

hagen? In the service of the Count von der Lanken, then?"

"Yes, I have a friend there," answered the girl, with a faint smile. "Is it far now?"

"Why, thou wilt not walk it, surely? 'Tis a good four hours from here."

"Oh, I am very strong," answered Lieschen bravely. "Only let me sleep here, and then I shall be able to do it."

So she slept there; but very early in the morning she rose and stole away out on the snowy road in the cutting, pitiless wind, leaving behind her, as a token of her gratitude, the only thing she had to give—her betrothal ring.

"She has a sad story, doubtless, poor thing!" said the good people, shaking their heads over it; and they put it away, and forgot all about it and her.

Meanwhile she passed on till it was drawing toward noon, and then the walls and turrets of the great Schloss Friedenhausen rose dimly through the falling snow. At every step her tired feet grew heavier, the snow glared upon her aching eyes, and the cold wind seemed to pierce her through and through; but still she struggled on, and stood at length under the great portecochere, and rang the bell. She had no thought of her soiled and dragged clothes, or of the impression she might make upon the servants; no thought at all of them, but only of him, of Otto von der Lanken, and that another moment must bring them face to face.

She heard bells ringing merrily—was it only phantom music in her tired brain? And then the door opened, and a rough voice demanded her business and her name.

"Who are you, and what are you t on such a day as this?"

Lieschen vaguely fancied he was referring to the snow, and timidly asked to see the young Herr Graf.

The man laughed aloud.

"A pretty request, truly! Come another day, mein frau! Know you not the young Herr Graf has just brought home his bride, and is to-day receiving the congratulations of all his noble friends? The gracious lord would be somewhat astonished, I take it, to see a beggar-maiden like you among the train. Make way, make way," and he pushed her hastily aside as a gay carriage came rolling up the drive.

Lieschen turned away faint, stunned, exhausted, broken-hearted, and the guests went laughing and chatting up the steps and into the great hall, and the door was shut.

Two days later a big, broad-shouldered man, with a sun-browned face and a red beard, came riding along the snowy road toward Friedenhausen. The storm was over, but the great drifts still lay

piled by the roadside—deep, broad, and white. The green buds of spring were withered on the boughs; sullen clouds moved slow against the leaden sky, and huddled in great banks about the south and west; it was freezing, but the bitter wind was still. The horseman's face was sad and stern, and he looked absently at the snow as he rode along, when suddenly a great cry broke from his lips. He flung down the reins and sprang to the ground.

"Ach, nimmermehr! Ach, du mein Gott! Lieschen, Lieschen! my little Lieschen!"

For there, covered but not hidden by the snow, he discovered something—something that told him all, almost before his eyes had fully seen it—a few shadows, a few curved lines, a sweeping tress of dark-brown hair. He fell down beside the still, unheeding form, and put back the matted hair that was blown across the face, and kissed the frozen eyes, the frozen parted lips, the little frozen hands in vain; dead, stark dead, his little Lieschen—frozen in the drifted snow.

That was the end of it all. He saw his ring was gone from her hand, but how or why he could not guess. He only knew she had fled from her wedding-day and from him, and dimly felt that Otto von der Lanken might be the cause—whether innocent or guilty he could not tell, and little cared to know, since all was lost.

And Otto von der Lanken never knew.

"That pretty child will have forgotten me," he said once to himself that spring, when something reminded him of his promise at parting from her, "and will have married the good Baier by this time, or I might send for her to wait upon my wife."

"What shall it profit a young man," muses a social philosopher, "if he squander his own and his own father's substance at a university, and comes away with no increase of knowledge save that of the newest wrinkles in curve-pitching?" Oh, foolish one, know you not that had the young man remained on the farm his development of muscle and cord would only have entitled him to a position where life is a dreamy round of nineteen hours work for 365 days in the year and \$15 a month and found; whereas this same excess of muscle and agility, with the stamp of a learned university upon it, will bring him \$2,000 a year from any base-ball club in the land, and no questions asked as to how he occupies himself for seven months in the year.—*Buffalo Express*.