viously silent and earnest, he now became noisy and uproarious. Without knowing exactly how it all happened, the Mayor had seized a violin, and was playing a lively dance; and Arnold, the beautiful Gertrud in his arms, was whirling about the room so madly that he threw over the spinning-wheel, ran up against the old lady, and then fell into a chair exhausted, amid the weird laughter of the others. But all at once everyone in the room became hushed; and when Arnold followed the glance of the Mayor, who had laid down his violin, he saw the cause of the sudden change— for, in the street outside, a corpse was being borne along. Six men, clad in white garments, bore it upon their shoulders; while behind them, alone, walked an old man, leading a little, fair-haired girl. The old man walked with difficulty; but the little one, who could not yet have counted more than four years, skipped along with no suspicion of what lay upon the shoulders of the men in front. She laughed and nodded about her in childish good spirits.

Only so long as the funeral procession was in sight did the stillness continue, however; then Gertrud, stepping forward to the young painter, said: "Let us take a short rest, now; you have caroused sufficiently, for the heavy wine rises with great influence to your brain. Come, take your hat, and let us take a little walk together. When we come back it will be time to go to the tavern, where there is to be a dance this evening."

"A dance! That is good," said Arnold, delightedly. "I have come here at just the right time, have I not? and you will give me the first dance, Gertrud?"

"Most assuredly, if you wish it."

Arnold took his hat and portfolio, and was starting off, when the Mayor said, "What wilt thou do with the little book, my friend?"

"He is an artist, father," said Gertrud, "he has already taken my picture, and you must see it." Arnold opened his portfolio and handed him the sketch.

The peasant observed it attentively for awhile. "And you mean to take this home with you?"

he said finally, "and perhaps put it in a frame and hang it upon the wall?"

"And why should I not?"

"May he, father?" asked Gertrud.

"If he does not remain with us," chuckled the Mayor, "I have no objections. One thing is wanting, however, on the back."

"What?"

"The funeral procession of a moment ago. Draw that also upon the sketch, and you may take the picture with you."

"But what has the funeral to do with Gertrud?"

"There is room enough for both," said the Mayor, obstinately. "That must go on, or else I will not suffer you to take away my child's picture so entirely alone with you. In such sober companionship, however, no one could find anything improper."

Arnold wondered at this strange guard of honor for the pretty maid; but reflecting that he could easily erase the obnoxious surroundings later, he complied with the request, and with skilled hand he quickly sketched in the mournful sight.

The family crowded about him and watched with amazement one figure after another rise from the paper. "Have I done it well?" said Arnold, finally, holding the sketch at arm's-length before him.

"Capitally," cried the Mayor. "I would never have imagined you could do it so quickly. Now you may keep it; and now go out with the child and look about the village. You may not have a chance to see it again very soon. But be back again by five o'clock, for to-night we celebrate a festival, and you must be present at it."

Arnold was glad to get out into the fresh air again, for the combination of the close room and the wine he had drank had given him a curious sensation in his brain.

The streets now were no longer as still as before; children played about; the old folks sat about in their doorways; and the entire place, with its curious, ancient buildings, would have assumed quite a friendly aspect if only the sun