

the new, strange emotion which thrilled every nerve of her being. And she vaguely wondered whether Carl had noticed the simple ruse she had used to show him his mistake.

It was on the following day that Carl spoke for the first time of departure. Lola and he had strolled out into the forest, and were returning in the gloaming, when he said, suddenly, "I am afraid I shall have to leave you to-morrow."

"Leave!" she echoed. She had never thought of it. In the glad companionship of the summer it had never occurred to her that there must come a time of parting.

"Yes," he said, not seeing her agitation. "I must send my picture to the Salon. I am expecting great results from it. Even if it take but the third prize, I shall be happy. But I trust for even better than that."

"I hope you will be successful," she said, "for your sake." Then, with a sudden second thought,— "and will we never hear whether you have won or not? Shall we not see you again in our little world?"

"I shall come again, if I win," said Carl.

"You will come again, if you lose," Lola was thinking. But she was silent.

The bright tints of autumn had faded into the dead, dull shades of winter. And the winter in turn had softened into spring. And spring was well on its journey toward the realms of summerland. But the forest dwellers had heard no tidings of the artist. Yet still there lived a spark of hope in the breast of one, who, each evening at sunset, paused a moment expectantly by the field of blood, and then turned sadly away to the woodland path with a sigh that was almost a prayer.

But one evening she did not wait in vain. For as she lingered, a figure came out from the forest road toward her. And even at a distance she knew him. But her heart was so full that when he came quickly forward and took both her hands in his, she could only falter, "Carl."

And he, when he saw the color come surging back into the cheeks that had grown pale with watching, and the love-light dancing in the eyes raised so frankly to his own, folded the precious form closer to him, and whispered, brokenly, "My queen, my queen."

And it was not until they had come to the cottage that she