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[Illustration: UP THE MOUNTAIN TO GRANDFATHER]

HEIDI

_by_

JOHANNA SPYRI

ILLUSTRATED BY
ALICE CARSEY

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INTRODUCTION

There is here presented to the reader a careful translation of "Heidi," one of the most popular works of the great Swiss authoress, Madam Johanna Spyri. As particulars of her career are not easily gathered, we may here state that Johanna Heusser was born at Zurich, June 12, 1827. She wrote nothing in her youth. She was happily married to the Advocate Spyri. Later, the Franco-Prussian war evoked from her a book devised for a charitable purpose, and the success of this volume revealed her future. She died at her home in Zurich in 1891. Her fame has spread to all countries, and her many books have delighted not only the children for whom they were so artfully written, but they have become favorites with lovers of children as well.

As to "Heidi," itself, wherever mountains are seen or read about, the simple account of the early life of the Swiss child, amid the beauties of her passionately-loved home, will be a favorite book for younger readers and those who seek their good.

Johanna Spyri lived amidst the scenes she so gracefully described. In all her stories she shows an underlying desire to preserve her young readers alike from misunderstanding and the mistaken kindness that frequently hinders the happiness and natural development of their lives and characters.

Among her many works are the following: "Arthur and His Squirrel," "On Sunday," "From the Swiss Mountains," "A Scion of the House of Lesa," "The Great and the Small All May Aid," "From Near and Far," "Cornelius," "Lost but Not Forgotten," "Gritli's Children," 2 volumes, "Without a Country," "What Shall Then Become of Her?," "Sina," "From Our Own Country," "Ten Stories," 2 volumes, "In Leuchtensa," "Uncle Titus," "A Golden Saying," "The Castle Wildenstein," "What Really Happened to Her," "In the Valley of the Tilonne," "The Hauffer Mill."

M. H. M.

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[Illustration: HEIDI]

CHAPTER I

HEIDI'S FIRST MOUNTAIN CLIMB

On a bright June morning two figures--one a tall girl and the other a child--could be seen climbing a narrow mountain path that winds up from the pretty village of Mayenfeld, to the lofty heights of the Alm mountain. In spite of the hot June sun the child was clothed as if to keep off the bitterest frost. She did not look more than five years old, but what her natural figure was like would be hard to say, for she had on apparently two dresses, one above the other, and over these a thick red woolen shawl. Her small feet were shod in thick, nailed mountain-shoes.

When the wayfarers came to the hamlet known as Doerfli, which is situated half-way up the mountain, they met with greetings from all sides, for the elder girl was now in her old home. As they were leaving the village, a voice called out: "Wait a moment, Dete; if you are going on up the mountain, I will come along with you."

The girl thus addressed stood still, and the child immediately let go her hand and seated herself on the ground.

"Are you tired, Heidi?" asked her companion.

"No, I am hot," answered the child.

"We shall soon get to the top now. You must walk bravely on a little

longer, and take good, long steps, and in another hour we shall be
there," said Dete.

They were now joined by a stout, good-natured looking woman, who walked
on ahead with her old acquaintance.

"And where are you going with the child?" asked the one who had just
joined the party. "I suppose it is the child your sister left?"

"Yes," answered Dete. "I am taking her up to Uncle, where she must
stay."

"This child stay up there with Alm-Uncle! You must be out of your
senses, Dete! How can you think of such a thing! The old man, however,
will soon send you both packing off home again!"

"He cannot very well do that, seeing that he is her grandfather. He
must do something for her. I have had the charge of the child till now,
and I can tell you, Barbel, I am not going to give up the chance which
has just fallen to me of getting a good place, for her sake."

"That would be all very well if he were like other people," said
Barbel, "but you know what he is. And what can he do with a child,
especially with one so young! The child cannot possibly live with him.
But where are you thinking of going yourself?"

"To Frankfurt, where an extra good place awaits me," answered Dete.

"I am glad I am not the child," exclaimed Barbel. "Not a creature knows
anything about the old man up there. He will have nothing to do with
anybody, and never sets his foot inside a church from one year's end

to another. When he does come down once in a while, everybody clears
out of his way. The mere sight of him, with his bushy, grey eyebrows
and immense beard, is alarming enough. All kinds of things are said
about him. You, Dete, however, must certainly have learnt a good deal
concerning him from your sister."

"Yes, but I am not going to repeat what I heard. Suppose it should come
to his ears. I should get into no end of trouble about it."

Barbel put her arm through Dete's in a confidential sort of way, and
said: "Now do just tell me what is wrong with the old man. Was he
always shunned as he is now, and was he always so cross? I assure you I
will hold my tongue if you will tell me."

"Very well then, I will tell you--but just wait a moment," said Dete,
looking around for Heidi who had slipped away unnoticed.

"I see where she is," exclaimed Barbel, "look over there!" and she
pointed to a spot far away from the footpath. "She is climbing up the
slope yonder with Peter and his goats. But tell me about the old man.
Did he ever have anything more than his two goats and his hut?"

"I should think so indeed," replied Dete with animation; "he was at
one time the owner of one of the largest farms in Domleschg, where my
mother used to live. But he drank and gambled away the whole of his
property, and when this became known to his mother and father they died
of sorrow, one shortly after the other. Uncle, having nothing left to
him but his bad name, disappeared and it was heard that he had gone

to Naples as a soldier. After twelve or fifteen years he reappeared in Domleschg, bringing with him a young son whom he tried to place with some of his kinspeople. Every door, however, was shut in his face, for no one wished to have any more to do with him. Embittered by this treatment, he vowed never to set foot in Domleschg again, and he then came to Doerfli where he lived with his little boy. His wife, it seemed, had died shortly after the child's birth. He must have accumulated some money during his absence, for he apprenticed his son Tobias to a carpenter. He was a steady lad, and kindly received by every one in Doerfli. His father, however, was still looked upon with suspicion, and it was even rumored that he had killed a man in some brawl at Naples."

"But why does everyone call him Uncle? Surely he can't be uncle to everyone living in Doerfli," asked Barbel.

"Our grandmothers were related, so we used to call him Uncle, and as my father had family connections with so many people in Doerfli, soon everyone fell into the habit of calling him Uncle," explained Dete.

"And what happened to Tobias," further questioned Barbel, who was listening with deep interest.

"Tobias was taught his trade in Mels, and when he had served his apprenticeship he came back to Doerfli and married my sister Adelaide. But their happiness did not last long. Two years after their marriage Tobias was killed in an accident. His wife was so overcome with grief

that she fell into a fever from which she never recovered. She had always been rather delicate and subject to curious attacks, during which no one knew whether she was awake or sleeping. And so two months after Tobias had been carried to the grave, his wife followed him.
Their sad fate was the talk of everybody far and near, and the general opinion was expressed that it was a punishment which Uncle deserved for the godless life he had led. Our minister endeavored to awaken his conscience, but the old man grew only more wrathful and stubborn and would not speak to a soul. All at once we heard that he had gone to live up on the Alm mountain and that he did not intend to come down again. Since then he has led his solitary life up there, and everyone knows him now by the name of Alm-Uncle. Mother and I took Adelaide's little one, then only a year old, into our care. When mother died last year, and I went down to the Baths to earn some money, I paid old Ursel to take care of her. So you see I have done my duty, now it's Uncle's turn. But where are you going to yourself, Barbel? We are now half way up the Alm."

"We have just reached the place I wanted," answered Barbel. "I must see Peter's mother who is doing some spinning for me. So, good-bye, Dete, and good luck to you."

She went toward a small, dark brown hut, which stood a few steps away from the path in a hollow that afforded it some protection from the mountain wind.

Here lived Peter, the eleven-year-old boy, with his mother Brigitta and his blind grandmother who was known to all the old and young in the neighborhood as just "Grandmother."

Every morning Peter went down to Doerfli to bring up a flock of goats to browse on the mountain. At sundown he went skipping down the mountain again with his light-footed animals. When he reached Doerfli he would give a shrill whistle, whereupon all the owners of the goats would come out to take home the animals that belonged to them.

Dete had been standing for a good ten minutes looking about her in every direction for some sign of the children and the goats. Meanwhile Heidi and the goatherd were climbing up by a far and roundabout way, for Peter knew many spots where all kinds of good food, in the shape of shrubs and plants, grew for his goats. The child, exhausted with the heat and weight of her thick clothes, panted and struggled after him, at first with some difficulty. She said nothing, but her little eyes kept watching first Peter, as he sprang nimbly hither and thither on his bare feet, clad only in his short, light breeches, and then the slim-legged goats that went leaping over rocks and shrubs. All at once she sat down on the ground, and began pulling off her shoes and stockings. Then she unwound the hot red shawl and took off her frock. But there was still another to unfasten, for Dete had put the Sunday dress on over the everyday one, to save the trouble of carrying it. Quick as lightning the everyday frock followed the other, and now the child stood up, clad only in her light short-sleeved under garment. She

**stretched out her little bare arms with glee. Leaving all her clothes
together in a tidy little heap, she went jumping and climbing up after
Peter and the goats as nimbly as any of the party.**

**Now that Heidi was able to move at her ease, she began to enter into
conversation with Peter. She asked him how many goats he had, where he
was going to with them, and what he had to do when he arrived there.
At last, after some time, they came within view of Dete. Hardly had
the latter caught sight of the little company climbing up towards her
when she shrieked out: "Heidi, what have you been doing! What a sight
you have made of yourself! And where are your two frocks and the red
wrapper? And the new shoes I bought, and the new stockings I knitted
for you--everything gone! not a thing left! What can you have been
thinking of, Heidi; where are all your clothes?"**

**The child quietly pointed to a spot below on the mountain side and
answered, "Down there."**

**"You good-for-nothing little thing!" exclaimed Dete angrily, "what
could have put it into your head to do that? What made you undress
yourself? What do you mean by it?"**

"I don't want any clothes," said Heidi.

[Illustration]

**"You wretched, thoughtless child! have you no sense in you at all?"
continued Dete, scolding and lamenting. "Peter, you go down and fetch
them for me as quickly as you can, and you shall have something nice,"**

and she held out a bright new piece of money to him that sparkled in the sun. Peter was immediately off down the steep mountain side, taking the shortest cut, and was back again so quickly with the clothes that even Dete was obliged to give him a word of praise as she handed him the promised money. Peter promptly thrust it into his pocket and his face beamed with delight, for it was not often that he was the happy possessor of such riches.

"You can carry the things up for me as far as Uncle's, as you are going the same way," went on Dete, who was preparing to continue her climb up the mountain side, which rose in a steep ascent immediately behind the goatherd's hut. Peter willingly undertook to do this, and followed after her. After a climb of more than three-quarters of an hour they reached the top of the Alm mountain. Uncle's hut stood on a projection of the rock, exposed indeed to the winds, but where every ray of sun could rest upon it, and a full view could be had of the valley beneath.
Behind the hut stood three old fir trees, with long, thick, unlopped branches. Beyond these rose a further wall of mountain, the lower heights still overgrown with beautiful grass and plants.

Against the hut, on the side looking towards the valley, Uncle had put up a seat. Here he was sitting, his pipe in his mouth and his hands on his knees, quietly looking out, when the children, the goats, and Dete suddenly clambered into view. Heidi was at the top first. She went straight up to the old man, put out her hand, and said, "Good-evening, Grandfather."

"So, so, what is the meaning of this?" he asked gruffly, as he gave
the child an abrupt shake of the hand, and gazed at her from under
his bushy eyebrows. Heidi stared steadily back at him in return with
unflinching gaze. Meanwhile Dete had come up, with Peter after her.

"I wish you good-day, Uncle," said Dete, as she walked towards him,
"and I have brought you Tobias and Adelaide's child. You will hardly
recognize her, as you have never seen her since she was a year old."

"And what has the child to do with me up here?" asked the old man
curtly. "You there," he then called out to Peter, "be off with your
goats, you are none too early as it is, and take mine with you."

Peter obeyed on the instant and quickly disappeared.

"The child is here to remain with you," Dete made answer. "I have done
my duty by her for these four years, and now it is time for you to do
yours."

"That's it, is it?" said the old man, as he looked at her with a flash
in his eye. "And when the child begins to fret and whine after you,
what am I to do with her then?"

"That's your affair," retorted Dete. "If you cannot arrange to keep
her, do with her as you like. You will be answerable for the result if
harm happens to her, though you have hardly need to add to the burden
already on your conscience."

Now Dete was not quite easy in her own conscience about what she was

doing, and consequently was feeling hot and irritable, and said more
than she had intended. As she uttered her last words, Uncle rose from
his seat. He looked at her in a way that made her draw back a step or
two, then flinging out his arm, he said to her in a commanding voice:
"Be off with you this instant, and get back as quickly as you can to
the place whence you came, and do not let me see your face again in a
hurry."

Dete did not wait to be told twice. "Good-bye to you then, and to you
too, Heidi," she called, as she turned quickly away and started to
descend the mountain at a running pace, which she did not slacken till
she found herself safely again at Doerfli.

CHAPTER II

A NEW HOME WITH GRANDFATHER

As soon as Dete had disappeared the old man went back to his bench,
and there he remained seated, staring at the ground without uttering a
sound, while thick curls of smoke floated upward from his pipe. Heidi,
meanwhile, was enjoying herself in her new surroundings; she looked
about till she found a shed, built against the hut, where the goats
were kept; she peeped in, and saw it was empty. She continued her
search but presently came back to where her grandfather was sitting.
Seeing that he was in exactly the same position as when she left him,
she went and placed herself in front of the old man and said:

"I want to see what you have inside the house."

"Come then!" and the grandfather rose and went before her towards the hut.

"Bring your bundle of clothes in with you," he bid her as she was following.

"I shan't want them any more," was her prompt answer.

The old man turned and looked searchingly at the child, whose dark eyes were sparkling in delighted anticipation of what she was going to see inside. "She is certainly not wanting in intelligence," he murmured to himself. "And why shall you not want them any more?" he asked aloud.

"Because I want to go about like the goats with their thin light legs."

"Well, you can do so if you like," said her grandfather, "but bring the things in, we must put them in the cupboard."

Heidi did as she was told. The old man now opened the door and Heidi stepped inside after him; she found herself in a good-sized room, which covered the whole ground floor of the hut. A table and a chair were the only furniture; in one corner stood the grandfather's bed, in another was the hearth with a large kettle hanging above it; and on the further side was a large door in the wall--this was the cupboard. The grandfather opened it; inside were his clothes. On a second shelf were some plates and cups and glasses, and on a higher one still, a round loaf, smoked meat, and cheese, for everything that Alm-Uncle needed

for his food and clothing was kept in this cupboard. Heidi thrust in her bundle of clothes, as far back behind her grandfather's things as possible, so that they might not easily be found again. She then looked carefully round the room, and asked, "Where am I to sleep, Grandfather?"

"Wherever you like," he answered.

Heidi was delighted, and began at once to examine all the nooks and corners to find out where it would be pleasantest to sleep. In the corner near her grandfather's bed she saw a short ladder against the wall; up she climbed and found herself in the hay-loft. There lay a large heap of fresh, sweet-smelling hay, while through a round window in the wall she could see right down the valley.

"I shall sleep up here, Grandfather," she called down to him, "it's lovely, up here. Come up and see how lovely it is!"

"Oh, I know all about it," he called up in answer.

"I am getting the bed ready now," she called down again, as she went busily to and fro at her work, "but I shall want you to bring me up a sheet; you can't have a bed without a sheet; you want it to lie upon."

"All right," said the grandfather, and presently he went to the cupboard, and after rummaging about inside for a few minutes he drew out a long, coarse piece of stuff, which was all he had to do duty for a sheet. He carried it up to the loft, where he found Heidi had already made quite a nice bed. She had put an extra heap of hay at one end for a pillow, and had so arranged it that, when in bed, she would be able

to see comfortably out through the round window.

"That is capital," said her grandfather; "now we must put on the sheet."

They spread it over the bed, and where it was too long or too broad,
Heidi quickly tucked it in under the hay. It looked as tidy and comfortable a bed as you could wish for, and Heidi stood gazing thoughtfully at her handiwork.

"We have forgotten something now, Grandfather," she said after a short
silence.

"What's that?" he asked.

"A coverlid; when you get into bed, you have to creep in between the
sheet and the coverlid."

"Oh, that's the way, is it? But suppose I have not got a coverlid?"
said the old man.

"Well, never mind, Grandfather," said Heidi in a consoling tone of
voice, "I can take some more hay to put over me," and she was turning
quickly to fetch another armful from the heap, when her grandfather
stopped her. "Wait a moment," he said, and he climbed down the ladder
again and went towards his bed. He returned to the loft with a large,
thick sack, made of flax, which he laid tidily over the bed.

"That is a splendid coverlid," said Heidi, "and the bed looks lovely
altogether! I wish it was night, so that I might get inside it at once."

"I think we had better go down and have something to eat first," said
the grandfather.

While the kettle was boiling the old man held a large piece of cheese on a long iron fork over the fire, turning it round and round till it was toasted a nice golden yellow color on each side. Heidi watched all that was going on with eager curiosity. Suddenly some new idea seemed to come into her head, for she turned and ran to the cupboard, and then began going busily backwards and forwards. Presently the grandfather got up and came to the table with a jug and the cheese, and there he saw it already tidily laid with the round loaf and two plates and two knives each in its right place.

"Ah, that's right," said the grandfather, "I am glad to see that you have some ideas of your own," and as he spoke he laid the toasted cheese on a layer of bread, "but there is still something missing."

Heidi looked at the jug that was steaming away invitingly, and ran quickly back to the cupboard. At first she could only see a small bowl left on the shelf, but she was not long in perplexity, for a moment later she caught sight of two glasses further back, and without an instant's loss of time she returned with these and the bowl and put them down on the table.

"Good, I see you know how to set about things; but what will you do for a seat?" The grandfather himself was sitting on the only chair in the room. Heidi flew to the hearth, and dragging the three-legged stool up to the table, sat herself down upon it.

The grandfather filled the bowl with milk, and pushed it in front

of Heidi. Then he brought her a large slice of bread and a piece of
the golden cheese, and told her to eat. Heidi lifted the bowl with
both hands and drank without pause till it was empty, for the thirst
of all her long, hot journey had returned upon her. Then she drew a
deep breath--in the eagerness of her thirst she had not stopped to
breathe--and put down the bowl.

"Was the milk nice?" he asked.

"I never drank any so good before," answered Heidi.

"Then you must have some more," and the old man filled her bowl again
to the brim and set it before the child, who was now hungrily beginning
her bread, having first spread it with the cheese, which after being
toasted was soft as butter. The meal being over, the grandfather went
outside to put the goat-shed in order, and Heidi watched with interest
while he first swept it out, and then put fresh straw for the goats to
sleep upon. Then he went to the little well-shed, and there he cut some
long, round sticks, and a small, round board; in this he bored some
holes and stuck the sticks into them, and there, as if made by magic,
was a three-legged stool just like her grandfather's, only higher.
Heidi stood and looked at it, speechless with astonishment.

"What do you think that is?" asked her grandfather.

"It's my stool, I know, because it is such a high one; and it was made
all of a minute," said the child, still lost in wonder and admiration.

"She understands what she sees, her eyes are in the right place,"

remarked the grandfather to himself.

And so the time passed happily on till evening. Then the wind began to roar louder than ever through the old fir trees; Heidi listened with delight to the sound, and it filled her heart so full of gladness that she skipped and danced round the old trees, as if some unheard of joy had come to her. The grandfather stood and watched her from the shed.

[Illustration: HEIDI TENDERLY STROKED THE TWO GOATS IN TURN]

Suddenly a shrill whistle was heard. Down from the heights above, the goats came springing one after another, with Peter in their midst. Heidi sprang forward with a cry of joy and rushed among the flock, greeting first one and then another of her old friends of the morning. As they neared the hut the goats stood still, and then two of their number, two beautiful, slender animals, one white and one brown, ran forward to where the grandfather was standing and began licking his hands, for he was holding a little salt which he always had ready for his goats on their return home. Peter went on down the mountain with the remainder of his flock. Heidi tenderly stroked the two goats in turn, jumping about in her glee at the pretty little animals. "Are they ours, Grandfather? Are they both ours? Are you going to put them in the shed? Will they always stay with us?"

Heidi's questions came tumbling out one after the other, so that her grandfather had only time to answer each of them with "Yes, yes." When the goats had finished licking up the salt her grandfather told her to

go and fetch her bowl and the bread.

Heidi obeyed and was soon back again. The grandfather milked the white goat and filled her basin, and then breaking off a piece of bread, "Now eat your supper," he said, "and then go up to bed. Dete left another little bundle for you with a nightgown and other small things in it, which you will find at the bottom of the cupboard if you want them. I must go and shut up the goats, so be off and sleep well."

"Good-night, Grandfather! good-night. What are their names, Grandfather, what are their names?" she called out as she ran after his retreating figure and the goats.

"The white one is named Little Swan, and the brown one Little Bear," he answered.

"Good-night, Little Swan, good-night, Little Bear!" she called again at the top of her voice. Then she ate her supper and went indoors and climbed up to her bed, where she was soon lying as sweetly and soundly asleep as any young princess on her couch of silk.

CHAPTER III

LITTLE BEAR AND LITTLE SWAN

Heidi felt very happy next morning as she woke up in her new home and remembered all the many things that she had seen the day before and which she would see again that day, and above all she thought with delight of the dear goats. She jumped quickly out of bed and a very few

minutes sufficed her to put on the clothes which she had taken off the night before, for there were not many of them. Then she climbed down the ladder and ran outside the hut. There stood Peter already with his flock of goats, and the grandfather was just bringing his two out of the shed to join the others. Heidi ran forward to wish good-morning to him and the goats.

"Do you want to go with them on to the mountain?" asked her grandfather. Nothing could have pleased Heidi better, and she jumped for joy in answer.

The grandfather went inside the hut, calling to Peter to follow him and bring in his wallet. Peter obeyed with astonishment, and laid down the little bag which held his meagre dinner.

"Open it," said the old man, and he put in a large piece of bread and an equally large piece of cheese, which made Peter open his eyes, for each was twice the size of the two portions which he had for his own dinner.

"There, now there is only the little bowl to add," continued the grandfather, "for the child cannot drink her milk as you do from the goat; she is not accustomed to that. You must milk two bowlfuls for her when she has her dinner, for she is going with you and will remain with you till you return this evening; but take care she does not fall over any of the rocks, do you hear?"

They started joyfully for the mountain. Heidi went running hither and thither and shouting with delight, for here were whole patches

of delicate red primroses, and there the blue gleam of the lovely gentian, while above them all laughed and nodded the tender-leaved golden cistus. Enchanted with all this waving field of brightly-colored flowers, Heidi forgot even Peter and the goats. She ran on in front and then off to the side, tempted first one way and then the other, as she caught sight of some bright spot of glowing red or yellow. And all the while she was plucking whole handfuls of the flowers which she put into her little apron, for she wanted to take them all home and stick them in the hay, so that she might make her bedroom look just like the meadows outside. Peter had therefore to be on the alert, and his round eyes, which did not move very quickly, had more work than they could well manage, for the goats were as lively as Heidi; they ran in all directions, and Peter had to follow whistling and calling and swinging his stick to get all the runaways together again.

Finally they arrived at the spot where Peter generally halted for his goats to pasture and where he took up his quarters for the day. It lay at the foot of the high rocks, which were covered for some distance up by bushes and fir trees, beyond which rose their bare and rugged summits. On one side of the mountain the rock was split into deep clefts, and the grandfather had reason to warn Peter of danger. Having climbed as far as the halting-place, Peter unslung his wallet and put it carefully in a little hollow of the ground, for he knew what the wind was like up there and did not want to see his precious belonging

sent rolling down the mountain by a sudden gust. Then he threw himself at full length on the warm ground, and soon fell asleep.

Heidi meanwhile had unfastened her apron and rolling it carefully round the flowers laid it beside Peter's wallet inside the hollow; she then sat down beside his outstretched figure and looked about her.

The goats were climbing about among the bushes overhead. She had never felt so happy in her life before. She drank in the golden sunlight, the fresh air, the sweet smell of the flowers, and wished for nothing better than to remain there forever. Suddenly she heard a loud, harsh cry overhead and lifting her eyes she saw a bird, larger than any she had ever seen before, with great, spreading wings, wheeling round in wide circles, and uttering a piercing, croaking kind of sound above her.

"Peter, Peter, wake up!" called out Heidi. "See, the great bird is there--look, look!"

Peter got up on hearing her call, and together they sat and watched the bird, which rose higher and higher in the blue air till it disappeared behind the grey mountain-tops.

"Where has it gone to?" asked Heidi, who had followed the bird's movements with intense interest.

"Home to its nest," said Peter.

"Is his home right up there? Oh, how nice to be up so high! why does he make that noise?"

"Because he can't help it," explained Peter.

"Let us climb up there and see where his nest is," proposed Heidi.

"Oh! oh! oh!" exclaimed Peter, his disapproval of Heidi's suggestion becoming more marked with each ejaculation, "why, even the goats cannot climb as high as that, besides didn't Uncle say that you were not to fall over the rocks."

Peter now began suddenly whistling and calling in such a loud manner that Heidi could not think what was happening; but the goats evidently understood his voice, for one after the other they came springing down the rocks until they were all assembled on the green plateau.

[Illustration]

Heidi jumped up and ran in and out among them, for it was new to her to see the goats playing together like this. Meanwhile Peter had taken the wallet out of the hollow and placed the pieces of bread and cheese on the ground in the shape of a square, the larger two on Heidi's side and the smaller on his own, for he knew exactly which were hers and which his. Then he took the little bowl and milked some delicious, fresh milk into it from the white goat, and afterwards set the bowl in the middle of the square.

"Leave off jumping about, it is time for dinner," said Peter; "sit down now and begin."

Heidi sat down. "Is the milk for me?" she asked.

[Illustration: HEIDI DRANK IN THE GOLDEN SUNLIGHT, THE FRESH AIR AND THE SWEET SMELL OF THE FLOWERS]

"Yes," replied Peter, "and the two large pieces of bread and cheese
are yours also, and when you have drunk up that milk, you are to have
another bowlful from the white goat, and then it will be my turn."

"And which do you get your milk from," inquired Heidi.

"From my own goat, the piebald one. But go on now with your dinner,"
said Peter, again reminding her it was time to eat. Heidi took up the
bowl and drank her milk, and as soon as she had put it down empty
Peter rose and filled it again for her. Then she broke off a piece
of her bread and held out the remainder, which was still larger than
Peter's own piece, together with the whole big slice of cheese to her
companion, saying, "You can have that, I have plenty."

Peter looked at Heidi, unable to speak for astonishment. He hesitated
a moment, for he could not believe that Heidi was in earnest; but the
latter kept on holding out the bread and cheese, and as Peter still did
not take it, she laid it down on his knees. He saw then that she really
meant it; he seized the food, nodded his thanks and acceptance of her
present, and then made a more splendid meal than he had known ever
since he was a goat-herd. Heidi the while still continued to watch the
goats. "Tell me all their names," she said.

Peter knew these by heart, so he began, telling Heidi the name of each
goat in turn as he pointed it out to her. She listened with great
attention, and it was not long before she could herself distinguish
the goats from one another and could call each by name, for every goat

had its own peculiarities which could not easily be mistaken. There was the great Turk with his big horns, who was always wanting to butt the others, so that most of them ran away when they saw him coming and would have nothing to do with their rough companion. Only Greenfinch, the slender, nimble, little goat, was brave enough to face him, and would make a rush at him, three or four times in succession. Then there was little White Snowflake, who bleated in such a plaintive and beseeching manner that Heidi already had several times run to it and taken its head in her hands to comfort it. Just at this moment the pleading young cry was heard again, and Heidi jumped up running and, putting her arms around the little creature's neck, asked in a sympathetic voice, "What is it, little Snowflake? Why do you call like that as if in trouble?" The goat pressed closer to Heidi in a confiding way and left off bleating. Peter called out from where he was sitting--for he had not yet got to the end of his bread and cheese--"she cries like that because the old goat is not with her; she was sold at Mayenfeld the day before yesterday, and so will not come up the mountain any more."

"Who is the old goat?" called Heidi back.

"Why, her mother, of course," was the answer.

"Where is the grandmother?" called Heidi again.

"She has none."

"And the grandfather?"

"She has none."

"Oh, you poor little Snowflake!" exclaimed Heidi, clasping the animal gently to her, "but do not cry like that any more; see now, I shall come up here with you every day, so that you will not be alone any more, and if you want anything you have only to come to me."

The goats were now beginning to climb the rocks again, each seeking for the plants it liked in its own fashion, some jumping over everything they met till they found what they wanted, others going more carefully and cropping all the nice leaves by the way, the Turk still now and then giving the others a poke with his horns. Little Swan and Little Bear clambered lightly up and never failed to find the best bushes, and then they would stand gracefully poised on their pretty legs, delicately nibbling at the leaves. Heidi stood with her hands behind her back, carefully noting all they did.

"Peter," she said to the boy who had again thrown himself down on the ground, "the prettiest of all the goats are Little Swan and Little Bear."

"Yes, I know they are," was the answer. "Alm-Uncle brushes them down and washes them and gives them salt, and he has the nicest shed for them."

All of a sudden Peter leaped to his feet and ran hastily after the goats. Heidi followed him as fast as she could, for she was too eager to know what had happened to stay behind. Peter dashed through the middle of the flock towards that side of the mountain where the rocks

fell perpendicularly to a great depth below, and where any thoughtless goat, if it went too near, might fall over and break all its legs. He had caught sight of the inquisitive Greenfinch taking leaps in that direction, and he was only just in time, for the animal had already sprung to the edge of the abyss. All Peter could do was to throw himself down and seize one of her hind legs. Greenfinch, thus taken by surprise, began bleating furiously, angry at being held so fast and prevented from continuing her voyage of discovery. She struggled to get loose, and endeavored so obstinately to leap forward that Peter shouted to Heidi to come and help him, for he could not get up and was afraid of pulling out the goat's leg altogether.

Heidi had already run up and she saw at once the danger both Peter and the animal were in. She quickly gathered a bunch of sweet-smelling leaves, and then, holding them under Greenfinch's nose, said coaxingly, "Come, come, Greenfinch, you must not be naughty! Look, you might fall down there and break your leg, and that would give you dreadful pain!"

The young animal turned quickly and began contentedly eating the leaves out of Heidi's hand. Meanwhile Peter got on to his feet again and took hold of Greenfinch by the band round her neck from which her bell was hung, and Heidi taking hold of her in the same way on the other side, they led the wanderer back to the rest of the flock that had remained peacefully feeding. Peter, now he had his goat in safety, lifted his stick in order to give her a good beating as punishment, and Greenfinch

seeing what was coming shrank back in fear. But Heidi cried out, "No,
no, Peter, you must not strike her; see how frightened she is!"

"She deserves it," growled Peter, and again lifted his stick. Then
Heidi flung herself against him and cried indignantly, "You have no
right to touch her, it will hurt her, let her alone!"

Peter looked with surprise at the commanding little figure, whose dark
eyes were flashing, and reluctantly he let his stick drop. "Well,
I will let her off if you will give me some more of your cheese
tomorrow," he said, for he was determined to have something to make up
to him for his fright.

"You shall have it all, tomorrow and every day, I do not want it,"
replied Heidi, giving ready consent to his demand. "And I will give
you bread as well, a large piece like you had today; but then you must
promise never to beat Greenfinch, or Snowflake, or any of the goats."

"All right," said Peter, "I don't care," which meant that he would
agree to the bargain, and let go of Greenfinch, who joyfully sprang to
join her companions.

And thus imperceptibly the day had crept on to its close, and now the
sun was on the point of sinking out of sight behind the high mountains.
Heidi was again sitting on the ground, when all at once she sprang
to her feet, "Peter! Peter! everything is on fire! All the rocks are
burning, and the great snow mountain and the sky! O look, look! the
high rock up there is red with flame! O the beautiful, fiery snow!

Stand up, Peter! See, the fire has reached the great bird's nest! look at the rocks! look at the fir trees! Everything, everything is on fire!"

"It is always like that," said Peter composedly, continuing to peel his stick; "but it is not really fire."

"What is it then?" cried Heidi.

"It gets like that of itself," explained Peter.

"Look, look!" cried Heidi in fresh excitement, "now they have turned all rose color! Look at that one covered with snow, and that with the high, pointed rocks! What do you call them?"

"Mountains have not any names," he answered.

"O how beautiful, look at the crimson snow! And up there on the rocks there are ever so many roses! Oh! now they are turning grey! Oh! oh! now all the color has died away! it's all gone, Peter." And Heidi sat down on the ground looking as full of distress as if everything had really come to an end.

"It will come again tomorrow," said Peter. "Get up, we must go home now." He whistled to his goats and together they all started on their homeward way.

"Is it like that every day, shall we see it every day when we bring the goats up here?" asked Heidi, as she clambered down the mountain at Peter's side; she waited eagerly for his answer, hoping that he would tell her it was so.

"It is like that most days," he replied.

"But will it be like that tomorrow for certain?" Heidi persisted.

"Yes, yes, tomorrow for certain," Peter assured her in answer.

Heidi now felt quite happy again, and her little brain was so full of new impressions and new thoughts that she did not speak any more until they had reached the hut. The grandfather was sitting under the fir trees, where he had put up a new seat.

Heidi ran up to him, followed by the white and brown goats, for they knew their own master and stall. Peter called out after her, "Come with me again tomorrow! Good-night!" For he was anxious for more than one reason that Heidi should go with him the next day.

"O, Grandfather," cried Heidi, "it was so beautiful. The fire, and the roses on the rocks, and the blue and yellow flowers, and look what I have brought you!" And opening the apron that held her flowers she shook them all out at her grandfather's feet. But the poor flowers, how changed they were! Heidi hardly knew them again. They looked like dried bits of hay, not a single little flower cup stood open. "O, Grandfather, what is the matter with them?" exclaimed Heidi in shocked surprise, "they were not like that this morning, why do they look so now?"

"They like to stand out there in the sun and not to be shut up in an apron," said her grandfather.

"Then I will never gather any more. But, Grandfather, why did the great bird go on croaking so?" she continued in an eager tone of inquiry.

"Go along now and get into your bath while I go and get some milk; when
we are together at supper I will tell you all about it."

Heidi obeyed, and when later she was sitting on her high stool before
her milk bowl with her grandfather beside her, she repeated her question, "Why does the great bird go on croaking and screaming down at
us, Grandfather?"

"He is mocking at the people who live down below in the villages,
because they all go huddling and gossipping together, and encourage one
another in evil talking and deeds. He calls out, 'If you would separate
and each go your own way and come up here and live on a height as I
do, it would be better for you!'" there was almost a wildness in the
old man's voice as he spoke, so that Heidi seemed to hear the croaking
of the bird again even more distinctly.

"Why haven't the mountains any names?" Heidi went on.

"They have names," answered her grandfather, "and if you can describe
one of them to me that I know I will tell you what it is called."

Heidi then described to him the rocky mountain with the two high peaks
so exactly that the grandfather was delighted. "Just so, I know it,"
and he told her its name.

Then Heidi told him of the mountain with the great snowfield, and how
it had been on fire.

The grandfather explained to her it was the sun that did it. "When he
says good-night to the mountains he throws his most beautiful colors

over them, so that they may not forget him before he comes again the
next day."

Heidi was delighted with this explanation, and could hardly bear to
wait for another day to come that she might once more climb up with the
goats and see how the sun bid good-night to the mountains. But she had
to go to bed first, and all night she slept soundly on her bed of hay,
dreaming of nothing but of shining mountains with red roses all over
them, among which happy little Snowflake went leaping in and out.

CHAPTER IV

SHOOTING DOWN THE MOUNTAIN SIDE

The next morning the sun came out early as bright as ever, and then
Peter appeared with the goats, and again the two children climbed up
together to the high meadows, and so it went on day after day till
Heidi, passing her life thus among the grass and flowers, was burnt
brown with the sun, and grew so strong and healthy that nothing ever
ailed her. She was happy too, and lived from day to day as free and
lighthearted as the little birds that make their home among the green
forest trees. Then the autumn came, and the wind blew louder and
stronger, and the grandfather would say sometimes, "Today you must stay
at home, Heidi; a sudden gust of the wind would blow a little thing
like you over the rocks into the valley below in a moment."

Whenever Peter heard that he must go alone he looked very unhappy, for he saw nothing but mishaps of all kinds ahead, and did not know how he should bear the long, dull day without Heidi. Then, too, there was the good meal he would miss, and besides that the goats on these days were so naughty and obstinate that he had twice the usual trouble with them, for they had grown so accustomed to Heidi's presence that they would run in every direction and refuse to go on unless she was with them. Heidi was never unhappy, for wherever she was she found something to interest or amuse her. She liked best, it is true, to go out with Peter up to the flowers and the great bird, but she also found her grandfather's hammering and sawing and carpentering very entertaining, and if it should chance to be the day when the large, round goats'-milk cheese was made she enjoyed beyond measure watching her grandfather stir the great cauldron. The thing which attracted her most, however, was the waving and roaring of the three old fir trees on these windy days. She would stand underneath them and look up, unable to tear herself away, looking and listening while they bowed and swayed and roared as the mighty wind rushed through them. There was no longer now the warm, bright sun that had shone all through the summer, so Heidi went to the cupboard and got out her shoes and stockings and dress.

Then it grew very cold, and Peter would come up early in the morning blowing on his fingers to keep them warm. But he soon left off coming, for one night there was a heavy fall of snow and the next morning the

whole mountain was covered with it, and not a single little green leaf even was to be seen anywhere upon it. There was no Peter that day, and Heidi stood at the little window looking out in wonderment, for the snow was beginning again, and the thick flakes kept falling till the snow was up to the window, and still they continued to fall, and the snow grew higher, so that at last the window could not be opened, and she and her grandfather were shut up fast within the hut. Heidi thought this was great fun and ran from one window to the other. The next day, the snow having ceased, the grandfather went out and shoveled it away from the house, and threw it into such great heaps that they looked like mountains.

Heidi and her grandfather were sitting one afternoon on their three-legged stools before the fire when there came a great thump at the door. It was Peter all white with snow for he had had to fight his way through deep snowdrifts. He had been determined, however, to climb up to the hut, for it was a week now since he had seen Heidi.

"Good-evening," he said as he came in; then he went and placed himself as near the fire as he could, his whole face beaming with pleasure at finding himself there. Heidi looked on in astonishment, for Peter was beginning to thaw all over with the warmth, so that he had the appearance of a trickling waterfall.

"Well, General, how goes it with you?" said the grandfather, "now that you have lost your army you will have to turn to your pen and pencil."

"Why must he turn to his pen and pencil," asked Heidi immediately, full
of curiosity.

"During the winter he must go to school," explained her grandfather,
"and learn how to read and write; it's a bit hard, although useful
sometimes afterwards. Am I not right, General?"

"Yes, indeed," assented Peter.

Heidi's interest was now thoroughly awakened, and she had so many
questions to ask Peter about school, and the conversation took so long
that he had time to get thoroughly dry.

"Well, now, General, you have been under fire for some time and must
want some refreshment. Come and join us," said the grandfather as he
brought the supper out of the cupboard, and Heidi pushed the stools to
the table. There was also now a bench fastened against the wall, for
as he was no longer alone the grandfather had put up seats of various
kinds here and there, long enough to hold two persons, for Heidi had a
way of always keeping close to her grandfather whether he was walking,
sitting, or standing. Peter opened his round eyes very wide when he
saw what a large piece of meat Alm-Uncle gave him on his thick slice
of bread. It was a long time since Peter had had anything so nice to
eat. As soon as the pleasant meal was over he began to get ready for
returning home, for it was already growing dark. He had said his
"good-night" and his thanks, and was just going out, when he turned
and said, "I shall come again next Sunday, this day week, and my
grandmother sent word that she would like you to come and see her some
day."

It was quite a new idea to Heidi that she should go and pay anybody a visit, and she could not get it out of her head; so the first thing she said to her grandfather the next day was, "I must go down to see the grandmother today, she will be expecting me."

"The snow is too deep," answered the grandfather, trying to put her off. Not a day passed but what she said five or six times to her grandfather, "I must certainly go today, the grandmother will be waiting for me."

On the fourth day, when Heidi was sitting on her high stool at dinner with the bright sun shining in upon her through the window, she again repeated her little speech, "I must certainly go down to see the grandmother today, or else I shall keep her waiting too long."

The grandfather rose from the table, climbed up to the hayloft and brought down the thick sack that was Heidi's coverlid, and said, "Come along then!" The child skipped out gleefully after him into the glittering world of snow.

The old fir trees were standing now quite silent, their branches covered with the white snow, and they looked so lovely as they glittered and sparkled in the sunlight that Heidi jumped for joy at the sight and kept on calling out, "Come here, come here, Grandfather! The fir trees are all silver and gold!" The grandfather had gone into the shed and he now came out, dragging a large hand-sleigh; inside there was a low seat, and the sleigh could be pushed forward and guided by the feet of the one who sat upon it with the help of a pole that was fastened to the side. The old man got in and lifted the child on to his lap; then he wrapped her up in the sack, that she might keep nice and

warm, and put his left arm closely round her, for it was necessary to hold her tight during the coming journey. He now grasped the pole with his right hand and gave the sleigh a push forward with his two feet. It shot down the mountain side with such rapidity that Heidi thought they were flying through the air like a bird, and shouted aloud with delight. Suddenly they came to a standstill, and there they were at Peter's hut. Her grandfather lifted her out and unwrapped her. "There you are, now go in, and when it begins to grow dark you must start on your way home again." Then he left her and went up the mountain, pulling his sleigh after him.

Heidi opened the door of the hut and stepped into a tiny room that looked very dark, with a fireplace and a few dishes on a wooden shelf; this was the little kitchen. She opened another door, and found herself in another small room, for the place was not a herdsman's hut like her grandfather's, with one large room on the ground floor and a hay-loft above, but a very old cottage, where everything was narrow and poor and shabby. A table was close to the door, and as Heidi stepped in she saw a woman sitting at it, putting a patch on a waistcoat which Heidi recognized at once as Peter's. In the corner sat an old woman, bent with age, spinning. Heidi was quite sure this was the grandmother, so she went up to the spinning-wheel and said, "Good-day, Grandmother, I have come at last; did you think I was a long time coming?"

The old woman raised her head and felt for the hand that the child

held out to her, and when she had found it, she passed her own over it
thoughtfully for a few seconds, and then said, "Are you the child who
lives up with Alm-Uncle, are you Heidi?"

"Yes, yes," answered Heidi, "I have just come down in the sleigh with
grandfather."

"Is it possible! Why, your hands are quite warm! Brigitta, did
Alm-Uncle come himself with the child?"

Peter's mother had left her work and risen from the table and now stood
looking at Heidi with curiosity, scanning her from head to foot. "I do
not know, mother, whether Uncle came himself; it is hardly likely, the
child probably makes a mistake."

But Heidi looked steadily at the woman, and said, "I know quite well
who wrapped me up in my bedcover and brought me down in the sleigh: it
was grandfather."

"There was some truth then perhaps in what Peter used to tell us of
Alm-Uncle during the summer, when we thought he must be wrong," said
grandmother; "but who would ever have believed that such a thing was
possible; I did not think the child would live three weeks up there.
What is she like, Brigitta?"

The latter had so thoroughly examined Heidi on all sides that she was
well able to describe her to her mother.

Heidi meanwhile had not been idle; she had made the round of the room
and looked carefully at everything there was to be seen. All of a
sudden she exclaimed, "Grandmother, one of your shutters is flapping

backwards and forwards: grandfather would put a nail in and make it all right in a minute. It will break one of the panes some day; look, how it keeps on banging!"

"Ah, dear child," said the old woman, "I am not able to see it, but I can hear that and many other things besides the shutter. Everything about the place rattles and creaks when the wind is blowing, and it gets inside through all the cracks and holes. The house is going to pieces, and in the night, when the two others are asleep, I often lie awake in fear and trembling, thinking that the whole place will give way and fall and kill us. And there is not a creature to mend anything for us, for Peter does not understand such work."

"But why cannot you see, Grandmother, that the shutter is loose. Look, there it goes again, see, that one there!" And Heidi pointed to the particular shutter.

"Alas, child, I can see nothing, nothing," said the grandmother in a voice of lamentation.

"But if I were to go outside and put back the shutter so that you had more light, then you could see, Grandmother?"

"No, no, not even then, no one can make it light for me again."

"But if you were to go outside among all the white snow, then surely you would find it light; just come with me, Grandmother, and I will show you." Heidi took hold of the old woman's hand to lead her along, for she was beginning to feel quite distressed at the thought of her being without light.

"Let me be, dear child; it is always dark for me now; whether in snow
or sun. It will never be light for me again on earth, never."

At these words Heidi broke into loud crying. In her distress she kept
on sobbing out, "Who can make it light for you again? Can no one do it?
Isn't there any one who can do it?"

The grandmother now tried to comfort the child, but it was not easy to
quiet her. Heidi did not often weep, but when she did she could not get
over her trouble for a long while. At last the old woman said, "Dear
Heidi, you cannot think how glad I am to hear a kind word when I can no
longer see, and it is such a pleasure to me to listen to you while you
talk. So come and sit beside me and tell me what you do up there, and
how grandfather occupies himself. I knew him very well in the old days;
but for many years now I have heard nothing of him, except through
Peter, who never says much."

This was a new and happy idea to Heidi; she quickly dried her tears
and said in a comforting voice, "Wait, Grandmother, till I have told
grandfather everything, he will make it light for you again, I am sure,
and will do something so that the house will not fall; he will put
everything right for you."

Heidi now began to give a lively description of her life with the
grandfather, and of the days she spent on the mountain with the goats,
and then went on to tell what she did during the winter, and how her
grandfather was able to make all sorts of things, seats and stools, and

mangers where the hay was put for Little Swan and Little Bear, besides a new large water-tub for her to bathe in when the summer came, and a new milk-bowl and spoon.

The grandmother listened with the greatest attention, only from time to time addressing her daughter, "Do you hear that, Brigitta? Do you hear what she is saying about Uncle?"

The conversation was suddenly interrupted by a heavy thump on the door, and in marched Peter, who stood stock-still, opening his eyes with astonishment, when he caught sight of Heidi; then his face beamed with smiles as she called out, "Good-evening, Peter."

"What, is the boy back from school already," exclaimed the grandmother in surprise. "I have not known an afternoon to pass so quickly as this one for years. How is the reading getting on, Peter?"

"As usual," was Peter's answer.

The old woman gave a little sigh, "Ah, well," she said, "I hoped you would have something different to tell me by this time, as you are going to be twelve years old this February."

"What was it you hoped he would have to tell you?" asked Heidi, interested in all the grandmother said.

"I mean that he ought to have learnt to read a bit by now," continued the grandmother. "Up there on the shelf is an old prayer-book, with beautiful songs in it which I have not heard for a long time and cannot now remember to repeat to myself, and I hoped that Peter would soon learn enough to be able to read one of them to me sometimes; but he finds it too difficult."

Heidi now jumped up from her low chair, and holding out her hand hastily to the grandmother said, "Good-night, Grandmother, it is getting dark; I must go home at once," and bidding good-bye to Peter and his mother she went towards the door. But the grandmother called out in an anxious voice, "Wait, wait, Heidi, you must not go alone like that, Peter must go with you. Have you got something warm to put round your throat?"

"I have not anything to put on," called back Heidi, "but I am sure I shall not be cold," and with that she ran outside and went off at such a pace that Peter had difficulty in overtaking her.

The children had taken but a few steps before they saw the grandfather coming down to meet them, and in another minute his long strides had brought him to their side.

"That's right, Heidi; you have kept your word," said the grandfather, and then wrapping the sack firmly round her he lifted her in his arms and strode off with her up the mountain.

They had no sooner got inside the hut than Heidi at once began: "Grandfather, tomorrow we must take the hammer and the long nails and fasten grandmother's shutter, and drive in a lot more nails in other places, for her house shakes and rattles all over."

[Illustration: HEIDI NOW BEGAN TO GIVE A LIVELY DESCRIPTION OF HER LIFE WITH THE GRANDFATHER]

"We must, must we? who told you that?" asked her grandfather.

"Nobody told me, but I know it for all that," replied Heidi, "for

everything is giving way, and when the grandmother cannot sleep, she lies trembling, for she thinks that every minute the house will fall down on their heads; and everything now is dark for grandmother, and she does not think any one can make it light for her again, but you will be able to, I am sure, Grandfather. Tomorrow we must go and help her; we will, won't we, Grandfather?"

The child was clinging to the old man and looking up at him in trustful confidence. The grandfather looked down at Heidi for a while without speaking, and then said, "Yes, Heidi, we will do something to stop the rattling, at least we can do that; we will go down about it tomorrow."

The child went skipping round the room for joy, crying out, "We shall go tomorrow! we shall go tomorrow!"

The grandfather kept his promise. On the following afternoon he brought the sleigh out again, and as on the previous day, he set Heidi down at the door of the grandmother's hut and said, "Go in now, and when it grows dark, come out again." Then he put the sack in the sleigh and went round the house.

Heidi had hardly opened the door and sprung into the room when the grandmother called out from her corner, "It's the child again! here she comes!" Heidi ran to her, and then quickly drew the little stool close up to the old woman, and seating herself upon it, began to tell and ask her all kinds of things. All at once came the sound of heavy blows against the wall of the hut and grandmother gave such a start of alarm

that she nearly upset the spinning-wheel, and cried in a trembling voice, "Ah, my God, now it is coming, the house is going to fall upon us!" But Heidi caught her by the arm, and said soothingly, "No, no, Grandmother, do not be frightened, it is only grandfather with his hammer; he is mending up everything, so that you shan't have such fear and trouble."

"Is it possible! is it really possible! so the dear God has not forgotten us!" exclaimed the grandmother. "Do you hear, Brigitta, what that noise is? Did you hear what the child says? Go outside, Brigitta, and if it is Alm-Uncle, tell him he must come inside a moment that I may thank him."

Brigitta went outside and found Alm-Uncle in the act of fastening some heavy pieces of new wood along the wall. She stepped up to him and said, "Good-evening, Uncle, mother and I thank you for doing us such a kind service, and she would like to tell you herself how grateful she is; I do not know who else would have done it for us; we shall not forget your kindness, for I am sure--"

"That will do," said the old man, interrupting her. "I know what you think of Alm-Uncle without your telling me. Go indoors again, I can find out for myself where the mending is wanted."

Brigitta obeyed on the spot, for Uncle had a way with him that made few people care to oppose his will. He went on knocking with his hammer all round the house, and then mounted the narrow steps to the roof, and hammered away there, until he had used up all the nails he had brought

with him. Meanwhile it had been growing dark, and he had hardly come down from the roof and dragged the sleigh out from behind the goat-shed when Heidi appeared outside. The grandfather wrapped her up and took her in his arms as he had done the day before, for although he had to drag the sleigh up the mountain after him, he feared that if the child sat in it alone her wrappings would fall off and that she would be nearly if not quite frozen, so he carried her warm and safe in his arms.

So the winter went by. After many years of joyless life, the blind grandmother had at last found something to make her happy. She listened for the little tripping footstep as soon as day had come, and when she heard the door open and knew the child was really there, she would call out, "God be thanked, she has come again!"

And Heidi had also grown very fond of the old grandmother, and when at last she knew for certain that no one could make it light for her again, she was overcome with sorrow; but the grandmother told her again that she felt the darkness much less when Heidi was with her, and so every fine winter's day the child came traveling down in her sleigh. The grandfather always took her, never raising any objection, indeed he always carried the hammer and sundry other things down in the sleigh with him, and many an afternoon was spent by him in making the goatherd's cottage sound and tight. It no longer groaned and rattled the whole night through, and the grandmother, who for many winters had not been able to sleep in peace as she did now, said she should never

forget what the Uncle had done for her.

CHAPTER V

A RAILROAD JOURNEY

Heidi was now in her eighth year; she had learnt all kinds of useful things from her grandfather; she knew how to look after the goats as well as any one, and Little Swan and Little Bear would follow her like two faithful dogs, and give a loud bleat of pleasure when they heard her voice. Twice during the course of this last winter Peter had brought up a message from the schoolmaster at Doerfli, who sent word to Alm-Uncle that he ought to send Heidi to school, as she was over the usual age, and ought indeed to have gone the winter before. Uncle had sent word back each time that the schoolmaster would find him at home if he had anything he wished to say to him, but that he did not intend to send Heidi to school.

As Heidi was running about one sunny March morning, and had just jumped over the water-trough for the tenth time at least, she nearly fell backwards into it with fright, for there in front of her stood an old gentleman dressed in black. When he saw how startled she was, he said in a kind voice, "Don't be afraid of me, for I am very fond of children. Shake hands! You must be the Heidi I have heard of; where is your grandfather?"

"He is sitting by the table, making round wooden spoons," Heidi informed him, as she opened the door.

It was the old village pastor from Doerfli who had been a neighbor of Uncle's when he lived down there. He stepped inside the hut, and going up to the old man, who was bending over his work, said, "Good-morning, neighbor."

The grandfather looked up in surprise, and then rising said, "Good-morning" in return. He pushed his chair towards the visitor as he continued, "If you do not mind a wooden seat there is one for you."

The pastor sat down. "It is a long time since I have seen you, neighbor," he said. "I think you know already what it is that has brought me here," and as he spoke he looked towards the child who was standing at the door.

"Heidi, go off to the goats," said her grandfather. "You can take them a little salt and stay with them till I come."

Heidi vanished on the spot.

"The child ought to have been at school a year ago, and most certainly this last winter," said the pastor. "The schoolmaster sent you word about it, but you gave him no answer. What are you thinking of doing with the child, neighbor?"

"I am thinking of not sending her to school," was the answer.

"How are you going to let her grow up then?"

"I am going to let her grow up and be happy among the goats and birds; with them she is safe, and will learn nothing evil."

"But the child is not a goat or a bird, she is a human being. It is

time she began her lessons. This is the last winter she must be allowed to run wild; next winter she must come regularly to school every day."

"She will do no such thing," said the old man with calm determination.

"Do you mean that you intend to stick obstinately to your decision?" said the pastor, growing somewhat angry. "You have been about the world, and I should have given you credit for more sense, neighbor."

"Indeed," replied the old man, "could you expect me to send a young child down the mountain on ice-cold mornings through storm and snow, and let her return at night when the wind is raging? Have you forgotten the child's mother, Adelaide? She was a sleep-walker, and had fits. Might not the child be attacked in the same way if obliged to over-exert herself? And you think you can come and force me to send her? I will go before all the courts of justice in the country, and then we shall see who will force me to do it!"

"Perhaps you are right, neighbor," said the pastor in a friendly tone of voice. "If it is impossible to send the child to school from here, come down into Doerfli and live again among your fellow-men. What sort of a life is this you lead, alone, and with bitter thoughts towards God and man."

"No, pastor, as to going down to Doerfli to live, that is far from my thoughts; the people despise me and I them; it is therefore best for all of us that we live apart."

The visitor had risen and stood holding out his hand to the old man as he added with renewed earnestness, "I will wager, that next winter you will be down among us again, and we shall be good neighbors as of old. Promise me that you will come and live with us again and become reconciled to God and man."

Alm-Uncle gave the pastor his hand and answered him calmly and firmly, "You mean well by me, I know, but I will not send the child to school nor come and live among you."

"Then God help you!" said the pastor, as he left the hut and went down the mountain.

Alm-Uncle was out of humor. When Heidi said as usual that afternoon, "Can we go down to grandmother now?" he answered, "Not today." He did not speak again the whole day, and the following morning when Heidi again asked the same question, he replied, "We will see." But before the dinner bowls bad been cleared away another visitor arrived, and this time it was Dete. She wore a fine feathered hat and a long trailing dress which swept the floor.

The grandfather looked her up and down without uttering a word. But Dete was prepared with an exceedingly amiable speech and began at once to praise the looks of the child. She should hardly have known her again, and it was evident that Heidi had been happy and well-cared-for with her grandfather. But she had just heard of something that would be a lucky chance for her. Some wealthy people in Frankfurt wanted a companion for their only daughter who was an invalid. Heidi was just

the sort of child they were looking for, simple-minded and unspoiled,
and after Dete had given them a description of Heidi, they had agreed
to take her. And no one could tell what good fortune there might not
be in store for her, for if these rich people should take a fancy to
Heidi--

"Have you nearly finished what you had to say?" broke in Alm-Uncle, who
had allowed her to talk on uninterruptedly so far.

"Ugh!" exclaimed Dete, throwing up her head in disgust, "one would
think I had been talking to you about the most ordinary matter; why,
there is not one person in all Praettigau who would not thank God if I
were to bring them such a piece of news as I am bringing you."

"You may take your news to anybody you like, I will have nothing to do
with it."

Dete leaped up from her seat like a rocket and cried, "If that is all
you have to say about it, why, then I will give you a bit of my mind.
The child is now eight years old and knows nothing, and you will not
let her learn. You will not send her to church or school, as I was told
down in Doerfli, and she is my own sister's child. I am responsible
for what happens to her, and this is a good opening for her. I have
everybody in Doerfli on my side; there is not one person there who will
not take my part against you; and I advise you to think well before
bringing it into court, if that is your intention; there are certain
things which might be brought up against you that you would not care to

hear, for when one has to do with lawcourts there is a great deal raked up that had been forgotten."

"Be silent!" thundered the Uncle, and his eyes flashed with anger. "Go and be done with you! and never let me see you again with your hat and feather." And with that he strode out of the hut.

"You have made grandfather angry," said Heidi, and her dark eyes had anything but a friendly expression in them as she looked at Dete.

"He will soon be all right again; come now," said Dete hurriedly, "and show me where your clothes are."

"I am not coming," said Heidi.

"Come, come, you will have all sorts of good things that you never dreamed of." Then she went to the cupboard and taking out Heidi's things rolled them up in a bundle. "Come along now, there's your hat; it is very shabby but will do for the present; put it on and let us make haste off."

"I am not coming," repeated Heidi.

"Don't be stupid and obstinate, like a goat; I suppose it's from the goats you have learnt to be so. Listen to me: you saw your grandfather was angry and heard what he said, that he did not wish to ever see us again; he wants you to go away with me and you must not make him angrier still. You can't think how nice it is at Frankfurt, and if you do not like it you can come back again; your grandfather will be in a good humor by that time."

"Can I return at once and be back home again here this evening?" asked
Heidi.

"What are you talking about, come along now! I tell you that you can
come back here when you like. Today we shall go as far as Mayenfeld,
and early tomorrow we shall start in the train; it will bring you home
again in no time when you wish it, for it goes as fast as the wind."

They started down the mountain and as they neared the grandmother's hut
they met Peter coming round the corner carrying an immense bundle of
long, thick hazel sticks on his shoulders. He stood still and stared
at the two approaching figures; as they came up to him, he exclaimed,
"Where are you going, Heidi?"

"I am only just going over to Frankfurt for a little visit with Dete,"
she replied; "but I must first run in to grandmother, she will be
expecting me."

"No, no, you must not stop to talk; it is already too late," said Dete,
holding Heidi, who was struggling to get away. "You can go in when you
come back," and she pulled the child on with her. Peter ran into the
hut and banged against the table with his bundle of sticks with such
violence that everything in the room shook, and his grandmother leaped
up with a cry of alarm from her spinning-wheel.

"What is the matter? what is the matter?" cried the frightened old
woman.

"She is taking Heidi away," explained Peter.

"Who? who? where to, Peter, where to?" asked the grandmother, growing
still more agitated; but even as she spoke she guessed what had
happened, for Brigitta had told her shortly before that she had seen
Dete going up to Alm-Uncle. The old woman opened the window and called
out beseechingly, "Dete, Dete, do not take the child away from us! do
not take her away!"

The two who were hastening down the mountain heard her voice, and Dete
evidently caught the words, for she grasped Heidi's hand more firmly.
Heidi struggled to get free, crying, "Grandmother is calling, I must go
to her."

But Dete had no intention of letting the child go, and quieted her as
best she could by promising that she could take something nice back to
grandmother. This was a new idea to Heidi, and it pleased her so much
that Dete had no longer any difficulty in getting her along.

"What could I take back to her?" Heidi asked.

"A soft roll of white bread; she would enjoy that, for now she is old
she can hardly eat the hard, black bread," answered Dete.

"Yes, she always gives it back to Peter, telling him it is too hard,"
affirmed Heidi. "Do let us make haste, for then perhaps we can get back
soon from Frankfurt, and I shall be able to give her the white bread
today." And Heidi started off running so fast that Dete with the bundle
under her arm could scarcely keep up with her.

* * * * *

From that day forward Alm-Uncle looked fiercer and more forbidding

than ever when he came down and passed through Doerfli. He spoke to no one, and looked such an ogre as he came along with his pack of cheeses on his back, his immense stick in his hand, and his thick, frowning eyebrows, that the women would call to their little ones, "Take care! get out of Alm-Uncle's way or he may hurt you!"

The old man took no notice of anybody as he strode through the village on his way to the valley below, where he sold his cheeses and bought what bread and meat he wanted for himself. After he had passed, the villagers all crowded together looking after him. They agreed that it was a great mercy the child had got away from him. Only the blind grandmother would have nothing to say against him, and told those who came to bring her work, how kind and thoughtful he had been with the child, how good to her and her daughter, and how many afternoons he had spent mending the house. All this was repeated down in Doerfli; but most of the people who heard it said that grandmother was too old to understand, and very likely had not heard rightly what was said; as she was blind, probably she was also deaf.

[Illustration]

CHAPTER VI

CLARA, THE PATIENT LITTLE INVALID

In her home at Frankfurt, Clara, the little daughter of Mr. Sesemann,

was lying on the invalid couch on which she spent her whole day, being wheeled in it from room to room.

Her little face was thin and pale, and at this moment her two soft blue eyes were fixed on the clock, which seemed to her to go very slowly this day, and with a slight accent of impatience, which was very rare with her, she asked, "Isn't it time yet, Miss Rottermeyer?"

This lady was sitting very upright at a small work-table, busy with her embroidery. She wore a dome-shaped head piece which made her look very solemn and dignified. For many years past, since Clara's mother had died, the housekeeping and the superintendence of the servants had been entrusted to Miss Rottermeyer. The father who was often away from home, left her in sole charge, with the condition only that his little daughter should have a voice in all matters, and that nothing should be done against her wish.

As Clara was putting her impatient question for the second time, Dete and Heidi arrived at the front door.

Tinette, the maid in dainty cap and apron, ushered them upstairs into the library. Dete remained standing politely near the door, still holding Heidi tightly by the hand, for she did not know what the child might take it into her head to do amid these new surroundings.

Miss Rottermeyer rose slowly and went up to the little new companion for the daughter of the house, to see what she was like. She did not seem very pleased with her appearance. Heidi was dressed in her plain

little woolen frock, and her hat was an old straw one bent out of shape. The child looked innocently out from beneath it, gazing with unconcealed astonishment at the lady's towering head dress.

[Illustration]

"What is your name?" asked Miss Rottermeyer, after examining the child for some minutes, while Heidi in return kept her eyes steadily fixed upon the lady.

"Heidi," she answered in a clear, ringing voice.

"What? what? that's no Christian name for a child; you were not christened that. What name did they give you when you were baptized?" continued Miss Rottermeyer.

"I do not remember," replied Heidi.

"What a way to answer!" said the lady, shaking her head. "Dete, is the child a simpleton or only saucy?"

"If the lady will allow me, I will speak for the child, for she is very unaccustomed to strangers," said Dete, who had given Heidi a silent poke for making such an unsuitable answer. "She is certainly not stupid nor yet saucy, she speaks exactly as she thinks. This is the first time she has ever been in a gentleman's house and she does not know good manners; but she is very willing to learn. She was christened Adelaide, after her mother, my sister, who is now dead."

"Well, that's a name that one can pronounce," remarked Miss Rottermeyer. "But I must tell you, Dete, that I am astonished to see so young a child. I told you that I wanted a companion of the same age as

**the young lady of the house, one who could share her lessons, and all
her other occupations. Miss Clara is now over twelve; what age is this
child?"**

**"If the lady will allow me," began Dete again, in her usual fluent
manner, "I myself had lost count of her exact age; she is certainly a
little younger, but not much; I cannot say precisely, but I think she
is ten, or thereabouts."**

**"Grandfather told me I was eight," put in Heidi. Dete gave her another
poke, but as the child had not the least idea why she did so she was
not at all confused.**

**"What--only eight!" cried Miss Rottermeyer angrily. "Four years too
young! Of what use is such a child! And what have you learnt? What
books did you have to learn from?"**

"None," said Heidi.

"How? what? How then did you learn to read?" continued the lady.

"I have never learnt to read, or Peter either," Heidi informed her.

**"Mercy upon us! you do not know how to read! is it really so?"
exclaimed Miss Rottermeyer, greatly horrified. "Is it possible--not
able to read? What have you learnt then?"**

"Nothing," said Heidi with unflinching truthfulness.

**"Young woman," said the lady to Dete, "this is not at all the sort of
companion we want. How could you think of bringing me a child like
this?"**

**But Dete was not to be put down so easily, and answered warmly, "If
you will allow me, the child is exactly what I thought you required;
she is unlike all other children, and I thought this child seemed as
if made for the place. But I must go now, for my mistress will be
waiting for me; if you will permit I will come again soon and see how
she is getting on." And with a bow Dete quickly left the room and ran
downstairs. Miss Rottermeyer stood for a moment taken aback and then
ran after Dete. But she had disappeared out the front door.**

**Heidi remained where she had been standing since she first came in.
Clara had looked on during the interview without speaking; now she
beckoned to Heidi and said, "Come here!"**

Heidi went up to her.

"Would you rather be called Heidi or Adelaide?" asked Clara.

"I am never called anything but Heidi," was the child's prompt answer.

**"Then I shall always call you by that name," said Clara, "it suits you.
I have never heard it before, but neither have I ever seen a child like
you before. Have you always had that short curly hair?"**

"Yes, I think so," said Heidi.

"Are you pleased to come to Frankfurt?" went on Clara.

**"No, but I shall go home again tomorrow and take grandmother a white
loaf," explained Heidi.**

**"Well, you are a funny child!" exclaimed Clara. "Don't you know you
were sent for to come here and stay with me and share my lessons? They**

**are dreadfully dull, and I think the morning will never pass away.
My tutor comes every morning at about ten o'clock, and then we go on
with lessons till two, and it does seem such a long time. Sometimes
he takes up the book and holds it close up to his face, as if he were
very short-sighted, but I know it's only because he wants to gape, and
Miss Rottermeyer takes her large handkerchief out also now and then
and covers her face with it, as if she was moved by what we had been
reading, but that is only because she is longing to gape too. And I
myself often want to gape, but I dare not, for if Miss Rottermeyer sees
me gaping she runs off at once and fetches the cod-liver oil and says I
must have a dose, as I am getting weak again, and the cod-liver oil is
horrible. But now it will be much more amusing, for I shall be able to
lie back and listen while you learn to read."**

Heidi shook her head doubtfully when she heard of learning to read.

**"Oh, nonsense, Heidi, of course you must learn to read, everybody
must, and my tutor is very kind, and never cross, and he will explain
everything to you. But mind, when he explains anything to you, you
won't be able to understand; but don't ask any questions, or else he
will go on explaining and you will understand less than ever. Later,
when you have learnt more and know about things yourself, then you will
begin to understand what he meant."**

**Miss Rottermeyer now came back into the room; she had not been able
to overtake Dete, and was evidently very much put out. She walked**

backwards and forwards in a state of agitation between the study and the dining-room, and began scolding the butler. "Make haste, Sebastian, or we shall get no dinner today at all," she said.

Then hurrying out, she called to Tinette to see that the bed-room was prepared for the little girl who had just arrived.

Meanwhile Sebastian had flung open the folding doors leading into the dining-room with rather more noise than he need, for he was feeling cross, although he did not dare answer back when Miss Rottermeyer spoke to him; he went up to Clara's chair to wheel her into the next room.
Heidi stood staring at him. Seeing her eyes fixed upon him, he suddenly growled out, "Well, what is there in me to stare at like that?" which he would certainly not have done if he had been aware that Miss Rottermeyer was just then entering the room. "You look so like Peter," answered Heidi. The housekeeper clasped her hands in horror. "Is it possible!" she stammered half-aloud, "she is now addressing the servant as if he were a friend! I never could have imagined such a child!"

Sebastian wheeled the couch into the dining-room and helped Clara on to her chair. Miss Rottermeyer took the seat beside her and made a sign to Heidi to take the one opposite. Beside Heidi's plate lay a nice white roll, and her eyes lighted up with pleasure as she saw it. When Sebastian came up to her side and handed her the dish of fish, she looked at the roll and asked, "Can I have it?" Sebastian nodded, and Heidi immediately seized the roll and put it in her pocket. Sebastian

still remained standing beside Heidi; it was not his duty to speak, nor to move away until she had helped herself. Heidi looked wonderingly at him for a minute or two, and then said, "Am I to eat some of that too?"
Sebastian nodded again. "Give me some then," she said, looking calmly at her plate.

"I see I shall have to teach you the first rules of behavior," said the housekeeper with a sigh. "You must not speak to Sebastian at table, or at any other time, unless you have an order to give him, and then you are not to address him as if he was some one belonging to you. Never let me hear you speak to him in that way again! It is the same with Tinette, and for myself you are to address me as you hear others doing. Clara must herself decide what you are to call her."

"Why, Clara, of course," put in the latter. Then followed a long list of rules as to general behavior, during the course of which Heidi's eyes gradually closed, for she had been up before five o'clock that morning and had had a long journey. She leaned back in her chair and fell fast asleep. Miss Rottermeyer having at last come to the end of her lecture said, "Now remember what I have said, Adelaide! Have you understood it all?"

"Heidi has been asleep for ever so long," said Clara, her face rippling all over with amusement, for she had not had such an entertaining dinner for a long time.

"It is really insupportable what one has to go through with this child," exclaimed Miss Rottermeyer, in great indignation, and she rang

the bell so violently that Tinette and Sebastian both came running in;
but no noise was sufficient to wake Heidi, and it was with difficulty
that they roused her sufficiently to get her to her bed-room.

CHAPTER VII

THE UNFRIENDLY HOUSEKEEPER

When Heidi opened her eyes on her first morning in Frankfurt she could
not think where she was. Then she rubbed them and looked about her. She
was sitting up in a high white bed, in a large, wide room with very
long white curtains; near the window stood two chairs covered with
large flowered material and then came a sofa with the same flowers,
in front of which was a round table; in the corner was a washstand,
with things upon it that Heidi had never seen in her life before. But
now all at once she remembered that she was in Frankfurt. She jumped
out of bed and dressed herself; then she ran first to one window and
then another; she wanted to see the sky and country outside; she felt
like a bird in a cage behind those great curtains. But they were too
heavy for her to put aside, so she crept underneath them to get to
the window. But she could see nothing but walls and windows. She felt
quite frightened and ran backwards and forwards, trying to open first
one and then the other of the windows, for she felt that somewhere
outside there must be the green grass, and the last unmelted snows

on the mountain slopes. But the windows remained immovable, try what
Heidi would to open them. Suddenly there was a knock on the door, and
immediately after Tinette put her head inside and said, "Breakfast
is ready." Heidi had no idea what an invitation so worded meant, and
Tinette's face did not encourage any questioning on Heidi's part. Heidi
was sharp enough to read its expression and acted accordingly. So she
drew a little stool out from under the table, put it in the corner and
sat down upon it, and there silently awaited what would happen next.
Shortly after, Miss Rottermeyer appeared. She seemed very much put out,
and called to Heidi, "What is the matter with you, Adelaide? Don't you
understand what breakfast is? Come along at once!"

Heidi had no difficulty in understanding now and followed at once.
Clara gave her a kindly greeting, her face looking considerably more
cheerful than usual, for she looked forward to all kinds of new things
happening again that day. Breakfast passed off quietly; Heidi ate her
bread and butter in a perfectly correct manner, and when the meal was
over and Clara wheeled back into the study, Miss Rottermeyer told her
to follow and remain with Clara until the tutor should arrive and
lessons begin.

As soon as the children were alone again, Heidi asked, "How can one see
out from here, and look right down on to the ground?"

"You must open the window and look out," replied Clara amused.

"But the windows won't open," responded Heidi sadly.

"Yes, they will," Clara assured her. "You cannot open them, nor I
either, but when you see Sebastian you can ask him to open one."

It was a great relief to Heidi to know that the windows could be opened
and that one could look out. Clara now began to ask her questions about
her home, and Heidi was delighted to tell her all about the mountain
and the goats, and the flowery meadows.

Meanwhile her tutor had arrived; Miss Rottermeyer, however, did not
bring him straight into the study but drew him first aside into the
dining-room, where she poured forth her troubles. It appeared that
she had written some time back to Mr. Sesemann to tell him that his
daughter very much desired to have a companion. Miss Rottermeyer had
wished for this arrangement on her own behalf, as it would relieve her
from having always to entertain the sick girl. The father had answered
that he was quite willing to let his daughter have a companion,
provided she was treated in every way like his own child. But now she
went on to explain how dreadfully she had been taken in about the
child, and related all the unimaginable things of which she had already
been guilty, so that not only would he have to begin with teaching
her the A B C, but would have to start with the most rudimentary
instruction as regarded everything to do with daily life. She could
see only one way out of this disastrous state of affairs, and that was
for the tutor to declare that it was impossible for the two to learn
together without detriment to Clara, who was so far ahead of the other;
that would be a good excuse for getting rid of the child. But she dared

not send her home without Mr. Sesemann's order, since he was aware
that by this time the companion had arrived. The tutor was a cautious
man and said that if the little girl was backward in some things she
was probably advanced in others, and a little regular teaching would
soon set the balance right. When Miss Rottermeyer saw that he was not
ready to support her, and evidently quite ready to undertake teaching
the alphabet, she opened the study door, which she quickly shut again
as soon as he had gone through remaining on the other side herself,
for she had a perfect horror of the A B C. She walked up and down the
dining-room, thinking over in her own mind how the servants were to
be told to address Adelaide. The father had written that she was to
be treated exactly like his own daughter, and this would especially
refer, she imagined, to the servants. She was not allowed, however, a
very long interval of time for consideration, for suddenly the sound of
a frightful crash was heard in the study, followed by frantic cries
for Sebastian. She rushed into the room. There on the floor lay in a
confused heap, books, exercise-books and inkstand, with the table-cloth
on the top, while from beneath them a dark stream of ink was flowing
all across the floor. Heidi had disappeared.

"Here's a state of things!" exclaimed Miss Rottermeyer. "Table-cloth,
books, work-basket, everything lying in the ink! It was that
unfortunate child, I suppose!"

"Yes, Heidi did it," explained Clara, "but quite by accident; she must
on no account be punished; she jumped up in such violent haste to get

away that she dragged the table-cloth along with her, and so everything
went over. There were a number of vehicles passing, that is why she
rushed off like that; perhaps she has never seen a carriage."

"Is it not as I said? She has not the smallest notion about anything!
But where is the child who has caused all this trouble? Surely she has
not run away! What would Mr. Sesemann say to me?" She ran out of the
room and down the stairs. There, at the bottom, standing in the open
doorway, was Heidi, looking in amazement up and down the street.

"What are you doing? What are you thinking of to run away like that?"
called Miss Rottermeyer.

"I heard the sound of the fir trees, but I cannot see where they are, and now I cannot hear them any more," answered Heidi, looking
disappointedly in the direction whence the noise of the passing
carriages had reached her, and which to Heidi had seemed like the
blowing of the south wind in the trees, so that in great joy of heart
she had rushed out to look at them.

"Fir trees! do you suppose we are in the woods? What ridiculous ideas
are these? Come upstairs and see the mischief you have done!"

Heidi followed Miss Rottermeyer upstairs; she was quite astonished to
see the disaster she had caused, for in her joy and haste to get to the
fir trees she had been unaware of having dragged everything after her.

"I excuse you doing this as it is the first time, but do not let me
hear of you doing it a second time," said Miss Rottermeyer pointing to
the floor. "During your lesson time you are to sit still and attend.

If you cannot do this I shall have to tie you to your chair. Do you understand?"

"Yes," replied Heidi, "but I will certainly not move again," for now she understood that it was a rule to sit still while she was being taught.

When Clara had been placed on her couch after dinner, and the housekeeper had retired to her room, Heidi waited for Sebastian who was coming up from the kitchen with a tray of silver tea-things, which he had to put away in the dining-room cupboard. As he reached the top stair Heidi went up to him and addressed him in the formal manner she had been ordered to use by Miss Rottermeyer.

Sebastian looked surprised and said somewhat curtly, "What is it you want, miss?"

"How can a window be opened?"

"Why, like that!" and Sebastian flung up one of the large windows.

Heidi ran to it, but she was not tall enough to see out, for her head only reached the sill.

"There, now miss can look out and see what is going on below," said Sebastian as he brought her a high wooden stool to stand on.

Heidi climbed up, and at last, as she thought, was going to see what she had been longing for. But she drew back her head with a look of great disappointment on her face.

[Illustration: "WHY, THERE IS NOTHING OUTSIDE BUT THE STONY STREETS"]

"Why, there is nothing outside but the stony streets," she said mournfully; "but if I went right round to the other side of the house what should I see there, Sebastian?"

"Nothing but what you see here," he told her.

"Then where can I go to see right away over the whole valley?"

"You would have to climb to the top of a high tower, a church tower, like that one over there with the gold ball above it."

Heidi got down quickly from her stool, ran to the door, down the steps and out into the street. She passed a great many people, but they all seemed in such a hurry that Heidi thought they had not time to tell her which way to go. Then suddenly at one of the street corners she saw a boy carrying a hand-organ on his back and a funny-looking animal on his arm. Heidi ran up to him and said, "Where is the tower with the gold ball on the top?"

"I don't know," was the answer.

"Do you know any other church with a high tower?"

"Yes, I know one."

"Come then and show it me."

"Show me first what you will give me," and the boy held out his hand as he spoke. Heidi searched about in her pocket and presently drew out a card on which was painted a garland of beautiful red roses; she looked at it first for a moment or two, for she felt rather sorry to part with it; Clara had only that morning made her a present of it--but then, to look down into the valley and see all the lovely green slopes! "There,"

said Heidi holding out the card, "would you like to have that?"

The boy drew back his hand and shook his head.

"What would you like then?" asked Heidi, not sorry to put the card back
in her pocket.

"Money."

"I have none, but Clara has; I am sure she will give me some; how much
do you want?"

"Five cents."

"Come along then."

They started off together along the street, and on the way Heidi asked
her companion what he was carrying on his back; it was a hand-organ,
he told her, which played beautiful music when he turned the handle.
All at once they found themselves in front of an old church with a high
tower; the boy said, "There it is."

Heidi caught sight of a bell in the wall which she now pulled with all
her might. "If I go up to the tower you must wait here, for I do not
know the way back, and you will have to show me."

"What will you give me then for that?"

"Another five cents."

They heard the key turning inside, and then some one pulled open the
heavy, creaking door; an old man came out and at first looked with
surprise and then in anger at the children, as he began scolding them:
"What do you mean by ringing me down like this? Can't you read what is
written over the bell, 'For those who wish to go up the tower'?"

"But I do want to go up the tower," said Heidi.

"What do you want up there?" said the old man. "Has somebody sent you?"

"No," replied Heidi, "I only wanted to go up and look down on the valley."

"Get along home with you and don't try this trick again, or you may not come off so easily a second time," and with that he turned and was about to shut the door. But Heidi took hold of his coat and said beseechingly, "Let me go up, just once."

He looked round, and his mood changed as he saw her pleading eyes; he took hold of her hand and said kindly, "Well, if you really wish it so much, I will take you."

The boy sat down on the church steps to show that he was content to wait where he was.

When they had climbed to the top of the tower, the old man lifted Heidi up that she might look out of the open window.

She saw beneath her a sea of roofs, towers, and chimney-pots; she quickly drew back her head and said in a sad, disappointed voice, "It is not at all what I thought."

"You see now, a child like you does not understand anything about a view! Come along down and don't go ringing at my bell again!"

On the way down they passed the tower-keeper's room. At the far end of this was a large basket, in front of which sat a big grey cat.

Heidi went up to the basket and broke out into expressions of delight.

**"Oh, the sweet little things! the darling kittens," she kept on saying,
as she jumped from side to side of the basket so as not to lose any
of the droll gambols of the seven or eight little kittens that were
scrambling and rolling and falling over one another.**

**"Would you like to have one?" said the old man, who enjoyed watching
the child's pleasure.**

**"For myself, to keep?" said Heidi excitedly, who could hardly believe
such happiness was to be hers.**

**"Yes, of course, more than one if you like--in short, you can take away
the whole lot if you have room for them," for the old man was only too
glad to think he could get rid of his kittens without more trouble.**

**"But how can I take them with me?" asked Heidi, and was going quickly
to see how many she could carry away in her hands, when the old cat
sprang at her so fiercely that she shrank back in fear.**

**"I will take them for you, if you tell me where," said the old man,
stroking the cat to quiet her.**

**"To Mr. Sesemann's, the big house where there is a gold dog's head on
the door, with a ring in its mouth," explained Heidi.**

**The old man had had charge of the tower for many a long year and knew
every house far and near.**

**"I know the house," he said, "but when shall I bring them, and who
shall I ask for--you are not one of the family, I am sure."**

"No, but Clara will be so delighted when I take her the kittens."

"If I could just take one or two away with me! one for myself and one for Clara, may I?"

"Well, wait a moment," said the man, and he drew the cat cautiously away into his room, and leaving her by a bowl of milk came out again and shut the door. "Now take two of them."

Heidi's eyes shone with delight. She picked up a white kitten and another striped white and yellow, and put one in the right, the other in the left pocket. Then she went downstairs. The boy was still sitting outside on the steps.

In a very short time they had reached the door with the large dog's head for a knocker. Heidi rang the bell. Sebastian opened it quickly, and when he saw it was Heidi, "Make haste! make haste," he cried in a hurried voice.

Heidi sprang hastily in and Sebastian shut the door after her, leaving the boy, whom he had not noticed, standing in wonder on the steps.

"Make haste, little miss," said Sebastian again; "go straight into the dining-room, they are already at table; Miss Rottermeyer looks like a loaded cannon. What could make the little miss run off like that?"

Heidi walked into the room. The housekeeper did not look up, Clara did not speak; there was an uncomfortable silence. Sebastian pushed

her chair up for her, and when she was seated Miss Rottermeyer said
sternly: "Adelaide, you have behaved in a most unmannerly way by running out of the house as you did, without asking permission, without
any one knowing a word about it; and then to go wandering about till
this hour; I never heard of such behavior before."

"Miau!" came the answer back.

This was too much for the lady's temper; with raised voice she exclaimed, "You dare, Adelaide, after your bad behavior, to answer me
as if it were a joke?"

"I did not--" began Heidi--"Miau! miau!"

"That will do," Miss Rottermeyer tried to say, but her voice was almost
stifled with anger. "Get up and leave the room."

Heidi stood up frightened, and again made an attempt to explain. "I
really did not--" "Miau! miau! miau!"

"But, Heidi," now put in Clara, "when you see that it makes Miss Rottermeyer angry, why do you keep on saying miau?"

"It isn't I, it's the kittens," Heidi was at last given time to say.

"How! what! kittens!" shrieked Miss Rottermeyer. "Sebastian! Tinette!
Find the horrid little things! take them away!" And she rose and fled
into the study and locked the door.

When Sebastian entered the dining-room, Clara had the kittens on her
lap, and Heidi was kneeling beside her, both laughing and playing with
the tiny, graceful little animals.

"Sebastian," exclaimed Clara as he came in, "you must help us; you

must find a bed for the kittens where Miss Rottermeyer will not spy them out, for she is so afraid of them that she will send them away at once; but we want to keep them, and have them out whenever we are alone. Where can you put them?"

"I will see to that," answered Sebastian willingly. "I will make a bed in a basket and put it in some place where the lady is not likely to go; you leave it to me." He set about the work at once, sniggling to himself the while, for he guessed there would be a further rumpus about this some day, and Sebastian was not without a certain pleasure in the thought of Miss Rottermeyer being a little disturbed.

After some time had elapsed, Miss Rottermeyer opened the door a crack and called through, "Have you taken those dreadful little animals away, Sebastian?"

He assured her twice that he had done so; and quickly and quietly catching up the kittens from Clara's lap, disappeared with them.

Miss Rottermeyer retired without speaking, Clara and Heidi following, happy in their minds at knowing that the kittens were lying in a comfortable bed.

CHAPTER VIII

SURPRISES FOR THE CHILDREN

The tutor had just been shown into the study on the following morning when there came a very loud ring at the bell. Sebastian opened the door

and there stood a ragged little boy carrying a hand-organ on his back.

"What's the meaning of this?" said Sebastian angrily. "I'll teach you to ring bells like that! What do you want here?"

"I want to see Clara," the boy answered.

"You good-for-nothing little rascal, can't you be polite enough to say 'Miss Clara.' What do you want with her?" continued Sebastian roughly.

"She owes me ten cents," explained the boy.

"You must be out of your mind! And how do you know that any young lady of that name lives here?"

"She owes me five for showing her the way there, and five for showing her the way back."

"The young lady never goes out, cannot even walk; be off and get back to where you came from, before I have to help you along."

But the boy was not to be frightened away, and said in a determined voice, "But I saw her in the street, and can describe her to you; she has short, curly black hair, and black eyes, and wears a brown dress, and does not talk quite like we do."

"Oho!" thought Sebastian, laughing to himself, "the little miss has evidently been up to more mischief." Then, drawing the boy inside he said aloud, "I understand now, come with me and wait outside the door till I tell you to go in. Be sure you begin playing your organ the instant you get inside the room; the lady is very fond of music."

Sebastian knocked at the study door, and a voice said, "Come in."

"There is a boy outside who says he must speak to Miss Clara herself,"
Sebastian announced.

Clara was delighted at such an extraordinary and unexpected message.

"Let him come in at once," replied Clara.

The boy was already inside the room, and according to Sebastian's
directions immediately began to play his organ. Miss Rottermeyer hearing the music rushed into the room and saw the ragged boy turning
away at his organ in the most energetic manner.

"Leave off! leave off at once!" she screamed. But her voice was drowned
by the music. She was making a dash for the boy, when she saw something
on the ground crawling towards her feet--a dreadful dark object--a
tortoise. At this sight she jumped higher than she had for many long
years before, shrieking with all her might, "Sebastian! Sebastian!"

"Take them all out, boy and animal! Get them away at once!" she commanded him.

Sebastian pulled the boy away, the latter having quickly caught up his
tortoise, and when he had got him outside he put something into his
hand. "There is the ten cents from Miss Clara, and another ten cents
for the music. You did it all quite right!" and with that he shut the
front door upon him.

Quietness reigned again in the study, and lessons began once more; Miss
Rottermeyer now stayed in the study in order to prevent any further

dreadful goings-on.

[Illustration: MISS ROTTERMEYER JUMPED HIGHER THAN SHE HAD FOR MANY LONG YEARS]

But soon another knock came to the door, and Sebastian again stepped in, this time to say that someone had brought a large basket with orders that it was to be given at once to Miss Clara.

"For me?" said Clara in astonishment, her curiosity very much excited, "bring it in at once that I may see what it is like."

Sebastian carried in a large covered basket and retired.

"I think the lessons had better be finished first before the basket is unpacked," said Miss Rottermeyer.

Clara could not conceive what was in it, and cast longing glances towards it. In the middle of one of her declensions she suddenly broke off and said to the tutor, "Mayn't I just give one peep inside to see what is in it before I go on?"

"On some considerations I am for it, on others against it," he began in answer; "for it, on the ground that if your whole attention is directed to the basket--" but the speech remained unfinished. The cover of the basket was loose, and at this moment one, two, three, and then two more kittens came suddenly tumbling on to the floor and racing about the room in every direction. They jumped over the tutor's boots, climbed up Miss Rottermeyer's dress, rolled about her feet, sprang up on to Clara's couch, scratching, scrambling, and mewing. Clara kept on exclaiming, "Oh, the dear little things! how pretty they are! Look,

**Heidi, at this one; look, look, at that one over there!" And Heidi in
her delight kept running after them first into one corner and then into
the other. The tutor stood up by the table not knowing what to do. Miss
Rottermeyer was unable at first to speak at all, so overcome was she
with horror, and she did not dare rise from her chair for fear that all
the dreadful little animals should jump upon her at once. At last she
found voice to call loudly, "Tinette! Tinette! Sebastian! Sebastian!"**

**They came in answer to her summons and gathered up the kittens; by
degrees they got them all inside the basket again and then carried them
off to put with the other two.**

**When Miss Rottermeyer learned that Heidi was to blame for having the
kittens brought into the house she was very angry and said:**

**"Adelaide, you little barbarian, you shall be put in a dark cellar with
the rats and black beetles."**

**Heidi listened in silence and surprise to her sentence, for she had
never seen a cellar such as was now described; the place known at her
grandfather's as the cellar, where the fresh cheeses and the new milk
were kept, was a pleasant and inviting place; neither did she know at
all what rats and black beetles were like.**

**But now Clara interrupted in great distress. "No, no, Miss Rottermeyer,
you must wait till papa comes; he has written to say that he will soon
be home, and then I will tell him everything, and he will say what is
to be done with Heidi."**

Miss Rottermeyer could not do anything against this superior authority, especially as the father was really expected very shortly. She rose and said with some displeasure, "As you will, Clara, but I too shall have something to say to Mr. Sesemann." And with that she left the room.

Two days now went by without further disturbance. Miss Rottermeyer, however, could not recover her equanimity; she was perpetually reminded by Heidi's presence of the deception that had been played upon her, and it seemed to her that ever since the child had come into the house everything had been topsy-turvy, and she could not bring things into proper order again. Clara had grown much more cheerful; she no longer found time hang heavy during the lesson hours, for Heidi was continually making a diversion of some kind or other. She jumbled all her letters up together and seemed quite unable to learn them, and when the tutor tried to draw her attention to their different shapes, and to help her by showing her that this was like a little horn, or that like a bird's bill, she would suddenly exclaim in a joyful voice, "That is a goat!" "That is a bird of prey!". For the tutor's descriptions suggested all kinds of pictures to her mind, but left her still incapable of the alphabet. In the later afternoons Heidi always sat with Clara, and told her of the mountain and of her life upon it, and the longing to return would become so overpowering that she always finished with the words, "Now I must go home! tomorrow I must really go!" But Clara would try to quiet her and tell Heidi that she must wait till her father returned, and then they would see what was to be

done. After dinner Heidi had to sit alone in her room for a couple of hours, for she understood now that she might not run about outside at Frankfurt as she did on the mountain, and so she did not attempt it.

At times she could hardly contain herself for the longing to be back home again. She remembered that Dete had told her that she could go home whenever she liked. So it came about one day that Heidi felt she could not bear it any longer. She tied all the rolls up in her red shawl, put on her straw hat, and went downstairs. But just as she reached the hall-door she met Miss Rottermeyer, just returning from a walk, which put a stop to Heidi's journey.

"What have you dressed yourself like that for?" exclaimed Miss Rottermeyer. "What do you mean by this? Have I not strictly forbidden you to go running about in the streets? And here you are ready to start off again, and going out looking like a beggar."

"I was not going to run about, I was going home," said Heidi frightened.

"What are you talking about! Going home! What would Mr. Sesemann say if he knew! And what is the matter with his house, I should like to know! Have you ever in your life before had such a house to live in, such a table, or so many to wait upon you? Have you?"

"No," replied Heidi.

"I should think not, indeed!" continued the exasperated lady. "You are an ungrateful little thing to be always thinking of what naughty thing you can do next!"

Then Heidi's feelings got the better of her, and she poured forth her trouble. "Indeed I only want to go home, for if I stay so long away Snowflake will begin crying again, and grandmother is waiting for me, and Greenfinch will get beaten, because I am not there to give Peter any cheese, and I can never see here how the sun says good-night to the mountains; and if the great bird were to fly over Frankfurt he would croak louder than ever about people huddling all together and teaching each other bad things, and not going to live up on the rocks, where it is so much better."

"Heaven have mercy on us, the child is out of her mind!" cried Miss Rottermeyer, and she turned and went quickly up the steps. "Go and bring that unhappy little creature in at once," she ordered Sebastian.

"What, are you in trouble again?" said Sebastian in a pleasant voice, as he led Heidi back up the stairs. He tried to cheer her up by telling her he was taking good care of all the kittens. But she was too sad to care and silently crept away to her room.

At supper that evening she sat without moving or eating; all she did was to hastily hide her roll in her pocket.

Next day Miss Rottermeyer made up her mind that she would supplement Heidi's clothing with various garments from Clara's wardrobe, so as to give her a decent appearance when Mr. Sesemann returned. She confided her intention to Clara, who was quite willing to give up any number of dresses and hats to Heidi; so the lady went upstairs to overhaul

the child's belongings and see what was to be kept and what thrown away. She returned, however, in the course of a few minutes with an expression of horror upon her face.

"What is this, Adelaide, that I find in your wardrobe!" she exclaimed. "I never heard of any one doing such a thing before! In a cupboard meant for clothes, Adelaide, what do I see at the bottom but a heap of rolls! Will you believe it, Clara, bread in a wardrobe! a whole pile of bread!"

"Tinette," she called, "go upstairs and take away all those rolls out of Adelaide's cupboard and the old straw hat on the table."

"No! no!" screamed Heidi. "I must keep the hat, and the rolls are for grandmother," and she was rushing to stop Tinette when Miss Rottermeyer caught hold of her: "You will stop here, and all that bread and rubbish shall be taken to the place they belong to," she said in a determined tone as she kept her hand on the child to prevent her running forward.

Heidi flung herself down on Clara's couch and broke into a wild fit of weeping, sobbing out at intervals, "Now grandmother's bread is all gone! They were all for grandmother, and now they are taken away, and grandmother won't have one," and she wept as if her heart would break.

She could not get over her sobs for a long time; she would never have been able to leave off crying at all if it had not been for Clara's promise that she should have fresh, new rolls to take to grandmother when the time came for her to go home.

When Heidi got into bed that night she found her old straw hat lying under the counterpane. She snatched it up with delight, made it more out of shape still in her joy, and then, after wrapping a handkerchief round it, she stuck it in a corner of the cupboard as far back as she could.

It was Sebastian who had hidden it there for her; he had been in the dining-room when Tinette was called, and had heard all that went on with the child and the latter's loud weeping. So he followed Tinette, and when she came out of Heidi's room carrying the rolls and the hat, he caught up the hat and said, "I will see to this old thing."

CHAPTER IX

MR. SESEMANN TAKES HEIDI'S PART

A few days after these events there was great commotion and much running up and down stairs in Mr. Sesemann's house. The master had just returned, and Sebastian and Tinette were busy carrying up one package after another from the carriage, for Mr. Sesemann always brought back a lot of pretty things for his home. He himself had not waited to do anything before going in to see his daughter. Heidi was sitting beside her, for it was late afternoon, when the two were always together.
Father and daughter greeted each other with warm affection, for they were deeply attached to one another. Then he held out his hand to

**Heidi, who had stolen away into the corner, and said kindly to her,
"And this is our little Swiss girl; come and shake hands with me!
That's right! Now, tell me, are Clara and you good friends with one
another, or do you get angry and quarrel, and then cry and make it up,
and then start quarrelling again on the next occasion?"**

"No, Clara is always kind to me," answered Heidi.

"And Heidi," put in Clara quickly, "has not once tried to quarrel."

**"That's all right, I am glad to hear it," said her father, as he rose
from his chair. "But you must excuse me, Clara, for I have had nothing
to eat all day. Afterwards I will show you all the things I have
brought home with me."**

**He found Miss Rottermeyer in the dining-room and when he had taken his
place she sat down opposite to him, looking so gloomy that he turned to
her and said, "What is the matter?"**

**"Mr. Sesemann," began the lady in a solemn voice, "we have been
frightfully imposed upon."**

**"Indeed, in what way?" asked Mr. Sesemann as he went on calmly drinking
his wine.**

**"Well, I supposed I was getting a well-behaved and nicely brought up
little Swiss girl for Clara's companion but I have been shockingly,
disgracefully imposed upon."**

**"But how? what is there shocking and disgraceful? I see nothing
shocking in the child," remarked Mr. Sesemann quietly.**

"If you only knew the kind of people and animals she has brought into

the house during your absence! The tutor can tell you more about that."

"Animals? what am I to understand by animals, Miss Rottermeyer?"

"It is past understanding; the whole behavior of the child would be past understanding, if it were not that at times she is evidently not in her right mind."

At that moment the door opened and the tutor was announced. "Ah! here is some one," exclaimed Mr. Sesemann, "who will help to clear up matters for me. Take a seat," he continued, as he held out his hand to the tutor. "And now tell me, what is the matter with this child that has come to be a companion to my daughter?"

The tutor started in his usual style. "If I must give my opinion about this little girl, I should like first to state that, if on one side, there is a lack of development which has been caused by the more or less careless way in which she has been brought up--"

"My good friend," interrupted Mr. Sesemann, "you are giving yourself more trouble than you need. I only want to know what your opinion is as to her being a fit companion or not for my daughter?"

"I should not like in any way to prejudice you against her," began the tutor once more; "for if on the one hand there is a certain inexperience of the ways of society, owing to the uncivilized life she led up to the time of her removal to Frankfurt, on the other hand she is endowed with certain good qualities, and, taken on the whole--"

"Excuse me, my dear sir, do not disturb yourself, but I must--I think

my daughter will be wanting me," and with that Mr. Sesemann quickly left the room and went into the study to talk to Clara.

"And now, my dear," he said, drawing his chair nearer and laying her hand in his, "what kind of animals has your little companion brought into the house, and why does Miss Rottermeyer think that she is not always in her right mind?"

Clara had no difficulty in answering. She told her father everything about the tortoise and the kittens, and explained to him what Heidi had said the day Miss Rottermeyer had been put in such a fright. Mr. Sesemann laughed heartily at her recital. "So you do not want me to send the child home again," he asked, "you are not tired of having her here?"

"Oh, no, no," Clara exclaimed, "please do not send her away. Time has passed much more quickly since Heidi has been here, for something fresh happens every day, and it used to be so dull, and she has always so much to tell me."

That evening when Mr. Sesemann and Miss Rottermeyer were alone, settling the household affairs, he informed her that he intended to keep Heidi, for his daughter liked her as a companion. "I desire," he continued, "that the child shall be in every way kindly treated, and that her peculiarities shall not be looked upon as crimes. If you find her too much for you alone, I can hold out a prospect of help for I am expecting my mother here on a long visit, and she, as you know, can get along with anybody, whatever they may be like."

"O yes, I know," replied Miss Rottermeyer, but there was no tone of
relief in her voice as she thought of the coming help.

Mr. Sesemann was only home for a short time; he left for Paris again
before the fortnight was over, comforting Clara with the prospect of
her grandmother's arrival, which was to take place in a few days'
time. Clara talked so much about her grandmother that Heidi began also
to call her "grandmamma," which brought forth a look of displeasure
from Miss Rottermeyer. As she was going to her room that night, Miss
Rottermeyer waylaid her, and gave her strict orders not to call Mrs.
Sesemann "grandmamma," but always to say "madam."

CHAPTER X

CLARA'S LOVABLE GRANDMOTHER

There was much expectation and preparation about the house on the
following evening, for Grandmother Sesemann was coming. Tinette had a
new white cap on her head, and Sebastian collected all the footstools
he could find and placed them in convenient spots, so that the lady
might find one ready to her feet whenever she chose to sit.

At last the carriage came driving up to the door, and Tinette and
Sebastian ran down the steps, followed by the housekeeper, who advanced
to greet the guest. Heidi had been sent up to her room and ordered to
remain there until called down, as the grandmother would certainly

like to see Clara alone first. Heidi sat herself down in a corner and repeated her instructions over to herself. She had not to wait long before Tinette put her head in and said abruptly, "Go downstairs into the study."

Heidi had not dared to ask Miss Rottermeyer again how she was to address the grandmother: she thought the lady had perhaps made a mistake, for she had never heard any one called by other than their right name. As she opened the study door she heard a kind voice say, "Ah, here comes the child! Come along and let me have a good look at you."

Heidi walked up to her and said very distinctly in her clear voice, "Good-evening, Mrs. Madam."

"Well!" said the grandmother laughing, "is that how they address people in your home on the mountain?"

"No," replied Heidi gravely, "I never knew any one with that name before."

"Nor I either," laughed the grandmother again as she patted Heidi's cheek. "Never mind! when I am with the children I am always grandmamma; you won't forget that name, will you?"

"No, no," Heidi assured her, "I often used to say it at home."

"I understand," said the grandmother, with a cheerful little nod of the head. Then she looked more closely at Heidi, and the child looked back at her with steady, serious eyes, for there was something kind and warm-hearted about this newcomer that pleased Heidi, and indeed

everything about the grandmother attracted her. She had such beautiful white hair, and two long lace ends hung down from the cap on her head and waved gently about her face every time she moved, as if a soft breeze were blowing round her, which gave Heidi a peculiar feeling of pleasure.

"And what is your name, child?" the grandmother now asked.

"I am always called Heidi; but as I am now to be called Adelaide, I will try and take care--" Heidi stopped short, for Miss Rottermeyer was at this moment entering the room.

"Mrs. Sesemann will no doubt agree with me," she interrupted, "that it was necessary to choose a name that could be pronounced easily, if only for the sake of the servants."

"My worthy Rottermeyer," replied Mrs. Sesemann, "if a person is called 'Heidi' and has grown accustomed to that name, I call her by the same, and so let it be."

Miss Rottermeyer was always very much annoyed that the old lady continually addressed her by her surname only; but it was no use minding, for the grandmother always went her own way, and so there was no help for it. Moreover, the grandmother was a keen old lady, and had all her five wits about her, and she knew what was going on in the house as soon as she entered it.

When on the following day Clara lay down as usual on her couch after dinner, the grandmother sat down beside her for a few minutes and closed her eyes, then she got up again as lively as ever, and trotted off into the dining-room. No one was there. "Heidi is asleep, I

suppose," she said to herself, and then going up to Miss Rottermeyer's room she gave a loud knock at the door. She waited a few minutes and then Miss Rottermeyer opened the door and drew back in surprise at this unexpected visit.

"Where is the child, and what is she doing all this time?" said Mrs. Sesemann.

"She is sitting in her room, where she could well employ herself if she had the least idea of making herself useful; but you have no idea, Mrs. Sesemann, of the out-of-the-way things this child imagines and does."

"I should do the same if I had to sit in there like that child, I can tell you; go bring her to my room; I have some pretty books with me that I should like to give her."

"That is just the misfortune," said Miss Rottermeyer with a despairing gesture, "what use are books to her? She has not been able to learn her A B C's even, all the long time she has been here; it is quite impossible to get the least idea of them into her head, and that the tutor himself will tell you; if he had not the patience of an angel he would have given up teaching her long ago."

"That is very strange," said Mrs. Sesemann, "she does not look to me like a child who would be unable to learn her alphabet."

Heidi now appeared and gazed with open-eyed delight and wonder at the beautiful colored pictures in the books which the grandmother gave her to look at. All of a sudden the child gave a start and burst into

sobs, for she had turned to a picture of a green pasture, full of young animals, some grazing and others nibbling at the shrubs. In the middle was a shepherd leaning upon his staff and looking on at his happy flock.

The grandmother laid her hand kindly on Heidi's. "Don't cry, dear child, don't cry," she said, "the picture has reminded you perhaps of something. But see, there is a beautiful tale to the picture which I will tell you this evening. And there are other nice tales of all kinds to read and to tell again. But now we must have a little talk together, so dry your tears and come and stand in front of me and tell me how you are getting on in your school-time; do you like your lessons, and have you learnt a great deal?"

"O no!" replied Heidi sighing, "but I knew beforehand that it was not possible to learn."

"What is it you think impossible to learn?"

"Why, to read, it is too difficult."

"You don't say so! and who told you that?"

"Peter told me, and he knew all about it, for he had tried and tried and could not learn it."

"Peter must be a very odd boy then! But listen, Heidi, you must not always go by what Peter says. You must believe what I tell you--and I tell you that you can learn to read in a very little while, as many other children do, who are made like you and not like Peter. As soon as you are able to read you shall have that book for your own."

Heidi had listened with eager attention to the grandmother's words and
now with a sigh exclaimed, "Oh, if only I could read now!"

"It won't take you long now to learn, that I can see; and now we must
go down to Clara; bring the books with you." And hand in hand the two
returned to the study.

* * * * *

Since the day when Heidi had so longed to go home, and Miss Rottermeyer
had met her and scolded her on the steps, and told her how wicked
and ungrateful she was to try and run away, a change had come over
the child. She at last understood that she could not go home when
she wished as Dete had told her, but that she would have to stay on
in Frankfurt for a long, long time, perhaps for ever. The weight
of trouble on the little heart grew heavier and heavier; she could
no longer eat her food, and every day she grew a little paler. She
lay awake for long hours at night, for as soon as she was alone and
everything was still around her, the picture of the mountain with its
sunshine and flowers rose vividly before her eyes; and when at last she
fell asleep it was to dream of the rocks and the snow-field turning
crimson in the evening light, and waking in the morning she would
think herself back at the hut and prepare to run joyfully out into the
sun--and then--there was her large bed, and here she was in Frankfurt
far, far away from home. And Heidi would often lay her face down on the
pillow and weep long and quietly so that no one might hear her.

Her unhappiness did not escape the grandmother's notice. One day she

called her into her room, and said, "Now tell me, Heidi, what is the matter; are you in trouble?"

But Heidi, afraid if she told the truth that the grandmother would think her ungrateful, and would then leave off being so kind to her, answered, "I can't tell you."

"Well, could you tell Clara about it?"

"Oh no, I cannot tell any one," said Heidi in so positive a tone, and with a look of such trouble on her face, that the grandmother felt full of pity for the child.

"Then, dear child, let me tell you what to do: you know that when we are in great trouble, and cannot speak about it to anybody, we must turn to God and pray Him to help. You say your prayers every evening do you not?"

"No, I never say any prayers," answered Heidi.

"Have you never been taught to pray, Heidi; do you not know even what it means?"

"I used to say prayers with the first grandmother, but that is a long time ago, and I have forgotten them."

"That is the reason, Heidi, that you are so unhappy, because you know no one who can help you. Think what a comfort it is to be able to tell everything to God, and pray Him for the help that no one else can give us. And He can aid us and give us everything that will make us happy again."

A sudden gleam of joy came into Heidi's eyes. "May I tell Him

everything, everything?"

"Yes, everything, Heidi, everything."

Heidi drew her hand away, which the grandmother was holding affectionately between her own, and said quickly, "May I go?"

"Yes, of course," was the answer, and Heidi ran out of the room into her own, and sitting herself on a stool, folded her hands together and told God about everything that was making her so sad and unhappy, and begged Him earnestly to help her and to let her go home to her grandfather.

It was about a week after this that the tutor informed Mrs. Sesemann that Heidi had really learnt to read at last.

[Illustration: GRANDMOTHER'S KIND ADVICE BRINGS COMFORT TO HEIDI]

"It is indeed truly marvelous," he said, "because she never seemed able to even learn her A B C's before. I had made up my mind to make no further attempts at the impossible, but to put the letters as they were before her without any dissertation on their origin and meaning. Now she has learnt her letters and started at once to read correctly, quite unlike most beginners."

That same evening Heidi found the large book with the pictures, lying on her plate when she took her place at table, and when she looked questioningly at the grandmother, the latter nodded kindly to her and said, "Yes, it's yours now."

"Mine, to keep always? even when I go home?" said Heidi, blushing with pleasure.

"Yes, of course, yours for ever," the grandmother assured her. "Tomorrow we will begin to read it."

"But you are not going home yet, Heidi, not for years," put in Clara.
"When grandmother goes away, I shall want you to stay on with me."

When Heidi went to her room that night she had another look at her book
before going to bed, and from that day forth her chief pleasure was to
read over and over again, the tales which belonged to the beautiful
pictures.

CHAPTER XI

HOME-SICKNESS

Every afternoon when Clara was resting after dinner, the grandmother
would take Heidi to her own room where she had a lot of pretty dolls,
and she showed her how to make dresses and aprons for them, so that the
child learned how to sew and to make all sorts of beautiful clothes for
the little people. And then grandmother liked to hear her read aloud,
and the oftener Heidi read her tales the fonder she grew of them. But
still she never looked really happy, and her eyes were no longer bright.

It was the last week of the grandmother's visit. She called Heidi into
her room as usual one day after dinner, and the child came with her
book under her arm. The old lady laid the book aside, and said, "Now,

**my dear, tell me why you are not happy? Have you still the same trouble
at heart?"**

Heidi nodded in reply.

"Have you told God about it?"

"Yes."

**"And do you pray every day that He will make things right and that you
may be happy again?"**

"No, I have left off praying."

"Do not tell me that, Heidi! Why have you left off praying?"

[Illustration: HEIDI LEARNS TO MAKE DOLL CLOTHES]

**"It is of no use, God does not listen," Heidi went on in an agitated
voice, "and I can understand that when there are so many, many people
in Frankfurt praying to Him every evening that He cannot attend to
them all, and He certainly has not heard what I said to Him."**

"And why are you so sure of that, Heidi?"

**"Because I have prayed for the same thing every day for weeks, and yet
God has not done what I asked."**

**"You are wrong, Heidi; you must not think of Him like that. God is a
good father to us all, and knows better than we do what is good for us.
He did not think what you have been praying for was good for you just
now; but be sure He heard you, for He can hear and see every one at the
same time, because He is a God and not a human being like you and me.
While God is watching over you, and looking to see if you will trust**

Him and go on praying to Him every day, you run away and leave off saying your prayers, and forget all about Him. You would not like to grieve God, would you, Heidi, when He only wants to be kind to you? So will you not go and ask Him to forgive you, and continue to pray and to trust Him, for you may be sure that He will make everything right and happy for you, and then you will be glad and lighthearted again."

Heidi had perfect confidence in the grandmother, and every word she said sank into her heart.

"I will go at once and ask God to forgive me, and I will never forget Him again," she replied repentantly.

And she ran away and prayed that she might always remember God, and that He would go on thinking about her.

The day came for grandmother's departure--a sad one for Clara and Heidi. But the grandmother was determined to make it as much like a holiday as possible and not to let them mope, and she kept them so lively and amused that they had no time to think about their sorrow at her going until she really drove away. Then the house seemed so silent and empty that Heidi and Clara did not know what to do with themselves, and sat during the remainder of the day like two lost children.

Many weeks passed away. Heidi did not know if it was winter or summer, for the walls and windows she looked out upon showed no change, and she never went beyond the house except on rare occasions when Clara was

well enough to drive out, and then they only went a very little way, as Clara could not bear the movement for long. On these occasions they generally only saw more fine streets and large houses and crowds of people; they seldom got anywhere beyond them, and grass and flowers, fir trees and mountains, were still far away. Heidi's longing for the old familiar and beautiful things grew daily stronger, so that now only to read a word that recalled them to her remembrance brought her to the verge of tears, which she suppressed with difficulty. So the autumn and winter passed, and again the sun came shining down on the white walls of the opposite houses, and Heidi would think to herself that now the time had come for Peter to go out again with the goats, to where the golden flowers of the cistus were glowing in the sunlight, and all the rocks around turned to fire at sunset. She would go and sit in a corner of her lonely room and put her hands up to her eyes that she might not see the sun shining on the opposite wall; and then she would remain without moving, battling silently with her terrible home-sickness until Clara sent for her again.

CHAPTER XII

"MY HOUSE IS HAUNTED"

For some days past Miss Rottermeyer had gone about rather silently and as if lost in thought. As twilight fell, and she passed from room

to room, or along the long corridors, she was seen to look cautiously behind her, and into the dark corners, as if she thought some one was coming up silently behind her and might unexpectedly give her dress a pull. Nor would she now go alone into some parts of the house. If she visited the upper floor where the grand guest-chambers were, or had to go down into the large drawing room, where every footstep echoed, she called Tinette to accompany her.

For something very strange and mysterious was going on in Mr. Sesemann's house. Every morning, when the servants went downstairs, they found the front door wide open, although nobody could be seen far or near to account for it. During the first few days that this happened every room and corner was searched in great alarm, to see if anything had been stolen, for the general idea was that a thief had been hiding in the house and had gone off in the night with the stolen goods; but not a thing in the house had been touched, everything was safe in its place. The door was doubly locked at night, and for further security the wooden bar was fastened across it; but it was no good--next morning the door again stood open. At last, after a great deal of persuasion from Miss Rottermeyer, Sebastian and John plucked up courage and agreed to sit up one night to watch and see what would happen. Miss Rottermeyer hunted up several weapons belonging to the master, and gave these and a bottle of brandy to them so that their courage might not faint if it came to a fight.

On the appointed night the two sat down and began at once to take some

of the strengthening cordial, which at first made them very talkative
and then very sleepy, so that they leant back in their seats and became
silent. As midnight struck, Sebastian roused himself and called to his
companion, who, however, was not easy to wake, and kept rolling his
head first to one side and then the other and continuing to sleep.
Sebastian began to listen more attentively, for he was wide awake now.
He did not feel inclined to go to sleep again, for the stillness was
ghostly to him, and he was afraid now to raise his voice to rouse John,
so he shook him gently to make him stir. At last, as one struck, John
woke up, and came back to the consciousness of why he was sitting in
a chair instead of lying in his bed. He got up with a great show of
courage and said, "Come, Sebastian, we must go out in the hall and see
what is going on; you need not be afraid, just follow me."

Whereupon he opened the door wide and stepped into the hall. Just as
he did so a sudden gust of air blew through the open front door and
put out the light which John held in his hand. He started back, almost
overturning Sebastian, whom he clutched and pulled back into the room,
and then shutting the door quickly he turned the key as far as he could
make it go. Then he pulled out his matches and lighted his candle
again. Sebastian, in the suddenness of the affair, did not know exactly
what had happened, for he had not seen the open front door or felt the
breeze behind John's broad figure. But now, as he saw the latter in the
light, he gave a cry of alarm, for John was trembling all over and was

as white as a ghost. "What's the matter? What did you see outside?"
asked Sebastian sympathetically.

"The door partly open," gasped John, "and a white figure standing at
the top of the steps--there it stood, and then all in a minute it
disappeared."

Sebastian felt his blood run cold. The two sat down close to one another and did not dare move again till the morning broke and the
streets began to be alive again. Then they left the room together,
shut the front door, and went upstairs to tell Miss Rottermeyer of
their experience. They had no sooner given her details of the night's
experience than she sat down and wrote to Mr. Sesemann, who had never
received such a letter before in his life. She could hardly write, she
told him, for her fingers were stiff with fear, and Mr. Sesemann must
please arrange to come back at once, for dreadful and unaccountable
things were taking place at home. Then she entered into particulars of
all that had happened, of how the door was found standing open every
morning.

Mr. Sesemann answered that it was quite impossible for him to arrange
to leave his business and return home at once.

Miss Rottermeyer, however, was determined not to pass any more days
in a state of fear, and she knew the right course to pursue. She had
as yet said nothing to the children of the ghostly apparitions, for
she knew if she did that the children would not remain alone for a
single moment, and that might entail discomfort for herself. But now

she walked straight off into the study, and there in a low, mysterious voice told the two children everything that had taken place. Clara immediately screamed out that she could not remain another minute alone, her father must come home.

So Miss Rottermeyer wrote another letter to Mr. Sesemann, stating that these unaccountable things that were going on in the house had so affected his daughter's delicate constitution that the worst consequences might be expected. Epileptic fits and St. Vitus's dance often came on suddenly in cases like this, and Clara was liable to be attacked by either if the cause of the general alarm was not removed.

The letter was successful, and two days later Mr. Sesemann arrived home.

Clara greeted him with a cry of joy, and seeing her so lively and apparently as well as ever, his face cleared, and the frown of anxiety passed gradually away from it as he heard from his daughter's own lips that she had nothing the matter with her, and moreover was so delighted to see him that she was quite glad about the ghost, as it was the cause of bringing him home again.

"And how is the ghost getting on?" he asked, turning to Miss Rottermeyer, with a twinkle of amusement in his eye.

"It is no joke, I assure you," replied that lady. "You will not laugh yourself tomorrow morning, Mr. Sesemann; what is going on in the house points to some terrible thing that has taken place in the past and been concealed."

"Well, I know nothing about that," said the master of the house, "but
I must beg you not to bring suspicion on my worthy ancestors. And now
will you kindly call Sebastian into the dining-room, as I wish to speak
to him alone."

Mr. Sesemann had been quite aware that Sebastian and Miss Rottermeyer
were not on the best of terms, and he had his ideas about this scare.

"Come here, lad," he said as Sebastian appeared, "and tell me
frankly--have you been playing at ghosts to amuse yourself at Miss
Rottermeyer's expense?"

"No, on my honor, sir; pray, do not think it; I am very uncomfortable
about the matter myself," answered Sebastian with unmistakable
truthfulness.

"Well, if that is so, I will show you and John tomorrow morning how
ghosts look in the daylight. You ought to be ashamed of yourself,
Sebastian, a great strong lad like you, to run away from a ghost! But
now go and take a message to my old friend the doctor: give him my kind
regards, and ask if he will come to me tonight at nine o'clock without
fail; I have come by express from Paris to consult him. I shall want
him to spend the night here, so bad a case is it; so will he arrange
accordingly. You understand?"

"Yes, sir," replied Sebastian, "I will see to the matter as you wish."

Punctually at nine o'clock, after the children and Miss Rottermeyer
had retired, the doctor arrived. He was a grey-haired man with a fresh

face, and two bright, kindly eyes. He looked anxious as he walked in, but, on catching sight of his patient, burst out laughing and clapped him on the shoulder. "Well," he said, "you look pretty bad for a person that I am to sit up with all night."

"Patience, friend," answered Mr. Sesemann, "the one you have to sit up for will look a good deal worse when we have once caught him, for there is a ghost in the house!"

The doctor laughed again.

"That's a nice way of showing sympathy, doctor!" continued Mr. Sesemann. "It's a pity my friend Rottermeyer cannot hear you. She is firmly convinced that some old member of the family is wandering about the house doing penance for some awful crime he committed."

"How did she become acquainted with him?" asked the doctor, still very much amused.

So Mr. Sesemann recounted to him how the front door was nightly opened by somebody, according to the testimony of the combined household. The whole thing was either a joke gotten up by some friend of the servants, just to alarm the household while he was away or else it was a thief, who, by leading everybody at first to think there was a ghost, made it safe for himself when he came later to steal, as no one would venture to run out if they heard him.

The two took up their quarters for the night in the same room in which Sebastian and John had kept watch. The door was shut close to prevent the light being seen in the hall outside, which might frighten away the

ghost. The gentlemen sat comfortably back in the arm-chairs and began talking of all sorts of things, now and then pausing to take a good draught of wine, and so twelve o'clock struck before they were aware.

"The ghost has got scent of us and is keeping away tonight," said the doctor.

"Wait a bit, it does not generally appear before one o'clock," answered his friend.

They started talking again. One o'clock struck. There was not a sound about the house, nor in the street outside. Suddenly the doctor lifted his finger.

"Hush! Sesemann, don't you hear something?"

They both listened, and they distinctly heard the bar softly pushed aside and then the key turned in the lock and the door opened. Mr. Sesemann put out his hand for his revolver.

"You are not afraid, are you?" said the doctor as he stood up.

"It is better to take precautions," whispered Mr. Sesemann, and seizing one of the lights in his other hand, he followed the doctor, who, armed in like manner with a light and a revolver, went softly on in front. They stepped into the hall. The moonlight was shining in through the open door and fell on a white figure standing motionless in the doorway.

"Who is there?" thundered the doctor in a voice that echoed through the hall, as the two men advanced with lights and weapons towards the figure.

It turned and gave a low cry. There in her little white nightgown stood Heidi, with bare feet, staring with wild eyes at the lights and the revolvers, and trembling from head to foot like a leaf in the wind. The two men looked at one another in surprise.

"Why, I believe it is Heidi," said the doctor.

"Child, what does this mean?" said Mr. Sesemann. "What did you want? why did you come down here?"

White with terror, and hardly able to make her voice heard, Heidi answered, "I don't know."

But now the doctor stepped forward. "This is a matter for me to see to, Sesemann; go back to your chair. I must take the child upstairs to her bed."

And with that he put down his revolver and gently taking the child by the hand led her upstairs. "Don't be frightened," he said as they went up side by side, "it's nothing to be frightened about; it's all right, only just go quietly."

On reaching Heidi's room the doctor put the candle down on the table, and taking Heidi up in his arms laid her on the bed and carefully covered her over. Then he sat down beside her and waited until she had grown quieter and no longer trembled so violently. He then took her hand and said in a kind, soothing voice, "There, now you feel better, and now tell me where you were wanting to go to?"

"I did not want to go anywhere," said Heidi. "I did not know I went

downstairs, but all at once I was there."

"I see, and had you been dreaming, so that you seemed to see and hear something very distinctly?"

[Illustration: THE DOCTOR DISCOVERS HEIDI'S HOME-SICKNESS]

"Yes, I dream every night, and always about the same things. I think I am back with grandfather, and I hear the sound in the fir trees outside, and I see the stars shining so brightly, and then I open the door quickly and run out, and it is all so beautiful! But when I wake I am still in Frankfurt." And Heidi struggled as she spoke to keep back the sobs which seemed to choke her.

"And have you no pain anywhere? no pain in your head or back?"

"No, only a feeling as if there were a great stone weighing on me here."

"As if you had eaten something that would not go down."

"No, not like that; something heavy as if I wanted to cry very much."

"I see, and then do you have a good cry?"

"Oh, no, I mustn't; Miss Rottermeyer forbade me to cry."

"So you swallow it all down, I suppose? Are you happy here in Frankfurt?"

"Yes," was the low answer; but it sounded more like "No."

"And where did you live with your grandfather?"

"Up on the mountain."

"That wasn't very amusing; rather dull at times, eh?"

"No, no, it was beautiful, beautiful!" Heidi could go no further; the

remembrance of the past, the excitement she had just gone through, the long suppressed weeping, were too much for the child's strength; the tears began to fall fast, and she broke into violent weeping.

The doctor patted her head kindly. "There, there, go on crying, it will do you good, and then go to sleep: it will be all right tomorrow."

Then he left the room and went downstairs to Mr. Sesemann; when he was once more sitting in the arm-chair opposite his friend, "Sesemann," he said, "let me first tell you that your little charge is a sleep-walker; she is the ghost who has nightly opened the front door and put your household into this fever of alarm. Secondly, the child is consumed with home-sickness to such an extent that she is nearly a skeleton already, and soon will be quite one; something must be done at once. There is but one remedy and that is to send her back to her native mountain air. So tomorrow the child must start for home; there you have my prescription."

Mr. Sesemann had risen and now paced up and down the room in the greatest state of concern.

"What!" he exclaimed, "the child a sleep-walker and ill! All this has taken place in my house and no one noticed it! And you mean, doctor, that the child who came here happy and healthy, I am to send back to her grandfather a miserable little skeleton? I can't do it; you cannot dream of my doing such a thing! Take the child in hand, do with her what you will, and make her whole and sound, and then she shall go home; but you must cure her first."

"Sesemann," replied the doctor, "this illness of the child's is not one to be cured with pills and powders. The child has not a strong constitution, but if you send her back at once she may recover in the mountain air, if not--you would rather she went back ill than not at all?"

Mr. Sesemann stood still; the doctor's words were a shock to him.

"If you put it so, doctor, there is assuredly only one way--and that is to send her home at once."

CHAPTER XIII

AT HOME AGAIN ON THE MOUNTAIN

At daylight Mr. Sesemann went quickly upstairs and along the passage to Miss Rottermeyer's room, and there gave such an unusually loud knock at the door that the lady awoke from sleep with a cry of alarm. She heard the master of the house calling to her from the other side of the door, "Please make haste and come down to the dining-room; we must make ready for a journey at once."

When Miss Rottermeyer came down, with everything well adjusted about her except her cap, which was put on hind side before, Mr. Sesemann began without delay to give her directions. She was to get out a trunk and pack up all the things belonging to Heidi, and a good part of Clara's clothes as well, so that the child might take home proper

apparel.

Miss Rottermeyer stood as if rooted to the spot and stared in astonishment at Mr. Sesemann. She had quite expected a long private account of some terrible ghostly experience of his during the night.

But Mr. Sesemann had no thought or time for explanations and left her standing there while he went to speak to Clara. He told her everything that had occurred during the past night, and explained how Heidi's nightly wanderings might gradually lead her farther and farther, perhaps even on to the roof, which of course would be very dangerous for her. And so they had decided to send her home at once, as he did not like to take the responsibility of her remaining, and Clara would see for herself that it was the only thing to do. Clara was very much distressed, and at first made all kinds of suggestions for keeping Heidi with her; but her father was firm, and promised her, if she would be reasonable and make no further fuss, that he would take her to Switzerland next summer.

Next he sent for Sebastian and told him to make ready to start: he was to travel with Heidi as far as Basle that day, and the next day take her home. He would give him a letter to carry to the grandfather, which would explain everything, and he could then return to Frankfurt.

"But there is one thing in particular which I wish you to look after," said Mr. Sesemann in conclusion. "When you reach the hotel, go at once into the child's room and see that the windows are all firmly fastened so that they cannot be easily opened. After Heidi is in bed, lock the

door of her room on the outside, for the child walks in her sleep
and might run into danger in a strange house if she went wandering
downstairs and tried to open the front door; so you understand?"

"Oh! then that was it?" exclaimed Sebastian, for now a light was thrown
on the ghostly visitations.

"Yes, that was it! and you are a coward, and you may tell John he is
the same, and the whole household a pack of idiots." And with this Mr.
Sesemann went off to his study to write a letter to Alm-Uncle.

Meanwhile Heidi was standing expectantly dressed in her Sunday frock
waiting to see what would happen next, for Tinette had awakened her
with a shake and put on her clothes without a word of explanation. The
little uneducated child was far too much beneath her for Tinette to
speak to.

When she appeared at the breakfast table, Mr. Sesemann said: "You are
going home today, little one."

"Home?" murmured Heidi in a low voice, turning pale; she was so
overcome that for a moment or two she could hardly breathe.

"Don't you want to hear more about it?"

"Oh, yes, yes!" exclaimed Heidi, her face now rosy with delight.

"All right, then," said Mr. Sesemann as he sat down and made her a sign
to do the same, "but now eat a good breakfast, and then off you go in
the carriage."

But Heidi could not swallow a morsel though she tried to do what she
was told; she was in such a state of excitement that she hardly knew if

she was awake or dreaming, or if she would again open her eyes to find herself in her nightgown at the front door.

"Tell Sebastian to take plenty of provisions with him," Mr. Sesemann called out to Miss Rottermeyer, who just then came into the room; "the child can't eat anything now, which is quite natural. Now run up to Clara and stay with her till the carriage comes round," he added kindly, turning to Heidi.

Heidi had been longing for this, and ran quickly upstairs. An immense trunk was standing open in the middle of the room.

"Oh Heidi," cried Clara, as she entered; "see all the things I have had put in for you--aren't you pleased?"

And she ran over a list of things, dresses and aprons and handkerchiefs, and all kinds of working materials. "And look here," she added, as she triumphantly held up a basket. Heidi peeped in and jumped for joy, for inside it were twelve beautiful round white rolls, all for grandmother. In their delight the children forgot that the time had come for them to separate, and when some one called out, "The carriage is here," there was no time for grieving.

Heidi ran to her room to fetch her darling book; she knew no one could have packed that, as it lay under her pillow, for she had kept it by her night and day. This was put in the basket with the rolls. Then she opened her wardrobe to look for another treasure--the old red shawl which had been left behind. Heidi wrapped it round her old hat and laid it on the top of the basket, so that the red package was quite

conspicuous. Then she put on her pretty hat and left the room. Miss Rottermeyer was waiting at the top of the stairs to say good-bye to her. When she caught sight of the strange little red bundle, she took it out of the basket and threw it on the ground. "No, no, Adelaide," she exclaimed, "you cannot leave the house with that thing. What can you possibly want with it!" Heidi did not dare take up her little bundle, but she gave the master of the house an imploring look, as if her greatest treasure had been taken from her.

"No, no," said Mr. Sesemann in a very decided voice, "the child shall take home with her whatever she likes, kittens and tortoises, if it pleases her; we need not put ourselves out about that, Miss Rottermeyer."

Heidi quickly picked up her bundle, with a look of joy and gratitude. As she stood by the carriage door, Mr. Sesemann gave her his hand and said he hoped she would remember him and Clara. He wished her a happy journey, and Heidi thanked him for all his kindness, and added, "And please say good-bye to the doctor for me and give him many, many thanks." For she had not forgotten that he had said to her the night before, 'It will be all right tomorrow,' and she rightly divined that he had helped to make it so for her. Heidi was now lifted into the carriage, and then the basket and the provisions were put in, and finally Sebastian took his place. Then Mr. Sesemann called out once more, "A pleasant journey to you," and the carriage rolled away.

Heidi was soon sitting in the railway carriage, holding her basket

tightly on her lap; she would not let it out of her hands for a moment, for it contained the delicious rolls for grandmother; so she must keep it carefully, and even peep inside it from time to time to enjoy the sight of them. For many hours she sat as still as a mouse; only now was she beginning to realize that she was going home to the grandfather, the mountain, the grandmother, and Peter. All of a sudden she said anxiously, "Sebastian, are you sure that grandmother on the mountain is not dead?"

"No, no," said Sebastian, wishing to soothe her, "we will hope not; she is sure to be alive still."

Then Heidi fell back on her own thoughts again. Now and then she looked inside the basket, for the thing she looked forward to most was laying all the rolls out on grandmother's table. After a long silence she spoke again, "If only we could know for certain that grandmother is alive!"

"Yes, yes," said Sebastian half asleep, "she is sure to be alive, there is no reason why she should be dead."

After a while sleep came to Heidi too, and after her disturbed night and early rising she slept so soundly that she did not wake till Sebastian shook her by the arm and called to her, "Wake up, wake up! we shall have to get out directly; we are just in Basle!"

There was a further railway journey of many hours the next day. Heidi again sat with her basket on her knee, for she would not have given it up to Sebastian on any consideration; today she never even opened

her mouth, for her excitement, which increased with every mile of the journey, kept her speechless. All of a sudden, before Heidi expected it, a voice called out, "Mayenfeld." She and Sebastian both jumped up, the latter also taken by surprise. In another minute they were both standing on the platform with Heidi's trunk, and the train was steaming away down the valley. Sebastian looked after it regretfully, for he preferred the easier mode of travelling to a wearisome climb on foot, especially as there was danger no doubt as well as fatigue in a country like this, where, according to Sebastian's idea, everything and everybody were half savage. He therefore looked cautiously to either side to see who was a likely person to ask the safest way to Doerfli.

Just outside the station he saw a shabby-looking little cart and horse which a broad-shouldered man was loading with heavy sacks that had been brought by the train, so he went up to him and asked which was the safest way to get to Doerfli.

"All the roads about here are safe," was the curt reply.

So Sebastian altered his question and asked which was the best way to avoid falling over the precipice, and also how a trunk could be conveyed to Doerfli. The man looked at it, weighing it with his eye, and then volunteered if it was not too heavy to take it on his own cart, as he was driving to Doerfli. After some little interchange of words it was finally agreed that the man should take both the child and the trunk to Doerfli, and there find some one who could be sent on with

Heidi up the mountain.

"I can go by myself, I know the way well from Doerfli," put in Heidi, who had been listening attentively to the conversation. Sebastian was greatly relieved at not having to do any mountain climbing. He drew Heidi aside and gave her a thick rolled parcel, and a letter for her grandfather; the parcel, he told her, was a present from Mr. Sesemann, and she must put it at the bottom of her basket under the rolls and be very careful not to lose it, as Mr. Sesemann would be very vexed if she did.

"I shall be sure not to lose it," said Heidi confidently, and she at once put the roll and the letter at the bottom of her basket. The trunk meanwhile had been hoisted into the cart, and now Sebastian lifted Heidi and her basket on to the high seat and shook hands with her. The driver swung himself up beside Heidi, and the cart rolled away in the direction, of the mountains, while Sebastian, glad of having no tiring and dangerous journey on foot before him, sat down in the station and awaited the return train.

The driver of the cart was the miller at Doerfli and was taking home his sacks of flour. He had never seen Heidi, but like everybody in Doerfli knew all about her. He had known her parents, and felt sure at once that this was the child of whom he had heard so much. He began to wonder why she had come back, and as they drove along he entered into conversation with her. "You are the child who lived with your grandfather, Alm-Uncle, are you not?"

"Yes."

"Didn't they treat you well down there that you have come back so soon?"

"Yes, it was not that; everything in Frankfurt is as nice as it could
be."

"Then why are you running home again?"

"Only because Mr. Sesemann gave me leave, or else I should not have
come."

"If they were willing to let you stay, why did you not remain where you
were better off than at home?"

"Because I would a thousand times rather be with grandfather on the
mountain than anywhere else in the world."

"You will think differently perhaps when you get back there," grumbled
the miller; and then to himself, "It's strange of her, for she must
know what it's like."

He began whistling and said no more, while Heidi looked around her and
began to tremble with excitement, for she knew every tree along the
way, and there overhead were the high jagged peaks of the mountain
looking down on her like old friends. She nodded back to them, and
grew every moment more wild with her joy and longing, feeling as if
she must jump down from the cart and run with all her might till
she reached the top. The clock was striking five as they drove into
Doerfli. As the miller lifted Heidi down, she said hastily, "Thank you,
grandfather will send for the trunk."

She climbed up the steep path from Doerfli as quickly as she could; she was obliged, however, to pause now and again to take breath, for the basket she carried was rather heavy, and the way got steeper as she drew nearer the top. One thought alone filled Heidi's mind, "Would she find the grandmother sitting in her usual corner by the spinning-wheel, was she still alive?" At last Heidi caught sight of the grandmother's house in the hollow of the mountain and her heart began to beat; she ran faster and faster and her heart beat louder and louder--and now she had reached the house, but she trembled so she could hardly open the door--and then she was standing inside, unable in her breathlessness to utter a sound.

"Ah, my God!" cried a voice from the corner, "that was how Heidi used to run in; if only I could have her with me once again! Who is there?"

"It's I, I, Grandmother," cried Heidi as she ran and flung herself on her knees beside the old woman, and seizing her hands, clung to her, unable to speak for joy. And the grandmother herself could not say a word for some time, so unexpected was this happiness; but at last she put out her hand and stroked Heidi's curly hair, and said, "Yes, yes, that is her hair, and her voice; thank God that He has granted my prayer!" And tears of joy fell from the blind eyes on to Heidi's hand.
"Is it really you, Heidi; have you really come back to me?"

"Yes, Grandmother, I am really here," answered Heidi in a reassuring voice. "Do not cry, for I have really come back and I am never going

away again, and I shall come every day to see you, and you won't have
any more hard bread to eat for some days, for look, look!"

And Heidi took the rolls from the basket, and piled the whole twelve up
on grandmother's lap.

"Ah, child! child! what a blessing you bring with you!" the old woman
exclaimed, as she felt and seemed never to come to the end of the
rolls. "But you yourself are the greatest blessing."

Then Heidi told her how unhappy she had been, thinking that the
grandmother might die while she was away and would never have her white
rolls, and that then she would never, never see her again.

Peter's mother came in and stood for a moment overcome with
astonishment. "Why, it's Heidi," she exclaimed.

Heidi stood up, and Brigitta could not say enough in her admiration
of the child's dress and appearance; she walked round her, exclaiming
all the while, "Grandmother, if you could only see her, and see what a
pretty frock she has on; you would hardly know her again. And the hat
with the feather in it is yours too, I suppose? Put it on that I may
see how you look in it?"

"No, I would rather not," replied Heidi firmly. "You can have it if
you like; I do not want it; I have my own still." And Heidi so saying
undid her red bundle and took out her own hat, which had become a
little more battered still during the journey. She had not forgotten
how her grandfather had called out to Dete that he never wished to see
her and her hat and feathers again, and this was the reason she had

so anxiously preserved her old hat, for she had never ceased to think about going home to her grandfather. Next she took off her pretty dress and put her red shawl on over her underpetticoat, which left her arms bare. "I must go home to grandfather now," she said, "but tomorrow I shall come again. Good-night, Grandmother."

"Yes, come again, be sure you come again tomorrow," begged the grandmother, as she pressed Heidi's hands in hers, unwilling to let her go.

"Why have you taken off that pretty dress," asked Brigitta.

"Because I would rather go home to grandfather as I am, or else perhaps he would not know me; you hardly did at first."

Brigitta went with her to the door, and there said in rather a mysterious voice, "You must be careful, for Peter tells me that Alm-Uncle is always now in a bad temper and never speaks."

Heidi bid her good-night and continued her way up the mountain, her basket on her arm.

Soon she caught sight of the tops of the fir trees above the hut roof, then the roof itself, and at last the whole hut, and there was grandfather sitting as in old days smoking his pipe, and she could see the fir trees waving in the wind. Quicker and quicker went her little feet, and before Alm-Uncle had time to see who was coming, Heidi had rushed up to him, thrown down her basket and flung her arms round his neck, unable in the excitement of seeing him again to say more than "Grandfather! Grandfather! Grandfather!" over and over again.

And the old man himself said nothing. For the first time for many years

his eyes were wet, and he had to pass his hand across them. Then he unloosed Heidi's arms, put her on his knee, and after looking at her for a moment, "So you have come back to me, Heidi," he said, "how is that? You don't look much of a grand lady. Did they send you away?"

"Oh, no, Grandfather," said Heidi eagerly, "you must not think that; they were all so kind--Clara, and grandmamma, and Mr. Sesemann. But you see, Grandfather, I used to think I should die, for I felt as if I could not breathe; but I never said anything because it would have been ungrateful. And then suddenly one morning quite early Mr. Sesemann said to me--but I think it was partly the doctor's doing--but perhaps it's all in the letter--" and Heidi jumped down and fetched the roll and the letter and handed them both to her grandfather.

"That belongs to you," he said, laying the roll of money down on the bench beside him. Then he opened the letter, read it through, and without a word put it in his pocket.

"Do you think you can still drink milk with me, Heidi?" he asked, taking the child by the hand to go into the hut. "But bring your money with you; you can buy a bed and bedclothes and dresses for a couple of years with it."

"I am sure I do not want it," replied Heidi. "I have got a bed already, and Clara has put such a lot of clothes in my trunk that I shall never want any more."

"Take it and put it in the cupboard; you will want it some day I have

no doubt."

Heidi obeyed and skipped happily after her grandfather into the house;
she ran into all the corners, delighted to see everything again, and
then went up the ladder--but there she came to a pause and called down
in a tone of surprise and distress, "Oh, Grandfather, my bed's gone."

"We can soon make it up again," he answered her from below. "I did not
know that you were coming back; come along now and have your milk."

[Illustration: "OUR MILK TASTES NICER THAN ANYTHING ELSE IN THE WORLD, GRANDFATHER"]

Heidi came down, sat herself on her high stool in the old place, and
then taking up her bowl drank her milk eagerly, as if she had never
come across anything so delicious, and as she put down her bowl, she
exclaimed, "Our milk tastes nicer than anything else in the world,
Grandfather."

A shrill whistle was heard outside. Heidi darted out like a flash of
lightning. There were the goats leaping and springing down the rocks,
with Peter in their midst. When he caught sight of Heidi he stood
still with astonishment and gazed speechlessly at her. Heidi called
out, "Good-evening, Peter," and then ran in among the goats. "Little
Swan! Little Bear! do you know me again?" And the animals evidently
recognized her voice at once, for they began rubbing their heads
against her and bleating loudly as if for joy, and as she called the
other goats by name one after the other, they all came scampering
towards her helter-skelter and crowding round her. The impatient

Greenfinch sprang into the air and over two of her companions in order to get nearer, and even the shy little Snowflake butted the Great Turk out of her way in quite a determined manner, which left him standing taken aback by her boldness, and lifting his beard in the air as much as to say, You see who I am.

"So you are back again?" said Peter, at last, taking Heidi's hand which she was holding out to him in greeting. "I am glad you are back," he said, while his whole face beamed with pleasure, and then he prepared to go on with his goats; but he never had so much trouble with them before, for when at last, by coaxing and threats, he had got them all together, and Heidi had gone off with an arm over either head of her grandfather's two goats the whole flock suddenly turned and ran after her. Heidi had to go inside the stall with her two and shut the door, or Peter would never have got home that night. When she went indoors after this she found her bed already made up for her. The grandfather had carefully spread and tucked in the clean sheets over the fragrant new mown hay. It was with a happy heart that Heidi lay down in it that night, and her sleep was sounder than it had been for a whole year past. The grandfather got up at least ten times during the night and mounted the ladder to see if Heidi was all right and showing no signs of restlessness, and to feel that the hay he had stuffed into the round window was keeping the moon from shining too brightly upon her. But Heidi did not stir; she had no need now to wander about, for the great

burning longing of her heart was satisfied; she was at home again on
the mountain.

CHAPTER XIV

THE COAT WITH THE SILVER BUTTONS

The next afternoon Heidi was standing under the waving trees waiting
for her grandfather, who was going down with her to grandmother's, and
then on to Doerfli to fetch her trunk. She was longing to know how
grandmother had enjoyed her white bread and impatient to see and hear
her again. The grandfather came out, gave a look round, and then called
to her in a cheerful voice, "Well, now we can be off."

It was Saturday, a day when Alm-Uncle made everything clean and tidy
inside and outside the house; he had devoted the morning to this work
so as to be able to accompany Heidi in the afternoon, and the whole
place was now as spick and span as he liked to see it. They parted at
the grandmother's cottage and Heidi ran in. The grandmother had heard
her steps approaching and greeted her as she crossed the threshold, "Is
it you, child? have you come again?"

Then she took hold of Heidi's hand and held it fast in her own, for
she still seemed to fear that the child might be torn from her again.
She told Heidi how much she had enjoyed the white bread, and how much
stronger she felt already for having been able to eat it, and then

Peter's mother went on and said she was sure that if her mother could eat like that for a week she would get back some of her strength.

"I know, Grandmother, what I will do," said Heidi eagerly, "I will write to Clara, and she will send me as many rolls again, if not twice as many as you have already, for I had ever such a large heap in the wardrobe, and when they were all taken away she promised to give me as many back, and she would do so I am sure."

"That is a good idea," said Brigitta; "but then, they would get hard and stale. The baker in Doerfli makes the white rolls, and if we could get some of those--but I can only just manage to pay for the black bread."

A further bright thought came to Heidi, and with a look of joy, "Oh, I have lots of money, Grandmother," she cried gleefully, skipping about the room in her delight, "and I know now what I will do with it. You must have a fresh white roll every day, and two on Sunday, and Peter can bring them up from Doerfli."

"No, no, child!" answered the grandmother, "I cannot let you do that; the money was not given to you for that purpose; you must give it to your grandfather, and he will tell you how you are to spend it."

But Heidi was not to be hindered in her kind intentions, and she continued to jump about, saying over and over again in a tone of exultation, "Now, grandmother can have a roll every day and will grow quite strong again--and, Oh, Grandmother," she suddenly exclaimed, "if you get strong everything will grow light again for you; perhaps

it's only because you are weak that it is dark." The grandmother said
nothing, she did not wish to spoil the child's pleasure. As she went
jumping about Heidi suddenly caught sight of the grandmother's song
book, and another happy idea struck her, "Grandmother, I can also read
now, would you like me to read you one of your hymns from your old
book?"

"Oh, yes," said the grandmother, surprised and delighted; "but can you
really read, child, really?"

Heidi climbed on a chair and lifted down the book, bringing a cloud of
dust with it, for it had lain untouched on the shelf for a long time.
She wiped it off and sat herself down on a stool beside the old woman,
and asked her which hymn she should read.

"What you like, child, what you like," and the grandmother pushed her
spinning-wheel aside and sat in eager expectation waiting for Heidi to
begin. "Here is one about the sun, Grandmother, I will read you that."
And Heidi began, reading with more and more warmth of expression as she
went on,--

The morning breaks,
And warm and bright
The earth lies still
In the golden light--
For Dawn has scattered the clouds of night.

God's handiwork
Is seen around,
Things great and small
To His praise abound--
Where are the signs of His love not found?

Joy shall be ours

In that garden blest
Where after storm
We find our rest--
I wait in peace--God's time is best.

The grandmother sat with folded hands and a look of indescribable joy on her face, such as Heidi had never seen there before, although at the same time the tears were running down her cheeks.

"Ah, Heidi, that brings light to the heart! What comfort you have brought me!" And the old woman kept on repeating the glad words, while Heidi beamed with happiness.

Some one now knocked at the window and Heidi looked up and saw her grandfather beckoning her to come home with him. She promised the grandmother before leaving her that she would be with her the next day, and even if she went out with Peter she would only spend half the day with him, for the thought that she might make it light and happy again for the grandmother gave her the greatest pleasure, greater even than being out on the sunny mountain with the flowers and goats. Heidi was so full of her morning's doings that she began at once to tell her grandfather all about them: how the white bread could be brought every day from Doerfli if there was money for it, and how the grandmother had all at once grown stronger and happier, and light had come to her. "If the grandmother won't take the money, Grandfather, will you give it all to me, and I can then give Peter enough every day to buy a roll and two on Sunday?"

"But how about the bed?" said her grandfather. "It would be nice for

you to have a proper bed, and there would then be plenty for the bread."

But Heidi gave her grandfather no peace till he consented to do what she wanted; she slept a great deal better, she said, on her bed of hay than on her fine pillowed bed in Frankfurt. So at last he said, "The money is yours, do what you like with it; you can buy bread for grandmother for years to come with it."

Heidi shouted for joy at the thought that grandmother would never need to eat hard black bread any more, and "Oh, Grandfather!" she said, "everything is happier now than it has ever been in our lives before!" and she sang and skipped along, holding her grandfather's hand as light-hearted as a bird. But all at once she grew quiet and said, "If God had let me come at once, as I prayed, then everything would have been different, I should only have had a little bread to bring to grandmother, and I should not have been able to read, which is such a comfort to her. So we will pray every day, won't we, Grandfather, and never forgot Him again, or else He may forget us."

"And supposing one does forget Him?" said the grandfather in a low voice.

"Then everything goes wrong, for God lets us then go where we like, and when we get poor and miserable and begin to cry about it no one pities us, but they say, You ran away from God, and so God, who could have helped you, left you to yourself."

"That is true, Heidi; where did you learn that?"

"From Grandmamma Sesemann; she explained it all to me."

The grandfather walked on for a little while without speaking, then he said, as if following his own train of thought: "And if it once is so, it is so always; no one can go back, and he whom God has forgotten, is forgotten for ever."

"Oh, no Grandfather, we can go back, for grandmamma told me so, and so it was in the beautiful tale in my book--but you have not heard that yet; but we shall be home directly now and then I will read it you, and you will see how beautiful it is." And in her eagerness Heidi struggled faster and faster up the steep ascent, and they were no sooner at the top than she let go her grandfather's hand and ran into the hut. The grandfather slung the basket off his shoulders in which he had brought up a part of the contents of the trunk, which was too heavy to carry up as it was. Then he sat down on his seat and began thinking.

Heidi soon came running out with her book under her arm and in a sympathetic voice began to read the story of the Prodigal Son.

"Isn't that a beautiful tale, Grandfather," said Heidi, as the latter continued to sit without speaking, for she had expected him to express pleasure and astonishment.

"You are right, Heidi; it is a beautiful tale," he replied, but he looked so grave as he said it that Heidi grew silent herself and sat looking quietly at her pictures.

A few hours later, as she lay fast asleep in her bed, the grandfather went up the ladder and put his lamp down near her bed so that the

light fell on the sleeping child. Her hands were still folded as if she had fallen asleep saying her prayers, an expression of peace and trust lay on the little face, and something in it seemed to appeal to the grandfather, for he stood a long time gazing down at her without speaking. At last he too folded his hands, and with bowed head said in a low voice, "Father, I have sinned against heaven and before Thee and am not worthy to be called Thy son." And two large tears rolled down the old man's cheeks.

Next morning while the sound of a few early bells was ringing up from the valley the grandfather called to Heidi to put on her best frock for they were going to church together.

She was not long getting ready for it was an unusual summons from her grandfather. She put on her smart Frankfurt dress and soon went down, but when she saw her grandfather she stood still, gazing at him in astonishment. "Why, Grandfather!" she exclaimed, "I never saw you look like that before! and the coat, with the silver buttons! Oh, you do look nice in your Sunday coat!"

The old man smiled and replied, "And you too; now come along!" He took Heidi's hand and together they walked down the mountain side. The bells were ringing in every direction now, sounding louder and fuller as they neared the valley, and Heidi listened to them with delight. "Hark, Grandfather! it's like a great festival!"

The congregation had already assembled and the singing had begun when

Heidi and her grandfather entered the church at Doerfli and sat down at the back. But before the hymn was over every one was nudging his neighbor and whispering, "Do you see? Alm-Uncle is in church!"

Soon everybody in the church knew of Alm-Uncle's presence, and the women kept on turning round to look and quite lost their place in the singing. At the close of the service Alm-Uncle took Heidi by the hand, and on leaving the church made his way towards the pastor's house; the rest of the congregation looked curiously after him, some even following to see whether he went inside the pastor's house, which he did. Then they collected in groups and talked over this strange event, keeping their eyes on the pastor's door, watching to see whether Alm-Uncle came out looking angry and quarrelsome, or as if the interview had been a peaceful one, for they could not imagine what had brought the old man down, and what it all meant. Some, however, adopted a new tone and expressed their opinion that Alm-Uncle was not so bad after all as they thought, "for see how carefully he took the little one by the hand." And others responded and said they had always thought people had exaggerated about him, that if he was so downright bad he would be afraid to go inside the pastor's house.

Meanwhile Alm-Uncle had gone into the pastor's house and knocked at the study door. The pastor came out and shook hands warmly with him, and Alm-Uncle was unable at first to speak, for he had not expected such a friendly reception. At last he collected himself and said, "I have come to ask you, pastor, to forget the words I spoke to you when you

called on me, and to beg you not to owe me ill-will for having been so obstinately set against your well-meant advice. You were right, and I was wrong, but I have now made up my mind to follow your advice and to find a place for myself at Doerfli for the winter, for the child is not strong enough to stand the bitter cold up on the mountain. And if the people down here look askance at me, as at a person not to be trusted, I know it is my own fault."

The pastor's kindly eyes shone with pleasure. He pressed the old man's hand in his, and said with emotion, "Neighbor, I am greatly rejoiced. You will not repent coming to live with us again; as for myself you will always be welcome as a dear friend and neighbor, and I look forward to our spending many a pleasant winter evening together and we will find some nice friends too for the little one." And the pastor laid his hand kindly on the child's curly head and took her by the hand as he walked to the door with the old man. He did not say good-bye to him till they were standing outside, so that all the people loitering about saw him shake hands as if parting reluctantly from his best friend. The door had hardly shut behind him before the whole congregation now came forward to greet Alm-Uncle, every one striving to be the first to shake hands with him. Most of his friends accompanied him and Heidi some way up the mountain, and each as they bid him good-bye made him promise that when he next came down he would without fail come and call. As the old man at last stood alone with the child, watching their retreating figures, there was a light upon his face as

if reflected from some inner sunshine of heart. Heidi looking up at him with her clear, steady eyes, said, "Grandfather, you look nicer and nicer today, I never saw you quite like that before."

"Do you think so," he answered with a smile. "Well, yes, Heidi, I am happier today than I deserve, happier than I had thought possible; it is good to be at peace with God and man! God was good to me when he sent you to my hut."

When they reached Peter's home the grandfather opened the door and walked straight in. "Good-morning, Grandmother," he said, "I think we shall have to do some more patching up before the autumn winds come."

"Well, if it is not Uncle!" cried the grandmother in pleased surprise. "That I should live to see such a thing! and now I can thank you for all that you have done for me. May God reward you! may God reward you!" She stretched out a trembling hand to him, and the grandfather shook it warmly.

At this moment Peter rushed in, evidently in a great hurry, knocking his head violently against the door in his haste, so that everything in the room rattled. Gasping and breathless he stood still after this and held out a letter. This was another great event, for such a thing had never happened before; the letter was addressed to Heidi and had been delivered at the post-office in Doerfli. They all sat down round the table to hear what was in it, for Heidi opened it at once and read it without hesitation. The letter was from Clara, who wrote that the house

had been so dull since Heidi left that she did not know what to do, and she had at last persuaded her father to take her to the baths at Ragatz in the coming autumn; grandmamma had arranged to join them there, and they both were looking forward to paying her and her grandfather a visit. And grandmamma sent a further message to Heidi which was that the latter had done quite right to take the rolls to the grandmother, and so that she might not have to eat them dry, she was sending some coffee, which was already on its way, and grandmamma hoped when she came to the Alm in the autumn that Heidi would take her to see her old friend.

There were exclamations of pleasure and astonishment on hearing this news and the afternoon soon passed in discussing plans for the coming visit.

Then the old man and Heidi started back up the mountain, promising the grandmother that they would come again next day. As they had been greeted with the bells when they made their journey down in the morning, so now they were accompanied by the peaceful evening chimes as they climbed to the hut, which had quite a Sunday-like appearance as it stood bathed in the light of the low evening sun.

CHAPTER XV

A GREAT DISAPPOINTMENT

When Autumn came Clara was not so well and the doctor advised Mr.

Sesemann to postpone the visit to Heidi till the following spring.

"I know how you hate to deny your child anything and especially this trip that she has so set her heart upon," said the kind-hearted old doctor, "but you must make up your mind to it, Sesemann. Clara has not had such a bad summer as this last one, for years. Only the worst results would follow from the fatigue of such a journey, and it is out of the question for her. If we want to give the child a chance of recovery we must use the utmost care and watchfulness."

Mr. Sesemann, who had listened to the doctor in sad and submissive silence, now suddenly jumped up. "Doctor," he said, "tell me truly: have you really any hope for her final recovery?"

The doctor shrugged his shoulders. "Very little," he replied quietly. "But, friend, think of my trouble. You still have a beloved child to look for you and greet you on your return home. You do not come back to an empty house and sit down to a solitary meal."

The once bright and cheery doctor was now a broken-hearted man. He could not get over the loss of his daughter who had died some months before, and who had been his sole and constant companion for many years.

Mr. Sesemann, who had been striding up and down the room, suddenly paused beside his friend and laying his hand on his shoulder said: "Doctor, I have an idea. How would it be for you to go, and pay Heidi a visit in our name? You need a change of scene. I cannot bear to see you so sad; you are no longer the same man."

The doctor was taken aback at this sudden proposal and wanted to make objections, but his friend gave him no time to say anything. He was so delighted with his idea, that he seized the doctor by the arm and drew him into Clara's room. She held out her hand to him as he came up to her; he took a seat beside her, and her father also drew up his chair, and taking Clara's hand in his began to talk to her of the Swiss journey and how he himself had looked forward to it. He passed as quickly as he could over the main point that it was now impossible for her to undertake it, for he dreaded the tears that would follow; but he went on without pause to tell her of his new plan, and dwelt on the great benefit it would be to his friend if he could be persuaded to take this holiday.

The tears were indeed swimming in the blue eyes, although Clara struggled to keep them down for her father's sake, but it was a bitter disappointment to give up the journey, the thought of which had been her only joy and solace during the lonely hours of her long illness. She knew, however, that her father would never refuse her a thing unless he was certain that it would be harmful for her. So she swallowed her tears as well as she could and turned her thoughts to the one hope still left her. Taking the doctor's hand and stroking it, she said pleadingly,--

"Dear doctor, you will go and see Heidi, won't you? and then you can come and tell me all about it, what it is like up there, and what Heidi and the grandfather, and Peter and the goats do all day. I know them

all so well! And then you can take what I want to send to Heidi; I have thought about it all, and also something for the grandmother. Do pray go, dear doctor, and I will take as much cod liver oil as you like."

Whether this promise finally decided the doctor it is impossible to say, but it is certain that he smiled and said,--

"Then I must certainly go, Clara, for you will then get as plump and strong as your father and I wish to see you. And have you decided when I am to start?"

"Tomorrow morning--early if possible," replied Clara.

"Yes, she is right," put in Mr. Sesemann, "the sun is shining and the sky is blue, and there is no time to be lost; it is a pity to miss a single one of these days on the mountain."

The doctor could not help laughing. "You will be reproaching me next for not being there already; well I must go and make arrangements for getting off."

But Clara would not let him go until she had given him endless messages for Heidi, and had explained all he was to look at so as to give her an exact description on his return. She would pack the presents she had already bought, and send them to his house later.

The doctor promised to obey Clara's directions in every particular; he would start some time during the following day if not the first thing in the morning, and would bring back a faithful account of his experiences and of all he saw and heard.

He was hastening off when he met Miss Rottermeyer just returning from a walk. He informed her of his intended journey, begging her in his most conciliatory voice to pack up the parcels for Heidi as she alone knew how to pack. And then he took his leave.

Clara quite expected to have a long tussle with Miss Rottermeyer before she would get the latter to consent to sending all the things that she had collected as presents for Heidi. But this time she was mistaken, for Miss Rottermeyer was in a more than usually good temper.
She cleared the large table so that all the things for Heidi could be spread out upon it and packed under Clara's own eyes. It was no light job, for the presents were of all shapes and sizes. First there was the little warm cloak with a hood, which had been designed by Clara herself, in order that Heidi during the coming winter might be able to go and see grandmother when she liked, and not have to wait till her grandfather could take her wrapped up in a sack to keep her from freezing. Then came a thick warm shawl for the grandmother, in which she could wrap herself well up and not feel the cold when the wind came sweeping in such terrible gusts round the house. The next object was the large box full of cakes; these were also for the grandmother, that she might have something to eat with her coffee besides bread.
An immense sausage was the next article; this had been originally intended for Peter, who never had anything but bread and cheese, but Clara had altered her mind, fearing that in his delight he might eat it all up at once and make himself ill. So she arranged to send it

to Brigitta, who could take some for herself and the grandmother and give Peter his portion out by degrees. A packet of tobacco was a present for grandfather, who was so fond of his pipe as he sat resting in the evening. Finally there was a whole lot of mysterious little bags, and parcels, and boxes, which Clara had had especial pleasure in collecting, as each was to be a joyful surprise for Heidi as she opened it. The work came to an end at last, and Clara eyed the big box with pleasure, picturing Heidi's exclamations and jumps of joy and surprise when the huge parcel arrived at the hut.

[Illustration]

Sebastian came in, and lifting the package on to his shoulder, carried it off to be forwarded at once to the doctor's house.

CHAPTER XVI

THE DOCTOR COMES WITH PRESENTS

The early light of morning lay rosy red upon the mountains, and a fresh breeze rustled through the fir trees and set their ancient branches waving to and fro. The sound awoke Heidi and she jumped out of bed and dressed herself as quickly as she could.

When she went down her ladder she found her grandfather had already left the hut. He was standing outside looking at the sky and examining the landscape as he did every morning, to see what sort of weather it was going to be.

Little pink clouds were floating over the sky, that was growing brighter and bluer with every minute, while the heights and the meadow lands were turning gold under the rising sun, which was just appearing above the topmost peaks.

"O, how beautiful! how beautiful! Good-morning, Grandfather!" cried Heidi, running out.

"What, you are awake already, are you?" he answered, giving her a morning greeting.

Then Heidi ran round to the fir trees to enjoy the sound she loved so well, and with every fresh gust of wind which came roaring through their branches she gave a fresh jump and cry of delight.

Meanwhile the grandfather had gone to milk the goats; this done he brushed and washed them, ready for their mountain excursion, and brought them out of their shed. As soon as Heidi caught sight of them she ran and embraced them, and they bleated in return, while they vied with each other in showing their affection by poking their heads against her and trying which could get nearest her. When the lively Little Bear gave rather too violent a thrust, she only said, "No, Little Bear, you are pushing like the Great Turk," and Little Bear immediately drew back his head and left off his rough attentions, while Little Swan lifted her head and put on an expression as much as to say, "No one shall ever accuse me of behaving like the Great Turk."

Peter's whistle was heard and all the goats came along, leaping and springing, and Heidi soon found herself surrounded by the whole flock,

pushed this way and that by their obstreperous greetings, but at last she managed to get through them to where Snowflake was standing, for the young goat had in vain striven to reach her.

Peter now gave a last tremendous whistle, in order to startle the goats and drive them off, for he wanted to get near himself to say something to Heidi. The goats sprang aside and he came up to her.

"Can you come out with me today?" he asked, evidently unwilling to hear her refuse.

"I am afraid I cannot, Peter," she answered. "I am expecting them every minute from Frankfurt, and I must be at home when they come."

"You have said the same thing for days now," grumbled Peter.

"I must continue to say it till they come," replied Heidi. "How can you think, Peter, that I would be away when they came? As if I could do such a thing?"

"They would find Uncle at home," he answered with a snarling voice.

But at this moment the grandfather's stentorian voice was heard. "Why is the army not marching forward? Is it the field-marshal who is missing or some of the troops?"

Whereupon Peter turned and went off, swinging his stick round so that it whistled through the air, and the goats, who understood the signal, started at full trot for their mountain pasture, Peter following in their wake.

Since Heidi had come back to her grandfather she had learned to do many

things about the house. She put her bed in order every morning, patting
and stroking it till she had got it perfectly smooth and flat. Then she
went about the room downstairs, put each chair back in its place, and
if she found anything lying about she put it in the cupboard. After
that she fetched a duster, climbed on a chair, and rubbed the table
till it shone again. When the grandfather came in later he would look
round well pleased and say to himself, "We look like Sunday every day
now; Heidi did not go abroad for nothing."

After Peter had departed and she and her grandfather had breakfasted,
Heidi began her daily work as usual, but she did not get on with it
very fast. It was so lovely out of doors today, and every minute
something happened to interrupt her in her work. Now it was a bright
beam of sun shining cheerfully through the open window, and seeming
to say, "Come out, Heidi, come out!" Heidi felt she could not stay
indoors, and she ran out in answer to the call. The sunlight lay
sparkling on everything around the hut and on all the mountains and
far away along the valley, and the grass slope looked so golden and
inviting that she was obliged to sit down for a few minutes and look
about her. Then she suddenly remembered that her stool was left
standing in the middle of the floor and that the table had not been
rubbed, and she jumped up and ran inside again. But it was not long
before the fir trees began their old song; Heidi felt it in all her
limbs, and again the desire to run outside was irresistible, and
she was off to play and leap to the tune of the waving branches. The
grandfather, who was busy in his work-shed, stepped out from time to

time smiling to watch her at her gambols. He had just gone back to his work on one of these occasions when Heidi called out, "Grandfather! Grandfather! Come, come!"

He stepped quickly out, almost afraid something had happened to the child, but he saw her running towards where the mountain path descended, crying, "They are coming! they are coming! and the doctor is in front of them!"

Heidi rushed forward to welcome her old friend, who held out his hands in greeting to her. When she came up to him she clung to his outstretched arm, and exclaimed in the joy of her heart, "Good-morning, doctor, and thank you ever so many times."

"God bless you, child! what have you got to thank me for?" asked the doctor, smiling.

"For being at home again with grandfather," the child explained.

The doctor's face brightened as if a sudden ray of sunshine had passed across it; he had not expected such a reception as this. He had quite thought that Heidi would have forgotten him; she had seen so little of him, and he had felt rather like one bearing a message of disappointment. But instead, here was Heidi, her eyes dancing for joy, and full of gratitude and affection, clinging to the arm of her kind friend.

He took her by the hand with fatherly tenderness. "Take me now to your grandfather, Heidi, and show me where you live."

But Heidi still remained standing looking down the path with a questioning gaze. "Where are Clara and grandmother?" she asked.

"Ah, now I have to tell you something which you will be as sorry about
as I am," answered the doctor. "You see, Heidi, I have come alone.
Clara was very ill and could not travel, and so the grandmother stayed
behind too. But next spring, when the days grow warm and long again,
they are coming here for certain."

Heidi stood motionless for a second or two, overcome by the unexpected
disappointment. She suddenly remembered that the doctor had really come
anyway. She lifted her eyes and saw the sad expression in his as he
looked down at her; she had never seen him with that look on his face
when she was in Frankfurt. It went to Heidi's heart; she could not bear
to see anybody unhappy, especially her dear doctor. No doubt it was
because Clara and grandmother could not come, and so she began to think
how best she might console him.

"Oh, it won't be very long to wait for spring, and then they will
be sure to come," she said in a reassuring voice. "Time passes very
quickly with us, and then they will be able to stay longer when they
are here, and Clara will be pleased at that. Now let us go and find
grandfather."

Hand in hand with her friend she climbed up to the hut. She was so
anxious to make the doctor happy again that she began once more
assuring him that the winter passed quickly on the mountain and that
summer would be back again before they knew it, and she became so
convinced of the truth of her own words that she called out quite
cheerfully to her grandfather as they approached, "They have not come

today, but they will be here in a very short time."

[Illustration: IT WAS NOT LONG BEFORE THE FIR TREES BEGAN THEIR OLD SONG]

The doctor was no stranger to the grandfather, for the child had talked to him so much about her friend. The old man held out his hand to his guest in friendly greeting. Then the two men sat down in front of the hut. The doctor whispered to Heidi that there was something being brought up the mountain which had traveled with him from Frankfurt, and which would give her even more pleasure than seeing him. Heidi got into a great state of excitement on hearing this, wondering what it could be. The old man urged the doctor to spend as many of the beautiful autumn days on the mountain as he could, and at least to come up whenever it was fine; he could not offer him a lodging, as he had no place to put him; he advised the doctor, however, not to go back to Ragatz, but to stay at Doerfli, where there was a clean, tidy little inn. Then the doctor could come up every morning, which would do him no end of good, and if he liked, he, the grandfather, would act as his guide to any part of the mountains he would like to see. The doctor was delighted with this proposal, and it was settled that it should be as the grandfather suggested.

Alm-Uncle now rose and went indoors, returning in a few minutes with a table which he placed in front of the seat.

"There, Heidi, now run in and bring us what we want for the table," he said. "The doctor must take us as he finds us; if the food is plain, he

will acknowledge that the dining-room is pleasant."

"I should think so indeed," replied the doctor as he looked down over the sun-lit valley, "and I accept the kind invitation; everything must taste good up here."

Heidi ran backwards and forwards as busy as a bee and brought out everything she could find in the cupboard. The grandfather meanwhile had been preparing the meal, and now appeared with a steaming jug of milk and golden-brown toasted cheese. Then he cut some thin slices from the meat he had cured himself in the pure air, and the doctor enjoyed his dinner better than he had for a whole year past.

"Our Clara must certainly come up here," he said, "it would make her quite a different person, and if she could eat for any length of time as I have today, she would grow plumper than any one has ever known her before."

As he spoke a man was seen coming up the path carrying a large package on his back. When he reached the hut he threw it on the ground and drew in two or three good breaths of the mountain air.

"Ah, here's what travelled with me from Frankfurt," said the doctor, rising, and he went up to the package and began undoing it, Heidi looking on in great expectation. After he had released it from its heavy outer covering, "There, child," he said, "now you can go on unpacking your treasures yourself."

Heidi undid her presents one by one until they were all displayed; she

could not speak for wonder and delight. Not till the doctor opened the large box to show Heidi the cakes that were for the grandmother to eat with her coffee, did she at last give a cry of joy, exclaiming, "Now grandmother will have nice things to eat," and she wanted to pack everything up again and start at once to give them to her. But the grandfather said he should walk down with the doctor that evening and she could go with them and take the things. Heidi next found the packet of tobacco which she ran and gave to her grandfather; he was so pleased with it that he immediately filled his pipe with some, and the two men then sat down together again, the smoke curling up from their pipes as they talked of all kinds of things, while Heidi continued to examine first one and then another of her presents. Suddenly she ran up to them, and standing in front of the doctor waited till there was a pause in the conversation, and then said, "No, the presents have not given me more pleasure than seeing you, doctor."

The two men could not help laughing, and the doctor answered that he should never have thought it.

As the sun began to sink behind the mountains the doctor rose, thinking it time to return to Doerfli and seek for quarters. The grandfather carried the cakes and the shawl and the large sausage, and the doctor took Heidi's hand, as they all three started down the mountain. Arrived at Peter's home Heidi bid the others good-bye; she was to wait at grandmother's till her grandfather, who was going on to Doerfli with

his guest, returned for her. As the doctor shook hands with her she
asked, "Would you like to come out with the goats tomorrow morning?"
for she could think of no greater treat to offer him.

"Agreed!" answered the doctor, "we will go together."

Heidi now ran in to the grandmother: she first, with some effort,
managed to carry in the box of cakes; then she ran out again and
brought in the sausage--for her grandfather had put the presents down
by the door--and then a third time for the shawl. She placed them as
close as she could to the grandmother, so that the latter might be able
to feel them and understand what was there. The shawl she laid over the
old woman's knees.

"They are all from Frankfurt, from Clara and grandmamma," she explained
to the astonished grandmother and Brigitta, the latter having watched
her dragging in all the heavy things unable to imagine what was happening.

"And you are very pleased with the cakes, aren't you, Grandmother?
taste how soft they are!" said Heidi over and over again, to which the
grandmother continued to answer, "Yes, yes, Heidi, I should think so!
what kind people they must be!" And then she would pass her hand over
the warm, thick shawl and add, "This will be beautiful for the cold
winter! I never thought I should ever have such a splendid thing as
this to put on."

Heidi could not help feeling some surprise at the grandmother seeming
to take more pleasure in the shawl than the cakes. Meanwhile Brigitta

stood gazing at the sausage with almost an expression of awe. She had hardly in her life seen such a monster sausage, much less owned one, and she could scarcely believe her eyes.

Peter came tumbling in at this minute. "Uncle is just behind me, he is coming--" he began, and then stopped short, for his eye had caught sight of the sausage, and he was too much taken aback to say more. But Heidi understood that her grandfather was near and so said good-bye to grandmother. The old man now never passed the door without going in to wish the old woman good-day, and she liked to hear his footstep approaching, for he always had a cheery word for her. But today it was growing late for Heidi, who was always up with the lark, and the grandfather would never let her go to bed after hours; so this evening he only called good-night through the open door and started home at once with the child, and the two climbed under the starlit sky back to their peaceful dwelling.

CHAPTER XVII

EXCURSIONS OVER THE MOUNTAINS

The next morning the doctor climbed up from Doerfli with Peter and the goats. At the hut, they found Heidi awaiting them with her two goats, all three as fresh and lively as the morning sun among the mountains.

"Are you coming today?" said Peter, repeating the words with which he

daily greeted her.

"Of course I am, if the doctor is coming too," replied Heidi.

Peter cast a sidelong glance at the doctor. The grandfather now came out with the dinner bag, and after bidding good-day to the doctor he went up to Peter and slung it over his neck. It was heavier than usual, for Alm-Uncle had added some meat today, as he thought the doctor might like to have his lunch out of doors with the children. Peter gave a grin, for he felt sure there was something extra good in it.

And so the ascent began. The goats as usual came thronging round Heidi, each trying to be nearest her, until at last she stood still and said, "Now you must go on in front and behave properly, and not keep on turning back and pushing and poking me, for I want to talk to the doctor." By degrees she managed to make her way out from among them and joined the doctor, who took her by the hand. Heidi had a great deal to say about the goats and their peculiarities, and about the flowers and the rocks and the birds, and so they clambered on and reached their resting-place before they were aware. Peter had sent a good many unfriendly glances towards the doctor on the way up, which might have quite alarmed the latter if he had happened to notice them, which, fortunately, he did not.

Heidi led her friend to her favorite spot where she was accustomed to sit and enjoy the beauty around her; the doctor followed her example and took his seat beside her on the warm grass. The great snowfield sparkled in the bright sunlight, on the rocky peaks. A soft, light

morning breeze blew deliciously across the mountain, gently stirring the bluebells that still remained of the summer's wealth of flowers, their slender heads nodding cheerfully in the sunshine. Overhead the great bird was flying round and round in wide circles. Heidi looked about her first at one thing and then at another. Her eyes were alight with joy. She turned to her friend to see if he too were enjoying the beauty. The doctor had been sitting thoughtfully gazing around him. As he met her glad bright eyes, "Yes, Heidi," he responded, "I see how lovely it all is, but tell me--if one brings a sad heart up here, how may it be healed so that it can rejoice in all this beauty?"

"But no one is sad up here, only in Frankfurt," exclaimed Heidi.

The doctor smiled, and then growing serious again he continued, "But supposing one is not able to leave all the sadness behind at Frankfurt; can you tell me anything that will help then?"

"When you do not know what more to do you must go and tell everything to God," answered Heidi with decision.

"Ah, that is a good thought of yours, Heidi," said the doctor. "But if it is God Himself who has sent the trouble, what can we say to Him then?"

Heidi sat pondering for a while; she was sure in her heart that God could help out of every trouble. She thought over her own experiences and then found her answer.

"Then you must wait," she said, "and keep on saying to yourself: God

**certainly knows of some happiness for us which He is going to bring out
of the trouble, only we must have patience and not run away."**

**"That is a beautiful faith, child, and be sure you hold it fast,"
replied the doctor. "But can you understand, Heidi, that a man may sit
here with such a shadow over his eyes that he cannot feel and enjoy
the beauty around him, while the heart grows doubly sad knowing how
beautiful it could be. Can you understand that?"**

**A pain shot through the child's young, happy heart. The shadow over the
eyes brought to her remembrance the grandmother, who would never again
be able to see the sunlight and the beauty up here. This was Heidi's
great sorrow, which reawoke each time she thought about the darkness.**

**"Yes, I can understand it. And I know this, that then one must say one
of grandmother's hymns, which bring the light back a little, and often
make it so bright for her that she is quite happy again. Grandmother
herself told me this."**

"Which hymns are they, Heidi?" asked the doctor.

**"I only know the one about the sun and the beautiful garden, and some
of the verses of the long one, which are favorites with her, and she
always likes me to read them to her two or three times over," replied
Heidi.**

**"Well, say the verses to me then, I should like to hear them too," said
the doctor.**

Heidi collected her thoughts for a second or two and began,--

Let not your heart be troubled
Nor fear your soul dismay,
There is a wise Defender
And He will be your stay.
Where you have failed, He conquers,
See, how the foeman flies!
And all your tribulation
Is turned to glad surprise.

If for a while it seemeth
His mercy is withdrawn,
That He no longer careth
For His wandering child forlorn,
Doubt not His great compassion,
His love can never tire,
To those who wait in patience
He gives their heart's desire.

Suddenly she paused; she was not sure if the doctor was still listening. He was sitting motionless with his hand before his eyes. His thoughts had carried him back to a long past time: he saw himself as a little boy standing by his dear mother's chair; she had her arm round his neck and was saying the very verses to him that Heidi had just recited--words which he had not heard now for years. He could hear his mother's voice and see her loving eyes resting upon him, and as Heidi ceased the old dear voice seemed to be saying other things to him; and the words he heard again must have carried him far, far away, for it was a long time before he stirred or took his hand from his eyes. When at last he roused himself he met Heidi's eyes looking wonderingly at him.

"Heidi," he said, taking the child's hand in his, "that was a beautiful hymn of yours," and there was a happier ring in his voice as he spoke. "We will come out here together another day, and you will let me hear

it again."

Peter meanwhile had been giving vent to his anger. It was now some days since Heidi had been out with him, and when at last she did come there she sat the whole time beside the old gentleman, and Peter could not get a word with her. He got into a terrible temper, and at last went and stood some way back behind the doctor, where the latter could not see him, and doubling his fist made imaginary hits at the enemy. Presently he doubled both fists, and the longer Heidi stayed beside the gentleman, the more fiercely did he threaten with them.

Meanwhile the sun had risen to the height which Peter knew pointed to the dinner hour. All of a sudden he called at the top of his voice, "It's dinner time."

Heidi started for the dinner bag so that the doctor might eat his where he sat. But he stopped her, telling her he was not hungry at all, and only cared for a glass of milk, as he wanted to climb up a little higher. Then Heidi found that she also was not hungry and only wanted milk, and she should like, she said, to take the doctor up to the large moss-covered rock where Greenfinch had nearly jumped down and killed herself. So she ran and explained matters to Peter, telling him to go and get milk for the two. Peter seemed hardly to understand. "Who is going to eat what is in the bag, then?" he asked.

"You can have it," she answered, "only first make haste and get the milk."

Peter had seldom performed any task more promptly, for he thought of the bag and its contents, which now belonged to him. As soon as the other two were sitting quietly drinking their milk, he opened it, and quite trembled for joy at the sight of the meat, and he was just putting his hand in to draw it out when something seemed to hold him back. His conscience smote him at the remembrance of how he had stood with his doubled fists behind the doctor, who was giving up to him his whole good dinner. He felt as if he could not now enjoy it. But all at once he jumped up and ran back to the spot where he had stood before, and there held up his open hands as a sign that he had no longer any wish to use them as fists, and kept them up until he felt he had made amends for his past conduct. Then he rushed back and sat down to the double enjoyment of a clear conscience and unusually satisfying meal.

Heidi and the doctor climbed and talked for a long while, until the latter said it was time for him to be going back, and no doubt Heidi would like to go and be with her goats. But Heidi would not hear of this, as then the doctor would have to go the whole way down the mountain alone. She insisted on accompanying him as far as the grandfather's hut, or even a little further. She kept hold of her friend's hand all the time, and the whole way she entertained him with accounts of this thing and that. But at last the doctor insisted on her going back; so they bid each other good-night and the doctor continued his descent, turning now and again to look back, and each time he saw

Heidi standing on the same spot and waving her hand to him. Even so in
the old days had his own dear little daughter watched him when he went
from home.

[Illustration]

It was a bright, sunny autumn month. The doctor came up to the hut
every morning, and thence made excursions over the mountain. Alm-Uncle
accompanied him on some of his higher ascents. The doctor found great
pleasure in his companion's conversation, and was astonished at his
knowledge of the plants that grew on the mountain. He was well versed
also in the ways of the animals, great and small, and had many amusing
anecdotes to tell of these dwellers in caves and holes and in the tops
of the fir trees. And so the time passed pleasantly and quickly for
the doctor, who seldom said good-bye to the old man at the end of the
day without adding, "I never leave you, friend, without having learnt
something new from you."

On some of the very finest days, however, the doctor would wander out
again with Heidi, and then the two would sit together as on the first
day, and the child would repeat her hymns and tell the doctor things
which she alone knew. Peter sat at a little distance from them, but he
was now quite reconciled in spirit and gave vent to no angry pantomime.

September had drawn to its close, and one morning the doctor appeared
looking less cheerful than usual. It was his last day, he said, as
he must return to Frankfurt, but he was grieved at having to say

good-bye to the mountain, which had begun to feel quite like home to him. Alm-Uncle, on his side, greatly regretted the departure of his guest, and Heidi had been accustomed for so long to see her good friend every day that she could hardly believe the time had suddenly come to separate. She walked part way down the mountain with him, still unable to grasp the idea that he was going for good. After some distance the doctor stood still, and passing his hand over the child's curly head said, "Now, Heidi, you must go back, and I must say good-bye! If only I could take you with me to Frankfurt and keep you there!"

The picture of Frankfurt rose before the child's eyes, its endless rows of houses, its hard streets, and even the vision of Miss Rottermeyer and Tinette, and she answered hesitatingly, "I would rather that you came back to us."

"Yes, you are right, that would be better. But now good-bye, Heidi."
The child put her hand in his and looked up at him; the kind eyes looking down on her had tears in them. Then the doctor tore himself away and quickly continued his descent.

Heidi remained standing without moving. The friendly eyes with the tears in them had gone to her heart. All at once she burst into tears and started running as fast as she could after the departing figure, calling out in broken tones: "Doctor! doctor!"

He turned round and waited till the child reached him. The tears were streaming down her face and she sobbed out: "I will come to Frankfurt

**with you, now at once, and I will stay with you as long as you like,
only I must just run back and tell grandfather."**

**The doctor laid his hand on her and tried to calm her excitement.
"No, no, dear child," he said kindly, "not now; you must stay for the
present under the fir trees, you might get sick again. But if I am ever
ill and alone, will you come then and stay with me? May I know that
there would then be some one to look after me and care for me?"**

**"Yes, yes, I will come the very day you send for me, and I love you
nearly as much as grandfather," replied Heidi, who had not yet got over
her distress.**

**And so the doctor again bid her good-bye and started on his way, while
Heidi remained looking after him and waving her hand as long as a speck
of him could be seen. As the doctor turned for the last time and looked
back at the waving Heidi and the sunny mountain, he said to himself,
"It is good to be up there, good for body and soul, and a man might
learn how to be happy once more."**

[Illustration]

CHAPTER XVIII

A NEW HOME FOR THE WINTER

**Alm-Uncle had kept his word and was not spending the winter in his old
home. As soon as the first snow began to fall, he had shut up the hut**

and the outside buildings and gone down to Doerfli with Heidi and the goats. Near the church was a straggling half-ruined building, which had once been the home of a distinguished soldier. It was rented to poor people, who paid but a small sum, and when any part of the building fell it was allowed to remain. As soon as the grandfather had made up his mind to spend the winter in Doerfli, he rented the old place and worked during the autumn to get it sound and tight. In the middle of October he and Heidi took up their residence there.

On approaching the house from the back one came first into an open space with a wall on either side, of which one was half in ruins. Above this rose the arch of an old window thickly overgrown with ivy, which spread over the remains of a domed roof that had evidently been part of a chapel. A large hall came next, which lay open, without doors, to the square outside. Here also walls and roof only partially remained, and indeed what was left of the roof looked as if it might fall at any minute had it not been for two stout pillars that supported it. Alm-Uncle had here put up a wooden partition and covered the floor with straw, for this was to be the goats' house. Endless passages led from this, through the rents of which the sky as well as the fields and the road outside could be seen at intervals; but at last one came to a stout oak door that led into a room that still stood intact. Here the walls and the dark wainscoting remained as good as ever, and in the corner was an immense stove reaching nearly to the ceiling, on

the white tiles of which were painted large pictures in blue. These represented old castles surrounded with trees, and huntsmen riding out with their hounds; or else a quiet lake scene, with broad oak trees and a man fishing. A seat ran all round the stove so that one could sit at one's ease and study the pictures. These attracted Heidi's attention at once, and she had no sooner arrived with her grandfather than she ran and seated herself and began to examine them. But when she had gradually worked herself round to the back, something else diverted her attention. In the large space between the stove and the wall four planks had been put together as if to make a large receptacle for apples; there were no apples, however, inside, but something Heidi had no difficulty in recognizing, for it was her very own bed, with its hay mattress and sheets, and sack for a coverlid, just as she had it up at the hut. Heidi clapped her hands for joy and exclaimed, "O Grandfather, this is my room, how nice! But where are you going to sleep?"

"Your room must be near the stove or you will freeze," he replied, "but you can come and see mine too."

Heidi got down and skipped across the large room after her grandfather, who opened a door at the farther end leading into a smaller one which was to be his bed-room. Then came another door. Heidi pushed it open and stood amazed, for here was an immense room like a kitchen, larger than anything of the kind that Heidi had seen before. There was still plenty of work for the grandfather before this room could be finished,

for there were holes and cracks in the walls through which the wind whistled, and yet he had already nailed up so many new planks that it looked as if a lot of small cupboards had been set up round the room. He had, however, made the large, old door safe with many screws and nails, as a protection against the outside air, and this was very necessary, for just beyond was a mass of ruined building overgrown with tall weeds, which made a dwelling-place for innumerable beetles and lizards.

Heidi was very delighted with her new home, and by the morning after their arrival she knew every nook and corner so thoroughly that she could take Peter over it and show him all that was to be seen; indeed she would not let him go till he had examined every single wonderful thing contained in it.

Heidi slept soundly in her corner by the stove; but every morning when she first awoke she still thought she was on the mountain, and that she must run outside at once to see if the fir trees were so quiet because their branches were weighed down with the thick snow. She had to look about her for some minutes before she felt quite sure where she was, and a certain sensation of trouble and oppression would come over her as she grew aware that she was not at home in the hut. But then she would hear her grandfather's voice outside, attending to the goats, and these would give one or two loud bleats, as if calling to her to make haste and go to them, and then Heidi was happy again, for she knew she

was still at home, and she would jump gladly out of bed and run out to the animals as quickly as she could. On the fourth morning, as soon as she saw her grandfather, she said, "I must go up to see grandmother today; she ought not to be alone so long."

But the grandfather would not agree to this. "Neither today nor tomorrow can you go," he said, "the mountain is covered fathom-deep in snow, and the snow is still falling; the sturdy Peter can hardly get along. A little creature like you would soon be smothered by it, and we should not be able to find you again. Wait a bit till it freezes, then you will be able to walk over the hard snow."

Heidi now went to school in Doerfli and eagerly set to work to learn all that was taught her. She hardly ever saw Peter there, for as a rule he was absent. The teacher was an easy-going man who merely remarked now and then, "Peter is not turning up today again, it seems, but there is a lot of snow up on the mountain and I daresay he cannot get along."
Peter, however, always seemed able to make his way through the snow in the evening when school was over, and he then generally paid Heidi a visit.

At last, after some days, when Peter climbed out of his window one morning--the door was quite blocked by the snow outside--he was taken by surprise, for instead of sinking into the snow he fell on the hard ground and went sliding some way down the mountain side like a sleigh, before he could stop himself. He picked himself up and tested the hardness of the ground by stamping on it and trying with all his might

to dig his heels into it, but even then he could not break off a single
little splinter of ice; the Alm was frozen hard as iron. This was just
what Peter had been hoping for, as he knew now that Heidi would be able
to come up to see them. He quickly got back into the house, swallowed
the milk which his mother had ready for him, thrust a piece of bread in
his pocket, and said, "I must be off to school," and in another minute
was shooting down the mountain on his sled.

He went like lightning, and when he reached Doerfli, which stood on the
direct road to Mayenfeld, he made up his mind to go on further. So down
he still went till he reached the level ground, where the sled came to
a pause of its own accord, some little way beyond Mayenfeld. He knew it
was too late to get to school now, as lessons would already have begun,
and it would take him a good hour to walk back to Doerfli. So he took
his time about returning, and reached Doerfli just as Heidi had got
home from school and was sitting at dinner with her grandfather. Peter
walked in, exclaiming as he stood still in the middle of the room,
"She's got it now."

"Got it? what?" asked the Uncle. "Your words sound quite warlike,
general."

"The frost," explained Peter.

"Oh! now I can go and see grandmother!" said Heidi joyfully, for she
had understood Peter's words at once. "But why were you not at school
then? You could have come down on the sled," she added reproachfully,

for it did not agree with Heidi's ideas of good behavior to stay away when it was possible to be there.

"It carried me on too far and I was too late," Peter replied.

"I call that being a deserter," said the Uncle, "and deserters get their ears pulled, as you know."

Peter gave a tug to his cap in alarm, for there was no one of whom he stood in so much awe as Alm-Uncle.

"And an army leader like yourself ought to be doubly ashamed of running away," continued Alm-Uncle. "What would you think of your goats if one went off this way and another that, and refused to follow and do what was good for them? What would you do then?"

"I should beat them," said Peter promptly.

"And if a boy behaved like these unruly goats, and he got a beating for it, what would you say then?"

"Serves him right," was the answer.

"Good, then understand this: next time you let your sled carry you past the school when you ought to be inside at your lessons, come on to me afterwards and receive what you deserve."

Peter understood the drift of the old man's questions and that he was the boy who behaved like the unruly goats, and he looked somewhat fearfully towards the corner to see if there happened to be a stick around.

But now the grandfather suddenly said in a cheerful voice, "Come and

sit down and have something, and afterwards Heidi shall go with you.
Bring her back this evening and you will find supper waiting for you
here."

This unexpected turn of conversation set Peter grinning all over with
delight. He obeyed without hesitation and took his seat beside Heidi.
But the child could not eat in her excitement at the thought of going
to see grandmother. She ran to the cupboard and brought out the warm
cloak Clara had sent her; with this on and the hood drawn over her
head, she was all ready for her journey. She stood waiting beside
Peter, and as soon as his last mouthful had disappeared she said, "Come
along now." As the two walked together Heidi had much to tell Peter of
her two goats that had been so unhappy the first day in their new stall
that they would not eat anything, but stood hanging their heads, not
even rousing themselves to bleat. And when she asked her grandfather
the reason of this, he told her it was the same with the goats as with
her in Frankfurt, for it was the first time in their lives they had
come down from the mountain. "And you don't know what that is, Peter,
unless you have felt it yourself," added Heidi.

When they reached their destination they found Brigitta sitting alone
knitting, for the grandmother was not very well and had to stay in bed
on account of the cold. Heidi had never before missed the old figure in
her place in the corner, and she ran quickly into the next room. There
lay grandmother on her little, poorly covered bed, wrapped up in her
warm grey shawl.

"Thank God," she exclaimed as Heidi came running in; the poor old woman had had a secret fear at heart all through the autumn, especially if Heidi was absent for any length of time, for Peter had told her of a strange gentleman who had come from Frankfurt, and who had gone out with them and always talked to Heidi, and she had felt sure he had come to take her away again. Even when she heard he had gone off alone, she still had an idea that a messenger would be sent over from Frankfurt to take the child. Heidi went up to the side of the bed and said, "Are you very ill, Grandmother?"

"No, no, child," answered the old woman reassuringly, passing her hand lovingly over the child's head, "it's only the frost that has got into my bones a bit."

"Shall you be quite well then directly it turns warm again?"

"Yes, God willing, or even before that, for I want to get back to my spinning; I thought perhaps I should do a little today, but tomorrow I am sure to be all right again."

Heidi noticed that the grandmother was wrapped up in her nice shawl and exclaimed: "In Frankfurt everybody puts on a shawl to go out walking; did you think it was to be worn in bed, Grandmother?"

"I put it on, dear child, to keep myself from freezing, and I am so pleased with it, for my bedclothes are not very thick," she answered.

"But, Grandmother," continued Heidi, "your bed is not right, because it goes downhill at your head instead of uphill."

"I know it, child, I can feel it," and the grandmother put up her hand to the thin, flat pillow, which was little more than a board under her head, to make herself more comfortable; "the pillow was never very thick, and I have lain on it now for so many years that it has grown quite flat."

"Oh, if only I had asked Clara to let me take away my Frankfurt bed," said Heidi. "I had three large pillows, one above the other, so that I could hardly sleep, and I used to slip down to try and find a flat place, and then I had to pull myself up again, because it was proper to sleep there like that. Could you sleep like that, grandmother?"

"Oh, yes! the pillows keep one warm, and it is easier to breathe when the head is high," answered the grandmother. "But we will not talk about that, for I have so much that other old sick people are without for which I thank God; there is the nice bread I get every day, and this warm wrap, and your visits, Heidi. Will you read me something today?"

Heidi ran into the next room to get the hymn book. Then she picked out the favorite hymns one after another, for she knew them all by heart now, and was as pleased as the grandmother to hear them again after so many days.

The grandmother lay with folded hands, while a smile of peace stole over the worn, troubled face, like one to whom good news has been brought.

**Suddenly Heidi paused. "Grandmother, are you feeling quite well again
already?"**

**"Yes, child, I have grown better while listening to you; read it to the
end."**

The child read on, and when she came to the last words:

> **"As the eyes grow dim, and darkness
> Closes round, the soul grows clearer,
> Sees the goal to which it travels,
> Gladly feels its home is nearer."**

**the grandmother repeated them once or twice to herself, with a look
of happy expectation on her face. And Heidi took equal pleasure in
them, for the picture of the beautiful, sunny day of her return home
rose before her eyes, and she exclaimed joyfully, "Grandmother, I know
exactly what it is like to go home."**

**A little later Heidi said, "It is growing dark and I must go; I am so
glad to think that you are quite well again."**

**She ran into the next room, and bid Peter come quickly, for it had now
grown quite dark. But when they got outside they found the moon shining
down on the white snow and everything as clear as in the daylight.
Peter got his sled, put Heidi at the back, he himself sitting in front
to guide, and down the mountain they shot like two birds darting
through the air.**

[Illustration]

**When Heidi was lying that night on her high bed of hay she thought of
the grandmother on her low pillow, and of all she had said about the**

light and comfort that awoke in her when she heard the hymns, and she thought: if I could read to her every day, then I should go on making her better. But she knew that it would be a week, if not two, before she would be able to go up the mountain again. This was a thought of great trouble to Heidi, and she tried hard to think of some way which would enable the grandmother to hear the words she loved every day.

Suddenly an idea struck her, and she was so delighted with it that she could hardly bear to wait for morning, so eager was she to begin carrying out her plan. All at once she sat upright in her bed, for she had been so busy with her thoughts that she had forgotten to say her prayers, and she never now finished her day without saying them.

When she had prayed with all her heart for herself, her grandfather and grandmother, she lay back again on the warm, soft hay and slept soundly and peacefully till the morning broke.

CHAPTER XIX

HEIDI TEACHES OBSTINATE PETER

Peter arrived punctually at school the following day. He had brought his dinner with him, for all the children who lived at a distance regularly seated themselves at mid-day on the tables, and resting their feet firmly on the benches, spread out their meal on their knees and so ate their dinner, while those living in Doerfli went home for theirs.

Till one o'clock they might all do as they liked, and then school began again. As soon as Peter finished his lessons he went over to Uncle's to see Heidi.

When he walked into the large room at Uncle's today, Heidi immediately rushed forward and took hold of him and said: "I've thought of something, Peter."

"What is it?" he asked.

"You must learn to read," she informed him.

"I have learnt," was the answer.

"Yes, yes, but I mean so that you can really make use of it," continued Heidi eagerly.

"I never shall," was the prompt reply.

"Nobody believes that you cannot learn, nor I either now," said Heidi in a very decided tone of voice. "Grandmamma in Frankfurt said long ago that it was not true, and she told me not to believe you."

Peter looked rather taken aback at this piece of intelligence.

"I will soon teach you to read, for I know how," continued Heidi. "You must learn at once, and then you can read one or two hymns every day to grandmother."

"Oh, I don't care about that," he grumbled in reply.

This hard-hearted way of refusing to agree to what was right and kind, and to what Heidi had so much at heart, aroused her anger. With flashing eyes she stood facing the boy and said threateningly, "If you won't learn as I want you to, I will tell you what will happen; you

know your mother has often spoken of sending you to Frankfurt, that you
may learn a lot of things, and I know where the boys there have to go
to school; Clara pointed out the great house to me when we were driving
together. And they don't only go when they are boys, but have more
lessons still when they are grown men. I have seen them myself, and you
mustn't think they have only one kind teacher like we have. There are
ever so many of them, all in the school at the same time, and they are
all dressed in black, as if they were going to church, and have black
hats on their heads as high as that--" and Heidi held out her hand to
show their height from the floor.

Peter felt a cold shudder run down his back.

"And you will have to go in among all those gentlemen," continued Heidi
with increasing animation, "and when it comes to your turn you won't be
able to read and will make mistakes in your spelling. Then you'll see
how they'll make fun of you; even worse than Tinette, and you ought to
have seen what she was like when she was scornful."

"Well, I'll learn then," said Peter, half sorrowfully and half angrily.

Heidi was instantly mollified. "That's right, then we'll begin at
once," she said cheerfully.

Among other presents Clara had sent Heidi a book which the latter had
decided would be just the thing for teaching Peter, as it was an A B
C book with rhyming lines. So the two sat together at the table with
their heads bent over the book, and began the lesson.

**Peter was made to spell out the first sentence two or three times over,
for Heidi wished him to get it correct and fluent. At last she said,
"You don't seem able to get it right, but I will read it aloud to you
once; when you know what it ought to be you will find it easier." And
she read out:--**

**A B C must be learnt today
Or the judge will call you up to pay.**

"I shan't go," said Peter obstinately.

"Go where?" asked Heidi.

"Before the judge," he answered.

**"Well then make haste and learn these three letters, then you won't
have to go."**

**Peter went at his task again and repeated the three letters so many
times and with such determination that she said at last,--**

"You must know those three now."

**Seeing what an effect the first two lines of verse had had upon him,
she thought she would prepare the ground a little for the following
lessons.**

**"Wait, and I will read you some of the next sentences," she continued,
"then you will see what else there is to expect."**

And she began in a clear slow voice:--

**D E F G must run with ease
Or something will follow that does not please.**

**Should H I J K be now forgot
Disgrace is yours upon the spot.**

And then L M must follow at once
Or punished you'll be for a sorry dunce.

If you knew what next awaited you
You'd haste to learn N O P Q.

Now R S T be quick about
Or worse will follow there's little doubt.

Heidi paused, for Peter was so quiet that she looked to see what he was doing. These many secret threats and hints of dreadful punishments had so affected him that he sat as if petrified and stared at Heidi with horror-stricken eyes. Her kind heart was moved at once, and she said, wishing to reassure him, "You need not be afraid, Peter; come here to me every evening, and if you learn as you have today you will at least know all your letters, and the other things won't come. But you must come regularly, not only now and then as you do to school; even if it snows it won't hurt you."

He promised, and the lessons being finished for this day he now went home.

Peter obeyed Heidi's instructions punctually, and every evening went diligently to work to learn the letters, taking the sentences thoroughly to heart. The grandfather was frequently in the room smoking his pipe comfortably while the lesson was going on, and his face twitched occasionally as if he was overtaken with a sudden fit of merriment. Peter was often invited to stay to supper after the great exertion he had gone through, which richly compensated him for the anguish of mind he had suffered with the sentence for the day.

So the winter went by, and Peter really made progress with his letters;

but he went through a terrible fight each day with the sentences.

He had got at last to U. Heidi read out:--

And if you put the U for V,
You'll go where you would not like to be.

Peter growled, "Yes, but I shan't go!" But he was very diligent that day, as if under the impression that some one would seize him suddenly by the collar and drag him where he would rather not go.

The next evening Heidi read:--

If you falter at W, worst of all,
Look at the stick against the wall.

Peter looked at the wall and said scornfully, "There isn't one."

"Yes, but do you know what grandfather has in his box?" asked Heidi. "A stick as thick almost as your arm, and if he took that out, you might well say, look at the stick on the wall."

Peter knew that thick hazel stick, and immediately bent his head over the W and struggled to master it.

Another day the lines ran:--

Then comes the X for you to say
Or be sure you'll get no food today.

Peter looked towards the cupboard where the bread and cheese were kept, and said crossly, "I never said that I should forget the X."

"That's all right; if you don't forget it we can go on to learn the next, and then you will only have one more," replied Heidi, anxious to encourage him.

Peter did not quite understand, but when Heidi went on and read:--

> And should you make a stop at Y
> They'll point at you and cry, Fie, fie.

All the gentlemen in Frankfurt with tall black hats on their heads, and scorn and mockery in their faces rose up before his mind's eye, and he threw himself with energy on the Y, not letting it go till at last he knew it so thoroughly that he could see what it was like even when he shut his eyes.

He arrived on the following day in a somewhat lofty frame of mind, for there was now only one letter to struggle over, and when Heidi began the lesson with reading aloud:--

> Make haste with Z, if you're too slow
> Off to the Hottentots you'll go.

Peter remarked scornfully, "I dare say, when no one knows even where such people live."

"I assure you, Peter," replied Heidi, "grandfather knows all about them. Wait a second and I will run and ask him, for he is only over the way with the pastor." And she rose and ran to the door to put her words into action, but Peter cried out in a voice of agony,--

"Stop!" for he already saw himself being carried off by Alm-Uncle and the pastor and sent straight away to the Hottentots, since as yet he did not know his last letter. His cry of fear brought Heidi back.

"What is the matter?" she asked in astonishment.

"Nothing! come back! I am going to learn my letter," he said,

stammering with fear. Heidi, however, herself wished to know where the Hottentots lived and persisted that she should ask her grandfather, but she gave in at last to Peter's despairing entreaties. She insisted on his doing something in return, and so not only had he to repeat his Z until it was so fixed in his memory that he could never forget it again, but she began teaching him to spell, and Peter really made a good start that evening. So it went on from day to day.

The frost had gone and the snow was soft again, and moreover fresh snow continually fell, so that it was quite three weeks before Heidi could go to the grandmother again. So much the more eagerly did she pursue her teaching so that Peter might compensate for her absence by reading hymns to the old woman. One evening he walked in home after leaving Heidi, and as he entered he said, "I can do it now."

"Do what, Peter?" asked his mother.

"Read," he answered.

"Do you really mean it? Did you hear that, Grandmother?" she called out.

The grandmother had heard, and was already wondering how such a thing could have come to pass.

"I must read one of the hymns now; Heidi told me to," he went on to inform them. His mother hastily brought the book, and the grandmother lay in joyful expectation, for it was so long since she had heard the good words. Peter sat down to the table and began to read. His mother

sat beside him listening with surprise and exclaiming at the close of each verse, "Who would have thought it possible!"

The grandmother did not speak though she followed the words he read with strained attention.

It happened on the day following this that there was a reading lesson in Peter's class. When it came to his turn, the teacher said,--

"We must pass over Peter as usual, or will you try again once more--I will not say to read, but to stammer through a sentence."

Peter took the book and read off three lines without the slightest hesitation.

The teacher put down his book and stared at Peter as at some out-of-the-way and marvelous thing unseen before. At last he spoke,--

"Peter, some miracle has been performed upon you! Here have I been striving with unheard-of patience to teach you and you have not hitherto been able to say your letters even. And now, just as I had made up my mind not to waste any more trouble upon you, you suddenly are able to read a whole sentence properly and distinctly. How has such a miracle come to pass in our days?"

"It was Heidi," answered Peter.

The teacher looked in astonishment towards Heidi, who was sitting innocently on her bench with no appearance of anything supernatural about her. He continued, "I have noticed a change in you altogether, Peter. Whereas formerly you often missed coming to school for a week, or even weeks at a time, you have lately not stayed away a single day.

Who has wrought this change for good in you?"

[Illustration]

"It was Uncle," answered Peter.

With increasing surprise the teacher looked from Peter to Heidi and back again at Peter.

"We will try once more," he said cautiously, and Peter had again to show off his accomplishment by reading another three lines. There was no mistake about it--Peter could read.

As soon as school was over the teacher went over to the pastor to tell him this piece of news, and to inform him of the happy result of Heidi's and the grandfather's combined efforts.

Every evening Peter read one hymn aloud; so far he obeyed Heidi. Nothing would induce him to read a second, and indeed the grandmother never asked for it. His mother Brigitta could not get over her surprise at her son's attainment, and when the reader was in bed would often express her pleasure at it. "Now he has learnt to read there is no knowing what may be made of him yet."

On one of these occasions the grandmother answered, "Yes, it is good for him to have learnt something, but I shall indeed be thankful when spring is here again and Heidi can come; they are not like the same hymns when Peter reads them. So many words seem missing, and I try to think what they ought to be and then I lose the sense, and so the hymns do not come home to my heart as when Heidi reads them."

The truth was that Peter arranged to make his reading as little

troublesome for himself as possible. When he came upon a word that he thought was too long or difficult in any other way, he left it out, for he decided that a word or two less in a verse, where there were so many of them, could make no difference to his grandmother. And so it came about that most of the principal words were missing in the hymns that Peter read aloud.

CHAPTER XX

A STRANGE LOOKING PROCESSION

It was the month of May. The clear, warm sunshine lay upon the mountain, which had turned green again. The last snows had disappeared and the sun had already coaxed many of the flowers to show their bright heads above the grass. Heidi was at home again on the mountain, running backwards and forwards in her accustomed way, not knowing which spot was most delightful.

From the shed at the back came the sound of sawing and chopping, and Heidi listened to it with pleasure, for it was the old familiar sound she had known from the beginning of her life up here. Suddenly she jumped up and ran round, for she must know what her grandfather was doing. In front of the shed door already stood a finished new chair, and a second was in course of construction under the grandfather's skilful hand.

"Oh, I know what these are for," exclaimed Heidi in great glee. "We

shall want them when they all come from Frankfurt. This one is for
grandmamma, and the one you are now making is for Clara, and then--then
there will, I suppose, have to be another," continued Heidi with more
hesitation in her voice, "or do you think, Grandfather, that perhaps
Miss Rottermeyer will not come with them?"

"Well, I cannot say just yet," replied her grandfather, "but it will be
safer to make one so that we can offer her a seat if she does."

While talking with the grandfather there was heard from above a
whistling and calling which Heidi immediately recognized. She ran out
and found herself surrounded by her four-footed friends. They were
apparently as pleased as she was to be among the heights again, for
they leaped about and bleated for joy. When Peter at last got up to her
he handed her a letter.

"There!" he exclaimed.

"Did some one give you this while you were out with the goats," she
asked, in her surprise.

"No," was the answer.

"Where did you get it from then?"

"I found it in the dinner bag."

Which was true to a certain extent. The letter to Heidi had been given
him the evening before by the postman at Doerfli, and Peter had put it
into his empty bag. That morning he had stuffed his bread and cheese on
the top of it, and had forgotten it when he called for Alm-Uncle's two
goats; only when he had finished his bread and cheese at mid-day and

was searching in the bag for any last crumbs did he remember the letter which lay at the bottom.

Heidi read the address carefully; then she ran back to the shed holding out her letter to her grandfather in high glee. "From Frankfurt! from Clara! Would you like to hear it?"

The grandfather was ready and pleased to do so, as was Peter, who had followed Heidi into the shed.

"DEAREST HEIDI,--Everything is packed and we shall start now in two or three days, as soon as papa himself is ready to leave; he is not coming with us as he has first to go to Paris. The doctor comes every day, and as soon as he is inside the door, he cries, 'Off now as quickly as you can, off to the mountain.' He is most impatient about our going. You cannot think how much he enjoyed himself when he was with you! He has called nearly every day this winter, and each time he describes over again all he did with you and the grandfather, and talks of the mountains and the flowers and of the great silence up there far above all towns and villages, and of the fresh, delicious air, and often adds, 'No one can help getting well up there.' He himself is quite a different man since his visit, and looks happy again. Oh, how I am looking forward to seeing everything and to being with you on the mountain, and to making the acquaintance of Peter and the goats.

[Illustration]

"I shall have first to go through a six weeks' cure at Ragatz; this the

doctor has ordered, and then we shall move up to Doerfli, and every fine day I shall be carried up the mountain in my chair and spend the day with you. Grandmamma is traveling with me and will remain with me; she also is delighted at the thought of paying you a visit. But just imagine, Miss Rottermeyer refuses to come with us. Almost every day grandmamma says to her, 'Well, how about this Swiss journey, my worthy Rottermeyer? Pray say if you really would like to come with us.' But she always thanks grandmamma very politely and says she has quite made up her mind. I think I know what has done it: Sebastian gave such a frightful description of the mountain, of how the rocks were so overhanging and dangerous that at any minute you might fall into a crevasse, and how it was such steep climbing that you feared at every step to go slipping to the bottom, and that goats alone could make their way up without fear of being killed. She shuddered when she heard him tell of all this, and since then she has not been so enthusiastic about Switzerland as she was before. Fear has also taken possession of Tinette, and she also refuses to come. So grandmamma and I will be alone; Sebastian will go with us as far as Ragatz and then return here.

"I can hardly bear waiting till I see you again. Good-bye, dearest Heidi; grandmamma sends you her best love and all good wishes.--Your affectionate friend, CLARA."

As soon as the letter had been read, Peter rushed out, twirling his stick in the air in such a reckless fashion that the frightened goats

fled down the mountain before him with higher and wider leaps than usual. He followed at full speed, his stick still raised in air in a menacing manner as if he was longing to vent his fury on some invisible foe. This foe was indeed the prospect of the arrival of the Frankfurt visitors, the thought of whom filled him with exasperation.

Heidi was so full of joyful anticipation that she determined to seize the first possible moment next day to go down and tell grandmother who was coming, and also particularly who was not coming. The old lady was no longer confined to her bed. She was back in her corner at her spinning-wheel, but there was an expression on her face of mournful anxiety. Peter had come in the evening before, brimful of anger and had told about the large party who were coming up from Frankfurt, and he did not know what other things might happen after that; and the old woman had not slept all night, pursued by the old thought of Heidi being taken from her.

Heidi ran in, and taking her little stool immediately sat down by grandmother and began eagerly pouring out all her news, growing more excited with her pleasure as she went on. But all of a sudden she stopped short and said anxiously, "What is the matter, Grandmother, aren't you a bit pleased with what I am telling you?"

"Yes, yes, of course, child, since it gives you so much pleasure," she answered, trying to look more cheerful.

"But I can see all the same that something troubles you. Is it because

you think after all that Miss Rottermeyer may come?" asked Heidi,
beginning to feel anxious herself.

"No, no! it is nothing, child," said the grandmother, wishing to reassure her. "Just give me your hand that I may feel sure you are
there. No doubt it would be the best thing for you, although I feel I
could scarcely survive it."

"I do not want anything of the best if you could scarcely survive it,"
said Heidi, in such a determined tone of voice that the grandmother's
fears increased as she felt sure the people from Frankfurt were coming
to take Heidi back with them, since now she was well again they naturally wished to have her with them once more. But she was anxious
to hide her trouble from Heidi if possible, as the latter was so sympathetic that she might refuse perhaps to go away, and that would
not be right.

"Heidi," she said, "there is something that would comfort me and calm
my thoughts; read me the hymn beginning: 'All things will work for
good.'"

Heidi found the place at once and read out in her clear, young voice:--

> All things will work for good
> To those who trust in Me;
> I come with healing on my wings,
> To save and set thee free.

"Yes, yes, that is just what I wanted to hear," said the grandmother,
and the deep expression of trouble passed from her face. Heidi looked
at her thoughtfully for a minute or two and then said, "healing means
that which cures everything and makes everybody well, doesn't it,

Grandmother?"

"Yes, that is it," replied the old woman with a nod of assent, "and
we may be sure everything will come to pass according to God's good
purpose."

When the evening came, Heidi returned home up the mountain. The stars
came out overhead one by one, so bright and sparkling that each seemed
to send a fresh ray of joy into her heart.

Not only were the nights of this month of May so clear and bright, but
the days as well; the sun rose every morning into the cloudless sky, as
undimmed in its splendor as when it sank the evening before, and the
grandfather would look out early and exclaim with astonishment, "This
is indeed a wonderful year of sun; it will make all the shrubs and
plants grow apace; you will have to see, General, that your army does
not get out of hand from overfeeding." And Peter would swing his stick
with an air of assurance and an expression on his face as much as to
say, "I'll see to that."

So May passed, everything growing greener and greener, and then came
the month of June, with a hotter sun and long, light days, that brought
the flowers out all over the mountain, so that every spot was bright
with them and the air full of their sweet scents. This month too was
drawing to its close when one day Heidi, having finished her household
duties, ran out with the intention of paying first a visit to the fir
trees, and then going up higher to see if the bush of rock roses was

yet in bloom, for its flowers were so lovely when standing open in the sun. But just as she was turning the corner of the hut, she gave such a loud cry that her grandfather came running out of the shed to see what had happened.

"Grandfather, Grandfather!" she cried, beside herself with excitement. "Come here! look! look!"

The old man was by her side by this time and looked in the direction of her outstretched hand.

A strange-looking procession was making its way up the mountain; in front were two men carrying a sedan chair, in which sat a girl well wrapped up in shawls; then followed a horse, mounted by a stately-looking lady who was looking about her with great interest and talking to the guide who walked beside her; then a reclining chair, which was being pushed up by another man, it having evidently been thought safer to send the invalid to whom it belonged up the steep path in a sedan chair. The procession wound up with a porter, with such a bundle of cloaks, shawls, and furs on his back that it rose well above his head.

"Here they come! here they come!" shouted Heidi, jumping with joy. And sure enough it was the party from Frankfurt; the figures came nearer and nearer, and at last they had actually arrived. The men in front put down their burden, Heidi rushed forward and the two children embraced each other with mutual delight. Grandmamma having also reached the top, dismounted, and gave Heidi an affectionate greeting, before turning to

the grandfather, who had meanwhile come up to welcome his guests. There was no constraint about the meeting, for they both knew each other perfectly well from hearsay and felt like old acquaintances.

After the first words of greeting had been exchanged grandmamma broke out into lively expressions of admiration. "What a magnificent residence you have, Uncle! I could hardly have believed it was so beautiful! A king might well envy you! And how well my little Heidi looks--like a wild rose!" she continued, drawing the child towards her and stroking her fresh pink cheeks. "I don't know which way to look first, it is all so lovely! What do you say to it, Clara, what do you say?"

Clara was gazing round entranced; she had never imagined, much less seen, anything so beautiful. She gave vent to her delight in cries of joy. "O Grandmamma," she said, "I should like to remain here for ever."

The grandfather had meanwhile drawn up the invalid chair and spread some of the wraps over it; he now went up to Clara.

"Supposing we carry the little daughter now to her accustomed chair; I think she will be more comfortable, the travelling sedan is rather hard," he said, and without waiting for any one to help him he lifted the child in his strong arms and laid her gently down on her own couch. He then covered her over carefully and arranged her feet on the soft cushion, as if he had never done anything all his life but wait on cripples. The grandmamma looked on with surprise.

"My dear Uncle," she exclaimed, "if I knew where you had learned to nurse I would at once send all the nurses I know to the same place that they might handle their patients in like manner. How do you come to know so much?"

Uncle smiled. "I know more from experience than training," he answered, but as he spoke the smile died away and a look of sadness passed over his face. The vision rose before him of a face of suffering that he had known long years before, the face of a man lying crippled on his couch of pain, and unable to move a limb. The man had been his captain during the fierce fighting in Sicily; he had found him lying wounded and had carried him away, and after that the captain would suffer no one else near him, and Uncle had stayed and nursed him till his sufferings ended in death. It all came back to Uncle now, and it seemed natural to him to attend the sick Clara and to show her all those kindly attentions with which he had once been so familiar.

"O Heidi, if only I could walk about with you," said Clara longingly, "if I could but go and look at the fir trees and at everything I know so well from your description, although I have never been here before."

Heidi in response put out all her strength, and after a slight effort, managed to wheel Clara's chair quite easily round the hut to the fir trees. There they paused. Clara had never seen such trees before, with their tall, straight stems, and long, thick branches growing thicker and thicker till they touched the ground. Even the grandmamma, who had

followed the children, was astonished at the sight of them.

Heidi had now wheeled Clara toward the goat shed, and had flung open the door, so that Clara might have a full view of the inside. Clara lamented to her grandmother that they would have to leave early before the goats came home. "I should so like to have seen Peter and his whole flock."

"Oh, the flowers!" exclaimed Clara. "Look at the bushes of red flowers, and all the nodding blue bells! Oh, if I could but get out and pick some!"

Heidi ran off at once and picked her a large nosegay of them.

"But these are nothing, Clara," she said, laying the flowers on her lap. "If you could come up higher to where the goats are feeding, then you would indeed see something! Bushes on bushes of the red centaury, and ever so many more of the blue-bell flowers; and then the bright yellow rock roses, that gleam like pure gold, and all crowding together in the one spot. And then there are others with the large leaves that grandfather calls Bright Eyes, and the brown ones with little round heads that smell so delicious. Oh, it is beautiful up there, and if you sit down among them you never want to get up again, everything looks and smells so lovely!"

Heidi's eyes sparkled with the remembrance of what she was describing; she was longing herself to see it all again, and Clara caught her enthusiasm and looked back at her with equal longing in her soft blue eyes.

"Grandmamma, do you think I could get up there? Is it possible for
me to go?" she asked eagerly. "If only I could walk, climb about
everywhere with you, Heidi!"

"I am sure I could push you up, the chair goes so easily," said Heidi,
and in proof of her words, she sent the chair at such a pace round the
corner that it nearly went flying down the mountain-side. Grandmamma
being at hand, however, stopped it in time.

The grandfather, meantime, had not been idle. He had by this time put
the table and extra chairs in front of the seat, so that they might all
sit out here and eat the dinner that was preparing inside. The milk
and the cheese were soon ready, and then the company sat down in high
spirits to their mid-day meal.

Grandmamma was enchanted, as the doctor had been, with their
dining-room, whence one could see far along the valley, and far over
the mountains to the farthest stretch of blue sky. A light wind blew
refreshingly over them as they sat at table, and the rustling of the
fir trees made a festive accompaniment to the repast.

"I never enjoyed anything as much as this. It is really superb!" cried
grandmamma two or three times over; and then suddenly in a tone of
surprise, "Do I really see you taking a second piece of toasted cheese,
Clara!"

There, sure enough, was a second golden-colored slice of cheese on
Clara's plate.

"Oh, it does taste so nice, Grandmamma--better than all the dishes we

have at Ragatz," replied Clara, as she continued eating with appetite.

"That's right, eat what you can!" exclaimed Uncle. "It's the mountain air, which makes up for the deficiencies of the kitchen."

And so the meal went on. Grandmamma and Alm-Uncle got on very well together, and their conversation became more and more lively. They were so thoroughly agreed in their opinions of men and things and the world in general that they might have been taken for old cronies. The time passed merrily, and then grandmamma looked towards the west and said,--

"We must soon get ready to go, Clara, the sun is a good way down; the men will be here directly with the horse and sedan."

Clara's face fell, and she said beseechingly, "Oh, just another hour, Grandmamma, or two hours. We haven't seen inside the hut yet, or Heidi's bed, or any of the other things. If only the day was ten hours long!"

"Well, that is not possible," said grandmamma, but she herself was anxious to see inside the hut, so they all rose from the table and Uncle wheeled Clara's chair to the door. But there they came to a standstill, for the chair was much too broad to pass through the door. Uncle, however, soon settled the difficulty by lifting Clara in his strong arms and carrying her inside.

Grandmamma went all round and examined the household arrangements, and was very much amused and pleased at their orderliness and the cozy appearance of everything. "And this is your bedroom up here, Heidi, is

it not?" she asked, as without fear she mounted the ladder to the hay loft. "Oh, it does smell sweet, what a healthy place to sleep in." She went up to the round window and looked out, and grandfather followed up with Clara in his arms, Heidi springing up after them. Then they all stood and examined Heidi's wonderful hay-bed, and grandmamma looked thoughtfully at it and drew in from time to time fragrant draughts of the hay-perfumed air, while Clara was charmed beyond words with the sleeping apartment.

"It is delightful for you up here, Heidi! You can look from your bed straight into the sky, and then such a delicious smell all round you! and outside the fir trees waving and rustling! I have never seen such a pleasant, cheerful bedroom before."

Uncle looked across at the grandmamma. "I have been thinking," he said to her, "that if you were willing to agree to it, your little granddaughter might remain up here, and I am sure she would grow stronger. You have brought up all kinds of shawls and covers with you, and we could make up a soft bed out of them, and as to looking after the child, you need have no fear, for I will see to that."

Clara and Heidi were as overjoyed at these words as if they were two birds let out of their cages, and grandmamma's face beamed with satisfaction.

"You are indeed kind, my dear Uncle," she exclaimed. "I was just thinking myself that a stay up here might be the very thing she wanted. But then the trouble, the inconvenience to yourself! And you speak of nursing and looking after her as if it were a mere nothing! I thank you

sincerely, I thank you from my whole heart, Uncle." And she took his hand and gave it a long and grateful shake, which he returned with a pleased expression of countenance.

Uncle immediately set to work to get things ready. He carried Clara back to her chair outside, Heidi following, not knowing how to jump high enough into the air to express her contentment. Then he gathered up a whole pile of shawls and furs and said, smiling, "It is a good thing that grandmamma came up well provided for a winter's campaign; we shall be able to make good use of these."

The two had meanwhile ascended to the hay-loft and begun to prepare a bed; there were so many articles piled one over the other that when finished it looked like a regular little fortress. Grandmamma passed her hand carefully over it to make sure that there were no bits of hay sticking out. "If there's a bit that can come through it will," she said. The soft mattress, however, was so smooth and thick that nothing could penetrate it. Then they went down again well satisfied, and found the children laughing and talking together and arranging all they were going to do from morning till evening as long as Clara stayed. The next question was how long she was to remain, and first grandmamma was asked, but she referred them to the grandfather, who gave it as his opinion that she ought to make trial of the mountain air for at least a month. The children clapped their hands for joy, for they had not expected to be together for so long a time.

The bearers and the horse and guide were now seen approaching; the former were sent back at once, and grandmamma prepared to mount for her return journey.

"It's not saying good-bye, Grandmamma," Clara called out, "for you will come up now and then and see how we are getting on, and we shall so look forward to your visits."

Grandmamma mounted her sturdy animal, and Uncle took the bridle to lead her down the steep mountain path; she begged him not to come far with her, but he insisted on seeing her safely as far as Doerfli, for the way was precipitous and not without danger for the rider, he said.

Grandmamma did not care to stay alone in Doerfli, and therefore decided to return to Ragatz, and thence to make excursions up the mountain from time to time.

[Illustration]

Peter came down with his goats before Uncle had returned. As soon as the animals caught sight of Heidi they all came flocking towards her, and she, as well as Clara on her couch, were soon surrounded by the goats, pushing and poking their heads one over the other, while Heidi introduced each in turn by its name to her friend Clara.

It was not long before the latter had made the long-wished-for acquaintance of little Snowflake, the lively Greenfinch, and the well-behaved goats belonging to grandfather, as well as of the many others, including the Grand Turk. Peter meanwhile stood apart looking on, and casting somewhat unfriendly glances towards Clara.

When the two children called out, "Good-evening, Peter," he made no answer, but swung his stick angrily, as if wanting to cut the air in two, and then ran off with his goats after him.

The climax to all the beautiful things that Clara had already seen upon the mountain came at the close of the day.

As she lay on the large, soft bed in the hay loft, with Heidi near her, she looked out through the round, open window right into the middle of the shining clusters of stars, and she exclaimed in delight,--

"Heidi, it's just as if we were in a high carriage and were going to drive straight into heaven."

"Yes, and do you know why the stars are so happy and look down and nod to us like that?" asked Heidi.

"No, why is it?" Clara asked in return.

"Because they live up in heaven, and know how well God arranges everything for us, so that we need have no more fear or trouble and may be quite sure that all things will come right in the end. But then we must never forget to pray, and to ask God to remember us when He is arranging things, so that we too may feel safe and have no anxiety about what is going to happen."

The two children now sat up and said their prayers, and then Heidi put her head down on her little round arm and fell off to sleep at once, but Clara lay awake some time, for she could not get over the wonder of this new experience of being in bed up here among the stars. She had indeed seldom seen a star, for she never went outside the house at

night, and the curtains at home were always drawn before the stars came out. Each time she closed her eyes she felt she must open them again to see if the two very large stars were still looking in, and nodding to her as Heidi said they did. There they were, always in the same place.
At last her eyes closed of their own accord, and it was only in her dreams that she still saw the two large, friendly stars shining down upon her.

CHAPTER XXI

HAPPY DAYS FOR THE LITTLE VISITOR

Next morning at sunrise Alm-Uncle went softly up the ladder to see if the children were awake yet. Clara had just opened her eyes and was looking with wonder at the bright sunlight that shone through the round window and danced and sparkled about her bed. She could not at first think where she was, until she caught sight of Heidi sleeping beside her, and heard the grandfather's cheery voice asking her if she had slept well. She assured him that when she had once fallen asleep she had not opened her eyes again all night. The grandfather was satisfied at this and immediately began to help her dress with so much gentleness and understanding that it seemed as if his chief calling had been to look after sick children.

When Heidi awoke she was surprised to see Clara dressed, and already

in the grandfather's arms ready to be carried down. She hurried up too
and soon ran down the ladder and out of the hut, and there further
astonishment awaited her, for grandfather had been busy the night
before after they were in bed. Seeing that it was impossible to get
Clara's chair through the hut-door, he had taken down two of the boards
at the side of the shed and made an opening large enough to admit the
chair; these he left loose so that they could be taken away and put up
at pleasure. He was at this moment wheeling Clara out into the sun; he
left her in front of the hut while he went to look after the goats and
Heidi ran up to her friend.

"O Heidi, if only I could stay up here for ever with you," exclaimed
Clara happily, turning in her chair from side to side that she might
drink in the air and sun from all quarters.

"Now you see that it is just what I told you," replied Heidi delighted;
"that it is the most beautiful thing in the world to be up here with
grandfather."

The latter at that moment appeared coming from the goat shed and
bringing two small foaming bowls of snow-white milk--one for Clara and
one for Heidi.

"That will do the little daughter good," he said, nodding to Clara; "it
is from Little Swan and will make her strong. To your health, child!
drink it up."

Clara had never tasted goat's milk before; she hesitated and smelt
it before putting it to her lips, but seeing how Heidi drank hers up

without hesitating, and how much she seemed to like it, Clara did the same, and drank till there was not a drop left, for she too found it delicious, tasting just as if sugar and cinnamon had been mixed with it.

"Tomorrow we will drink two," said the grandfather, who had looked on with satisfaction at seeing her follow Heidi's example.

When Peter arrived with the goats, Uncle drew him aside and said, "From today be sure you let Little Swan go where she likes. She knows where to find the best food for herself, and so if she wants to climb higher, you follow her, and it will do the others no harm if they go too. A little more climbing won't hurt you, and in this matter she probably knows better than you what is good for her; I want her to give as fine milk as possible. So now be off and remember what I say, and don't look so cross about it."

Peter was accustomed to give immediate obedience to Uncle, and he marched off with his goats, but with a turn of the head and roll of the eye that showed he had some thought in reserve. The goats carried Heidi along with them a little way, which was what Peter wanted. "You will have to come with them," he called to her, "for I shall be obliged to follow Little Swan."

[Illustration: A STRANGE-LOOKING PROCESSION WAS MAKING ITS WAY UP THE MOUNTAIN]

"I cannot," Heidi called back from the midst of her friends, "and I shall not be able to come for a long, long time--not as long as Clara

is with me. Grandfather, however, has promised to go up the mountain with both of us some day."

As Heidi ran back to Clara, Peter doubled his fists and made threatening gestures towards the invalid on her couch, and then climbed up some distance without pause until he was out of sight, for he was afraid Uncle might have seen him.

Clara and Heidi had made so many plans for themselves that they hardly knew where to begin. Heidi suggested that they should first write to grandmamma, to whom they had promised to send word every day, for grandmamma had not felt sure whether it would in the long run suit Clara's health to remain up the mountain. With daily news of her granddaughter she could stay on without anxiety at Ragatz, and yet be ready to go to Clara at a moment's notice.

"Must we go indoors to write?" asked Clara. It is so much nicer out here. So Heidi ran in and brought out her school-book and writing things and her own little stool. She put her reading book and copy book on Clara's knees, to make a desk for her to write upon, and she herself took her seat on the stool by the bench, and then they both began writing to grandmamma. But Clara paused after every sentence to look about her; it was too beautiful for much letter writing. The breeze had sunk a little, and now only gently fanned her face and whispered lightly through the fir trees. Now and again the call of some shepherd-boy rang out through the air, and the echo answered softly from the rocks. Thus the morning passed, the children hardly knew how,

and soon grandfather came with the mid-day bowls of steaming milk. Then Heidi pushed Clara's chair under the fir trees, where they spent the afternoon in the shade, telling each other all that had happened since last they met. So the hours flew by and all at once, as it seemed, the evening had come with the returning Peter, who still scowled and looked angry.

[Illustration]

"Good-night, Peter," called out Heidi, as she saw he had no intention of stopping to speak.

"Good-night, Peter," called out Clara in a friendly voice. Peter took no notice and went surlily on with his goats.

As Clara saw the grandfather leading away Little Swan to milk her, she was suddenly taken with a longing for another bowlful of the fragrant milk, and waited impatiently for it.

"Isn't it curious, Heidi," she said, astonished at herself, "as long as I can remember I have only eaten because I was obliged to, and everything used to seem to taste of cod liver oil, and I was always wishing there was no need to eat or drink; and now I am longing for grandfather to bring me the milk."

"Yes, I know what it feels like," replied Heidi, who remembered the many days in Frankfurt when all her food used to seem to stick in her throat. When grandfather at last brought the evening milk, Clara drank it up so quickly that she had emptied her bowl before Heidi, and

then she asked for a little more. The grandfather went inside with
both the children's bowls, and when he brought them out again full he
had something else to add to their supper. He had walked over that
afternoon to a herdsman's house where the sweetly-tasting butter was
made, and had brought home a large pat, some of which he had now spread
thickly on two good slices of bread.

That night, when Clara lay down in her bed and prepared to watch the
stars, her eyes would not keep open, and she fell asleep as soon as
Heidi and slept soundly all night--a thing she never remembered having
done before. The following day and the day after passed in the same
pleasant fashion, and the third day there came a surprise for the
children. Two stout porters came up the mountain, each carrying a
bed on his shoulders with bedding of all kinds and two beautiful new
white coverlids. The men also had a letter with them from grandmamma,
in which she said that these were for Clara and Heidi, and that Heidi
in future was always to sleep in a proper bed, and when she went down
to Doerfli in the winter she was to take one with her and leave the
other at the hut, so that Clara might always know there was a bed ready
for her when she paid a visit to the mountain. She went on to thank
the children for their long letters and encouraged them to continue
writing daily, so that she might be able to picture all they were doing.

Grandfather went up the ladder and threw back the hay from Heidi's
bed on to the great heap, and soon the beds were put up close to one

another so that the children might still be able to see out of the window, for he knew what pleasure they had in the light from the sun and stars.

Meanwhile grandmamma down at Ragatz was rejoicing at the excellent news of the invalid which reached her daily from the mountain. Clara found the life more charming each day and could not say enough of the kindness and care which the grandfather lavished upon her, nor of Heidi's lively and amusing companionship.

Having such fresh assurances each day that all was going well with Clara, grandmamma thought she might put off her visit to the children a little longer, for the steep ride up and down was somewhat of a fatigue to her.

The grandfather seemed to feel an especial sympathy for his little invalid charge, for he tried to think of something fresh every day to help forward her recovery. He climbed up the mountain every afternoon, higher and higher each day, and came home in the evening with large bunches of leaves which scented the air with a mingled fragrance as of carnations and thyme. He hung them up in the goat shed for Little Swan to eat so that she might give extra fine milk.

Clara had now been on the mountain for three weeks. For some days past the grandfather, each morning after carrying her down, had said, "Won't the little daughter try if she can stand for a minute or two?" And Clara had made the effort in order to please him, but had clung to him

as soon as her feet touched the ground, exclaiming that it hurt her so.
He let her try a little longer, however, each day.

It was many years since they had had such a splendid summer among
the mountains. Day after day there were the same cloudless sky and
brilliant sun; the flowers opened wide their fragrant blossoms, and
everywhere the eye was greeted with a glow of color; and when the
evening came the crimson light fell on mountain peaks and on the great
snow-field, till at last the sun sank in a sea of golden flame.

Heidi never tired of telling Clara of the beauty of the spot on the
higher slope of the mountain, where the bright golden rock-roses grew
in masses, and the blue flowers were in such numbers that the very
grass seemed to have turned blue. An irrepressible longing came over
her to see it all once more. She ran to her grandfather, who was in the
shed, calling out almost before she was inside,--

"Grandfather, will you take us out with the goats tomorrow? Oh, it is
so lovely up there now!"

"Very well," he answered, "but if I do, little Clara must do something
to please me: she must try her best again this evening to stand on her
feet."

Heidi ran back with the good news to Clara, and the latter promised to
try her very best as the grandfather wished, for she looked forward
immensely to the next day's excursion. Heidi was so pleased and excited
that she called out to Peter as soon as she caught sight of him that
evening,--

"Peter, Peter, we are all coming out with you tomorrow and are going to
stay up there the whole day."

Peter, cross as a bear, grumbled some reply, and lifted his stick to
give Greenfinch a blow for no reason in particular, but Greenfinch saw
the movement, and with a leap over Snowflake's back she got out of the
way, and the stick only hit the air.

Clara and Heidi got into their two fine beds that night full of
delightful anticipation of the morrow; they were so full of their plans
that they agreed to keep awake all night and talk over them. But their
heads had no sooner touched their soft pillows than the conversation
suddenly ceased, and Clara fell into a dream of an immense field,
which looked the color of the sky, so thickly inlaid was it with blue,
bell-shaped flowers; and Heidi heard the great bird of prey calling to
her from the heights above, "Come! come! come!"

CHAPTER XXII

WICKED PETER AND THE UNLUCKY CHAIR

Uncle went out early the next morning to see what kind of a day it was
going to be. There was a reddish gold light over the higher peaks; a
light breeze was springing up and the branches of the fir trees moved
gently to and fro--the sun was on its way.

He wheeled the chair out of the shed ready for the coming journey, and

then went in to call the children and tell them what a lovely sunrise
it was.

Peter came up the mountain at this moment. The goats did not gather
round him so trustfully as usual, but seemed to avoid him timidly, for
he had reached a high pitch of anger and bitterness, and was using
his stick very unnecessarily, and where it fell the blow was no light
one. For weeks now he had not had Heidi all to himself as formerly.
When he came up in the morning the invalid child was always already
in her chair and Heidi fully occupied with her. And it was the same
thing over again when he came down in the evening. She had not come
out with the goats once this summer, and today she was only coming in
company with her friend and the chair, and would stick by the latter's
side the whole time. It was the thought of this which was making him
particularly cross this morning. There stood the chair on its high
wheels. Peter glared at it as at an enemy that had done him harm and
was likely to do him still more today. He glanced round--there was
no sound anywhere, no one to see him. He sprang forward like a wild
creature, caught hold of the chair, and gave it a violent and angry
push in the direction of the slope. It rolled swiftly forward and in
another minute had disappeared.

[Illustration]

Peter now sped up the mountain as if on wings, not pausing till he was
well hidden behind a large blackberry bush, for he had no wish to be

seen by Uncle. But he was anxious to see what had become of the chair,
so he looked, and there he saw his enemy running faster and faster down
hill, then it turned head over heels several times, and finally, after
one great bound, rolled over and over to its complete destruction.
The pieces flew in every direction--feet, arms, and torn fragments of
the padded seat and bolster--and Peter experienced a feeling of such
unbounded delight at the sight that he leapt in the air, laughing aloud
and stamping for joy. He could see only good results for himself in
the disaster to his enemy. Now Heidi's friend would be obliged to
go away, for she would have no means of going about, and when Heidi
was alone again she would come out with him as in the old days, and
everything would go on in the proper way. But Peter did not consider,
or did not know, that when we do a wrong thing trouble is sure to
follow.

Heidi now came running out of the hut and round the shed. Grandfather
was behind with Clara in his arms. The shed stood wide open, the two
loose planks having been taken down, and it was quite light inside.
Heidi looked into every corner and ran from one end to the other, and
then stood still wondering what could have happened to the chair.
Grandfather now came up.

"How is this, have you wheeled the chair away, Heidi?"

"I have been looking everywhere for it, Grandfather; you said it was
standing ready outside," and she again searched each corner of the shed
with her eyes.

At that moment the wind, which had risen suddenly, blew open the shed door and sent it banging back against the wall.

"It must have been the wind, Grandfather," exclaimed Heidi, and her eyes grew anxious at this sudden discovery. "Oh! if it has blown the chair all the way down to Doerfli we shall not get it back in time, and shall not be able to go."

"If it has rolled as far as that it will never come back, for it is in a hundred pieces by now," said the grandfather, going round the corner and looking down. "But it's a curious thing to have happened!" he added as he thought over the matter, for the chair would have had to turn a corner before starting down hill.

"Oh, I am sorry," lamented Clara, "for we shall not be able to go today, or perhaps any other day. I shall have to go home, I suppose, if I have no chair. Oh, I am so sorry, I am so sorry!"

But Heidi looked towards her grandfather with her usual expression of confidence.

"Grandfather, you will be able to do something, won't you, so that it need not be as Clara says, and so that she is not obliged to go home."

"Well, for the present we will go up the mountain as we had arranged, and then later on we will see what can be done," he answered, much to the children's delight.

He went indoors, carried out a pile of shawls, and laying them on the

sunniest spot he could find set Clara down upon them. Then he brought
the children's morning milk and led out his two goats.

"Why is Peter not here yet," thought Uncle to himself, for Peter's
whistle had not been sounded that morning. The grandfather then took
Clara up on one arm, and the shawls on the other.

"Now then we will start," he said, "the goats can come with us."

Heidi was pleased at this and walked on after her grandfather with an
arm over either of the goats' necks, and the animals were so overjoyed
to have her again that they nearly squeezed her flat between them out
of sheer affection. When they reached the spot where the goats usually
pastured they were surprised to find them already feeding there,
climbing about the rocks, and Peter with them, lying his full length on
the ground.

"I'll teach you another time to go by like that, you lazy rascal! What
do you mean by it?" Uncle called to him.

Peter, recognizing the voice, jumped up like a shot. "No one was up,"
he answered.

"Have you seen anything of the chair?" asked the grandfather.

"Of what chair?" called Peter back in answer in a morose tone of voice.

Uncle said no more. He spread the shawls on the sunny slope, and
setting Clara upon them asked if she was comfortable.

"As comfortable as in my chair," she said, thanking him, "and this
seems the most beautiful spot. O Heidi, it is lovely, it is lovely!"
she cried, looking round her with delight.

The grandfather prepared to leave them. They would now be safe and happy together he said, and when it was time for dinner Heidi was to go and bring the bag from the shady hollow where he had put it; Peter was to get them as much milk as they wanted, but Heidi was to see that it was Little Swan's milk. He would come for them towards evening; he must now be off to see after the chair and find out what had become of it.

The sky was dark blue, and not a single cloud was to be seen from one horizon to the other. The great snowfield overhead sparkled as if set with thousands and thousands of gold and silver stars. Now and again a young goat came and lay down beside them; Snowflake came oftenest, putting her little head down near Heidi, and only moving because another goat came and drove her away. And the goats had also grown familiar with Clara and would rub their heads against her shoulder, which was always a sign of acquaintanceship and goodwill.

Some hours went by, and Heidi began to think that she might just go over to the spot where all the flowers grew to see if they were fully blown and looking as lovely as the year before. Clara could not go until grandfather came back that evening, when the flowers probably would be already closed. The longing to go became stronger and stronger, till Heidi felt she could not resist it.

"Would you think me unkind, Clara," she said rather hesitatingly, "if I left you for a few minutes? I could run there and back very quickly. I want so to see how the flowers are looking--but wait--" for an idea had come into Heidi's head. She ran and picked a bunch or two of green

leaves, and then took hold of Snowflake and led her up to Clara.

[Illustration]

"There, now you will not be alone," said Heidi, giving the goat a little push to show her she was to lie down near Clara, which the animal quite understood. Heidi threw the leaves into Clara's lap, and the latter told her friend to go at once to look at the flowers as she was quite happy to be left with the goat; she liked this new experience. Heidi ran off, and Clara began to hold out the leaves one by one to Snowflake, who snuggled up to her new friend in a confiding manner and slowly ate the leaves from her hand. She found a strange new pleasure in sitting all alone like this on the mountain side, her only companion a little goat that looked to her for protection. She suddenly felt a great desire to be her own mistress and to be able to help others, instead of herself being always dependent as she was now.
Many thoughts, unknown to her before, came crowding into her mind, and a longing to go on living in the sunshine, and to be doing something that would bring happiness to another, as now she was helping to make the goat happy. An unaccustomed feeling of joy took possession of her, as if everything she had ever known or felt became all at once more beautiful, and she seemed to see all things in a new light, and so strong was the sense of this new beauty and happiness that she threw her arms round the little goat's neck, and exclaimed, "O Snowflake, how delightful it is up here! if only I could stay on for ever with you beside me!"

Heidi had meanwhile reached her field of flowers, and as she caught sight of it she uttered a cry of joy. The whole ground in front of her was a mass of shimmering gold, where the cistus flowers spread their yellow blossoms. Above them waved whole bushes of the deep blue-bell flowers. Heidi stood and gazed and drew in the delicious air. Suddenly she turned round and reached Clara's side out of breath with running and excitement. "Oh, you must come," she called out as soon as she came in sight, "it is more beautiful than you can imagine, and perhaps this evening it may not be so lovely. I believe I could carry you, don't you think I could?"

Clara looked at her and shook her head. "Why, Heidi, what can you be thinking of! you are smaller than I am. Oh, if only I could walk!"

Heidi looked round as if in search of something, some new idea had evidently come into her head. Peter was sitting up above looking down on the two children. He had been sitting and staring before him in the same way for hours, as if he could not make out what he saw. He had destroyed the chair so that the friend might not be able to move anywhere and that her visit might come to an end, and then a little while after she had appeared right up here under his very nose with Heidi beside her. He thought his eyes must deceive him, and yet there she was and no mistake about it.

Heidi looked up to where he was sitting and called out in a commanding voice, "Peter, come down here!"

"I don't wish to come," he called in reply.

"But you must; I cannot do it alone, and you must come here and help
me; make haste and come down," she called again in an urgent voice.

"I shall do nothing of the kind," was the answer.

Heidi ran some way up the slope towards him, and then pausing called
again, her eyes ablaze with anger, "If you don't come at once, Peter, I
will do something to you that you won't like; I mean what I say."

Peter felt an inward throe at these words, and a great fear seized him.
He had done something wicked which he wanted no one to know about,
and so far he had thought himself safe. But now Heidi spoke exactly
as if she knew everything, and whatever she did know she would tell
her grandfather, and there was no one he feared so much as this latter
person. Supposing he were to suspect what had happened about the chair!
Peter's anguish of mind grew more acute. He stood up and went down to
where Heidi was awaiting him.

"I am coming, and you won't do what you said."

Peter appeared now so submissive with fear that Heidi felt quite sorry
for him and answered assuringly, "No, no, of course not; come along
with me, there is nothing to be afraid of in what I want you to do."

As soon as they got to Clara, Heidi gave her orders: Peter was to
take hold of her under the arms on one side and she on the other, and

together they were to lift her up. This first movement was successfully carried through, but then came the difficulty. As Clara could not even stand, how were they to support her and get her along? Heidi was too small for her arm to serve Clara to lean upon.

"You must put one arm well round my neck--so, and put the other through Peter's and lean firmly upon it, then we shall be able to carry you."

Peter, however, had never given his arm to any one in his life. Clara put hers in his, but he kept his own hanging down straight beside him like a stick.

"That's not the way, Peter," said Heidi in an authoritative voice. "You must put your arm out in the shape of a ring, and Clara must put hers through it and lean her weight upon you, and whatever you do, don't let your arm give way; like that I am sure we shall be able to manage."

Peter did as he was told, but still they did not get on very well. Clara was not such a light weight, and the team did not match very well in size; it was up one side and down the other, so that the supports were rather wabbly.

Clara tried to use her own feet a little, but each time drew them quickly back.

"Put your foot down firmly once," suggested Heidi, "I am sure it will hurt you less after that."

"Do you think so," said Clara hesitatingly, but she followed Heidi's

advice and ventured one firm step on the ground and then another; she called out a little as she did it; then she lifted her foot again and went on, "Oh, that was less painful already," she exclaimed joyfully.

[Illustration: THE LITTLE INVALID FINDS THAT SHE IS ABLE TO WALK]

"Try again," said Heidi encouragingly.

And Clara went on putting one foot out after another until all at once she called out, "I can do it, Heidi! look! look! I can make proper steps!"

And Heidi cried out with even greater delight, "Can you really make steps, can you really walk? really walk by yourself? Oh, if only grandfather were here!" and she continued gleefully to exclaim, "You can walk now, Clara, you can walk!"

Clara still held on firmly to her supports, but with every step she felt safer on her feet, as all three became aware, and Heidi was beside herself with joy.

"Now we shall be able to come up here together every day, and just go where we like; and you will be able to walk about as I do, and not have to be pushed in a chair, and will get quite strong and well. It is the greatest happiness we could have had!"

And Clara heartily agreed, for she could think of no greater joy in the world than to be strong and able to go about like other people, and no longer to have to lie from day to day in her invalid chair.

They had not far to go to reach the field of flowers, and could already

catch sight of the cistus flowers' glowing gold in the sun. As they came to the bushes of the blue-bell flowers, with sunny, inviting patches of warm ground between them, Clara said, "Can't we sit down here for a while?"

This was just what Heidi enjoyed, and so the children sat down in the midst of the flowers, Clara for the first time on the dry, warm mountain grass, and she found it indescribably delightful. Everything was so lovely! so lovely! And Heidi, who was beside her, thought she had never seen it so perfectly beautiful up here before. Then she suddenly remembered that Clara was cured; that was the crowning delight of all that made life so delightful in the midst of all this surrounding beauty. Clara sat silent, overcome with the enchantment of all that her eye rested upon, and with the anticipation of all the happiness that was now before her. There seemed hardly room in her heart for all her joyful emotions.

Peter also lay among the flowers without moving or speaking, for he was fast asleep. The breeze came blowing softly and caressingly from behind the sheltering rocks, and passed whisperingly through the bushes overhead. Heidi got up now and then to run about, for the flowers waving in the warm wind seemed to smell sweeter and to grow more thickly whichever way she went. So the hours went by.

It was long past noon when a small troop of goats advanced solemnly towards the plain of flowers. It was not a feeding place of theirs, for they did not care to graze on flowers. They looked like an embassy

arriving, with Greenfinch as their leader. They had evidently come in search of their companions who had left them in the lurch, and who had remained away so long, for the goats could tell the time without mistake. As soon as Greenfinch caught sight of the three missing friends amid the flowers she set up an extra loud bleat, whereupon all the others joined in a chorus of bleats, and the whole company came trotting towards the children. Peter woke up, rubbing his eyes, for he had been dreaming that he saw the chair again with its beautiful red padding standing whole and uninjured before the grandfather's door.

He experienced again the dreadful fear of mind that he had lost in this dream of the uninjured chair. Even though Heidi had promised not to do anything, there still remained the lively dread that his deed might be found out in some other way. He allowed Heidi to do what she liked with him, for he was reduced to such a state of low spirits and meekness that he was ready to give his help to Clara without murmur or resistance.

When all three had got back to their old quarters Heidi ran and brought forward the bag, and proceeded to fulfill her promise, for her threat of the morning had been concerned with Peter's dinner. She had seen her grandfather putting in all sorts of good things, and had been pleased to think of Peter having a large share of them, and she had meant him to understand when he refused at first to help her that he would get nothing for his dinner, but Peter's conscience had put another interpretation upon her words. Heidi took the food out of the bag and

divided it into three portions, and each was of such a goodly size that she thought to herself, "There will be plenty of ours left for him to have more still."

She gave the other two their dinners and sat down with her own beside Clara, and they all three ate with a good appetite after their great exertions.

Peter ate up every bit of food to the last crumb, but there was something wanting to his usual enjoyment of a good dinner, for every mouthful he swallowed seemed to choke him, and he felt something gnawing inside him.

They were so late at their dinner that they had not long to wait after they had finished before grandfather came up to get them. Heidi rushed forward to meet him as soon as he appeared, as she wanted to be the first to tell him the good news. She was so excited that she could hardly get her words out when she did get up to him, but he soon understood, and a look of extreme pleasure came into his face. He hastened up to where Clara was sitting and said with a cheerful smile, "So, we've made the effort, have we, and won the day!"

[Illustration: "WE MUST NOT OVERDO IT," HE SAID, TAKING CLARA IN HIS ARMS]

Then he lifted her up, and putting his left arm behind her and giving her his right to lean upon, made her walk a little way, which she did with less trembling and hesitation than before, now that she had such a strong arm round her.

Heidi skipped along beside her in glee, and the grandfather looked too

as if some happiness had befallen him. "We must not overdo it," he
said taking Clara up in his arms. "It is high time we went home," and
he started off down the mountain path, for he was anxious to get her
indoors that she might rest after her unusual fatigue.

When Peter got to Doerfli that evening he found a large group of people
collected round a certain spot, pushing one another and looking over
each other's shoulders in their eagerness to catch sight of something
lying on the ground. Peter thought he should like to see too, and poked
and elbowed till he made his way through.

There it lay, the thing he had wanted to see. Scattered about the grass
were the remains of Clara's chair; part of the back and the middle
bit, and enough of the red padding and the bright nails to show how
magnificent the chair had been when it was entire.

"I was here when the men passed carrying it up," said the baker, who
was standing near Peter. "I'll bet any one that it was worth 125
dollars at least. I cannot think how such an accident could have
happened."

"Uncle said the wind might perhaps have done it," remarked one of the
women.

"It's a good job that no one but the wind did it," said the baker
again, "or he might smart for it! No doubt the gentleman in Frankfurt
when he hears what has happened will make inquiries about it. I am glad
for myself that I have not been seen up the mountain for a good two
years, as suspicion is likely to fall on any one who was up there at
the time."

Many more opinions were passed on the matter, but Peter had heard enough. He crept quietly away out of the crowd and then took to his heels and ran up home as fast as he could, as if he thought some one was after him. The baker's words had filled him with fear and trembling. He was sure now that any day a constable might come over from Frankfurt and inquire about the destruction of the chair, and then everything would come out, and he would be seized and carried off to Frankfurt and there put in prison.

He reached home in this disturbed state of mind. He would not open his mouth in reply to anything that was said to him; he would not eat his potatoes; all he did was to creep off to bed as quickly as possible and hide under the bedclothes and groan.

"Peter has been eating sorrel again, and is evidently in pain by the way he is groaning," said his mother.

"You must give him a little more bread to take with him; give him a bit of mine tomorrow," said the grandmother sympathizingly.

As the children lay that night in bed looking out at the stars Heidi said, "I have been thinking all day what a happy thing it is that God does not give us what we ask for, even when we pray and pray and pray, if He knows there is something better for us; have you felt like that?"

"Why do you ask me that tonight all of a sudden?" asked Clara.

"Because I prayed so hard when I was in Frankfurt that I might go home at once, and because I was not allowed to I thought God had forgotten

me. And now you see, if I had come away at first when I wanted to, you would never have come here, and would never have got well."

Clara had in her turn become thoughtful. "But, Heidi," she began again, "in that case we ought never to pray for anything, as God always intends something better for us than we know or wish for."

"You must not think it is like that, Clara," replied Heidi eagerly. "We must go on praying for everything, so that God may know we do not forget that it all comes from Him. If we forget God, then He lets us go our own way and we get into trouble."

"How did you learn all that?" asked Clara.

"Grandmamma explained it to me first of all, and then when it all happened just as she said, I knew it myself, and I think, Clara," she went on, as she sat up in bed, "we ought certainly to thank God tonight that you can walk now, and that He has made us so happy."

"Yes, Heidi, I am sure you are right, and I am glad you reminded me; I almost forgot my prayers for very joy."

Both children said their prayers, and each thanked God in her own way for the blessing He had bestowed on Clara, who had for so long lain weak and ill.

The next morning the grandfather suggested that they should now write to the grandmamma and ask her if she would not come and pay them a visit, as they had something new to show her. But the children had another plan in their heads, for they wanted to prepare a great surprise for grandmamma. Clara was first to have more practice in

walking so that she might be able to go a little way by herself; above all things grandmamma was not to have a hint of it. They asked the grandfather how long he thought this would take, and when he told them about a week or less, they immediately sat down and wrote a pressing invitation to grandmamma, asking her to come soon, but no word was said about there being anything new to see.

The following days were some of the most joyous that Clara had spent on the mountain. She awoke each morning with a happy voice within her crying, "I am well now! I am well now! I shan't have to go about in a chair, I can walk by myself like other people."

Then came the walking, and every day she found it easier and was able to go a longer distance. The movement gave her such an appetite that the grandfather cut his bread and butter a little thicker each day, and was well pleased to see it disappear. He brought out the foaming milk in a larger jug so he could fill the little bowls over and over again. And so another week went by and the day came which was to bring grandmamma up the mountain for her second visit.

CHAPTER XXIII

GOOD-BYE TO THE BEAUTIFUL MOUNTAIN

Grandmamma wrote the day before her arrival to let the children know that they might expect her without fail. Peter brought up the letter early the following morning. As he neared the group his steps

slackened, and the instant he had handed the letter to Uncle he turned
quickly away as if frightened and ran off up the mountain.

"Grandfather," said Heidi, who had been watching him with astonished
eyes, "why does Peter always behave now like the Great Turk when he
thinks somebody is after him with a stick; he turns and shakes his head
and goes off with a bound just like that?"

"Perhaps Peter fancies he sees the stick which he so well deserves
coming after him," answered grandfather.

Heidi set about tidying the hut, as grandmamma must find everything
clean and in good order when she arrived.

Clara looked on amused and interested to watch the busy Heidi at her
work.

Then the children dressed up and went and sat together outside on the
seat ready to receive her.

At last they saw the procession winding up the mountain just in the
order they had expected. First there was the guide, then the white
horse with grandmamma mounted upon it, and last of all the porter with
a heavy bundle on his back, for grandmamma would not think of going up
the mountain without a full supply of wraps and rugs.

Nearer and nearer wound the procession; at last it reached the top
and grandmamma was there looking down on the children from her horse.
She no sooner saw them, however, sitting side by side, than she began
quickly dismounting, as she cried out in a shocked tone of voice, "Why

is this? why are you not lying in your chair, Clara? What are you all thinking about?" But even before she had got close to them she threw up her hands in astonishment, exclaiming further, "Is it really you, dear child? Why, your cheeks have grown quite round and rosy! I should hardly have known you again!" And she was hastening forward to embrace her, when Heidi slipped down from the seat, and with Clara leaning on her shoulder, began walking along quite coolly and naturally. Then indeed grandmamma was surprised, or rather alarmed, for she thought at first that it must be some unheard-of proceeding of Heidi's.

But no--Clara was actually walking steadily and uprightly beside Heidi. Laughing and crying she ran to them and embraced first Clara and then Heidi, and then Clara again, unable to speak for joy. All at once she caught sight of Uncle standing by the seat and looking on smiling at the meeting. She went up to the old man and seized his hands.

"My dear Uncle! my dear Uncle! how much we have to thank you for! It is all your doing! it is your care and nursing--"

"And God's good sun and mountain air," he interrupted her smiling.

"Yes, and don't forget the beautiful milk I have," put in Clara. "Grandmamma, you can't think what a quantity of goat's milk I drink, and how nice it is!"

"I can see that by your cheeks, child," answered grandmamma. "I really should not have known you; you have grown quite strong and plump, and taller too; I never hoped or expected to see you look like that. I

cannot take my eyes off you, for I can hardly yet believe it. But now I must telegraph without delay to my son in Paris, and tell him he must come here at once. I shall not say why; it will be the greatest happiness he has ever known. My dear Uncle, how can I send a telegram; have you dismissed the men yet?"

"They have gone," he answered, "but if you are in a hurry I will get Peter, and he can take it for you."

Grandmamma thanked him, for she was anxious that the good news should not be kept from her son a day longer than was possible.

So Uncle went aside a little way and blew such a resounding whistle through his fingers that he awoke a responsive echo among the rocks far overhead. He did not have to wait many minutes before Peter came running down in answer, for he knew the sound of Uncle's whistle. Peter looked as white as a ghost, for he thought Uncle was sending for him to give him up. But instead he only gave him a written paper with instructions to take it down at once to the post-office at Doerfli; Uncle would settle for the payment later, as it was not safe to give Peter too much to look after.

Peter went off with the paper in his hand, feeling some relief of mind for the present, for as Uncle had not whistled for him in order to give him up it was evident that no policeman had yet arrived.

So now they all sat down in peace to their dinner round the table in front of the hut, and grandmamma was given a detailed account of all

that had taken place. How grandfather had made Clara try first to stand and then to move her feet a little every day, and how they had settled for the day's excursion up the mountain and the chair had been blown away. How Clara's desire to see the flowers had induced her to take the first walk, and so by degrees one thing had led to another. The recital took some time, for grandmamma continually interrupted it with fresh exclamations of surprise and thankfulness: "It hardly seems possible! I can scarcely believe it is not all a dream! Are we really awake, and are we all sitting here by the mountain hut, and is that round-faced, healthy-looking child my poor little, white, sickly Clara?"

And Clara and Heidi could not get over their delight at the success of the surprise they had so carefully arranged for grandmamma and at the latter's continued astonishment.

Meanwhile Mr. Sesemann, who had finished his business in Paris, had also been preparing a surprise. Without saying a word to his mother he got into the train one sunny morning and travelled that day to Basle; the next morning he continued his journey, for a great longing had seized him to see his little daughter from whom he had been separated the whole summer. He arrived at Ragatz a few hours after his mother had left. When he heard that she had that very day started for the mountain, he immediately hired a carriage and drove as far as Doerfli, and then started to climb the mountain. He went on and on, but still no hut came in sight, and yet he knew there was one where Peter lived half

way up, for the path had been described to him over and over again.

He began to wonder if he was on the right path, and whether the hut lay perhaps on the other side of the mountain. He looked round to see if any one was in sight of whom he could ask the way; but far and wide there was not a soul to be seen nor a sound to be heard. Only at moments the mountain wind whistled through the air, and the insects hummed in the sunshine, or a happy bird sang out from the branches of a solitary larch tree. Mr. Sesemann stood still for a while to let the cool Alpine wind blow on his hot face. But now some one came running down the mountainside--it was Peter with the telegram in his hand. He ran straight down the steep slope, not following the path on which Mr. Sesemann was standing. As soon as the latter caught sight of him he beckoned to him to come. Peter advanced towards him slowly and timidly, with a sort of sidelong movement, as if he could only move one leg properly and had to drag the other after him.

"Hurry up, lad," he called, and when Peter was near enough, "Tell me," he said, "is this the way to the hut where the old man and the child Heidi live, and where the visitors from Frankfurt are staying?"

A low sound of fear was the only answer he received, as Peter turned to run away in such precipitous haste that he fell head over heels several times, and went rolling and bumping down the slope in involuntary bounds, just in the same way as the chair, only that Peter fortunately did not fall to pieces as that had done. Only the telegram came to

grief, and that was torn into fragments and flew away.

**"How extraordinarily timid these mountain dwellers are!" thought Mr.
Sesemann to himself, for he quite believed that it was the sight of a
stranger that had made such an impression on this unsophisticated child
of the mountains.**

**After watching Peter's violent descent towards the valley for a few
minutes he continued his journey.**

**Peter, meanwhile, with all his efforts, could not stop himself, but
went rolling on, and still tumbling head over heels at intervals in a
most remarkable manner.**

[Illustration: PETER WENT ROLLING AND BUMPING DOWN THE SLOPE]

**But this was not the most terrible part of his sufferings at the
moment, for far worse was the fear and horror that possessed him,
feeling sure, as he did now, that the policeman had really come over
for him from Frankfurt. He had no doubt at all that the stranger who
had asked him the way was the very man himself. Just as he had rolled
to the edge of the last high slope above Doerfli he was caught in a
bush, and at last able to keep himself from falling any farther. He
lay still for a second or two to recover himself, and to think over
matters.**

**"Well done! another of you come bumping along like this!" said a voice
close to Peter, "and which of you tomorrow is the wind going to send
rolling down like a badly-sewn sack of potatoes?" It was the baker,
who stood there laughing. He had been strolling out to refresh himself**

after his hot day's work, and had watched with amusement as he saw Peter come rolling over and over in much the same way as the chair.

Peter was on his feet in a moment. He had received a fresh shock. Without once looking behind him he began hurrying up the slope again. He would have liked best to go home and creep into bed, so as to hide himself, for he felt safest when there. But he had left the goats up above, and Uncle had given him strict injunctions to make haste back so that they might not be left too long alone. And he stood more in awe of Uncle than any one, and would not have dared to disobey him on any account. There was no help for it, he had to go back, and Peter went on groaning and limping. He could run no more, for the anguish of mind he had been through, and the bumping and shaking he had received, were beginning to tell upon him. And so with lagging steps and groans he slowly made his way up the mountain.

Shortly after meeting Peter, Mr. Sesemann passed the first hut, and so was satisfied that he was on the right path. He continued his climb with renewed courage, and at last, after a long and exhausting walk, he came in sight of his goal. There, only a little distance farther up, stood the grandfather's home, with the dark tops of the fir trees waving above its roof.

Mr. Sesemann was delighted to have come to the last steep bit of his journey, in another minute or two he would be with his little daughter, and he pleased himself with the thought of her surprise. But

the company above had seen his approaching figure and recognized who it was, and they were preparing something he little expected as a surprise on their part.

As he stepped on to the space in front of the hut two figures came towards him. One a tall girl with fair hair and pink cheeks, leaning on Heidi, whose dark eyes were dancing with joy. Mr. Sesemann suddenly stopped, staring at the two children, and all at once the tears started to his eyes. What memories arose in his heart! Just so had Clara's mother looked, the fair-haired girl with the delicate pink-and-white complexion. He did not know if he was awake or dreaming.

"Don't you know me, Papa?" called Clara to him, her face beaming with happiness. "Am I so altered since you saw me?"

Then the father ran to his child and clasped her in his arms.

"Yes, you are indeed altered! How is it possible? Is it true what I see?" And the delighted man stepped back to look full at her again, and to make sure that the picture would not vanish before his eyes.

"Are you my little Clara, really my little Clara?" he kept on saying, then he clasped her in his arms again, and again put her away from him that he might look and make sure it was she who stood before him.

Then grandmamma came up, anxious for a sight of her son's happy face.

"Well, what do you say now, dear son?" she exclaimed. "You have given us a pleasant surprise, but it is nothing in comparison to what we

have prepared for you, you must confess," and she gave her son an affectionate kiss as she spoke. "But now," she went on, "you must come and pay your respects to Uncle, who is our chief benefactor."

"Yes, indeed, and our little Heidi, too," said Mr. Sesemann, shaking Heidi by the hand. "Well? are you quite well and happy in your mountain home? but I need not ask, no Alpine rose could look more blooming. I am glad, child, it is a pleasure to me to see you so."

And Heidi looked up with equal pleasure into his kind face. How good he had always been to her! And that he should find such happiness awaiting him up here on the mountain made her heart beat with gladness.

Grandmamma introduced him to Uncle, and while the two men were shaking hands and Mr. Sesemann was expressing his heartfelt thanks and boundless astonishment to the old man, grandmamma wandered round to the back to see the old fir trees again.

Here another unexpected sight met her gaze, for there, under the trees stood a great bush of the most wonderful dark blue gentians, as fresh and shining as if they were growing on the spot.

"How exquisite! what a lovely sight!" she exclaimed. "Heidi, dearest child, come here! Is it you who have prepared this pleasure for me? It is perfectly wonderful!"

The children ran up.

"No, no, I did not put them there," said Heidi, "but I know who did."

"They grow just like that on the mountain, Grandmamma, only if anything

they look more beautiful still," Clara put in; "but guess who brought those down today," and as she spoke she gave such a pleased smile that the grandmother thought for a moment the child herself must have gathered them. But that was hardly possible.

At this moment a slight rustling was heard behind the fir trees. It was Peter, who had just arrived. He had made a long round, trying to slip by unobserved. But grandmamma had seen and recognized him, and suddenly the thought struck her that it might be Peter who had brought the flowers and that he was now trying to get away unseen, feeling shy about it; but she could not let him go off like that, he must have some little reward.

"Come along, boy; come here, do not be afraid," she called to him.

Peter stood still, petrified with fear. After all he had gone through that day he felt he had no longer any power of resistance left. All he could think was, "It's all up with me now." Every hair of his head stood on end, and he stepped forth from behind the fir trees, his face pale.

"Courage, boy," said grandmamma in her effort to dispel his shyness, "tell me now straight out without hesitation, was it you who did it?"

Peter did not lift his eyes and therefore did not see at what grandmamma was pointing. But he knew that Uncle was standing at the corner of the hut, fixing him with his grey eyes, while beside him stood the most terrible person that Peter could conceive--the police-constable from Frankfurt. Quaking in every limb, and with

trembling lips he muttered a low "Yes."

"Well, and what is there dreadful about that?" said grandmamma.

"Because--because--it is all broken to pieces and no one can put it
together again." Peter brought out his words with difficulty, and his
knees knocked together so that he could hardly stand.

Grandmamma went up to Uncle. "Is that poor boy a little out of his
mind?" she asked sympathizingly.

"Not in the least," Uncle assured her, "it is only that he was the wind
that sent the chair rolling down the slope, and he is expecting his
well-deserved punishment."

Grandmamma found this hard to believe, for in her opinion Peter did
not look an entirely bad boy, nor could he have had any reason for
destroying such a necessary thing as the chair. But Uncle had only
given expression to the suspicion that he had had from the moment the
accident happened. The angry looks which Peter had from the beginning
cast at Clara, and the other signs of his dislike to what had been
taking place on the mountain, had not escaped Uncle's eye. Putting two
and two together he had come to the right conclusion as to the cause of
the disaster, and he therefore spoke without hesitation when he accused
Peter. The lady broke out into lively expostulations on hearing this.

"No, no, dear Uncle, we will not punish the poor boy any further. One
must be fair to him. Here are all these strangers from Frankfurt who
come and carry away Heidi, his one sole possession, and a possession

well worth having too, and he is left to sit alone day after day for weeks, with nothing to do but brood over his wrongs. No, no, let us be fair to him; his anger got the upper hand and drove him to an act of revenge--a foolish one, I own, but then we all behave foolishly when we are angry." And saying this she went back to Peter, who still stood frightened and trembling. She sat down on the seat under the fir trees and called him to her kindly,--

"Come here, boy, and stand in front of me, for I have something to say to you. Leave off shaking and trembling, for I want you to listen to me. You sent the chair rolling down the mountain so that it was broken to pieces. That was a very wrong thing to do, as you yourself knew very well at the time, and you also knew that you deserved to be punished for it. But be sure of this, Peter: that those who do wrong make a mistake when they think no one knows anything about it. For God sees and hears everything, and when the wicked doer tries to hide what he has done, then God wakes up the little watchman that He places inside us all when we are born and who sleeps on quietly till we do something wrong. And the little watchman has a small goad in his hand, and when he wakes up he keeps on pricking us with it, so that we have not a moment's peace. And the watchman torments us still further, for he keeps on calling out, 'Now you will be found out! Now they will drag you off to punishment!' And so we pass our life in fear and trouble, and never know a moment's happiness or peace. Have you not felt something like that lately, Peter?"

Peter gave a contrite nod of the head, as one who knew all about it,
for grandmamma had described his own feelings exactly.

"And you calculated wrongly also in another way," continued grandmamma,
"for you see the harm you intended has turned out for the best for
those you wished to hurt. As Clara had no chair to go in and yet wanted
so much to see the flowers, she made the effort to walk, and every day
since she has been walking better and better. Do not forget my words,
and whenever you feel inclined to do anything wrong, think of the
little watchman inside you with his goad and his disagreeable voice.
Will you remember all this?"

"Yes, I will," answered Peter, still very subdued, for he did not yet
know how the matter was going to end, as the police-constable was still
standing with the Uncle.

"That's right, and now the thing is over and done for," said
grandmamma. "But I should like you to have something for a pleasant
reminder of the visitors from Frankfurt. Can you tell me anything
that you have wished very much to have? What would you like best as a
present?"

Peter lifted his head at this, and stared open-eyed at grandmamma. Up
to the last minute he had been expecting something dreadful to happen,
and now he might have anything that he wanted. His mind seemed all of a
whirl.

"I mean what I say," went on grandmamma. "You shall choose what you
would like to have as a remembrance from the Frankfurt visitors, and as

a token that they will not think any more of the wrong thing you did.
Now do you understand me, boy?"

The fact began at last to dawn upon Peter's mind that he had no further
punishment to fear, and that the kind lady sitting in front of him
had delivered him from the police-constable. He suddenly felt as if
the weight of a mountain had fallen off him. He had also by this time
awakened to the further conviction that it was better to make a full
confession at once of anything he had done wrong or had left undone,
and so he said, "And I lost the paper, too."

Grandmamma had to consider a moment what he meant, but soon recalled
his connection with her telegram, and answered kindly,--

"You are a good boy to tell me! Never conceal anything you have done
wrong, and then all will come right again. And now what would you like
me to give you?"

Peter grew almost giddy with the thought that he could have anything
in the world that he wished for. He had a vision of the yearly fair at
Mayenfeld with the glittering booths and all the lovely things that
he had stood gazing at for hours, without a hope of ever possessing
one of them, for Peter's purse never held more than five cents, and
all these fascinating objects cost double that amount. There were the
pretty little red whistles that he could use to call his goats, and
the splendid knives with rounded handles, known as toad-strikers, with
which one could do such fine whittling.

Peter remained pondering; he was trying to think which of these

two desirable objects he should best like to have, and he found it
difficult to decide. Then a bright thought occurred to him; he would
then be able to think over the matter between now and next
year's fair.

"A dime," answered Peter, who was no longer in doubt.

Grandmamma could not help laughing. "That is not an extravagant
request. Come here then!" and she pulled out her purse and put four
bright silver dollars in his hand and then laid some dimes on the top
of them. "We will settle our accounts at once," she continued, "and I
will explain them to you. I have given you as many dimes as there are
weeks in the year, and so every Sunday throughout the year you can take
out a dime to spend."

"As long as I live?" said Peter quite innocently.

Grandmamma laughed more still at this, and the men hearing her, paused
in their talk to listen to what was going on.

"Yes, boy, you shall have it all your life--I will put it down in my
will. Do you hear, my son? and you are to put it down in yours as well:
a dime a week to Peter as long as he lives."

Mr. Sesemann nodded his assent and joined in the laughter.

Peter looked again at the present in his hand to make sure he was not
dreaming, and then said, "Thank God!"

And he went off running and leaping with more even than his usual
agility, and this time managed to keep his feet, for it was not fear,
but joy such as he had never known before in his life, that now sent

him flying up the mountain. All trouble and trembling had disappeared,
and he was to have a dime every week for life.

Later, after dinner, when the party were sitting together chatting,
Clara drew her father a little aside, and said with an eagerness that
had been unknown to the little, tired invalid,--

"O papa, if you only knew all that grandfather has done for me from day
to day! I cannot reckon his kindnesses, but I shall never forget them
as long as I live! And I keep on thinking what I could do for him, or
what present I could make him that would give him half as much pleasure
as he has given me."

"That is just what I wish most myself, Clara," replied her father,
whose face grew happier each time he looked at his little daughter. "I
have been also thinking how we can best show our gratitude to our good
benefactor."

Mr. Sesemann went over to Uncle and taking him by the hand said,--

"Dear friend, you will believe me when I tell you that I have known no
real happiness for years past. What good were money and property to me
when they were unable to make my poor child well and happy? With the
help of God you have made her whole and strong, and you have given new
life not only to her but to me. Tell me now, in what way can I show my
gratitude to you? I can never repay all you have done, but whatever is
in my power to do is at your service. Speak, friend, and tell me what I
can do?"

Uncle had listened to him quietly, with a smile of pleasure on his face
as he looked at the happy father.

"Mr. Sesemann," he replied in his dignified way, "I too have my share
in the joy of your daughter's recovery, and my trouble is well repaid
by it. I thank you heartily for all you have said, but I have need of
nothing; I have enough for myself and the child as long as I live. Of
course, I am growing old, and shall not be here much longer. I have
nothing to leave the child when I die. If you could promise me that
Heidi will never have to earn her living among strangers, then you
would richly reward me for all I have done for your child."

"There could never be any question of such a thing as that, my dear
friend," said Mr. Sesemann quickly. "I look upon the child as my own.
Ask my mother, my daughter; you may be sure that they will never allow
the child to be left in any one else's care! But if it will make you
happier I give you here my hand upon it. I promise you: Heidi shall
never have to go and earn her living among strangers; I will make
provision against this both during my life and after. But now I have
something else to say. Independent of her circumstances, the child
is totally unfitted to live a life away from home; we found that out
when she was with us. But she has made friends, and among them I know
one who is at this moment in Frankfurt; he is winding up his affairs
there, that he may be free to go where he likes and take his rest. I
am speaking of my friend, the doctor, who came over here in the autumn

and who, having well considered your advice, intends to settle in this neighborhood, for he has never felt so well and happy anywhere as in the company of you and Heidi. So you see the child will henceforth have two protectors near her--and may they both live long to share the task!"

[Illustration: "ARE YOU REALLY MY LITTLE CLARA?"]

"God grant indeed it may be so!" added grandmamma, shaking Uncle's hand warmly as she spoke, to show how sincerely she echoed her son's wish. Then putting her arm round Heidi, who was standing near, she drew the child to her.

"And I have a question to ask you too, dear Heidi. Tell me if there is anything you particularly wish for?"

"Yes, there is," answered Heidi promptly, looking up delightedly at grandmamma.

"Then tell me at once, dear, what it is."

"I want to have the bed I slept in at Frankfurt with the high pillows and thick coverlid, and then grandmother will not have to lie with her head down hill and hardly able to breathe, and she will be warm enough under the coverlid not to have to wear her shawl in bed to prevent her freezing to death."

In her eagerness to obtain what she had set her heart upon Heidi hardly gave herself time to get out all she had to say, and did not pause for breath till she reached the end of her sentence.

"Dearest child," answered grandmamma, moved by Heidi's speech, "what

is this you tell me of grandmother! You are right to remind me. In the midst of our own happiness we forget too often that which we ought to remember before all things. When God has shown us some special mercy we should think at once of those who are denied so many things. I will telegraph to Frankfurt at once! Miss Rottermeyer shall pack up the bed this very day, and it will be here in two days' time. God willing, grandmother shall soon be sleeping comfortably upon it."

Heidi skipped round grandmamma in her glee, and then stopping all of a sudden, said quickly, "I must make haste down and tell her."

"No, no, Heidi, what can you be thinking of," said her grandfather reprovingly. "You can't be running backwards and forwards like that when you have visitors."

But grandmamma interfered on Heidi's behalf. "The child is not so far wrong, Uncle," she said, "and poor grandmother has too long been deprived of Heidi for our sakes. Let us all go down to her together. I believe my horse is waiting for me and I can ride down from there, and as soon as I get to Doerfli the message shall be sent off. What do you think of my plan, son?"

Mr. Sesemann had not yet had time to speak of his travelling plans, so he begged his mother to wait a few moments that he might tell her what he proposed doing.

Mr. Sesemann had been arranging that he and his mother should make a little tour in Switzerland, first ascertaining if Clara was in a fit

state to go some part of the way with them. But now he would have the full enjoyment of his daughter's company, and that being so he did not want to miss any of these beautiful days of later summer, but to start at once on the journey that he now looked forward to with such additional pleasure. And so he proposed that they should spend the night in Doerfli and that next day he should come and get Clara, then they would all three go down to Ragatz and make that their starting point.

Clara was rather upset at first at the thought of saying good-bye like this to the mountain; she could not help being pleased, however, at the prospect of another journey, and no time was allowed her to give way to lamentation.

Grandmamma had already taken Heidi by the hand, preparatory to leading the way, when she suddenly turned. "But what is to become of Clara?" she asked, remembering all at once that the child could not yet take so long a walk. She gave a nod of satisfaction as she saw that Uncle had already taken Clara up in his arms and was following her with sturdy strides. Mr. Sesemann brought up the rear, and so they all started down the mountain.

Heidi kept jumping for joy as she and Mrs. Sesemann walked along side by side, and grandmamma asked all about Peter's grandmother, how she lived, and what she did, especially in the winter when it was so cold. And Heidi gave her a minute account of everything, for she knew all

that went on at grandmother's, and told her how the old woman sat crouching in her corner and trembling with cold. She was able also to give her exact particulars of what grandmother had and had not to eat. Grandmamma listened with interest and sympathy until they came to grandmother's. Brigitta was just hanging out Peter's second shirt in the sun, so that he might have it ready to put on when he had worn the other long enough. As soon as she saw the company approaching she rushed indoors.

"The whole party of them are just going past, mother, evidently all returning home again," she informed the old woman. "Uncle is with them, carrying the sick child."

"Alas, it is really to be so then?" sighed the grandmother. "And you saw Heidi with them? Then they are taking her away. If only she could come and put her hand in mine again! If I could but hear her voice once more!"

At this moment the door flew open and Heidi sprang across to the corner and threw her arms round grandmother.

"Grandmother! Grandmother! my bed is to be sent from Frankfurt with all the three pillows and the thick coverlid; grandmamma says it will be here in two days." Heidi could not get out her words quickly enough, for she was impatient to see grandmother's great joy at the news. The latter smiled, but said a little sadly,--

"She must indeed be a good, kind lady, and I ought to be glad to think she is taking you with her, but I shall not outlive it long."

"What is this I hear? Who has been telling my good grandmother such
tales?" exclaimed a kindly voice, and grandmother felt her hand taken
and warmly pressed, for grandmamma had followed Heidi in and heard all
that was said. "No, no, there is no thought of such a thing! Heidi is
going to stay with you and make you happy. We want to see her again,
but we shall come to her. We hope to pay a visit to the Alm every year,
for we have good cause to offer up especial thanks to God upon this
spot where so great a miracle has been wrought upon our child."

Then grandmother's face was lighted up with genuine happiness, and she
pressed Mrs. Sesemann's hand over and over again, unable to speak her
thanks, while two large tears of joy rolled down her aged cheeks. And
Heidi saw the glad change come over grandmother's face, and she too now
was entirely happy.

She clung to the old woman saying, "Hasn't it all come about,
grandmother, just like the hymn I read to you last time? Isn't the bed
from Frankfurt sent to make you well?"

"Yes, Heidi, and many, many other good things too, which God has sent
me," said the grandmother, deeply moved. "I did not think it possible
that there were so many kind people, ready to trouble themselves about
a poor old woman and to do so much for her. Nothing strengthens our
belief in a kind heavenly Father who never forgets even the least of
His creatures so much as to know that there are such people, full of
goodness and pity for a poor, useless creature such as I am."

"My good grandmother," said Mrs. Sesemann, interrupting her, "we are all equally poor and helpless in the eyes of God, and all have equal need that He should not forget us. But now we must say good-bye, but only till we meet again, for when we pay our next year's visit to the Alm you will be the first person we shall come and see; meanwhile we shall not forget you." And Mrs. Sesemann took grandmother's hand again and shook it in farewell.

But grandmother would not let her off even then without more words of gratitude, and without calling down on her benefactress and all belonging to her every blessing that God had to bestow.

At last Mr. Sesemann and his mother were able to continue their journey downwards, while Uncle carried Clara back home, with Heidi beside him, so full of joy of what was coming for grandmother that every step was a jump.

But there were many tears shed the following morning by the departing Clara, who wept to say good-bye to the beautiful mountain home where she had been happier than ever before in her life. Heidi did her best to comfort her. "Summer will be here again in no time," she said, "and then you will come again, and it will be nicer still, for you will be able to walk about from the beginning. We can then go out every day with the goats up to where the flowers grow, and enjoy ourselves from the moment you arrive."

Mr. Sesemann had come as arranged to take his little daughter away,

and was just now standing and talking with Uncle, for they had much to
say to one another. Clara felt somewhat consoled by Heidi's words, and
wiped away her tears.

"Be sure you say good-bye for me to Peter and the goats, and especially
to Little Swan. I wish I could give Little Swan a present, for she has
helped so much to make me strong."

"Well, you can if you like," replied Heidi, "send her a little salt;
you know how she likes to lick some out of grandfather's hand when she
comes home at night."

Clara was delighted at this idea. "Oh, then I shall send a hundred
pounds of salt from Frankfurt, for I want her to have something as a
remembrance of me."

Mr. Sesemann now beckoned to the children as it was time to be off.
Grandmamma's white horse had been brought up for Clara, as she was no
longer obliged to be carried in a chair.

Heidi ran to the far edge of the slope and continued to wave her hand
to Clara until the last glimpse of horse and rider had disappeared.

* * * * *

And now the bed has arrived, and grandmother is sleeping so soundly all
night that she is sure to grow stronger.

Grandmamma Sesemann, moreover, has not forgotten how cold the winter is
on the mountain. She has sent a large parcel of warm clothing of every
description, so that the blind grandmother can wrap herself round and

round, and will certainly not tremble with cold now as she sits in her
corner.

There is a great deal of building going on at Doerfli. The doctor has
arrived, and, for the present, is occupying his old quarters. His
friends have advised him to buy the old house that Uncle and Heidi
live in during the winter. The doctor is having this part of the old
house rebuilt for himself, the other part being repaired for Uncle
and Heidi, for the doctor is aware that Uncle is a man of independent
spirit, who likes to have a house to himself. Quite at the back a warm
and well-walled stall is being put up for the two goats, and there they
will pass their winter in comfort.

The two men are becoming better friends every day, and as they walk
about the new buildings to see how they are getting on, their thoughts
continually turn to Heidi, for the chief pleasure to each in connection
with the house is that they will have the light-hearted little child
with them there.

"Dear friend," said the doctor on one of these occasions as they were
standing together, "you will see this matter in the same light as I do,
I am sure. I share your happiness in the child as if, next to you, I
was the one to whom she most closely belonged, but I wish also to share
all responsibilities concerning her and to do my best for the child. I
shall then feel I have my rights in her, and shall look forward to her
being with me and caring for me in my old age, which is the one great

wish of my heart. She will have the same claims upon me as if she were
my own child, and I shall provide for her as such, and so we shall be
able to leave her without anxiety when the day comes that you and I
must go."

Uncle did not speak, but he clasped the doctor's hand in his, and his
good friend could read in the old man's eyes how greatly moved he was
and how glad and grateful he felt.

Heidi and Peter were at this moment sitting with grandmother, and the
one had so much to relate, and the others to listen to, that they all
three got closer and closer to one another, hardly able to breathe in
their eagerness not to miss a word.

And how much there was to tell of all the events that had taken place
that last summer, for they had not had many opportunities of meeting
since then.

And it was difficult to say which of the three looked the happiest at
being together again, and at the recollection of all the wonderful
things that had happened. Mother Brigitta's face was perhaps the
happiest of all, as now, with the help of Heidi's explanation, she was
able to understand for the first time the history of Peter's weekly
dime for life.

Then at last the grandmother spoke, "Heidi read me one of the hymns! I
feel I can do nothing for the remainder of my life but thank the Father
in Heaven for all the mercies He has shown us!"

[Illustration]

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Obvious printer errors have been corrected. Otherwise, the author's original spelling, punctuation and hyphenation have been left intact.

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