

DEATH IN THE SKY.

Who that looks upward to the sky
In some transparent summer night,
When mystic stars are burning bright,
When there is nothing wide and high
Save what enchants the sight—

Who that looks upward to the life
We call eternal, and which seems
Quiescent as the flow of streams,
Unmired by bitter death or strife,
Ethereal as our dreams—

Thinks that within the calmly vast
World-nature rolling overhead
Suns circle which are cold and dead,
And spheres which blazed in ages past
Are lifeless globes, that shed

No glimmer through the lucent air,
Yet whirl upon their unseen ways
Like ghosts of other skies and days,
Like shadows lingering darkly where
The ancient splendor stays?

A radiant earth is but the tomb
Where death awaits behind the bars
Hearts torn with many wounds and scars,
The sky is an unfathomed gloom—
A sepulchre of stars.

Geo. E. MONTGOMERY, in *Harper's*.

OUR LANDLADY'S DAUGHTER

"Come," I said, rising and throwing aside my book—"come, Traverse, we have had work enough for one day. Let us take a sunset walk on the old ramparts, and have our tea at that charming little restaurant under the beeches."

Traverse took a last lingering look at his sketch, then carefully set back the easel against the wall, and we descended the stair from our apartments on the upper floor, where we enjoyed a view of the house-tops of the quaint little town of Neureide, on the banks of the wide and winding Rhine.

"Stop a moment," Traverse said, as we reached the first floor. "We will see if there are any letters. I desired the Frau Hansing not to bring them up hereafter, for, good woman though she is, her talk is rather overpowering."

We had been recommended to Frau Hansing's lodgings by a fair cousin of my own who was visiting some half-English, half-German relatives near Bonn.

"If you stop at Neureide," she wrote, "my relative, Madame Estorf, desires me to say that you will find excellent lodgings with Frau Hansing, an old and faithful servant of hers, who will make you very comfortable."

And, despite Frau Hansing's love of talking, of which Traverse mildly complained, we had found the promise amply fulfilled, and had so far no cause to regret our choice of lodgings.

The old lady opened her door in answer to Traverse's light tap, and her plump, rosy face assumed an expression of commiseration and sympathy.

"Ah, mein Herr, so sorry! No letters to-day—though," she added, cheerfully in her broken English, on which she prided herself. "Likely there will become much letters one day, to-morrow, and then the Herr shall rejoice to his full contentment to hear from his home."

Over her shoulder, I saw that she had decorated her little sitting-room with flowers and evergreens.

"You are expecting company, Frau Hansing?"

"Ah, yes, mein Herr; but it is only my little Bertha—my daughter, who is companion to Madame Estorf. A nice, dear little girl, and my only one."

And the old lady's eyes shone with pride and delight as she thus spoke of her daughter:

"She is with madame, who is now at Rudesheim, on a visit; and, its being so near, madame has kindly consented to her coming to us for one week. She is very clever and pretty, is my little Bertha, though it is I who say it; for, was she not brought up by madame, and in great part with madame's own grand-daughter, the Fraulein Estorf? It was very kind of them to treat my little Bertha so well; but, then, I myself was nurse to the poor little grand daughter when her own mother died. Well, she is a great heiress now, as the Herr knows."

It was true that my Cousin Julia, in describing the family in which she was now staying, had more than once alluded to this Fraulein Estorf. She was grand-daughter of the old madame of the same name, and was the real owner of the estate on which they resided near Bonn, with the handsome chateau and the valuable vineyards adjoining. Beyond this, I knew nothing of the Fraulein Estorf; though the probability was that I might some time meet her, as in this our summer's holiday-trip Traverse and I were slowly making our way up the Rhine towards Bonn—which was, in fact, the objective point of my travels; for I must let the reader into the secret of my engagement to my fair English cousin, Julia.

That evening, returning rather late from our *al fresco* tea, we observed Frau Hansing's door half open, and the tall, graceful figure of a young girl standing under the hanging-lamp reading a letter.

"That must be Bertha," said Traverse, his artist's eye instantly attracted. "Let us see what she is like."

"Any letters yet, Frau Hansing?" he inquired, peering into the room; and the girl turned around quickly, displaying a lovely, piquant, brunette face, with dark eyes and delicate cherry-red lips.

"Frau Hansing is out," she said, modestly.

"I beg your pardon. You are the Fraulein Bertha!" said Traverse, resolved, as it seemed, to make her acquaintance, and at the same time lifting his hat with graceful courtesy.

"Yes," she answered with some surprise and also a certain reserve.

"Excuse me; but I knew you were expected. And since the Frau Hansing is absent, will the Fraulein be good enough to give me my letters, if there are any?"

I had passed up the stairs, and it was fully five minutes before my friend joined me.

"What a charming little creature is our landlady's daughter!" he said, quite enthusiastically. "Such lovely features, and so much expression! And then one can see that she has been brought up with cultured and refined people. Really, there is something about quite magnetic."

So indeed it appeared, judging from the frequency with which, on the following day, my friend journeyed up and down the stairs, at first anxious to receive letters, and then on some newly-discovered business which necessitated frequent inquiries at the door of Frau Hansing's rooms. More than once, in passing this door, I beheld him seated on our landlady's horsehair sofa engaged in an animated conversation with Bertha.

"Do you know," said he, with the air of one communicating an important discovery, "that the Fraulein is as intelligent and accomplished as she is beautiful? What a pity that she is only our landlady's daughter!"

Thus the week passed. For myself, I only saw Bertha in the evenings. She certainly was a charming girl, refined and ladylike, though dressing in simple *bourgeoise* style, and engaging, as we had opportunity of observing, in occupations not above her station—such as knitting stockings for her mother and assisting the old lady in household duties, even to cooking and cleaning. That she did not do this at the chateau she acknowledged. Her business there was to walk out with, and read to, the old madame, even to sing and play for her; and she played uncommonly well, as we had opportunity for observing.

"It is unfortunate," I remarked, "that the girl has been educated above her station. She is superior to marrying a common *bourgeoise*, and is not yet fitted for a higher rank by reason of her family."

"That is true," said Traverse, slowly. "Now, for instance, if I were to think of marrying Bertha, charming and ladylike though she is, my whole family would be down upon me; and, in fact," he added, hesitatingly, "I don't think I could bring myself to take such a step. I shall require good birth in the woman whom I marry."

"Then hadn't you better break off at once with the Fraulein Bertha? It seems to me that you are carrying this matter too far not to give it a serious ending."

"She is going away in a day or two," he answered, rather dolefully.

And she did go. We saw her into the stage which was to take her back to Rudesheim and Madame Estorf, and, judging from her bright face and laughing adieu, she carried away a heart as whole as she had brought to Neureide. But with my friend it was different, and from the hour of her departure he became restless and dissatisfied. We consequently soon resumed our pilgrimage up the Rhine, stopping here and there wherever we found anything specially picturesque or interesting to afford a subject for our amateur pencils.

It was on the first of September that we reached Bonn. Leaving my friend at a hotel, I lost no time in making my way to the chateau Rotherberg, about two English miles from the town, where I had the great delight of being greeted by Julia, looking fairer and sweeter, I thought, than I had ever before seen her. Madame Estorf also accorded me a most kindly welcome, and on learning that I was accompanied by a friend, insisted upon our both dining with her on the following day.

When I mentioned to Julia our meeting with Madame Estorf's pretty companion at Neureide, she laughed merrily.

"She is the most arrant of little coquettes, that Bertha Hansing," she said. "My cousin has quite spoiled her, and so indeed has the Fraulein Estorf. But she is a good girl, nevertheless, and I don't wonder that her mother is so proud of her."

"Where is this Fraulein Estorf?" I inquired.

"I will introduce you to-morrow. She is not nearly so pretty, in my opinion, as little Bertha," she added, lightly; "but then she is an heiress, and I confess that were I not so certain of your not being of a mercenary nature, I should be afraid to expose you to such a temptation. As it is, I shall insist upon your bringing your friend, since you describe him as so handsome and fascinating. That will deprive you of all chance of making an impression upon the heiress," she concluded, mischievously.

On taking leave, Julia and Madame Estorf's nephew, a youth on a vacation visit, accompanied me on a private path through the grounds. The scenery was lovely and the view from the highest point of the shaded terrace-way fine beyond description, and so I told Traverse on my return to the hotel.

"I will accompany you to-morrow as far as that point," he said, "as it may add a subject to my portfolio; but I must decline the madame's hospitable invitation. To tell you the truth, Elliott, I don't dare expose myself to the possibility of again meeting Bertha Hansing."

I rather approved of the resolution; so on the

following day we left our conveyance at the entrance to the grounds, and proceeded along the terraced pathway towards the chateau. At the point of view already mentioned was a little round, open pavilion, upon, reaching which, imagine our surprise to behold seated there, in a comfortable wheeled chair, old Madame Estorf, and by her side our landlady's daughter, the fair Bertha, reading to the old lady from a French novel.

It was too late to retreat; so we came forward with all possible dignity, and I formally presented my friend to madame, who, in her turn, quietly remarked, "I think you and Bertha have met before."

Bertha blushed to her fair temples, but glanced up with a demure, half-roguish smile. Even to me she looked more charming than ever, being dressed more richly and becomingly than I had yet seen her.

"This is a favorite haunt of ours," explained the old lady. "But the sun is getting uncomfortably warm, and it is high time that Peter should come for me."

Peter did presently appear, and as he leisurely wheeled his mistress homeward, I walked by her side, leaving Traverse and Bertha to follow.

On arriving at the chateau, madame, accompanied by her companion, went away to attend to her toilet, she said, and Traverse and I were for a few moments left alone in the saloon.

"It is all up with me, Elliott," he said, in a low voice, but with singular firmness. "It is an unworthy pride, after all, which would lead a man to sacrifice the woman he loves to aristocratic prejudice. I now know that I do really love Bertha; and if she will have me, I will marry her. She is a perfect lady in all but birth."

It was no time for remonstrance. Julia's step was in the hall, and afterwards Madame Estorf again made her appearance, arrayed in *grande toilette* for dinner.

"Shall we see the Fraulein Hansing again?" I ventured to whisper to Julia, but madame's quick ear had caught the question.

"The Fraulein Hansing will not appear at dinner," she said, quietly; "but I will introduce you to my grand-daughter, Fraulein Estorf. Ah, here she is, in good time."

A graceful, elegant girl, richly dressed in silk and lace, stood in the doorway. Could it be possible? This young lady was certainly our landlady's daughter. There were the same regular features, the same roguish eyes, though her manner was now one of more stately dignity.

Traverse stood as if petrified. But the young lady came forward and offered her hand to both of us, with a charming air of archness and grace.

"You have known me before as your landlady's daughter," she said, "that was your own fault in the first instance, and not mine. I am Bertha Estorf."

It did not take long to explain the mystery.

"The Frau Hansing is my foster-mother," said the young lady, "and when I go to Neureide, as I sometimes do on business for my grandmother, I stay at her house. She was expecting her daughter on the occasion when I met you, but grandmamma concluded to send me and allow Bertha to visit her mother later. I did not know of you gentlemen being at Neureide, and since it pleased you to take me for your landlady's daughter, I thought it best to humour you in the fancy. Isn't that sufficient explanation, grandmamma?" she added, with a charming smile as she turned towards the old lady.

"Quite sufficient for the present. We were all in the secret, my little English cousin included," she said, glancing at Julia, whose eyes were sparkling with delight through the half-deprecating look which she cast at me.

"You will forgive my deceit, won't you?" she whispered, as we proceeded down the long gallery to dinner. "But it seemed such fun! a real plot, such as we read of in novels. And, do you know," she added, lower still, "I think it will end as novels do, in a marriage!"

"In two marriages," I corrected her. And, as it turned out, my prediction was fulfilled.

I and my wife pay a visit every summer to the Chateau Rotherberg, and drink the Rotherberg wine and admire Mrs. Traverse's embroidery and her husband's pictures. And which is the happiest couple perhaps the reader would find it difficult to decide.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

London, May 5.

THE offer of Mr. Abbey to Patti for an engagement rose to £1,100 a-night.

THERE is a proposal to start a new weekly paper on Church principles—plenty of money.

It is proposed to hold a special Handel Festival next year, the bicentenary of the great composer's birth.

LORD SALISBURY has been elected President of the Constitutional Union, in succession to Sir Stafford Northcote, and will preside at the annual meeting and dinner on the 27th of June.

A Russian paper is coolly arguing that it is the policy of the Czar to support the irritable condition in Ireland and bring about a revolution. We forgive our "Blagadoo" contem-

porary, as he recommends Irishmen to emigrate to Russia.

A RISING young Conservative is credited with this reply to the sarcastic dinner-table query, "Why doesn't the Tory party adopt the Napoleonic maxim and wash its dirty linen in private?"—"Because it's not necessary to erect a washhouse to clean a single soiled pocket-handkerchief."

THE amount which has already been paid by Mr. Newdegate, M.P., on account of the legal proceedings against Mr. Bradlaugh exceeds £3,000, in addition to the £1,300 subscribed some time ago to the Newdegate Fund. The Conservative party talk of finding £3,000.

THE scheme of Messrs. Routledge & Sons to produce a Universal Library is an admirable one, and they could not have placed it in better hands than those of Professor Henry Morley. The demand for "the best books" ought to be great at a shilling a volume.

SEVERAL of the Bishops are said to hold Mr. Gladstone's view on the Affirmation Bill; and it is stated that the most courageous occupant of the bench will speak in favor of the measure when (if ever) it reaches the House of Lords. This statement is not so much the better for the Bill, but so much worse for the Bishops, if true.

ONE amusing incident at the Liberal banquet should not be forgotten. A gentleman of exceedingly ruddy complexion, who had apparently paid for his dinner in order to interrupt Mr. Gladstone, was in the middle of the Premier's address forcibly ejected with a scientific neatness and despatch which reflected the highest credit upon the operators. Chuckers-out had been retained apparently with the view of exigencies such as these.

THE Grosvenor Gallery is, upon the whole less attractive this season than usual, but its walks are more courted sometimes than its walls. Still, the admirers of art will find quite sufficient for their money, even if it be a season-ticket in which they have invested. "The Blind Lion" will dwell in the minds of many who will find so much meaning in it that they will gladly pop in as they pass the door to revivify impressions, and the beauty at the other end will surely not be less attractive—she in the robes of red.

THE Scotch crooks, which ladies are wearing as parasol sticks, are becoming more and more pronounced. One was on view in the park the other day, which could not have been less than five feet long, measuring from the brass tip at the end to the tip of the lady's nose, which it reached, and she was apparently of the true height of Venus. The ring part, or handle, would have gone over a small male head, and caught the wearer; the Scotch shepherds use them to catch sheep.

THE Derby Crown Porcelain Company are at present engaged on a dessert service which is to be presented by the workmen of Derby to the Premier. The service will be of the deep cobalt blue for which the firm is famous. A rich pattern in gold, interspersed with flower pieces by Mr. Rouse, sen., will frame the centre of each plate. The centre will be painted by Count Holtzendorf, one of the company's artists, with choice bits of Derbyshire scenery. The whole is from a design by M. R. Lunn, art director to the company, and late of the Sheffield School of Art.

It is said that Messrs. Macmillan's new magazine is to be called the *English Magazine*, and the publishers are determined that it shall not be inferior to the admirable illustrated periodicals which come to us from across the Atlantic. Special artists have already been sent out to divers parts of Europe to make sketches for articles on different places and nationalities. Amongst the artists thus engaged Mr. Harry Furniss has been in Meran sketching the picturesque nooks and corners of this favorite watering place.

THERE is an Irish M.P. about whose age there has long been a mystery, and who was in the House of Commons fifty-three years ago. Mr. Gladstone sometimes talks to him as though he had been grey and reverend in the youth of the Premier. It is generally believed that he is at least one hundred. The other day there was a talk of sending him a memorial illuminated and framed recognizing him (in joke, of course), as a centenarian. But he was born in 1798. He is, therefore, eighty-five. His real birthday is somewhere in June, but he always fixes it for March 17th, which is St. Patrick's Day. When charged once with thus changing his natal anniversary, he replied, "Ah, but my boy, the people like it; and did you ever know me, now, go against the people?"

IF NEARLY DEAD after taking some highly puffed up stuff with long testimonials turn to Hop Bitters, and have no fear of any Kidney or Urinary Troubles, Bright's Disease, Diabetes or Liver Complaint. These diseases cannot resist the curative power of Hop Bitters; besides it is the best family medicine on earth.