

that he was an artist. His black, broad brimmed hat set saucily on one side of his head, his long, blonde locks, his soft, full beard,—all were indicative of his profession, as was also his somewhat worn, black velvet coat which appeared a little uncomfortable on such a warm morning. He had it unbuttoned, and his white shirt beneath it was loosely held together at the neck by a black silk handkerchief.

When he was about a mile from Marisfeld, a church bell rang, and he stood leaning upon his staff listening attentively to the rich tones which fascinated him in a strange manner. The ringing had long since ceased but he still stood there and stared dreamily over the mountain slope. His thoughts were at home with his family, in the small village in the mountain, with his mother and his sisters, and it appeared as if tears were about to spring from his eyes, but his light, happy heart banished all sad thoughts. Taking off his hat, he bowed smilingly in the direction in which his home lay, and then merrily continued his journey along the road.

Meanwhile the sun beat rather warmly upon the long, monotonous road upon which lay a thick layer of dust, and our wanderer had for some time glanced from right to left in order to find a more comfortable path. Finally he reached a clear mountain stream over which extended the ruins of an old, stone bridge. With no fixed goal in view, he sprang from one large stone to another across the stream to a closely mown meadow and then continued his journey on the soft sod and in the shadow of thick alder-bushes, very much pleased with the change.

Now I have the advantage, he laughed to himself, of not knowing whither I am going. There are no tiresome sign-posts which inform one for hours in advance the name of the next town and the incorrect distance thereto. I would like to know how the people about here measure distances. It is certainly remarkably quiet in this valley, but the farmers have nothing to do out of doors on Sunday, and if they spend the entire week in plowing or walking beside a wagon, they do not care very much to go out walking. After this soliloquy he threw his hat and knapsack upon the grass and stooping to the water's edge, drank to his heart's content.

After having been thus refreshed, his eye rested upon a picturesque willow which he quickly sketched and he then set out on