right or left until the bell has sounded out the twelve strokes."

"I promise it, Gertrud; but then —-

"Then come," said the girl, reaching him her hand in parting.

"Gertrud!" cried Arnold, in a beseeching, heartrending tone. She remained an instant, as if hesitating, then suddenly turned toward him, threw her arms about his neck, and Arnold felt the icy-cold lips of the beautiful girl upon his own. It was but for a moment—in the next second she was gone, and had flown back toward the village, and Arnold stood still, perplexed by this unaccountable behavior; but recollecting his promise, he remained in the place she had left him. He now first observed that the weather had changed in the last few hours. The wind howled through the trees, the sky was thick, and black clouds were scudding by, when a few large drops of rain betokened an approaching thunder-storm. Through the dark night shone brightly the lights from the tavern, and he could even hear occasional bursts of music and the shouts of the people—but not for long. Only a few minutes had he stood in the place when the strokes of twelve began to peal forth from the old church-tower. In the same moment the music was hushed, or deafened by the howling storm, which now broke so fiercely over the mountain-sides that Arnold was obliged to bend down close to the ground in order to keep from being blown over. In front of him, on the earth, he felt the packet which Gertrud had brought with her from the house, and which contained his knapsack and sketches. Astounded, he rose again. The hour had struck out, the piercing of the storm was over, but nowhere in the village could he discover a light. The dogs which shortly before were howling and baying were now quiet, and a misty cloud was springing forth from the ground.

"It is time to go back now," murmured Arnold to himself, as he picked up his things; "and I must certainly see Gertrud once more, for I cannot part from her in this way." "The dance is over and the dancers are going home, and if the Mayor will not house me over night

I will stay at the inn. In the darkness it is not so easy to find my way through these bushes, though."

He sought carefully now for the path on which he had come with Gertrud, which led to the broad street of the village, but he only wandered the deeper among the bushes. The ground was wet and boggy, and with his thin boots he sank into it at every step. More and more bewildered, he went here and there, but the ground grew even more wet and muddy; his hands were wounded with thorns; he thought that it would be best to wait for one o'clock to strike, to find the right direction; and finally he came to a tree, where he decided to stay, in which he could at least keep dry until morning. How slowly the hours passed! Ever and anon he listened intently for the sound of the old cracked bell, but it did not come. At last there came a little glimmer of light in the east; the clouds had cleared, the sky was bright, and the little birds were twittering around him in the tree.

He looked about eagerly now for the familiar objects,—the old, brown church-tower and the weather-stained roofs,—but in vain; nothing but a broad strip of alder bushes greeted his view. There was no recognizable path out of the place, and no trace of human dwellings in the vicinity. Brighter and brighter grew the day; the first sunbeams fell upon the wide, green surface spread out before him; and Arnold, not in a condition to solve this riddle, wandered back over the place. He thought he must, in the night, have lost his way, and wandered far from the right path, and was almost determined to seek it somewhere else, when he came upon the stone which Gertrud had pointed out to him; also the old willow-tree near by. He knew well enough now where he was, and where Althausen should be; but where was it? He went rapidly back through the valley, keeping the same direction strictly which yesterday he had gone over with Gertrud. Here he recognized the bending of the cliff over which the mist had hung; and now, certainly, nothing but the alder bushes separated him from the first houses. Now he felt that he had attained it,