

tions for a trace of the old village with its weather-beaten roofs, and for the road by which he had come. In all directions extended a dense alder-thicket broken only by an occasional willow. The day became brighter and brighter but the increasing light disclosed nothing new. Arnold wandered about in search of the village until he reached the stone upon which he had made his sketch of the maiden on the previous day. He now knew in what direction to go, and he quickly followed the path which they had taken. He arrived at the spot from which he first saw the village, but a large morass lay before him instead. The village had certainly disappeared.

Worn out and discouraged, he threw himself down under a tree, and taking Gertrude's picture from his portfolio, he looked sorrowfully at her beautiful features. The foliage behind him rustled, and looking around quickly, he found an old hunter looking in astonishment at his torn clothes and disheveled appearance.

"Thank God!" cried Arnold as he shoved the picture into his portfolio and greeted the old man. "You come at an opportune moment for I believe that I have lost my way."

"Did you lie here all night when there is an inn a mile from here at Dillstedt? You look as if you had gone head over heels through the swamp."

"Are you well acquainted with these woods?" asked Arnold.

"I should think so," laughed he as he lit his pipe.

"What is the name of the next village?"

"Dillstedt—you will be able to see it from yonder height."

"How far is it to Germelshausen?"

"Where?" asked the hunter in surprise.

"To Germelshausen."

"God be merciful to me!" exclaimed the old man; "I know the forest well enough but I do not know how many fathoms under the earth the enchanted city now lies. God alone knows that and it does not concern us."

"The enchanted city?" cried Arnold in astonishment.

"Germelshausen—yes," said the hunter. "It stood in the midst of that swamp, where the willows and alders now stand centuries ago, but it afterwards sank from sight. No one knows why or where it disappeared, but according to tradition it is again raised to light on a certain day in each century. I would not like to have a friend of mine visit the village. But why do you look so white? Here take a sip of brandy."