

Röschen?" are the little eyes opening? Ah! it is only a peep. Good-night again. We turn up this way, sir, by the poplars."

"You say Father Müller *was* kind to you. Is he not kind now?"

"He is kind and gentle, always: dear little father! but when he came home last autumn, he brought with him a wife, and she is not as kind as Father Müller." Lischen shook her head.

"And so she keeps his house now. And what do you do?"

"I do what I can. No one wants me much now. Round this corner of the rock we shall see Löwenberg. There it is!"

"Magnificent!" cried Harry Thorpe, the first word he had spoken in the English language. Before him, on a rocky eminence, stood the old castle, hidden away in its mountain nook. Its old towers frowned defiance still, though there were now no foes to defy, and those ancient eyes, its windows, were blind and dark. Ivy and other growth clung about it, and caught a golden light from the evening sun. Red stone-crop glowed upon the gray stones of the hill-side. A few poplars shivered at the base; a streamlet ran bubbling down. Lischen smilingly pulled a large dock-leaf, and twisting it into a cup, dipped it into the water.

"Drink quickly," she said. "It is fresh and cool."

He put his lips to it as she held it; as he drank, the water flowed down over his breast. They laughed.

"I must climb up to the castle," he said. "Good-bye, Fraulein; a thousand thanks."

"*Ade*," she answered, her calm eyes dwelling on him. He felt as it were a spell that held him near this quiet girl, whom "no one wanted much," and as if he were breaking that spell when he sprang up the rocky steps. Half way up the ascent, he stopped to look back. The child had awakened and was gathering flowers; Lischen stood looking upwards at the traveller, her right hand shading her eyes from the evening sun. When she saw him looking at her, she raised her left hand and pointed to an easier path. "She is like Ellesmere's Gretchen," he thought. As he watched her, she turned to the child to receive its little treasure.

When he had watched the red ball sink in its glory behind a purple hill, from the very top of that aged tower, Harry Thorpe turned to descend. Lischen's form, now in the broad shadow of a slope, was still there. A boyish lightness filled his heart. He ran; he sprang from rock to rock. Suddenly, a stone on which he alighted gave way: it tottered, fell, and he with it. Lischen sprang up. "Oh! take care," she cried. She came rapidly towards him. He laughed and said, "It is nothing," trying to rise: but a spasm of pain shot through him, and his right foot sank under him useless.

"Is it broken?" asked Lisa anxiously, gravely, and with no embarrassment, passing her fine, strong hand over the ankle-bone.