and pushed them to one side — only to find himself again at the same swampy morass in which he had waded around the night before! The village had disappeared! He must have spent several hours more in unavailing search, when it occurred to him that if he went to the nearest village, he could procure a guide who would easily conduct him to Althausen. But now his strength began to fail him. Deadly tired, he threw himself down under a tree, and taking out Gertrud’s picture from his portfolio, his eyes hung with bitter sorrow on the features of her who had, he found to his horror, taken only too fast a hold upon him. At this moment he heard a rustling behind him; a dog sprang out; and as he jumped to his feet a hunter stood before him, and looked at him with curiosity, he was such a ragged and bewildered looking spectre.

“Thank God!” cried Arnold, shoving the sketch into his portfolio, “for sending a human being here. You came to me as though I had called you, Herr Forester, for I think I have lost my way.”

“Gott in Himmel,” said the old hunter, “if you don’t look as though you had spent the whole night here in the bushes — and Dillstedt only a half a mile off, where there is a good inn! You look exactly as if you had come head over heels through the mud and thorns.”

“You are well acquainted about here, I suppose?” asked Arnold, who wanted to know, most of all, where he was.

“I should think so,” laughed the hunter, as he lighted his pipe.

“And what is the name of the nearest village?”

“Dillstedt — right over there,” said he, pointing with his finger.

“And how far have I come from Althausen?”

“From where?” cried the hunter, as he took his pipe from his mouth in consternation.

“Althausen,” said Arnold.

“Heaven bless me!” said the man, giving an upward look. “I know this forest well enough, but how many leagues deep in the earth the enchanted village lies, only God knows — and it is none of our concerns.”

“The enchanted village!” cried Arnold, in amazement.

“Althausen—yes;” said the hunter. “Right there in the swamp, where the old willows and alders are now, it once stood; but it is many a hundred years since it sunk out of sight — nobody knows why, or whither; and the saying goes that every hundred years, on a particular day, it comes up to the light again — but no Christian would wish to happen there accidentally. But, by heavens! it did you no good to make your camp among the bushes, for you look as white as a sheet. Here, take a swallow from my flask; ’twill do you good. And now you had better go into the village as soon as possible, and get into a good, warm bed.”

“Where to — Dillstedt?” said Arnold, bewildered.

“Of course; there is none nearer.”

“And Althausen?” he persisted.

“Be good enough not to name the place again,” said the hunter, crossing himself devoutly — “especially here, right on the place where we now are. Let the dead rest, especially those who have no rest, and are likely to dive up here between us at any time.”

“But yesterday I was there. I ate, drank, and danced there.”

The hunter looked at him a moment, and then said: “Perhaps you mistook it for Dillstedt. There was a dance there last night, and it isn’t everybody who can stand their strong beer.”

Arnold, instead of answering, took out the picture of the village, and of Gertrud, and said, “Do you recognize these?”

“No!” said the hunter, shaking his head; “there is no such church-tower in the entire vicinity.”

“That is Althausen,” said Arnold, decisively, putting the sketches back with a sigh.

The good-natured hunter looked at him as if he thought him not quite right in his mind; and then he offered to accompany him to the next village.

“No,” said Arnold; “I thank you, but I can find it all right. And so every hundred years the village comes up to the light of day?”