

sides, and at length gathering itself together in a clear, limpid pool in the shade of the giant oaks. And he had outlined a forest landscape which, he felt sure, he could perfect at leisure. Yet he was discontented, though he scarcely knew the reason why. It may have been on account of the inanimation of nature, but he felt depressed and discouraged.

The heavy, cool shade of the trees was not conducive to better his disposition, and he longed for the open country and the warm summer sun, whose brightness could penetrate the overhanging foliage only in small irregular blotches. Suddenly, as though in response to his wish, the grassy roadway made a quick turn and broadened out into a spacious clearing. And Carl, upon whom the sight had come in a flash, almost believed that he had unwittingly trespassed upon some recent battle-ground. For on the slope above him, outlined against the blue sky and contrasting strangely with it, a newly-cut field of buckwheat stubble gleamed blood-red in the light of the setting sun.

But the brightness of the day was yet sufficient to drive all sanguinary thoughts from his mind, and with a great sigh of content he dropped his portfolio and threw himself down upon the dense, lush mountain grass.

How long he lay there and dreamed he did not know. And whether it was the level rays of the sun peeping under his hat into his eyes or the chill of the coming night making itself felt, that waked him, he could not say. But suddenly he found himself sitting bolt upright, staring ahead and rubbing his eyes hard. And he was not quite sure that the picture he saw before him was not one of the fantasies of his sleep bewildered brain. True, behind him lay the blood-red field, and to his left the roadway vanished into the forest. But there, just opposite him, with her face turned half toward him, sat a maiden, idly leafing over the drawings in the portfolio.

Her dress, white and flowing, was of a fashion he had never known or seen. It was not ancient; it was not modern; he could find nothing to which it could be compared. Yet he saw that its snowy folds became her well, and with all the soul of the artist he drank in every line of the beautiful figure.

The profile of her face was so classic, so perfect, that Carl knew his fame would be made could he by some means transfer