

replied as a soft smile stole through the cloud of sorrow which overcast her beautiful features.

"But a person can cross the mountain from Bischofsroda in two hours or at the most in three," he answered.

"And he is not here yet," she said with a deep sigh, "and he promised faithfully that he would come."

"Then he will certainly come," Arnold assured her, "for a man must have a heart of stone if he can break a promise with you, and surely Heinrich has not."

"No, he has not, but I must hurry home now or father will scold."

"And where is your home?"

"Down in the valley. Listen to the church bell; services are over now."

Arnold listened, and not far distant he could hear the slow tolling of a bell, but the tones were sharp and discordant, and when he looked in the direction whence the sounds came, he saw that that part of the valley was covered with a thick mist.

"Your bell is cracked," laughed he, "it rings disagreeably."

"I know that it has not a melodious tone," she replied, "and we would have had it recast, but the time and money have always been lacking and there is no bell maker near here. It serves its purpose well enough."

"What is your village called?"

"Germelshausen."

"And can I go to Wichtelhausen from there?"

"Very easily; it should not take you more than half an hour."

"Then I will accompany you, my dear, and if you have a good inn in the village I will eat lunch there."

"It is even too good," she replied as she glanced back to see if Heinrich were yet in sight.

"And is it possible for an inn to be too good?"

"Yes, for the peasants," she answered earnestly as she walked slowly at his side, "for they waste their evenings there."

"But I will not tarry until evening."

"It is different with city folks; they do not work anyway and therefore do not really waste their time, but the peasants must earn their bread."

"You are mistaken; we must also work."

"But your hands do not look as if you work."