It happened that a little old man was passing that way, carrying a large, heavy sack, and already in the distance she could

hear him panting.

Frau Elisabeth looked at him with compassion, and thought that so old and so small a man ought not to be thus heavily laden.

Meanwhile the little man approached, staggering and out of breath; and when just opposite to Frau Elisabeth, he almost fell beneath the weight of the sack.

"Oh! have pity on me, lady, and give me just one drink of water," said the little man, "I cannot go any further and am fainting away!"

"But at your age you ought not to carry such heavy burdens," said Frau Elisabeth.

"That would be true if I were not by reason of my poverty obliged to go on errands to gain my livelihood," replied he; "ah! so rich a lady as you, does not know how poverty presses, nor how grateful is something cool to drink, in such a heat."

When she heard this, she hastened into the house, took a pitcher from the shelf and filled it with water; but when she came back, and was within a few steps of the little man, and saw how he was sitting on the sack, in such sorrow and misery, she felt deep compassion for him; and remembering that her husband was not in the house, she put the pitcher of water on one side, took a cup and filled it with wine, placed a large piece of rye bread on it and brought them to the old man.

"Here, a draught of wine will do you more good than water at your great age," said she; "but do not drink it too quickly and eat the bread with it."

The little man looked at her in astonishment till large tears stood in his eyes; he drank it, and then said, "I am old, but I have seen very few people who are so full of pity and who know how to bestow their gifts so generously and so heartily as you, Frau Elisabeth; you will prosper for this even on earth, such a heart does not remain unrewarded."

"No! and she shall receive her reward on the spot," cried an awful voice; she looked round, and there was Herr Peter with a face red as fire; "and you pour out my best wine for beggars and my own cup you put to the lips of tramps; yes, take your reward."

Frau Elisabeth started to her feet and implored forgiveness, but the heart of stone knew no pity; he swung round the whip that he held in his hand and struck her so heavily with the ebony handle on her beautiful forehead that she sank lifeless into the arms of the old man.

When Peter saw this he seemed to repent of the deed on the spot; he stooped down to see whether some life did not remain in her, but the little man said in a well-known voice; "Do not trouble yourself, charcoal-Peter, she was the fairest and loveliest flower in the Black Forest, but you have crushed her and she will never bloom again."

The blood left Peter's cheeks and he said, "Then it is you, Herr Treasure-keeper; well, what is done is done and it was destined to be so.

But I hope you will not denounce me to justice as a murderer."

"Miserable wretch," replied the little glass-man, "how would it benefit me to bring your mortal body to the gallows? it is not earthly judgment that you have to fear, but another and far more severe, since you have sold your soul to the Evil one."

"And if I did sell my heart," cried Peter, "no one is to blame for it but you, and your deceitful gifts; you treacherous spirit! you led me on to destruction, you drove me to seek help from another and on you lies the whole responsibility."

But he had scarcely uttered these words when the little glass-man began to grow and increase in his proportions, becoming tall and large; his eyes grew as big as a plate and his mouth like a heated oven from which flames burst forth.

Peter threw himself on his knees and his stony heart did not protect him from trembling like an aspen in every limb.

The wood-spirit seized him by the neck with claws like those of a vulture, whirled him round as the wind does a dead leaf and threw him to the ground till his ribs cracked again.

"Worm of earth!" he cried in a voice which rolled like thunder, "I could annihilate you if I would, for you have sinned against the lord of the forest; but for the sake of this dead lady who gave me food, and drink I will grant you eight days respite.

If you do not then return into the right path I will come again and grind your bones to powder and you shall go hence in your sins."

It was evening when some men who were passing discovered rich Peter Munk lying on the ground.

They turned him over and tried to see whether any life were left in him, but for a long time their efforts to restore him were in vain.

At length one of them went into the house, brought out some water and sprinkled him with it.

Peter then drew a long breath, groaned and opened his eyes; he looked about him for some time and then asked for Frau Elisabeth, but no one had seen her.

He thanked the men for their help, went quietly into the house and looked all around, but Frau Elisabeth was neither in the cellar nor upstairs, and that which he had deemed a fearful dream proved a bitter reality.

Now that he was so completely alone, strange thoughts came into his mind; he was afraid of nothing, for his heart was still so cold; but when he thought of the death of his wife, thoughts of his own death followed, and how he must pass into another world heavily laden, laden with the tears of the poor, with the thousand curses which had been unable to soften his heart, with the woes of the miserable creatures upon whom he had hounded his dogs; laden with the silent despair of his mother, with the blood of fair, good Elisabeth; and, even in this world, what satisfaction would he be able to give to the old man, her father, when he should come and ask, "Where is my daughter, thy wife?"

How would he bear the questions of that Other to Whom all forests, seas, mountains, and the life of man belong?

He was tormented even at night in his dreams, and at every moment he was awoke by a sweet voice which cried to him, "Peter, get a warm heart for yourself," then when he woke he would quickly close his eyes again, for the voice seemed to be that of Frau Elisabeth who was giving him this admonition.

On the following day he went to the inn to distract his thoughts and there he met fat Ezekiel.

He seated himself beside him; they talked of this thing and that; of the fine weather, of the taxes, of the war, and at last of

death, and how here and there one and another had died so suddenly.

Peter then asked the fat man what he thought of death and of what came after it?

Ezekiel replied that the body was buried, but that the soul either went up to heaven or down to hell.

"Then is the heart buried also?" inquired Peter anxiously.

"Yes, certainly; that is also buried."

"But suppose one has not one's heart?" continued Peter.

At these words Ezekiel looked at him with horror, "What do you mean by that?

Are you jesting with me?

Do you mean to say that I have no heart?"

"Oh, heart enough; as firm as a stone," replied Peter.

Ezekiel stared at him with wonder, looked round to see whether any one was within hearing and then said, "How do you know that?

But perhaps your own has left off throbbing?"

"It throbs no more; at least not here in my own breast," answered Peter Munk, "but tell me, since you know now what I mean, what will happen to our hearts?"

"Why should this concern you, friend?" said Ezekiel smiling, "You have plenty to live on in this world and that is enough.

This is exactly one thing that is so convenient with our cold hearts, that no feeling of fear troubles us at thoughts of death."

"Very true; but still one thinks; and although I do not now know what fear is, I remember well how much I dreaded hell when I was a little innocent boy."

"Well, nothing good will come to us," said Ezekiel; "I once asked a schoolmaster about it and he told me that after death, men's hearts were weighed to see how heavy they had become through sin.

The light hearts rose, the heavy sank and I fancy our stones will be a good weight."

"Certainly so," said Peter, "and I often feel uncomfortable that my heart should be so unconcerned and indifferent when I think of such things."

Thus they conversed; but on the next night, Peter five or six times heard the familiar voice whisper in his ear, "Peter, get a warm heart for yourself."

He felt no penitence for having killed his wife, but when he said to the servants that she had gone on a journey, he always thought, "And whither may she have travelled?"

Six days passed thus, and at night he always heard this voice and always thought of the forest-spirit and of his fearful threat; but on the seventh morning he sprang up from his bed and exclaimed, "Now then I will see whether I can procure a warmer heart; for the senseless stone in my breast makes life wearisome and desolate."

He put on his best clothes, hastily mounted his horse and rode to the pine-grove.

In the pine-grove, at the spot where the trees grew thickly he dismounted, made his horse fast, and went with rapid steps to the summit of the hill; and as he stood before the large pine-tree he began his incantation:

"Hearken, thou for ages past

Master of the forest vast!
Thou, whose treasured gold is laid
Deep beneath the pine's green shade
Thou, whose elfin form is shown
To the Sunday-born alone!"

The little glass-man came out; not with a kind and friendly aspect as before, but grave and sorrowful.

He wore a little coat of black glass, and a long crape streamer fluttered from his hat.

Peter well knew for whom he mourned.

"What would you of me, Peter Munk?" he asked in a hollow voice.

"I have still one wish left, Herr Treasure-keeper," answered Peter with down-cast eyes.

"Can hearts of stone wish then?" said the other; "You have everything that you can need for your evil disposition and I shall not readily grant your wish."

"But you promised me three wishes and I have still one left."

"I can deny it if it is foolish," replied the forest-spirit; "however I will hear what you would say."

"Then take the dead stone from me and give me my living heart," said Peter.

"Was it I who made the bargain with you?" said the little glass-man, "Am I Dutch Michael who has tons of wealth and cold hearts?"

Go, you must search for your heart with him."

"Alas, he will never give it back," answered Peter.

"Bad as you are you make me sorry for you," said the little man after a moment's reflection, "Since your wish is not a foolish one I cannot at least refuse my help.

Listen then; you can never obtain your heart by force, only by stratagem; that may perhaps not be difficult, for Michael is still but stupid Michael, although he is so wise in his own eyes.

Go then straight to him and do as I tell you."

He now instructed Peter in all that he should do, and gave him a little cross of pure glass.

"He cannot deprive you of life, and he will let you go free if you hold this to him and pray to it; then, if you receive what you desire, come back to me at this spot."

Peter Munk took the little cross, imprinted all the words on his memory and proceeded to Dutch Michael's dwelling.

He called him by name three times, and immediately the giant stood before him.

"So you have killed your wife," the giant exclaimed with a hideous laugh, "and it was well done; for she would have given all your fortune to the beggars; however, you must go out of the country for a time; for when it is found out there will be a noise made about it.

I suppose you need money, and are come to seek it?"

"You have guessed rightly," answered Peter, "and a great deal this time, for it is a long way to America."

Michael went first and conducted Peter into his house.

There he opened a chest in which was a store of money and took out whole rouleaus of gold.

Whilst he was counting them out on the table, Peter said, "You are a rogue, Michael, for you have deceived me; I wished to have a

stone instead of my heart and that you should have my heart."

"And is it not so?" asked Michael in astonishment; "can you feel your heart?"

Is it not as cold as ice?"

Have you any sensation of fear, or grief, or of repentance?"

"You have only made my heart stand still; it is within my breast the same as formerly, and so is that of Ezekiel who told me you had deceived us; you are not the man who could tear the heart out of one's breast without danger and without our knowing it; to do that you would be obliged to use enchantment."

"But I assure you," cried Michael sullenly, "that you and Ezekiel and all rich people who deal with me have these cold hearts, and I have their real hearts here in my room."

"Ah, how glibly falsehood comes from your tongue!" smiled Peter, "you would impose upon any one.

Do you think that in my travels I have not met with similar artifices by the dozen?"

The hearts here in your room are all imitations in wax; you are a wealthy fellow, I admit, but an enchanter you are not."

The giant grew furious and burst open the door of the room.

"Come in, and read the labels; there, that is Peter Munk's heart; do you see how it throbs, could one make that of wax?"

"And yet it is of wax," answered Peter, "a real heart does not beat like that, and I have mine still within my breast; no, you cannot use enchantment."

"But I will prove it to you," cried the other angrily, "you shall feel for yourself that this is your heart."

He took it, tore open Peter's jacket, took the stone out of his breast and showed it to him.

Then he took the heart, breathed on it, and put it carefully in its proper place.

Peter immediately felt how it throbbed and how he was able again to rejoice thereat.

"How do you feel now?" asked Michael smiling.

"Assuredly you are quite right," answered Peter, taking his little cross carefully out of his pocket, "I could not have believed that such a thing could have been done."

"Was it not true? and true that I can use enchantment? but come, now I will put the stone back for you."

"Softly, Herr Michael!" cried Peter, retreating a step and holding the little cross towards him; "Mice can be caught with bacon, and this time you are the person deceived," and immediately he began to pray in the first words that he remembered.

Michael now became gradually smaller and smaller, fell down and wriggled about like a worm, sighing and groaning whilst all the hearts that were around them beat and throbbed till the sound was like that in a watchmaker's shop.

Peter was afraid and began to feel very uncomfortable; he ran out of the room and out of the house; and, urged forward by alarm, he climbed up the wall of rock, for he heard how Michael had risen and how he was stamping and sending imprecations after him.

When he reached the top he ran towards the pine-grove; a fearful storm now arose; the lightning played around him right and left, rending the trees; but he arrived safely within the

territory of the little glass-man.

His heart throbbed with joy; joy that it was able to throb.

He now looked back with as much horror on his past life as on the storm which had desolated the beautiful forest behind him.

He thought of Frau Elisabeth, his good and beautiful wife whom he had killed from avarice; he appeared to himself to be an outcast among men; and when he reached the hill belonging to the little glass-man, he was weeping violently.

The treasure-keeper was seated under the pine-tree smoking his little pipe, but he looked more cheerful than before.

"Why are you weeping, charcoal-Peter?" he asked, "Have you not recovered your heart? is that cold stone still within your breast?"

"Alas, sir!" sighed Peter, "when I bore within me that cold heart of stone I never wept; my eyes were as dry as the country is in July; but now my old heart is almost broken on account of what I have done.

I have hurried my debtors into misery; I have set my dogs at the poor and — but you yourself know how my whip fell on that beautiful forehead."

"Peter, you have been a great sinner," said the little man, "money and idleness were your ruin, so that your heart became turned to stone and no longer knew either joy or suffering, penitence or pity.

But repentance atones for much; and if I were sure that your past life were really a source of grief to you, I might be able to do something for you."

"I wish for nothing more," said Peter drooping his head mournfully, "all is over with me now, life has no joys left for me; what should I do all alone in the world? my mother can never forgive me for my conduct to her, and perhaps I have brought her to the grave; monster that I am! and Elisabeth, my wife — rather kill me, Herr Treasure-keeper, and put an end to my miserable existence at once."

"Well," replied the little man, "if you wish for nothing else you can have that, for I have my axe at hand."

He then quietly took his little pipe out of his mouth, put it out, and replaced it in his pocket.

He rose slowly and went behind the pine-tree.

Peter sat weeping on the grass; his life was no longer of any value to him, and he patiently awaited his death stroke.

In a few minutes he heard gentle steps behind him and thought, "now he is coming."

"Look up once more, Peter Munk," cried the little man.

Peter dashed the tears from his eyes, looked round and saw — his mother and Elisabeth, his wife, who were gazing at him tenderly.

He sprang up joyfully, "Then you are not dead, Elisabeth? and you also are here, mother, and have you forgiven me?"

"They will forgive you," said the little glass-man, "because you feel true repentance, and all shall be forgotten.

Now go home to your father's hut and be a charcoal-burner as formerly.

If you are a true and honest man, you will be an honour to your trade, and your neighbours will love and respect you more than if you had ten tons of gold."

With these words the little glass-man took leave of them.

The three praised and blessed him, and then went home.

The magnificent house of the wealthy Peter was no longer standing; the lightning had struck it and burnt all his treasures; but his paternal hut was not far distant.

They turned their steps thither, and the great loss Peter had sustained did not distress them.

But how astonished they were when they reached the hut!

It had become a beautiful farm-house and everything in it was simple but neat and good.

"The kind little glass-man has done this," cried Peter.

"How beautiful!" said Frau Elisabeth, "and all here looks to me so much more comfortable than in the large house with our numerous servants."

From this time forth Peter Munk became an industrious, true-hearted man.

He was contented with that which he had, and followed his business cheerfully; and thus it happened that prospering by his own exertions, he became beloved and respected throughout the whole forest.

He no more quarrelled with Frau Elisabeth, he honoured his mother and relieved the poor who knocked at his door.

When after a year and a day Frau Elisabeth presented him with a handsome boy, Peter went to the pine-grove and repeated his incantation.

But the little glass-man did not show himself.

"Herr Treasure-keeper," cried Peter aloud, "pray, listen to me; I wish for nothing but to ask you to be Godfather to my little son."

Still there was no answer, only a breath of wind sighed through the pines making some cones to fall down on the grass.

"Then since you will not allow yourself to be seen, I will take these with me as a remembrance," cried Peter, and he put the cones into his pocket and went home.

But when he reached home and took off his Sunday jacket, and his mother turned the pockets inside out before putting it by in the chest, four grand rolls of money fell out and when they opened them, they were all good new thalers, not one bad coin among them.

And this was a Godfather's present from the man of the pine-forest to little Peter.

Thus they lived on quietly and happily; and often in after years when Peter Munk had become grey, he would say, "It is better to be content with a little than to have gold and wealth and a 'COLD HEART.'"

THE COLD HEART

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Whoever travels through Suabia should not neglect to take a peep into the Black Forest; not on account of the trees, although one does not find every-where such a countless number of magnificent pines, but because of the inhabitants, between whom and their outlying neighbors there exists a marked difference.

They are taller than ordinary people, broad-shouldered and strong-limbed.

It seems as though the balmy fragrance exhaled by the pines had given them a freer respiration, a clearer eye, and a more resolute if somewhat ruder spirit than that possessed by the inhabitants of the valleys and plains.

And not only in their bearing and size do they differ from other people, but in their customs and pursuits as well.

In that part of the Black Forest included within the Grand Duchy of Baden, are to be seen the most strikingly dressed inhabitants of the whole forest.

The men let nature have her own way with their beards; while their black jackets, close-fitting knee breeches, red stockings, and peaked hats bound with a broad sheaf, give them a picturesque, yet serious and commanding appearance.

Here the people generally are occupied in the manufacture of glass; they also make watches and sell them to half the world.

On the other side of the forest formerly dwelt a branch of this same race; but their employment had given them other customs and manners.

They felled and trimmed their pine trees, rafted the logs down the Nagold into the Neckar, and from the Upper-Neckar to the Rhine, and thence far down into Holland, and even at the sea coast these raftsmen of the Black Forest were known.

They stopped on their way down the rivers at each city that lined the banks, and proudly awaited purchasers for their logs and boards, but kept their largest and longest logs to dispose of for a larger sum, to the Mynheers for shipbuilding purposes.

These raftsmen were accustomed to a rough, wandering life. Their joy was experienced in floating down the streams on their rafts; their sorrow in the long walk back on the banks.

Thus from the nature of their occupation they required a costume entirely different from that worn by the glass-makers on the other side of the Black Forest.

They wore jackets of dark linen, over which green suspenders of a hand-breadth's width crossed over their broad breasts; black leather knee breeches, from the pockets of which projected brass foot-rules like badges of honor; but their joy and pride lay in their boots, the largest perhaps that ever came into vogue in any part of the world, as they could be drawn up two spans of the hand above the knee, so that the raftsmen could wade around in a yard of water without wetting their feet.

Up to quite a recent period, the inhabitants of this forest believed in spirits of the wood.

But it is somewhat singular that the spirits who, as the legend ran, dwelt in the Black Forest, took sides in these prevailing fashions.

Thus, it was averred that the Little Glass-Man, a good little spirit, only three-and-a-half feet high, never appeared otherwise than in a peaked hat with a wide brim, as well as a jacket and knee breeches and red stockings; whereas, Dutch - Michel, who haunted the other part of the forest, was a giant-sized broad-shouldered fellow in the dress of a raftsman, and several people who had seen him, asserted that they would not care to pay for the hides that would be used to make him a pair of boots.

"And so tall," said they, "that an ordinary man would not

reach to his neck."

With these spirits of the forest, a young man of this region is reported to have had a strange experience, which I will relate:

There lived in the Black Forest a widow by the name of Frau Barbara Munkin; her husband had been a charcoal-burner, and after his death she brought up her son to the same business.

Young Peter Munk, a cunning fellow of sixteen, was much pleased to sit all the week round on his smoking piles of wood, just as he had seen his father do; or, all black and sooty as he was, and a scarecrow to the people, he would go down to the towns to sell his charcoal.

But a charcoal-burner has plenty of time to think about himself and others; and when Peter Munk sat on his half-burned piles of wood, the dark trees about him and the deep stillness of the forest disposed him to tears and filled his heart with nameless longings.

Something troubled him, and he could not well make out what it was.

Finally he discovered what it was that had so put him out of sorts; it was his occupation.

"A lonely black charcoal-burner," reflected he.

"It is a miserable life. How respectable are the glassmakers, the watchmakers, and even the musicians of a Sunday evening! And when Peter Munk, cleanly-washed and brushed, appears dressed in his father's best jacket with silver buttons and with brand-new red stockings, and when one walks behind me and thinks, 'Who is that stylish-looking fellow?' and inwardly praises my stockings and my stately walk — when he passes by me and turns around to look, he is sure to say to himself: 'Oh, it's only Charcoal Pete!'"

The raftsmen on the other side of the forest also aroused his envy.

When these giants came over among the glass-makers, dressed in their elegant clothes, wearing at least fifty pounds of silver in buttons, buckles, and chains, when they looked on at a dance, with legs spread wide apart, swore in Dutch, and smoked pipes from Cologne three feet long in the stem, just like any distinguished Mynheer — then was Peter convinced that such a raftsman was the very picture of a lucky man.

And when these fortunate beings put their hands into their pockets and drew out whole handfuls of thalers and shook for half a-dozen at a throw — five guldens here, ten there — then he would nearly lose his senses, and would steal home to his hut in a very melancholy mood.

On many holiday nights he had seen one or another of these timber merchants lose more at play than his poor father had ever been able to earn in a year.

Distinguished above all others were three of these men, and Peter was uncertain which one of them was most wonderful.

One was a large heavy man, with a red face, who passed for the richest man of them all.

He was called Stout Ezekiel.

He went down to Amsterdam twice a year with timber, and always had the good fortune to sell it at so much higher a price than others could sell theirs, that he could afford to ride back home in good style, while the others had to return on foot.

The second man of the trio was the lankest and leanest person in the whole forest, and was called Slim Schlurker.

Peter envied him for his audacity; he contradicted the most respectable people, occupied more room when the inn was crowded than four of the stoutest, either by spreading his elbows out on the table, or by stretching his legs out on the bench, and yet no one dared to interfere with him, for he had an enormous amount of money.

But the third was a handsome young man, who was the best dancer far and wide, and had, therefore, received the title of King of the Ball.

He had been a poor boy, and had been a servant to one of the lumber dealers, when he suddenly became very rich.

Some said that he had found a pot of gold under an old pine tree, others asserted that he had fished up a packet of gold pieces near Bingen on the Rhine, with the pole with which the raftsmen sometimes speared for fish; and that the packet was part of the great Nibelungen treasure that lies buried there.

In short, he had suddenly become a rich man, and was looked upon by young and old with the respect due a prince.

Charcoal Pete often thought of these three men, as he sat so lonely in the forest of pines.

It is true that all three had a common failing that made them hated by the people; this was their inhuman avarice — their utter lack of sympathy for the poor and unfortunate; for the inhabitants of the Black Forest are a kind-hearted people.

But you know how it goes in the world; if they were hated on account of their avarice, they yet commanded deference by virtue of their money; for who but they could throw away thalers as if one had only to shake them down from the pines?

"I won't stand this much longer," said Peter, dejectedly, to himself one day; for the day before had been a holiday, and all the people had been down to the inn.

"If I don't make a strike pretty soon, I shall make away with myself. Oh, if I were only as rich and respectable as the Stout Ezekiel, or so bold and mighty as the Slim Schlurker, or as famous and as well able to throw thalers to the fiddlers as the King of the Ball! Where can the fellow get his money?"

He thought over all the ways by which one could make money, but none of them suited him.

Finally there occurred to him the traditions of people who had become rich through the aid of Dutch Michel and the Little Glass-Man.

During his father's life-time, other poor people often came to visit them, and Peter had heard them talk by the hour of rich people and of the way their riches were acquired.

The name of the Little Glass-Man was often mentioned in these conversations, as one who had helped these rich men to their wealth; and Peter could almost remember the verse that had to be spoken at the Tannenbuehl in the centre of the forest in order to summon him.

It ran thus:

"Schatzhauser im grünen Tannenwald,
Bist schon viel hundert Jahre alt,
Dir gehört all' Land, wo Tannen stehn —"
But strain his memory as he would, he could not recall

another line.

He often debated within himself whether he should not ask this or that old man what the rest of the rhyme was, but was held back by a certain dread of betraying his thoughts — and then, too, the tradition of the Glass-Man could not be very widely known, and the rhyme must be known to but very few, for there were not many rich people in the forest; and, strangest of all, why had not his father and the other poor people tried their luck? He finally led his mother into speaking about the Little Glass-Man; but she only told him what he knew before, and knew only the first line of the rhyme, although she did add afterwards that the spirit only showed himself to people who were born on a Sunday between eleven and two o'clock.

In that respect, she told him, he would fill the requirements, if he could only remember the verse; as he was born on a Sunday noon.

When Charcoal Pete heard this, he was almost beside himself with joy at the thought of undertaking this adventure.

It appeared to him sufficient that he knew a part of the verse, and that he was born on a Sunday; so he thought that the Glass-Man would appear to him.

Therefore, after he had sold his charcoal one day, he did not kindle any more fires, but put on his father's best jacket, his new red stockings and his Sunday hat, grasped his black-thorn cane, and bade good-bye to his mother, saying:

"I must go to town on business; we shall soon have to draw lots again to see who shall serve in the army, and I will once more call the justice's attention to the fact that I am the only son of a widow."

His mother commended his resolution, and he started off for Tannenbuehl.

The Tannenbuehl lies on the highest point of the Black Forest; and within a radius of a two-hours' walk, not a village nor even a hut was to be found, for the superstitious people held the Tannenbuehl to be an unsafe place.

And tall and splendid as were the trees in this region, they were now but seldom disturbed by the woodman's ax; for often when the wood-choppers had ventured in there to work, the axes had flown from the helms and cut them in the foot, or the trees had fallen unexpectedly before they could get out of the way, and had killed and injured many.

Then, too, these magnificent trees could only be sold for firewood, as the raftsmen would never take a single log from this locality into their rafts, for the tradition was current among them that both men and rafts would come to grief if they were to do so.

Therefore, it was that the trees of the Tannenbuehl had been left to grow so thick and tall that it was almost as dark as night there on the clearest day; and Peter Muck began to feel rather timid there, for he heard not a voice, not a step save his own, not even the ring of an ax, while even the birds appeared to shun these dark shadows.

Charcoal Pete at last reached the highest point of the Tannenbuehl, and stood before a pine of enormous girth, for which a ship-builder in Holland would have given many hundred guildens, delivered at his yard.

"Here," thought he, "the Little Glass-Man would be most likely

to live."

So he took off his Sunday hat, made a low bow before the tree, cleared his throat, and said in a trembling voice:

"I wish you a very good afternoon, Mr. Glass-Man."

But there was no answer, and every thing about was as still as before.

"Perhaps I have to speak the verse first," thought he, and mumbled:

"Schatzhauser im grünen Tannenwald,
Bist schon viel hundert Jahre alt,
Dir gehört all' Land, wo Tannen stehn —"

As he spoke these words, he saw, to his great terror, a very small, strange figure peep out from behind the great tree.

To Peter it seemed to be the Little Glass-Man, just as he had heard him described: a black jacket, red stockings, a peaked hat with a broad brim, and a pale but fine and intelligent little face.

But alas, as quickly as the Little Glass-Man had looked around the tree, so quickly had he disappeared again.

"Mr. Glass-Man," cried Peter Munk after a long pause, "be so kind as not to make a fool of me. Mr. Glass-Man, if you think I didn't see you, you are very much mistaken. I saw you very plainly when you looked around the tree."

Still no answer; but occasionally Peter believed he heard a low, amused chuckle behind the tree.

Finally his impatience conquered the fear that had held him back.

"Wait, you little fellow," cried he; "I will soon catch you."

With one leap he sprang behind the tree, but there was no "Schatzhauser im grünen Tannenwald," and only a small squirrel ran up the tree.

Peter Munk shook his head; he saw that he had the method of conjuration all right up to a certain point, and that perhaps only another line was needed to induce the Little Glass-Man to appear.

He thought over this and that, but found nothing to the purpose.

The squirrel was to be seen on the lower branches of the tree, and acted as if it were either trying to cheer him up or was making sport of him.

It smoothed down its fur, waved its fine bushy tail, and looked at him with intelligent eyes.

But at last he was afraid to remain here alone with this little creature; for now the squirrel would appear to have a human head and a three-peaked hat, and then again it would be just like other squirrels, with the exception of red stockings and black shoes on its hinder legs.

In short, it was a merry creature; but nevertheless Charcoal Pete stood in dread of it, believing that there was some magic in all this.

Peter left the spot at a much faster pace than he had approached it.

The shadows of the pine wood seemed to deepen, the trees to be taller, and such terror took possession of him that he broke into a run, and experienced a sense of security only when he heard dogs barking in the distance, and saw between the trees the smoke rising from a hut.

But when he came nearer, and perceived the dress worn by

the people in the hut, he found that in his alarm he had taken the wrong direction, and instead of arriving among the glass-makers, he had come to the raftsmen.

The people who dwelt in the hut were wood-choppers; an old man, his son, who was the owner of the house, and some grandchildren.

They gave Charcoal Pete a hospitable reception, without asking for his name and residence; brought him cider to drink, and for supper a large blackcock, the most tempting dish in the Black Forest, was set on the table.

After supper the housewife and her daughters gathered, with their distaffs, around the light which the children fed with the finest resin; the grandfather, the guest, and the master of the house smoked and looked at the busy fingers of the women, while the boys were occupied in cutting out wooden forks and spoons.

Out in the forest a storm was raging; one heard every now and then heavy peals of thunder, and often it sounded as though entire trees had been snapped off and crushed together.

The fearless children wanted to go out into the forest to view this wild and beautiful scene; but their grandfather restrained them by a sharp word and look.

"I would not advise any one to go outside the door," exclaimed he; "he would never come back again, for Dutch Michel is cutting a fresh link of logs to-night."

The children all stared at him.

They might have heard the name of Dutch Michel mentioned before, but now they begged their grandfather that he would tell them all about him.

And Peter Munk, who had heard Dutch Michel spoken of on the other side of the forest only in a vague way, joined in the children's request, and asked the old man who Dutch Michel was and where he was to be seen.

"He is the master of this forest; and, judging from such an inquiry from a man of your age, you must live on the other side of the Tannenbuehl, or even farther away, not to have heard of him.

I will tell you what I know about Dutch Michel, and the stories that are circulated regarding him:

About a hundred years ago — at least so my ancestors said — there was not a more honorable race of people on the face of the earth than the inhabitants of the Black Forest.

But now, since so much money has come into the country, the people are dishonest and wicked;

the young fellows dance and sing on Sunday, and swear most terribly.

But at the time of which I speak there was a very different state of things; and even though Dutch Michel is looking in at the window now, I say, just as I have often said before, that he is to blame for all this woful change.

There lived a hundred years or more ago, a rich timber merchant, who employed a large number of men.

He traded far down the Rhine, and his business prospered, as he was a God-fearing man.

One evening a man came to his door, the like of whom he had never seen before.

His clothing did not differ from that of the Black Forest workingmen, but he was a good head taller than any of them, and

it had not been believed that such a giant existed any where.

He asked for work, and the timber merchant, seeing that he was strong and so well adapted to carrying heavy loads, made a bargain with him.

Michel was a workman such as this man had never had before.

As a wood-chopper he was the equal of any other three men; and he would carry one end of a tree which required six men to carry the other end.

But after cutting trees for six months, he went to his employer and said:

'I have cut wood here long enough now, and should like to see where my tree-trunks go to; so how would it do if you were to let me go down on the rafts?'

The timber merchant replied:

'I will not stand in the way of your seeing a little of the world, Michel. To be sure, I need strong men to fell the trees, while on the raft more cleverness is required; but it shall be as you wish for this time.'

The raft on which he was to go, consisted of eight sections, the last of which was made up of the largest timbers.

But what do you think happened?

On the evening before they started, the tall Michel brought eight more logs to the water, thicker and longer than any that had ever been seen before, and each one he had carried as lightly on his shoulder as if it were simply a raft pole, so that all were amazed.

Where he had cut them remains a mystery to-day.

The heart of the timber merchant rejoiced as he saw them, and began to reckon up what they might be worth; but Michel said:

'There, those are for me to travel on. I shouldn't get very far on those other chips.'

His master, by way of thanks, presented him with a pair of high boots; but Michel threw them aside, and produced a pair that my grandfather assured me weighed a hundred pounds and stood five feet high.

The raft was started off, and if Michel had astonished the wood-choppers before, it was now the turn of the raftsmen to be surprised; for instead of the float going more slowly down the stream, as had been expected on account of these enormous logs, as soon as they touched the Neckar they flew down the river with the speed of an arrow.

If they came to a curve in the Neckar, that had usually given the raftsmen much trouble to keep the raft in the middle of the stream and prevent it from grounding on the gravel or sand, Michel would spring into the water and push the raft to the right or the left, so that it passed by without accident.

But if they came to a stand-still, he would run forward to the first section, have all the other men throw down their poles, stick his own enormous beam into the gravel, and with a single push the float flew down the river at such a rate that the land and trees and villages seemed to be running away from them.

Thus in half the time usually consumed, they reached Cologne on the Rhine, where they had been accustomed to sell their float.

But here Michel spoke up once more:

'You seem to be merchants who understand your own interests. Do you then think that the people of Cologne use all this timber that comes from the Black Forest? No, they buy it of you at half its cost, and sell it to Holland merchants at an immense advance. Let us sell the smaller logs here, and take the larger ones down to Holland; what we receive above the usual price will be our own gain.'

Thus spake the crafty Michel, and the others were content to do as he advised — some because they had a desire to see Holland, and others on account of the money they would pocket.

Only one of the men was honest, and tried to dissuade his companions from exposing their master's property to further risks, or to cheat him out of the higher price they might receive; but they would not listen to him, and forgot his words.

Dutch Michel, however, did not forget them.

They continued on down the Rhine, and Michel conducted the raft and soon brought it to Rotterdam.

There they were offered four times the former price, and the enormous logs that Michel had brought sold for a large sum.

When these raftsmen found themselves the possessors of so much money, they could hardly contain themselves for joy.

Michel made the division, one part for the timber merchant and the three others among the men.

And now they frequented the taverns with sailors and other low associates, gambled and threw away their money; but the brave man who had advised against their going to Holland was sold to a slave-dealer by Dutch Michel, and was never again heard of.

From that time forth Holland was the paradise of the raftsmen of the Black Forest, and Dutch Michel was their king.

The timber merchants did not learn of the swindle practiced on them for some time; and money, oaths, bad manners, drunkenness and gambling were gradually imported from Holland unnoticed.

When the story of these doings came out, Dutch Michel was nowhere to be found.

But he is not by any means dead.

For a hundred years he has carried on his ghostly deeds in the forest, and it is said that he has been the means of enriching many; but at the cost of their souls.

How that may be, I will not say; but this much is certain: that on these stormy nights he picks out the finest trees in the Tannenbuehl, where none dare to chop, and my father once saw him break off a tree four feet thick as easily as if it had been a reed.

He makes a present of these trees to those who will turn from the right and follow him; then at midnight they bring down these logs to the river, and he goes with his followers down to Holland.

But if I were the King of Holland, I would have him blown to pieces with grape-shot; for every ship that has in it any of Dutch Michel's timber, even if it be only a single stick, must go to the bottom.

This is the cause of all the shipwrecks we hear of; for how else could a fine strong ship, as large as a church, be destroyed on the water?

And whenever Dutch Michel fells a pine in the Black Forest on a stormy night, one of his timbers springs from a ship's side, the

water rushes in, and the ship is lost with all her crew.

Such is the legend of Dutch Michel; and it is sure that all that is bad in the Black Forest may be ascribed to him.

But oh, he can make one rich!" added the old man mysteriously; "yet I wouldn't have any thing to do with him — I would not for any money stand in the shoes of the Stout Ezekiel or in those of the Slim Schlurker; and the King of the Ball is reported to belong to him also."

During the recital of the old man's story, the storm had ceased.

The girls now timidly lighted their lamps and went off to bed; while the man gave Peter a bag of leaves for a pillow on the settee, and wished him goodnight.

Never before did Charcoal Pete have such dreams as on this night.

Now the sullen giant, Dutch Michel, would raise the window and hold out before him with his enormously long arm a purse full of gold pieces, which he chinked together; then he would see the good-natured Little Glass-Man riding about the room on a monstrous green bottle, and he could hear his merry laugh just as it sounded in the Tannenbuehl; then again there was hummed into his left ear:

"In Holland there is gold;
You can have it if you will
For very little pay;
Gold, Gold!"

then in his right ear he heard the song of the "Schatzhauser im grünen Tannenwald," and a soft voice whispered:

"Stupid Charcoal Pete! stupid Peter Munk can't think of any thing to rhyme with 'stehen', and yet was born on Sunday at twelve o'clock. Rhyme, stupid Peter, rhyme!"

He sighed and groaned in his sleep.

He tried his best to think of a rhyme for that word; but as he had never made a rhyme in his life, all his efforts in his dream were fruitless.

But on awaking with the early dawn, his dream recurred to his mind.

He sat himself down behind the table with folded arms, and thought over the whispers he could still hear.

"Rhyme, stupid Charcoal Pete, rhyme," said he to himself, meanwhile tapping his forehead with his finger; but the rhyme would not come forth at his bidding.

While he was sitting thus, looking sadly before him with his mind intent on a rhyme for 'stehen' three fellows passed by the house, one of whom was singing:

"Am Berge tat ich stehen
Und schaute in das Tal,
Da hab'ich sie gesehen
Zum allerletztenmal."

That struck Peter's ear instantly, and springing up he rushed hastily out of the house, ran after the three men, and seized the singer roughly by the arm.

"Stop, friend," cried he, "what was your rhyme for 'stehen'? Be so kind as to recite what you sang."

"What's the trouble with you, young fellow?" retorted the singer.

"I can sing what I please, so let go of my arm, or —"

"No, you must tell me what you sang!" shouted Peter, taking a firmer grip on his arm.

The two others did not hesitate long on seeing this but fell upon Peter with their hard fists and gave him such a beating that he was forced to let go his hold on the first man and sank exhausted to his knees.

"You have got your share now," said they laughing, "and mind you, stupid fellow, never to jump upon people again on the highway."

"Oh, I will surely take care!" replied Charcoal Pete sighing; "but now that I have had the blows, be so good as to tell me plainly what it was that man sang."

They began to laugh again, and made sport of him; but the one who had sung the song repeated it to him, and laughing and singing they continued on their way.

"Also 'gesehen'," said the beaten one, as he raised himself up with some difficulty; "'gesehen' rhymes with 'stehen'. Now then, Little Glass-Man, we will speak a word together."

He went back to the hut, took his hat and stick, and bade farewell to the inmates of the hut, and started on his way back to the Tannenbuehl.

He walked on slowly and thoughtfully, for he had a line to make up; finally as he came into the neighborhood of the Tannenbuehl, and the pines grew taller and thicker, he had completed the verse, and in his joy made a leap into the air.

Just then appeared a man of giant size, who held in his hand a pole as long as a ship's mast.

Peter's courage failed him as he saw this giant walking along very slowly near him; for, thought he, that is none other than Dutch Michel.

But the giant remained silent, and Peter occasionally took a half-frightened look at him.

He was fully a head taller than the largest man Peter had ever seen; his face was neither young nor old, and yet full of lines; he wore a linen jacket, and the enormous boots drawn over the leather breeches, Peter recognized from the legend he had heard the night before.

"Peter Munk, what are you doing in the Tannenbuehl?" inquired the King of the Wood, in a deep threatening voice.

"Good morning, neighbor," replied Peter, with an effort to hide his uneasiness:

"I was going back home through the Tannenbuehl."

"Peter Munk," returned the giant, darting a piercing look at him,

"your way does not lie through this grove."

"Well, no, not directly," said Peter; "but it is warm to-day, and I thought it would be cooler up here."

"Don't tell a lie. Charcoal Pete!" cried Dutch Michel, in a voice of thunder,

"or I will beat you to the ground with my pole. Do you think I didn't hear you pleading with the Little Glass-Man?" continued he more gently.

"Come, come, that was a foolish thing to do, and it is fortunate that you did not know that verse; he is a niggard, the little churl, and doesn't give much, and those to whom he does give don't

enjoy life very much. Peter, you are a poor simpleton, and it grieves me to the soul to see such a lively, handsome fellow, who might do something in the world, burning charcoal. While others are throwing about great thalers or ducats, you can hardly raise a sixpence: 't is a miserable life."

"That's all true, and you are right; it is a miserable life."

"Well, I shouldn't mind giving you a lift," continued the terrible Michel.

"I have already helped many a brave fellow out of his misery, so you would not be the first. Speak up, now; how many hundred thalers do you want to start with?"

With these words, he shook the gold pieces in his immense pocket, and they jingled as Peter had heard them last night in his dream.

His heart beat wildly and painfully; he was warm and cold by turns, and Dutch Michel did not look as if he was in the habit of giving away money in compassion without receiving something in return.

The mysterious words of the old man in the hut recurred to his mind, and driven by unaccountable anxiety and terror, he cried: "Best thanks, master; but I won't have any dealings with you, for I know you too well," and ran off at the top of his speed.

But Dutch Michel strode after him muttering in a hollow, threatening voice: "You will regret it, Peter; it is written on your forehead and can be read in your eye, you will not escape me. Don't run so fast; listen to just one word of reason. There is my boundary line now."

But when Peter heard this, and saw not far ahead of him a small trench, he increased his speed in order to get beyond the line, so that Michel, too, had to run much faster and followed him with curses and threats.

The young man made a desperate leap over the trench, as he saw Dutch Michel raise his pole to destroy him.

He landed safely on the other side, and saw the pole shattered in the air as though it had struck an invisible wall, and a long splinter fell at Peter's feet.

He picked it up triumphantly with the intention of hurling it back at Michel; but at that moment he felt it moving in his hand, and discovered, to his horror, that it was an enormous snake, which with darting tongue and glistening eyes reared its head to strike at him.

He let go his hold, but the reptile had coiled itself tightly about his arm, and its fangs were already close to his face, when of a sudden a blackcock swooped down, seized the snake's head in its bill and flew up into the air with its prey, while Dutch Michel, who had seen all this from the boundary line, howled and stormed as the snake was carried off by its more powerful enemy.

Trembling and staggering, Peter continued on his way.

The path became steeper, the region wilder, and soon he found himself at the base of the large pine tree.

He made his obeisance as yesterday to the invisible Little Glass-Man, and then recited his verse:

"Schatzhauser im grünen Tannenwald,
Bist schon viel hundert Jahre alt,
Dein ist all' Land, wo Tannen stehn,
Lässt dich nur Sonntagskindern sehn."

"You haven't quite hit it, but seeing it's you, Charcoal Pete, we'll let it pass," said a low soft voice near him.

He looked around him in surprise, and beneath a splendid pine sat a little old man, dressed in a black jacket and red stockings, with a large hat on his head.

He had a delicate, pleasing face, and a beard as fine as a spider's web.

He smoked from a pipe of blue glass; and on approaching nearer, Peter saw, to his astonishment, that the clothing, shoes, and hat of the little man were all made of colored glass, but it was as flexible as though still hot, for it bent like cloth with every movement of the little man.

"You have met that churl, Dutch Michel?" said the little man, coughing peculiarly after every word.

"He meant to scare you badly; but I have taken away his magic pole and he will never recover it again."

"Yes, Mr. Schatzhauser," replied Peter, with a low bow.

"I was in a pretty bad fix. Then you must have been the blackcock who killed the snake! My best thanks for your kindness. But I have come here to counsel with you. Things are in a bad way with me; a charcoal burner doesn't get ahead any, and as I am still young I thought that perhaps something better might be made out of me. When I look at others, I see how they have progressed in a short time — the stout Ezekiel for instance, and the King of the Ball; they have money like hay."

"Peter," said the little man, gravely blowing the smoke from his pipe to a great distance, "do not talk to me in that way. How much would you be benefitted by being apparently happy for a few years, only to be still more unhappy afterwards? You must not despise your calling; your father and grandfather were honorable people, and followed the same pursuit. Peter Munk! I will not think that it is laziness that brings you to me."

Peter shrank back before the earnestness of the little man, and reddened.

"Idleness, Herr Schatzhauser im Tannenwald, is, I well know, the beginning of all burdens; but you should not think poorly of me for desiring to better my condition. A charcoal burner is of very little account in the world, while the glass-makers and raftsmen and watchmakers are all respectable."

"Pride often comes before a fall," replied the master of the pine wood, in a more friendly manner.

"You mortals are a strange race. Seldom is one of you contented with the lot to which he was born and brought up. And what would be the result of your becoming a glass-maker? You would then want to be a timber merchant; and if you were a timber merchant, the life of the ranger or the magistrate's dwelling would seem more attractive still. But it shall be as you wish, provided you promise to work hard. I am accustomed to grant every Sunday child who knows how to find me three wishes; the first two are free, the third I can set aside if it is a foolish one. So announce your wishes, Peter, but let them be something good and useful."

"Hurrah! You are an excellent Little Glass-Man, and you are rightly called Schatzhauser, for with you the treasures are always at home. Well, if I am at liberty to wish for what my heart longs, my first wish shall be that I could dance better than the King of the

Ball, and that I had as much money in my pocket as the Stout Ezekiel."

"You fool!" exclaimed the little man scornfully.

"What a pitiful wish is that, to dance well and have money to gamble with!

Are you not ashamed, stupid Peter, to fool away your chance in such a fashion?

Of what use will your dancing be to you and your poor mother?

Of what use will money be to you, when, as can be seen from your wish, it is destined for the tavern, and like that of the miserable King of the Ball, will remain there?

Then you would have nothing for the rest of the week, and will suffer want as before.

I will give you another wish free; but look to it that you choose more intelligently?"

Peter scratched his head, and said, after some hesitation:

"Well, I wish for the most beautiful and costly glass-works in the whole Black Forest, together with suitable belongings for it, and money to keep it going."

"Nothing else?" inquired the little man in an apprehensive manner; "nothing else, Peter?"

"Well, you might add a horse and carriage to all this."

"Oh, you stupid Charcoal Pete!" cried the little man, and threw his glass pipe in a fit of anger at a large pine tree, so that it broke into a hundred pieces.

"Horses? Wagons? Intellect, I tell you, intellect, a sound human understanding and foresight, you should have wished for, and not horses and wagons. Well, don't look so sad; we will see that you don't come to much harm by it, for your second wish was not such a bad one. Glass-works will support both man and master; and if you had wished for foresight and understanding with it, wagons and horses would have followed as a matter of course."

"But, Herr Schatzhauser," returned Peter, "I have one more wish left, and if you think that intellect is such a desirable thing, why, I might wish for it now."

"Not so. You will get into many difficulties when you will rejoice that you still have one wish left. And so you had better now start on your way home. Here," said the little man, drawing a purse from his pocket, "are two thousand guildens, and it should be enough, so don't come back to me begging for more money, or I should have to hang you up to the highest pine tree. Three days ago old Winkfritz, who had the glass-works in the valley, died. Go there to-morrow early, and make a suitable bid for the business. Conduct yourself well, be diligent, and I will visit you occasionally and assist you with word and deed, as you did not wish for understanding. But — and I say this to you in all seriousness — your first wish was a bad one. Take care, Peter, how you run to the tavern; no one ever received any good thereby."

While thus speaking, the little man had produced a second pipe of alabaster glass, filled it with crushed pine cones, and lighted it by holding a large burning-glass in the sun.

When he had done this, he shook Peter's hand in a friendly manner, accompanied him a short distance on his way, giving him some valuable advice, meanwhile blowing out thicker and thicker

volumes of smoke, and finally disappearing in a cloud of smoke, that, as if from genuine Dutch tobacco, curled slowly about the tops of the pine trees.

When Peter arrived at home, he found his mother in a state of great alarm about him, for the good woman could believe nothing else but that her son had been drawn as a soldier.

He, however, was in a very happy mood, and told her how he had met a good friend in the forest, who had advanced him money to undertake a better business than that of charcoal burning.

Although his mother had lived in this hut for thirty years, and was as much accustomed to the sight of sooty faces as every miller's wife is to the flour on her husband's face, yet she was vain enough when Peter held out the prospect of a more brilliant life, to despise her early condition, and said:

"Yes, as mother of a man who owns the glassworks, I am somewhat better than neighbor Grete and Bete, and for the future I shall take a front seat in the church among respectable people."

Peter soon concluded a bargain with the heirs for the glass-works.

He retained the workmen whom he found there, and made glass by day and night.

In the beginning he was much pleased with the business. He was accustomed to walk proudly about the works, with his hands in his pockets, looking into this and that, advising here and there, over which his workmen laughed not a little; but his great delight was to see the glass blown, and he often attempted this work himself, forming the most singular shapes out of the molten mass.

But before long he tired of the business, and spent only an hour a day at the works; then only an hour in two days, and finally he went only once a week, so that his workmen did what they pleased.

All this resulted from his visits to the tavern.

The Sunday after he had met the little man in the wood, he went to the tavern, and found the King of the Ball already leading the dance, while the Stout Ezekiel was sitting down to his glass and shaking dice for crown-thalers.

Peter put his hand in his pocket to see if the Little Glass-Man had kept faith with him, and behold, his pockets were bulged out with silver and gold.

His legs, too, began to twitch and move as though they were about to dance and leap; and when the first dance was over, he placed himself with his partner opposite, near the King of the Ball, and if this man sprang three feet high, Peter would fly up four, and if the other accomplished wonderfully intricate steps, Peter would throw out his legs in such a marvelous style that all present were beside themselves with delight and amazement.

But as soon as it was known that Peter had bought a glass-factory, and as the dancers saw him tossing sixpences to the musicians every time he passed them in the dance, their astonishment knew no bounds.

Some thought he must have found treasure in the forest; others, that he had inherited an estate; but all deferred to him and looked upon him as a great man, simply because he had money.

On the same evening he lost twenty guildens at play; and still the coins chinked in his pocket as though there were still a hundred guildens there.

When Peter saw how important a person he had become, he could not contain himself for joy and pride.

He threw his money right and left, and divided it generously among the poor, remembering how sorely poverty pressed on him.

The skill of the King of the Ball was brought to shame by the supernatural art of the new dancer, and Peter was dubbed Emperor of the Ball.

The most adventurous gamblers of a Sunday did not risk as much as he; but neither did they lose as much.

And yet the more he lost the more he won.

This happened through the agency of the Little Glass-Man.

He had wished always to have as much money in his pocket as the Stout Ezekiel had in his; and the latter was the very man to whom Peter lost his money.

And when he lost twenty or thirty guildens at a throw, he had just as many more when Ezekiel pocketed them.

By degrees, however, he got deeper into gambling and drinking than the worst toppers in the Black Forest, so that he was oftener called Gambler Pete than Emperor of the Ball, for he played now nearly every work-day as well.

Hence it was that his business was soon ruined, and Peter's lack of understanding was to blame for it.

He had as much glass made as the works could possibly produce; but he had not bought with the business the secret of how to dispose of the glass. He did not know what in the world to do with his stock, and finally sold it to peddlers at half the cost price, in order to pay the men's wages.

One evening he was returning home as usual from the tavern, and in spite of the wine he had drunk in order to make himself merry, he reflected with terror and anguish on the ruin of his glass-works business, when suddenly he felt conscious that some one was walking at his side.

He turned around and, behold, it was the Little Glass-Man.

At once Peter fell into a passion, and protested with high and boastful words that the little man was to blame for his misfortunes.

"What do I want now with a horse and wagon?" cried he "Of what use is the glass-foundry and all my glass? Even when I was a poor charcoal burner, I was far happier, and had no cares. Now I do not know how soon the magistrate will come and seize my property for debt!"

"Indeed?" replied the Little Glass-Man, "indeed? I should bear the blame for your misfortunes? Is this your gratitude for what I have done for you? Who advised you to wish so foolishly? You were bound to be a glass-manufacturer, and yet did not know where to sell your wares. Didn't I caution you to wish wisely? Judgment, Peter, and wisdom, you were lacking in."

"What do you mean by judgment and wisdom?" demanded Peter.

"I am as wise a man as any body, Little Glass-Man, and will prove it to you."

With these words he seized the Little Glass-Man violently by the neck, shouting:

"Now I have you, Schatzhauser im grünen Tannenwald! and now I will make my third wish, which you must grant me. I want

right here on the spot two hundred thousand thalers, and a house and — oh dear!" shrieked he, as he wrung his hands, for the Little Glass-Man had transformed himself into a glowing glass that burned his hand like flaming fire.

And nothing more was to be seen of the little man.

For many days Peter's blistered hand reminded him of his folly and ingratitude; but when his hand healed his conscience became deadened, and he said:

"Even if my glass-works and every thing I have should be sold, I still have the Stout Ezekiel to fall back on. As long as he has money of a Sunday I shall not want for it."

True, Peter! But if he should have none?

And this very thing happened one day.

For one Sunday Peter came down to the tavern, and the people stretched their necks out of the window, one saying, "There comes Gambler Pete!" and another, "Yes, the Emperor of the Ball, the rich glass-manufacturer!" while a third one shook his head, saying, "Every-where his debts are spoken of, and in the town it is said that the magistrate will not be put off much longer from seizing his glass-works."

The rich Peter greeted the guests at the window politely as he stepped out of his wagon, and called out:

"Good evening, landlord! has the Stout Ezekiel come yet?"

And a deep voice replied:

"Come right in, Peter. We have already set down to the cards, and have kept a place for you."

So Peter entered the public room, put his hand into his pocket and found that the Stout Ezekiel must be pretty well provided with money, for his own pocket was crammed full.

He sat down at the table with the others, and played and won, losing now and then; and so they played until evening came on, and all the honest folk went home, and then they continued to play by candle-light, until two other players said:

"Come, we've had enough, and must go home to our wife and children."

But Gambler Pete challenged the Stout Ezekiel to remain.

For some time Ezekiel would not consent to do so, but finally he said:

"Very well, I will just count my money and then we throw for five gulden stakes, for less than that would be child's play."

He took out his purse and counted out one hundred guildens, so Gambler Pete knew how much money he had without troubling himself to count.

But although Ezekiel had won all the afternoon, he now began to lose throw after throw, and swore fearfully over his losses.

If he threw threes, Peter would immediately throw fives.

At last he flung down his last five guildens on the table, and said:

"Once more, and even if I lose these I won't quit, for you must lend me from your winnings Peter; one honest fellow should help another!"

"As much as you like, even if it was a hundred guildens," said the Emperor of the Ball, pleased with his gains; and the Stout Ezekiel shook the dice and threw fifteen.

"Three fives!" cried he, "now we will see!"

But Pete threw eighteen, and a hoarse well-known voice

behind him said:

"There, that was the last!"

He turned about, and behind him stood the giant form of Dutch Michel.

Horrified, he let the money he had just grasped fall from his hand.

Ezekiel, however, did not see Michel, but requested a loan of ten guldens from Gambler Pete.

Quite dazed, Peter put his hand in his pocket, but found no money there.

He searched his other pocket but found none there; he turned his pockets inside out, but not a farthing rolled out.

Now for the first time he remembered that his first wish had been to always have as much money in his pocket as the Stout Ezekiel had.

It had all disappeared like smoke.

The landlord and Ezekiel looked on in surprise while he was searching for his money; they would not believe him when he declared that he had no more money, but finally, when they felt in his pockets themselves, they got very angry and denounced him as a base sorcerer who had wished all his winnings and his own money at home.

Peter defended himself as well as he could, but appearances were against him.

Ezekiel declared that he would tell this terrible tale to every body in the Black Forest, and the landlord promised Ezekiel that he would go to town early in the morning and enter a complaint against Peter Munk as a sorcerer, and he would live to see Peter burned, he added.

Thereupon they fell upon Peter, tore off his jacket, and pitched him out of doors.

Not a star was to be seen in the sky as Peter stole sadly back towards his home; yet in spite of the darkness he could perceive a form that walked near him, and finally heard it say:

"It's all up with you, Peter Munk! All your magnificence is at an end; and I could have told you how it would turn out when you would not listen to me but ran over to the Little Glass-Man. Now you can see what comes of despising my advice. But try me once; I have pity on your hard fate. Not one who has come to me has regretted it; and if you are not afraid of the road, you can speak to me any time to-morrow in the Tannenbuehl."

Peter knew well who it was that spoke to him, and he shuddered.

He made no reply, but walked on to his house.

When Peter went to his glass-works on Monday morning, he found not only his workmen there, but also other people who do not make very pleasant visitors — the sheriff and three bailiffs.

The sheriff bade Peter good morning, asked how he had slept, and then took out a long register, on which were inscribed the names of Peter's creditors.

"Can you pay or not?" demanded the sheriff in a severe tone.

"And be quick about the matter too, for I have not much time to spare, and the prison is a three hours ride from here."

Peter, in great despondency, confessed that he was unable to pay the claims, and left it to the sheriff to appraise his house, glass-works, stable, and horses and carriage.

While the officials were conducting their examination, it occurred to Peter that the Tannenbuehl was not far away, and as the little man had not helped him, he would try the big man.

He ran to the Tannenbuehl as fast as though the officers had been at his heels; and it seemed to him, as he rushed by the spot where he had first spoken to the Little Glass-Man, that an invisible hand seized him — but he tore himself out of its grasp, and ran on till he came to the boundary line, which he remembered well; and hardly had he shouted:

"Dutch Michel! Dutch Michel!" when the giant raftsman, with his immense pole, stood before him.

"Have you come at last?" said the giant, laughing.

"Do they want to strip you for the benefit of your creditors? Well, be quiet; your whole trouble comes, as I told you it would, from the Little Glass-Man — the hypocrite. When one gives, one should give generously, and not like this miser. But come," continued he, turning towards the forest, "follow me to my house, and we will see whether we can make a trade."

"Make a trade?" reflected Peter.

"What can he want from me? How can I make a bargain with him? Does he want me to do him some service, or what is it he's after?"

They walked over a steep forest path, and suddenly came upon a dark and deep ravine. Dutch Michel sprang down the rocks as if they were an easy marble stair-case; but Peter came near fainting with fright, when Dutch Michel on reaching the bottom, made himself as tall as a church steeple, and stretched out an arm as long as a weaver's beam, with a hand as broad as the table in the tavern, and shouted in a voice that echoed like a deep funeral bell:

"Set down on my hand and hold fast to the fingers, and you will not fall."

Peter tremblingly obeyed him, taking a seat on the giant's hand, and holding on to his thumb.

They went down and down for a great distance, but still, to Peter's astonishment it did not grow darker; on the contrary, it seemed to be lighter in the ravine, so that for some time his eyes could not endure the light.

The farther they descended, the smaller did Dutch Michel make himself, and he now, in his former stature, stood before a house neither better nor worse than those owned by wealthy peasants in the Black Forest.

The room into which Peter was conducted did not differ from the rooms of other houses, except that an indescribable air of loneliness pervaded it.

The wooden clock, the enormous Dutch tile stove, the utensils on the shelves, were the same as those in use every-where.

Michel showed him to a seat behind the large table and then went out, returning soon with a pitcher of wine and glasses.

He poured out the wine, and they talked at random, until Dutch Michel began to tell about the pleasures of the world, of strange lands, and of beautiful cities and rivers, so that Peter at last became possessed of a strong desire to travel also, and told the giant so openly.

"However desirous you might be of undertaking anything, a couple of quick beats of your silly heart would make you tremble;

and as for injured reputation, for misfortune, why should a sensible fellow trouble himself with such matters? Did you feel the insult in your head when recently you were called a cheat and swindler? Did your stomach pain you when the sheriff came to turn you out of house and home? Tell me, where were you conscious of pain?"

"In my heart," answered Peter, laying his hand on his breast; for it seemed to him as though his heart was swinging to and fro unsteadily.

"You have — don't take it amiss — you have thrown away many hundred guildens on idle beggars and other low fellows; how did that benefit you? They blessed you, and wished you a long life; do you therefore expect to live the longer? For the half of that wasted money you could have employed physicians in your illness. Blessings? — Yes, it's a fine blessing to have your property seized and yourself put out of doors! And what was it that induced you to put your hand in your pocket whenever a beggar held out his tattered hat? — your heart, once more your heart; and neither your eyes nor your tongue, your arms nor your legs, but your heart. You took it — as the saying is — too much to heart."

"But how can one train himself so that it would not be so any more? I am exerting myself now to control my heart, and still it beats and torments me."

"Yes, no doubt you find that the case," replied the giant, with a laugh.

"You, poor fellow, can not manage it at all; but give me the little beating thing, and then you will see how much better off you will be."

"Give you my heart?" shrieked Peter in terror.

"I should certainly die on the spot! No, never!"

"Yes, if one of your learned surgeons was to perform the operation of removing the heart from your body, you would certainly die; but with me it would be quite another thing. Still, come this way, and satisfy yourself."

So saying, he got up, opened a chamber door, and took Peter inside.

The young man's heart contracted spasmodically as he stepped over the sill, but he paid no attention to it, for the sight that met his eyes was strange and surprising.

On a row of shelves stood glasses filled with a transparent fluid, and in each of these glasses was a human heart; the glasses were also labeled with names, written on paper slips, and Peter read them with great curiosity.

Here was the heart of the magistrate at F., of the Stout Ezekiel, of the King of the Ball, of the head gamekeeper; there were the hearts of six corn factors, of eight recruiting officers, of three scribes — in short, it was a collection of the most respectable hearts within a circumference of sixty miles.

"Look!" said Dutch Michel.

"All these have thrown away the cares and sorrows of life. Not one of these hearts beats anxiously any longer, and their former possessors are glad to be well rid of their troublesome guests."

"But what do they carry in the breast in place of them?" asked Peter, whose head began to swim at what he had seen.

"This," answered the giant, handing him, from a drawer, a stone heart.

"What!" exclaimed Peter, as a chill crept over him.

"A heart of marble? But look you, Dutch Michel, that must be very cold in the breast."

"Certainly; but it is an agreeable coolness. Why should a heart be warm? In winter the warmth of it is of no account; good cherry rum you would find a better protection against the cold than a warm heart, and in summer, when you are sweltering in the heat, you can not imagine how such a heart will cool you. And, as I said before, there will be no further anxiety or terror, neither any more silly pity, nor any sorrow, with such a heart in your breast."

"And is that all you are able to give me?" asked Peter discontentedly.

"I hope for money, and you offer me a stone!"

"Well, I think a hundred thousand guildens will do you to start with. If you handle that well, you can soon become a millionaire."

"One hundred thousand!" shouted the poor charcoal burner joyfully.

"There, don't beat so violently in my breast, we will soon be through with one another. All right, Michel; give me the stone and the money, and you may take the restless thing out of its cage."

"I thought you would show yourself to be a sensible fellow," said Dutch Michel smiling.

"Come, let us drink once more together, and then I will count out the money."

So they sat down to the wine again, and drank until Peter fell into a deep sleep.

He was finally awakened by the ringing notes of a bugle horn, and behold, he sat in a beautiful carriage, driving over a broad highway, and as he turned to look out of the carriage, he saw the Black Forest lying far behind him in the blue distance.

At first he could hardly realize that it was he himself who sat in the carriage; for even his clothes were not the same that he had worn yesterday.

But he remembered every thing that had occurred so clearly, that he said:

"I am Charcoal Pete, that is certain, and nobody else."

He was surprised that he felt no sensation of sorrow, now that for the first time he was leaving behind him his home and the woods where he had lived so long.

He could neither sigh nor shed a tear, as he thought of his mother whom he was leaving in want and sorrow; for all this was a matter of indifference to him now.

"Tears and sighs," thought he, "homesickness and melancholy, come from the heart, and — thanks to Dutch Michel — mine is cold and stony."

He laid his hand on his breast, and it was perfectly quiet there.

"If he has kept his word as well with the hundred thousand guildens as he has about the heart, I shall be happy," said he, and at once began a search in his carriage; he found all manner of clothes, as fine as he could wish them, but no money.

At last he came upon a pocket which contained many thousand thalers in gold, and drafts on bankers in all the large cities.

"Now it's all just as I wanted it," thought he; and settling himself comfortably in a corner of the carriage, he journeyed out into the wide world.

He traveled for two years about the world, looking out from his carriage to the right and left at the buildings he passed by; and when he entered a city he looked out only for the sign of the tavern.

After dinner he would be driven about the town, and have the sights pointed out to him.

But neither picture, house, music, dancing, nor any thing else, rejoiced him.

His heart of stone could not feel an interest in any thing, and his eyes and ears were dulled to all that was beautiful.

No pleasures remained to him but those of eating, drinking and sleeping.

Now and then, it is true, he recalled the fact, that he had been happier when he was poor and worked for his own support.

Then every beautiful view in the valley, the sound of music and song, had rejoiced him; then he had been satisfied with the simple fare that his mother had prepared and brought out to his fires.

When he thus thought of the past, it seemed very singular to him that he could not laugh at all now, while then every little jest had amused him.

When others laughed, he simply affected to do the same as a mere matter of politeness; but his heart did not join in the merriment.

He felt then that although he was destitute of emotion, yet he was far from being contented.

It was not homesickness or melancholy, but dullness, weariness, and a joyless life, that finally drove him back to his native place.

As he passed by Strasbourg and saw the dark forest in the distance, as he once more saw the strong forms and honest, faithful faces of the inhabitants of the Black Forest, as his ear caught the strong, deep, well-remembered tones of his countrymen's voices, he put his hand quickly to his heart, for his blood danced through his veins, and he thought he should both weep and rejoice; but — how could he be so foolish? — he had only a heart of stone, and stones are without feeling, and neither laugh nor weep.

His first visit was to Dutch Michel, who received him with much show of friendliness.

"Michel," said Peter, "I have travelled and have seen every thing, but experienced only weariness. Upon the whole, the stone I carry in my breast saves me from many things; I never get angry, am never sad, but at the same time I am never happy, and it seems to me as if I only half lived. Can not you make the stone heart a little more sensitive? or, give me back rather my old heart. I was accustomed to it for twenty-five years, and even if it did sometimes lead me into a foolish act, still it was a contented and happy heart."

The Spirit of the Forest laughed scornfully.

"When you are once dead, Peter Munk," replied he, "your heart shall not be missing; then you shall have back your soft, sensitive heart, and then you will have an opportunity to feel whatever comes, joy or sorrow. But in this world it can never be yours again. Still, Peter, although you have travelled, it won't do you any good to live in the way you have been doing. Settle down

somewhere here in the forest, build a house, marry, double your wealth; you were only in want of some employment. Because you were idle, you experienced weariness; and now you would charge it all to this innocent heart."

Peter saw that Michel was right, so far as idleness was concerned, and resolved to devote his energies to acquiring more and more riches.

Michel presented him with another hundred thousand guldens, and the two parted on the best of terms.

The news soon spread throughout the Black Forest that Charcoal Pete, or Gambler Pete, was back again, and richer than before.

Things went on as they had done.

When he had been reduced to beggary, he was kicked out of the tavern door; and when now, on one Sunday afternoon he drove up to the tavern, his old associates shook his hand, praised his horse, inquired about his journey; and when he began to play with the Stout Ezekiel again for silver thalers, he stood higher than ever in the esteem of the hangers-on.

Instead of the glass business, he now went into the timber trade; but this was only for sake of appearance, as his chief business was that of a corn factor and money lender.

Fully half of the inhabitants of the Black Forest gradually fell into his debt, as he only lent money at ten per cent interest, or sold corn to the poor, who could not pay cash for it, at three times what it was worth.

He stood in intimate relations with the sheriff, and if one did not pay Mr. Peter Munk on the day his note fell due, the sheriff would ride over to the debtor's place, seize his house and land, sell it without delay, and drive father, mother and child into the forest.

At first this course of action caused Peter some little trouble, for the people who had been driven out of their homes blockaded his gates, — the men pleading for time, the women attempting to soften his heart of stone, and the children crying for a piece of bread.

But when he had provided himself with a couple of savage mastiffs, this charivari, as he called it, very soon ceased.

He whistled to the dogs, and set them on the pack of beggars, who would scatter with screams in all directions.

But the most trouble was given him by an old woman, who was none other than Peter's mother.

She had been plunged into misery and want, since her house and lot had been sold, and her son, on his return, rich as he was, would not look after her wants.

Therefore she occasionally appeared at his door, weak and old, leaning on a staff.

She dared not enter the house, for he had once chased her out of the door; but it pained her to live on the charity of other people when her own son was so well able to provide for her old age.

But the cold heart was never disturbed by the sight of the pale, well-known features, by her pleading looks or by the withered, outstretched hand, or the tottering form.

And when on a Saturday she knocked at his door, he would take out a sixpence, grumbling meanwhile, roll it up in a piece of paper, and send it out to her by a servant.

He could hear her trembling voice as she returned thanks and

wished that all happiness might be his; he heard her steal away from the door coughing, but gave her no further thought, except to reproach himself with having thrown away a good sixpence.

Finally Peter began to think about getting married.

He knew that there was not a father in the whole Black Forest who would not have been glad to give him his daughter; but he meant to be particular in his choice, for he wished that in this matter, too, his luck and his judgment should be recognized.

Therefore he rode all through the forest, searching here and there, but not one of the beautiful Black Forest maidens seemed beautiful enough for him.

Finally, after he had looked through all the ball rooms in a vain search for his ideal beauty, he one day heard that the daughter of a certain woodchopper was the most beautiful and virtuous of all the Black Forest maidens.

She lived a very quiet life, kept her father's house in the neatest order, and never showed herself at a ball, not even on holidays.

When Peter heard of this Black Forest beauty, he resolved to obtain her, and rode to the hut to which he was directed.

The father of the beautiful Lisbeth received the gentleman in much surprise, but was still more astonished to hear that this was the wealthy Mr. Peter Munk, and that the gentleman wished to become his son-in-law.

Believing that now all his cares and his poverty were at an end, the old man did not hesitate very long, but consented to the match without stopping to consult his daughter's inclinations, and the good child was so dutiful that she made no objections, and soon became Mrs. Peter Munk.

But things did not go as well with the poor girl as she had dreamed.

She thought she had a perfect knowledge of how to manage a house; but she could not do any thing that seemed to please her husband.

She had sympathy with poor people, and, as her husband was so rich, she thought it would be no sin to give a farthing to a poor beggar woman or to hand an old man a cup of tea.

But when Peter saw her do this one day, he said, in a harsh voice and with angry looks:

"Why do you waste my means on idlers and vagabonds? Did you bring anything into the house, that you can throw money away like a princess? If I catch you at this again, you shall feel my hand!"

The beautiful Lisbeth wept in her chamber over the cruel disposition of her husband, and often did she feel that she would rather be back in her father's hut than to live with the rich but miserly and hard-hearted Peter.

Alas, had she known that her husband had a marble heart, and could neither love her nor any one else, she would not have wondered so much at his actions.

But whenever she sat at the door, and a beggar came up, took off his hat and began to speak, she now cast her eyes down that she might not see the poor fellow, and clasped her hands tighter lest she should involuntarily feel in her pocket for money.

So it happened that the beautiful Lisbeth came to be badly spoken of throughout the entire Forest, and it was asserted that

she was even more miserly than Peter himself.

But one day while Lisbeth was sitting before the house, spinning, and humming a song — for she felt in unusually good spirits, as the weather was fine and Peter had ridden off — a little old man came up the road, carrying a large, heavy sack.

Lisbeth had heard him panting while he was still at some distance, and she looked at him sympathetically, thinking that so old and weak a man ought not to carry so heavy a burden.

In the meantime the man had staggered and panted up, and when he was opposite Lisbeth, he almost fell down under the sack.

"Alas, take pity on me, madame, and hand me a glass of water," said the little man; "I can not go another step, and I fear I shall faint."

"But at your age you ought not to carry such a heavy load," said Lisbeth.

"Yes, if I was not forced by poverty to serve as a messenger," answered he.

"Alas, a rich lady like you does not know how poverty pinches, and how refreshing a drink of water would be on such a hot day."

On hearing this Lisbeth rushed into the house, took a pitcher from the shelf and filled it with water; but when she returned with it, and had come within a few feet of the man, she saw how miserable he appeared as he sat on the sack, and, remembering that her husband was not at home, she set the pitcher of water to one side, got a goblet and filled it with wine, laid a slice of rye bread on top of it, and brought it out to the old man.

"There; a sip of wine, at your age, will do you more good than water," said she.

"But don't drink it so hastily, and eat your bread with it."

The little man looked at her in astonishment, while tears gathered in his eyes.

He drank the wine and then said:

"I have grown old, but I have seen few people who were so merciful, and who knew how to make gifts as handsomely and heartily as you do, Frau Lisbeth. And for this your life on earth shall be a happy one; such a heart will not remain without a reward."

"No, and she shall have her reward on the spot!" shouted a terrible voice; and as they turned, there stood Peter with an angry face.

"So you were pouring out my best wine for beggars, and giving my own goblet to the lips of a vagrant? There, take your reward!"

Lisbeth threw herself at his feet and begged his forgiveness; but the heart of stone felt no pity; he turned the whip he held in his hand, and struck such a blow with the butt of it on her beautiful forehead, that she sank lifeless into the arms of the old man.

When Peter saw this, he seemed to regret it on the instant, he bent down to see if there was still life in her, but the little man said to him in a well-known voice:

"Don't trouble yourself, Charcoal Peter! It was the sweetest and loveliest flower in the Black Forest; but you have destroyed it, and it will never bloom again."

The blood left Peter's cheeks, as he said:

"It is you then, Herr Schatzhauser? Well, what is done, is done,

and must have come to pass. I hope, however, that you won't charge me with being her murderer before the magistrate."

"Wretch!" exclaimed the Little Glass-Man, "how would it console me to bring your mortal frame to the gallows? It is not earthly judges whom you have to fear, but other and severer ones, for you have sold your soul to the evil one."

"And if I have sold my heart," shrieked Peter, "you and your miserable treasures are to blame for it! You, malicious spirit, have led me to perdition, driven me to seek help of another, and you are answerable for it all."

But hardly had Peter said this, when the Little Glass-Man swelled and grew, and became both tall and broad, while his eyes were as large as soup plates, and his mouth was like a heated oven from which flames darted forth.

Peter threw himself on his knees, and his marble heart did not prevent his limbs from trembling like an aspen tree.

The Spirit of the Forest seized him by the neck with the talons of a hawk, and whirled him about as a whirlwind sweeps up the dead leaves, and then threw him to the ground with such force that all his ribs cracked.

"Earth-worm!" cried he, in a voice like a roll of thunder, "I could dash you to pieces if I chose, for you have insulted the Master of the Forest. But for this dead woman's sake, who has given me food and drink, you shall have an eight days' reprieve. If you don't mend your ways by that time, I will come and grind your limbs to powder, and you shall die in all your sins!"

Night had come on, when some men who were passing saw the rich Peter Munk lying on the ground.

They turned him over, and searched for signs of life; but for some time their efforts to restore him were in vain.

Finally one of them went into the house and brought out some water, with which they sprinkled his face.

Thereupon Peter drew a long breath, groaned, and opened his eyes, looked about him, and inquired after Lisbeth; but none of them had seen her.

He thanked the men for the assistance they had rendered him, slipped into his house and searched every-where; but Lisbeth was nowhere to be found, and what he had taken for a horrible dream was the bitter truth.

While he was sitting there quite alone, some strange thoughts came into his mind; he was not afraid of anything, for his heart was cold; but when he thought of his wife's death, the thought of his own death came to him and he reflected how heavily he should be weighted on leaving the world — burdened with the tears of the poor, with thousands of their curses, with the agony of the poor wretches on whom he had set his dogs, with the silent despair of his mother, with the blood of the good and beautiful Lisbeth; and if he could not give an account to the old man, her father, if he should come and ask, "Where is my daughter?" how should he respond to the question of Another, to whom all forests, all seas, all mountains, and the lives of all mortals, belong?

His sleep was disturbed by dreams, and every few moments he was awakened by a sweet voice calling to him: "Peter, get a warmer heart!" And when he woke he quickly closed his eyes again; for the voice that gave him this warning was the voice of Lisbeth, his wife.

The following day he went to the tavern to drown his reflections in drink, and there he met the Stout Ezekiel.

He sat down by him; they talked about this and that, of the fine weather, of the war, of the taxes, and finally came to talk about death, and how this and that one had died suddenly.

Peter asked Ezekiel what he thought about death and a future life.

Ezekiel replied that the body was buried, but that the soul either rose to heaven or descended to hell.

"But do they bury one's heart also?" asked Peter, all attention.

"Why, certainly, that is also buried."

"But how would it be if one did not have his heart any longer?" continued Peter.

Ezekiel looked at him sharply as he spoke those words.

"What do you mean by that? Do you imagine that I haven't a heart?"

"Oh, you have heart enough, and as firm as a rock," replied Peter.

Ezekiel stared at him in astonishment, looked about him to see if any one had overheard Peter, and then said:

"Where do you get this knowledge? Or perhaps yours does not beat any more?"

"It does not beat any more, at least not here in my breast!" answered Peter Munk.

"But tell me — now that you know what I mean — how will it be with our hearts!"

"Why should that trouble you, comrade?" asked Ezekiel laughing.

"We have a pleasant course to run on earth, and that's enough. It is certainly one of the best things about our cold hearts, that we experience no fear in the face of such thoughts."

"Very true; but still one will think on these subjects, and although I do not know what fear is, yet I can remember how much I feared hell when I was a small and innocent boy."

"Well, it certainly won't go very easy with us," said Ezekiel.

"I once questioned a school-master on that point, and he told me that after death the hearts were weighed, to find out how heavily they had sinned. The light ones then ascended, the heavy ones sank down; and I think that our stones will have a pretty good weight."

"Alas, yes," replied Peter; "and I often feel uncomfortable, that my heart is so unsympathetic and indifferent, when I think on such subjects."

On the next night, Peter heard the well-known voice whisper in his ear, five or six times:

"Peter, get a warmer heart!"

He experienced no remorse at having killed his wife, but when he told the domestics that she had gone off on a journey, the thought had instantly occurred to him:

"Where has she probably journeyed to?"

For six days he had lived on in this manner, haunted by these reflections, and every night he heard this voice, which brought back to his recollection the terrible threat of the Little Glass-Man; but on the seventh morning he sprang up from his couch crying:

"Now, then, I will see whether I can procure a warmer heart, for this emotionless stone in my breast makes my life weary and

desolate."

He quickly drew on his Sunday attire, mounted his horse, and rode to the Tannenbuehl.

In the Tannenbuehl the trees stood too closely together to permit of his riding further, so he tied his horse to a tree, and with hasty steps went up to the highest point of the hill and when he reached the largest pine he spoke the verse that had once caused him so much trouble to learn:

"Keeper of green woods of pine,
All its lands are only thine;
Thou art many centuries old;
Sunday-born children thee behold."

Thereupon the Little Glass-Man appeared, but not with a pleasant greeting as before; his expression was sad and stern.

He wore a coat of black glass, and a long piece of crape fluttered down from his hat.

Peter well knew for whom the Spirit of the Wood sorrowed.

"What do you want of me, Peter Munk?" asked the Little Glass-Man in a hollow voice.

"I have still one wish left, Herr Schatzhauser," answered Peter, with downcast eyes.

"Can hearts of stone have any wishes?" said the Glass-Man.

"You have every thing needful for your wicked course of life, and it is doubtful whether I should grant your wish."

"But you promised me three wishes; and I have one left yet."

"Still, I have the right to refuse it if it should prove a foolish one," continued the Glass-Man.

"But proceed, I will hear what it is you want."

"I want you to take this lifeless stone out of my breast, and give me in its place my living heart," said Peter.

"Did I make that bargain with you? Am I Dutch Michel, who gives riches and cold hearts? You must look to him for your heart."

"Alas, he will nevermore give it back to me," replied Peter.

"Wicked as you are, I pity you," said the Little Glass-Man after a pause.

"But as your wish is not a foolish one, I can not refuse you my assistance at least. So listen. You can not recover your heart by force, but possibly you may do so by stratagem; and this may not prove such a hard matter after all, for Michel, although he thinks himself uncommonly wise, is really a very stupid fellow. So go directly to him, and do just as I shall tell you."

The Little Glass-Man then instructed Peter in what he was to do, and gave him a small cross of clear crystal.

"He can not harm you while you live, and he will let you go free if you hold this up before him and pray at the same time. And if you should get back your heart, then return to this place, where I shall be awaiting you."

Peter Munk took the cross, impressed on his memory all the words he was to say, and went to Dutch Michel's ravine.

He called him three times by name, and immediately the giant stood before him.

"Have you killed your wife?" asked the giant, with a fiendish laugh.

"I should have done it in your place, for she was giving away your wealth to the beggars. But you had better leave the country for a while, for an alarm will be given if she is not found. You will

need money, and have probably come after it."

"You have guessed rightly," said Peter, "and make it a large amount this time, for America is far away."

Michel preceded Peter into the hut, where he opened a chest in which was piled a large amount of money, and took out whole rolls of gold.

While he was counting them out on the table, Peter said:

"You are a frivolous fellow, Michel, to cheat me into thinking that I had a stone in the breast and that you had my heart!"

"And is that not so?" asked Michel, surprised.

"Can you feel your heart? Is it not as cold as ice? Can you experience fear or sorrow, or can any thing cause you remorse?"

"You have only made my heart stand still, but I have it just the same as ever in my breast, and Ezekiel, too, says that you have lied to us. You are not the man who can tear a heart from another's breast without his knowing it, and without endangering his life; you would have to be a sorcerer to do that."

"But I assure you," cried Michel indignantly, "that you and Ezekiel, and all the rich people who have had dealings with me, have hearts as cold as your own, and I have their true hearts here in my chamber."

"Why, how the lies slip over your tongue!" laughed Peter.

"You may tell that to some body else. Do you suppose that I haven't seen dozens of just such imitations on my travels? The hearts in your chamber are fashioned from wax! You are a rich fellow, I admit, but no sorcerer."

The giant, in a rage, flung open the chamber door.

"Come in here, and read all these labels; and look! that glass there holds Peter Munk's heart. Do you see how it beats? Can one imitate that too in wax?"

"Nevertheless, it is made of wax;" exclaimed Peter.

"A real heart doesn't beat in that way; and besides, I still have my own in my breast. No indeed, you are not a sorcerer!"

"But I will prove it to you!" cried the giant, angrily.

"You shall feel it yourself, and acknowledge that it is your heart."

He took it out, tore Peter's jacket open, and took a stone from the young man's breast and held it up to him.

Then taking up the beating heart, he breathed on it, and placed it carefully in its place, and at once Peter felt it beating in his breast, and he could once more rejoice thereat.

"How is it with you now?" asked Michel smiling.

"Verily, you were right," answered Peter, meanwhile drawing the little crystal cross from his pocket.

"I would not have believed that one could do such a thing!"

"Is it not so? And I can practice magic, as you see; but come, I will put the stone back again now."

"Gently, Herr Michel!" cried Peter, taking a step backward, and holding up the cross between them.

"One catches mice with cheese, and this time you are trapped."

And forthwith, Peter began to pray, speaking whatever words came readily to his mind.

Thereupon, Michel became smaller and smaller, sank down to the floor, writhed and twisted about like a worm, and gasped and groaned, while all the hearts began to beat and knock against their

glass cages, until it sounded like the workshop of a clock-maker.

Peter was very much frightened, and ran out of the house, and, driven on by terror, scaled the cliffs; for he heard Michel get up from the floor, stamp and rage, and shout after him the most terrible curses.

On arriving at the top of the ravine, Peter ran towards the Tannenbuehl.

A terrible thunderstorm came up; lightning flashed to the right and left, and shattered many trees, but he reached the Little Glass-Man's territory unharmed.

His heart beat joyfully, because of the very pleasure it seemed to take in beating.

But soon he looked back at his past life with horror, as at the thunder storm that had shattered the trees behind him.

He thought of Lisbeth, his good and beautiful wife, whom he had murdered in his avarice.

He looked upon himself as an outcast from mankind, and wept violently as he came to the Glass-Man's hill.

Herr Schatzhauser sat under the pine tree, smoking a small pipe, but looking more cheerful than before.

"Why do you weep, Charcoal Pete?" asked he.

"Did you not get your heart? Does the cold one still lie in your breast?"

"Alas, Master!" sighed Peter, "when I had the cold stone heart, I never wept. My eyes were as dry as the earth in July; but now the old heart is nearly broken in thinking of what I have done. I drove my debtors into misery and want, set my dogs on the poor and sick, and — you yourself saw how my whip fell on her beautiful forehead!"

"Peter, you were a great sinner!" said the Little Glass-Man.

"Money and idleness ruined you, until your heart, turned to stone, knew neither joy nor sorrow, remorse nor pity. But repentance brings pardon, and if I were only sure that you were very sorry for your past life, I might do something for you."

"I do not want any thing more," replied Peter, with drooping head.

"It is all over with me. I shall never know happiness again. What can I do, now that I am alone in the world? My mother will never pardon my behavior toward her; and perhaps I, monster that I am, have already brought her to the grave. And Lisbeth, my wife! No; rather kill me, Herr Schatzhauser, and make an end of my miserable life at once."

"Very well," replied the little man, "if you will have it so; my ax is close by."

He took his pipe quietly from his mouth, knocked out the ashes, and stuck it in his pocket.

Then he rose slowly and went behind the tree.

Peter sat weeping on the grass, caring nothing for his life, and waiting patiently for the death-blow.

After some time he heard light steps behind him, and thought: "Now he is coming."

"Look round once more, Peter Munk!" shouted the little man.

Peter wiped the tears from his eyes and looked about him, and saw — his mother, and Lisbeth, his wife, who both looked at him pleasantly.

He sprang up joyfully saying:

"Then you are not dead, Lisbeth? And you too, mother, have you forgiven me?"

"They will forgive you," said the Little Glass-Man, "because you feel true repentance, and every thing shall be forgotten. Return home now to your father's hut, and be a charcoal burner as before, and if you are honest and just you will honor your trade, and your neighbors will love and esteem you more highly than if you had ten tons of gold."

Thus spake the Little Glass-Man, and bade them farewell.

The three praised and blessed him, and then started home.

The splendid house of the rich Peter Munk had vanished.

The lightning had struck and consumed it, together with all its treasures. But it was not far to his mother's hut; thence they took their way, untroubled by the loss of Peter's palace.

But how astonished were they on coming to the hut to find that it had been changed into a large house, like those occupied by the well-to-do peasants, and every thing inside was simple, was good and substantial.

"The good Little Glass-Man has done this!" exclaimed Peter.

"How beautiful!" cried Lisbeth; "and here I shall feel much more at home than in the great house with so many servants."

From this time forth, Peter Munk was a brave and industrious man.

He was contented with what he had, carried on his trade cheerfully, and so it came to pass that through his own efforts he became well-to-do and was well thought of throughout the Black Forest.

He never quarreled again with his wife, honored his mother, and gave to the poor who passed his door.

When, in due course of time, a beautiful boy was born to him, Peter went to the Tannenbuehl and spoke his verse.

But the Little Glass-Man did not respond.

"Herr Schatzhauser," cried Peter, "hear me this time; I only want to ask you to stand as godfather to my little boy!"

But there was no reply; only a puff of wind blew through the pines and threw some cones down into the grass.

"I will take these with me as a memento, since you will not show yourself," said Peter.

He put the cones in his pocket, and went home; but when he took off his Sunday jacket and gave it to his mother to put away, four large rolls of coin fell from the pockets, and when they were opened they proved to be good, new Baden thalers, with not a counterfeit among them.

And this was the godfather's gift from the little man in the Tannenbuehl to the little Peter.

Thus they lived on, quietly and contentedly; and often afterwards, when the gray hairs began to show on Peter's head, he would say:

"It is better to be contented with a little than to have gold and estates with a marble heart."