

**LEO BERTRAM; OR,
THE BRAVE HEART**

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Leo Bertram; Or, the Brave Heart by Franz Hoffman & E. T. Disosway

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FRANZ HOFFMAN & E. T. DISOSWAY

**LEO BERTRAM; OR,
THE BRAVE HEART**

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LEO BERTRAM;

OR,

THE BRAVE HEART.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FRANZ ^{Hoffmann}HOFFMAN.

BY

E. T. DISOSWAY.

"There are briars besetting every path,
Which call for patient care—
There is a cross in every lot,
And an earnest need for prayer,
But a lowly heart that leans on Thee
Is happy anywhere."

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CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

The House on the Shore -----PAGE 5

CHAPTER II.

Good Deeds bear Good Fruit----- 20

CHAPTER III.

Departure from Home----- 34

CHAPTER IV.

The Pilot ----- 49

CHAPTER V.

The Listener ----- 61

CHAPTER VI.

Conrad Elshoft ----- 72

CHAPTER VII.

"Lead us not into temptation" ----- 77

CHAPTER VIII.

The Bear Hunt ----- 96

Transfer from 1896 to 1897

CHAPTER IX.

The Boat..... 117

CHAPTER X.

The Hermits 136

CHAPTER XI.

Captain Rembrant..... 151

CHAPTER XII.

At Home again 162

LEO BERTRAM.

CHAPTER I.

THE HOUSE ON THE SHORE.

"PRESS on, Willy; more to the right. There—so we will not strike the sand. So, my boy. Now we have our fine supply in. How delighted mother will be, for she need have no further anxiety for a week at least. I will get three thalers for these in Bremen, I do not doubt, for they are splendid fellows. Only look, Willy, at these perch; one alone must weigh nine or ten pounds; and there are the others besides, and all the shellfish—they will sell well. Fasten the chain in its place, Willy; wind it around the stake a couple of times, hook it, and then help me carry the fish to the house."

These words were spoken by a fine lad of nineteen to his younger brother. They had been out fishing. The appearance of the boat, upon which a pile of nets was lying, and the garb of the two brothers betokened their trade very plainly, and there were also proofs testifying to their skill and success, as they loaded themselves with the spoils. Willy would have taken the oars also with him, but his brother objected. "Leave them there," he said; "I must start for Bremen at day-break to-morrow; no one will trouble the oars to-night—at least I advise them not to."

Willy threw them back in the boat, and followed his brother's rapid steps along the shore, until they turned to the right, and saw a one-story tiled-roof house standing in a thick grove of trees.

Perhaps our readers some time may have seen a house so home-like and attractive in its appearance that they have exclaimed involuntarily, "I would willingly pass my life there;" and this cottage, the home of the brothers, would have prepossessed you in its favor.

The sun was sinking fast, its disk already touched the surface of the sea, the atmosphere was mild, and the reflection of the sky fell on the rippling waves through a transparent film. A few rosy clouds floated in the air, and on the mirror of the water glittered some sails whose dazzling whiteness contrasted finely against the brilliantly-dyed western sky as they sailed like gigantic swans across the billows.

The sun's last rays flashed over the sea like a great sword, and sent a farewell to the little house on the shore. The polished clear windows blazed in the light as it stole through the wild grapevine that surrounded and formed a natural and pleasant drapery for the windows. It was in the first part of the month of May; everything was green, the trees as well as the bushes. The flowers in the garden were waking into fresh life and beauty, and the little house was nestled in the midst. A splendid linden overshadowed it with its great branches stretching far out to the right and the left. The flourishing garden was filled with alders, crimson crocuses, blue lilacs, and