

his journey, but with no defined purpose. He wandered about for an hour sketching an occasional landscape or a peculiar alder-bush or gnarled oak. Meanwhile the sun rose higher and higher, and acting upon the determination to at least reach the next village before noon, he began to move along at a more rapid gait. While he was yet in the valley, he discerned near the stream on a large rock, a maiden who could perhaps point out the way to him. From the alder thicket, he could see her before she caught sight of him, and when he finally emerged from the thicket, she came toward him with a cry of joy.

Arnold, as the young painter was called, stood blushing as the beautiful, peculiarly but neatly clad maiden, scarcely seventeen years old, sprang forth with outstretched arms. He realized at once that she thought him to be someone else. She then saw her mistake and after turning red and white alternately, said slowly:

"Pardon me, sir, — I — I — thought —"

"That it was your sweet heart, did you not?" said he laughing, "and you are now sorry because I am stranger instead. Do not be cross; it's not my fault."

"Oh, how can you talk thus?" whispered she anxiously, "why should I be cross — but if you only knew how delighted I was to see you, for I felt certain that you were he."

"Then he does not deserve that you wait any longer for him," said Arnold, who but now became aware of her great beauty. "If I had been in his place, you would not have had to wait a single minute."

"How strangely you talk," said the maiden bashfully. "If he could have come, he would have been here long ago. Perhaps he is sick or — or — dead," she said with a sigh.

"And is it a long time since you last heard from him?"

"Yes, very, very long."

"Does he live far from here?"

"In Bischofsroda."

"Bischofsroda?" cried Arnold; "I lived there for four weeks and knew every person in the entire village. What is his name?"

"Heinrich Vollgut," replied she blushing, — the mayor's son."

"Why I knew the mayor well, but his name is Bätuerling. I never heard the name of Vollgut in the entire village."

"But perhaps you do not know everybody in the village," she