

"Sit on that flat stone under the alder-bushes and I will soon show you that I can work," laughed Arnold.

"But I must go home."

"It will take me but five minutes, and I would like very much to take a memento out into the world with me."

"Oh, are you then an artist?"

"Yes."

"That is delightful for you will be able to freshen up the pictures in the church for they look very badly now."

"What is your name?" he inquired after he had begun to sketch her features.

"Gertrude."

"And who is your father?"

"He is the mayor of the village. You must certainly come home with me instead of going to the inn and you can stay with us while you are working at the church."

"We will speak of that later, but will not Heinrich be angry if I stay with you?"

"Heinrich will not come," she said sadly, "for since he was not here at eleven o'clock, he will not come until it is again our day."

"Your day?—what do you mean by that?"

She looked skyward with an expression of pain but remained silent. She then arose suddenly and said:

"I must go now. The day is short and they are waiting for me at home."

Arnold put a few finishing touches to the picture and asked:

"Does it look like you?"

"That is I!" she cried quickly and almost frightened.

"Well, who else would it be?" laughed he.

"And are you going to take it with you?" she inquired anxiously.

"Certainly, and I will never forget the original."

"But my father may object to your taking the picture with you."

"He cannot hinder me, my dear, but are you dissatisfied?"

"I—no! but I must tell my father about it."

"You certainly are a queer child. Even a princess would not object to having an artist draw her picture. But do not run away thus, you wild creature; do you want to leave me here without any dinner? Do not forget about the church pictures."