

A POSTER EFFECT

LONG banks of green stretching far as the eye can reach with the silvery ribband-like river flowing in between. Here and there the smoothness of the green is broken by uprising masses of verdure which outline themselves distinctly against the background of blue sky. Behind the mountains which crown the distance the sun is just setting and flooding the picture with a golden light.

And into the picture comes a man and a maiden. A mass of brown and a mass of red. Her face is earnestly thoughtful with a touch of sadness, while his is earnest and pleading, but with a touch of uncertainty there.

Passionately he pleads, for his heart is in his words, and sadly she responds, for the true woman in her hesitates to wound.

The dying sunlight mellows and tinges the banks of green and shines on the silver river. Then she extends her hand and he takes it, but it is with a touch of resignation.

And then the sun goes down and the gold and green and silver change to blackness, and darkness covers the face of things.



CHRISTMASTIDE

(CONCLUDED)

'T WAS noon of the next day and Stöger was sitting at his desk more ill-humored than ever, and when some one rapped at the door he refused to notice it. The rap was repeated and he reluctantly growled, "Come in."

In the doorway stood a slender girl. "Excuse me—I don't suppose you know me," she said. Stöger recognized her at once as the girl with whom his young draughtsman had been holding the tête-à-tête which he had witnessed several days previous, and on this account it pleased him greatly to say coldly:

"I regret that I do not."

"I, I,—my name is Rosa Reichelt, Mrs. König is my sister and