

Heidi

Johanna Spyri



UP THE MOUNTAIN TO GRANDFATHER

HEIDI

by
JOHANNA SPYRI

ILLUSTRATED BY
ALICE CARSEY

WHITMAN PUBLISHING Co.
RACINE • CHICAGO

COPYRIGHT 1916 BY
WHITMAN PUBLISHING CO.
RACINE . . CHICAGO

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.

CONTENTS

- I. [Heidi's First Mountain Climb](#)
- II. [A New Home with Grandfather](#)
- III. [Little Bear and Little Swan](#)
- IV. [Shooting Down the Mountain Side](#)
- V. [A Railroad Journey](#)
- VI. [Clara, the Patient Little Invalid](#)
- VII. [The Unfriendly Housekeeper](#)
- VIII. [Surprises for the Children](#)
- IX. [Mr. Sesemann Takes Heidi's Part](#)
- X. [Clara's Lovable Grandmother](#)
- XI. [Home-Sickness](#)
- XII. ["My House Is Haunted"](#)
- XIII. [At Home Again on the Mountain](#)
- XIV. [The Coat with the Silver Buttons](#)
- XV. [A Great Disappointment](#)
- XVI. [The Doctor Comes with Presents](#)
- XVII. [Excursions Over the Mountains](#)
- XVIII. [A New Home for the Winter](#)
- XIX. [Heidi Teaches Obstinate Peter](#)
- XX. [A Strange Looking Procession](#)
- XXI. [Happy Days for the Little Visitor](#)
- XXII. [Wicked Peter and the Unlucky Chair](#)
- XXIII. [Good-Bye to the Beautiful Mountain](#)

ILLUSTRATIONS

[Up the Mountain to Grandfather \(color\) FRONTISPIECE](#)

[Heidi Tenderly Stroked the Two Goats in Turn](#)

[Heidi Drank in the Golden Sunlight, the Fresh Air and the Sweet Smell of the Flowers \(color\)](#)

[Heidi Now Began to Give a Lively Description of Her Life with the Grandfather \(color\)](#)

["Why, There Is Nothing Outside but the Stony Streets"](#)

[Miss Rottermeyer Jumped Higher Than She Had for Many Long Years \(color\)](#)

[Grandmother's Kind Advice Brings Comfort to Heidi \(color\)](#)

[Heidi Learns to Make Doll Clothes](#)

[The Doctor Discovers Heidi's Home-Sickness](#)

["Our Milk Tastes Nicer Than Anything Else in the World, Grandfather"](#)

[It Was Not Long Before the Fir Trees Began Their Old Song \(color\)](#)

[A Strange-Looking Procession Was Making Its Way Up the Mountain \(color\)](#)

[The Little Invalid Finds That She Is Able to Walk](#)

["We Must Not Overdo It," He Said, Taking Clara Up in His Arms](#)

[Peter Went Rolling and Bumping Down the Slope](#)

["Are You Really My Little Clara?" \(color\)](#)



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.



"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

Thank You for previewing this eBook

You can read the full version of this eBook in different formats:

- HTML (Free /Available to everyone)
- PDF / TXT (Available to V.I.P. members. Free Standard members can access up to 5 PDF/TXT eBooks per month each month)
- Epub & Mobipocket (Exclusive to V.I.P. members)

To download this full book, simply select the format you desire below

