

"But you have left your purse at home, you see."

"You needn't remind me of that. But this isn't the only day on which one can shop."

"Certainly not. And shops aren't the only places where one can buy presents. What I should like best of all, if you really mean to be so generous towards me, would be one of your sketches."

"Would you really?" And Margaret looked pleased. "I will do something for you."

"I am impatient. There is no time like to-day."

"Well, I will see when I get home. Only mind, I shall not let you choose. I have, as you know, a low opinion of your artistic sense, and I don't want you to possess something I am ashamed of."

"I don't wish to seem ungracious, Miss Raven, but I hope that doesn't mean that I am to have some of those very impressionist things you are so proud of, and that need the artist on the spot to explain them?"

"There are some things I did before I came to France that I daresay you would prefer," said Margaret scornfully. "Of course they are quite uneducated, but they are what you'd call pretty heads and things."

"That reminds me! I know I am not a handsome man, Miss Raven, but

is my chin quite half the size of my face."

"What do you mean?" said Margaret. And then she grew rather red. "Oh, did you see that? You oughtn't to have looked."

"Well, it was lying on the piano. And I took it up innocently enough, before madame came in, and of course when I saw myself, I couldn't help looking. It is very like, certainly, but—"

"There is no 'but' at all," said Margaret valiantly. "It is a striking likeness; and if I have somewhat exaggerated one feature, it does but bring out the character of the individual, which is what a good portrait-painter aims at."

"Oh," said Michael, meekly. "Well, at any rate, since you have done me the honour to paint me— By-the-bye, was it from memory?"

"Not entirely. I have often sketched you in my pocket-book. Well?"

"May I be permitted to ask what you are going to do with the picture?"

"Keep it, perhaps. It will go in my gallery. I have a portfolio full of people at home."

"Why haven't you ever shown it me?"

"You never asked me to. You know I don't care to parade my performances. Besides, you don't know many of

those they are intended for, and I couldn't tell they would interest you. But, of course—" And she stopped suddenly, as if struck by a happy thought.

"What is it, Miss Raven?"

"Nothing; I only had an idea."

"Is that nothing?"

"It is an excellent idea, but it requires thinking over. I am not sure whether I ought to do it."

"I expect you ought not, then," said Mike, laughing.

"Take care," said Margaret. "You had better not offend me. Besides, if I don't carry out my idea you, not I, will be the loser. I was wondering about your present. It struck me I had something in my portfolio you might like to possess, but perhaps I have no right to give it you."

"Can't I decide that?"

"No."

"Tell me what it is, at any rate?"

"It is a sketch of Beattie Margetson."

Michael was taken by surprise. Miss Margaret's keen eyes were upon him, and she saw the effect of her words in his heightened colour and the sudden light that flooded his face. But he only said quietly, after a short pause—

"I should like it very much."

"He is in earnest," thought Margaret.

"He may have it."

(To be continued.)

IN THE TYROL.

THE SULDENTHAL.



MUST send you to the air of the Glaciers," said Dr. White: "there is nothing like it as a nerve tonic."

So we went to the Suldenthal, in the heart of the Austrian Tyrol.

We passed through Paris, though it is not necessary to do so; for one can go to Bâle from Calais via Laon and Rheims, a charming route. But we had friends in Paris and wished to see them. Their house is in the Latin quarter, near the Luxembourg Gardens;

it is an old house with a garden of its own, green and enclosed by a tall iron railing interwoven with ivy. A gate of beautiful mediæval ironwork shuts it off from the court of entrance. Tall trees shade this garden, and the walls that frame it in are ivy-covered. As we sat after dinner, in the summer twilight, looking out on this green enclosure, and heard girls' voices from a neighbouring orphanage joining in their evening hymn, we had a new idea of Paris; in place of the bright, glaring, kaleidoscope Paris near the Tuileries, was a quaint, sweet, quiet old-world city, haunted by memories of heroes and of saints.

So on by the night train, and then from

Bâle one unbroken series of lovely pictures flitting backwards as we flitted on. The Lake of Wallenstadt, in a sudden gleam under a bank of cloud, was specially beautiful; its steep sides draped here and there in "slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn," where a stream fell down to join its parent lake. Much of the scenery, as one enters Austrian ground, is like the Saxon Switzerland, but grander and more prolonged; the broken rocks far above one recalling with exactitude Scott's exaggerated description of the Trossachs.

"Wild crests as pagod ever decked,
Or mosque of eastern architect."

The train goes on precipitous ways and over lofty bridges, notably the Trisanna Brücke, so that one needs to keep a cool head in order to enjoy the scene; and, at last, reaching Landeck, with its gloomy mountains and towers perched aloft like cyries, we descended for a few hours' rest in the Hotel zur Post. Before 6 A.M. on again, in the Post-wagen, and now at last we were embarked on our sixteen-hour drive, which was to end in the Suldenthal.

The coach-road runs high on the hill-side above the white and swirling waters of the Inn, crossing it at the bridge of Pontlatz. This spot bears in lasting memory (the memorial engraved on the rocks is hardly needed) the patriotic valour of the women of the Tyrol. Here, in the Tyrolese struggle for freedom early in the century, the local Landsturm nearly annihilated the Bavarian invaders, ably seconded by the women, who, high on the cliffs, flung down tree trunks and stones

on the intruders. Horse and man rolled over into the flood, struck by the men's rough weapons or the women's ruder missiles, and for the time, the land was rid of the foe. Such are the events which lend force to the national song of the 'Red Tyrolean Eagle,' by the patriotic peasant poet, Senn, a native of the village of Pfunds, our first halting-place:

"Adler, Tiroler Adler,
Warum bist du so roth?
Ei nun, dass macht, mich dünket,
Weil Feindesblut mich schminket;
Das ist so purpurroth;
Darum bin ich so roth."

Eagle, Tyrolean Eagle,
Wherefore art thou so red?
Ah now! it is, methinketh,
The foeman's blood that tinteth
My wings so purple red;
Therefore am I so red."

The road becomes more and more striking as it proceeds, till it reaches a climax of beauty in the grand gorge of Hoch Finstermünz. The way leads round an abrupt corner, a jutting crag previously intercepting the view, which thus breaks suddenly on the spectator. A long vista of mountains opens up in front. Woods clothe these mountains with a rich green. At the left hand, rocks rise jagged and abrupt; below roars the Inn, its course diverted into sinuous windings by green promontories. The old road runs below by the river side, with a broken bridge and the ruined castle of Siegmundseck, and the old toll-house around which raged many a petty feud. This pass divides the Engadine