

No one asked her to dance: it was not because she was an orphan, the adopted daughter of old Jacob Müller, who had but little to give or leave. The lads of Löwenberg were not so sordid as that; but it was because she was so silent, so reserved, seemingly so far removed in mind from those about her. The young fellows were half afraid of Lischen, and the girls, when they gossiped at the spring, felt that she did not care for their simple chatter; she would rather get through her work as quickly as possible, and so save an hour for her beloved books. Even the Bauer's son, who had a great education, was shy of Lisa; but then it was known that he admired the wheelwright's handsome Katinka, with whom he was now dancing. The Bauerin herself was among the group in the summer-house, and as her eyes fell on Lischen sitting all alone, she observed to her neighbour, with that conviction which a sense of property is apt to give to all one's opinions: "Lischen is alone as usual. I am sorry for the girl; she must alter before she will get a lover. Men like a girl who can chat a little and laugh at their jokes, not seem to be dreaming of some one in the stars while they are speaking."

Meanwhile, the children of Frau Knatage, the wirthin, having to amuse themselves while their mother was running hither and thither among her guests, were dragging the baby to and fro in a little cart. Baby's round face, oddly placed in its little rims of cap, peeped over the top of the cart: the wheels made a frightful noise, *scroop, scroop, scroop*. All of a sudden, there was an outcry: Röschen, a little toddling woman of two, trotting steadily beside this majestic equipage, had been overthrown by its great speed, and lay prone and squealing upon the highroad. It was Lischen who ran to pick the child up, soothed her, and rocked her to sleep upon her knee. The little head lay pillowed on Lischen's bosom. The cart went scrooping up and down as before.

The dancing went on. Between the dances, two or three singers would stand up and take parts in a *Volkstied*, and all the rest, listening calmly, would afterwards hammer a little encouragement with their pots of beer; then a fresh waltz would begin. The sun began to sink; the shadows on the hill grew violet; the waters of the Rhine, seen between two slopes, began to wear a tender glow. Frau Knatage came and thanked Lischen for her care of the child, and the girl smiled with a strange smile which was quite her own, and gently smoothed the little head. The village shepherd came down the hill, walking slowly, because one of his sheep was lame. They followed him obediently, quickening their pace when he uttered his sharp "Brrr!" and turning off by twos or threes as they came to their own lanes or their own homesteads. The young people began to separate, but Lisa did not like to move, on account of Röschen, who still slept. The shepherd's note came with the soft distinctness of distant noises in the evening, and the grasshoppers close at hand seemed to mimic him with their smaller "Brrr! Brrr!"