

A stranger had come up unobserved by Lisa, and seating himself at the board, had been served with the usual glass tub of small beer. He was an Englishman, with a pleasing face and observant eyes, which soon fell upon Lisa. He took out his sketch-book, and rapidly transferred to it the oval contour of her face; her far-seeing, untroubled gaze; the child nestling on her shoulder: the vine foliage behind. "I would give a silver groschen for that girl's thoughts," he said to himself. She was, in fact, thinking:

"What a quietness there is in the air; all round about this noise. The quietness seems to belong to me. It is very beautiful, yet I think I should like to have danced."

"Fraulein, will you have a waltz with me?"

The stranger, whom she knew at once for a foreigner and a gentleman, in his rough tourist's dress, stood smilingly before her. She started and blushed, and her eyes came suddenly back from her thoughts. She stood up with a little courtesy which had a simple dignity in it.

"No, thank you, Mein Herr."

"Do you not like to dance?"

"Yes, I think so; very much; but it would not be *passend* for me, a poor girl."

He received her little lesson in manners with submission, thinking, as he watched her speak, "It is the purest, truest woman's face I ever saw."

"Then, will you at least kindly point me out the way to the Löwenberg, Fraulein?" asked the stranger.

"Willingly," answered the girl; and she was glad to repair her rejection of the dance. "I will come and show you the way."

He thanked her, and she went on, carrying the child. The Bauerin had watched the little drama, and now nodded to her neighbor. "If it had been Katinka! But Lischen has no beauty."

Young Harry Thorpe did not think so, as he watched the healthy, well-poised form pacing steadily before him, a little bent back by the burden.

"The child is heavy for you," he said.

Lischen looked down on it lovingly.

"She sleeps so sweetly, I could not disturb her."

"Is she your sister?"

"No: I have no sister. I live here," she suddenly added, pointing to a small half-timbered cottage on a little rise.

"Are both your parents living?" He liked to see her clear, clean-cut lips parting over the even teeth, as she gave her simple answers.

"No," she said. I only remember my parents a little; my father was very weak and very poor, and when he died, old Father Müller took me. He was very good, and sent me to school. I kept his house while he travelled: for he is a pedlar, sir. What,