

would have it that she must needs have help and each person would have a different version of the pitiable condition in which poverty had placed her.

That night Anne was busy. For years she had been gathering the finest of wool. She surveyed the accumulated results of her labor with pride. Her before doubtful face, now firm, read I will.

The next day, when Capt. Maanson, stepped in, putting his eye with the shining gold braid on the commode, he found Anne busy spinning. "I guess," he said smilingly, stroking his fierce mustache, "that Anne Lowe has already heard of the fair. There can be no doubt she intends to win."

After he had told her more explicitly concerning the conditions he politely bade her "Good Day," and went on a similar errand to the next housewife. At each place, however, he found traces of Karen's work. He told me one day as we walked up Markt Gade that he guessed she must be a sort of a "Hexe-kone" and that she could make trouble for people.

How Anne worked—spun—wove—colored. She admired the cloth, now blue, now gold in the sunlight that fell upon it through the little south window. She wrapped it up in the village, "Avis" and opened the package three times that day.

Anne had received a letter from America. How eagerly she broke the seal. "I knew it was from him." Her husband told how strange was the new land, its Castle Garden, its great buildings, how he had shipped to the Bahamas and would have been lost if Jacob Nexo had not thrown him a rope as he struggled in the waves. He told how he had been unable to get his pay. * * But Anne hastened over this. * * * "Now I have gone to the west, worked on the railroads and soon I will send you money to come." * * *

Anne now worked with redoubled energy. She wished to show her husband that she, too, would help make a home.

The eventful evening had arrived. Anne had come to Capt. Maanson's kitchen with

her cloth, and it was now on exhibition in the large room. Everyone was there, loud mouthed Karne Marie, talking out by the garden, timid Johanne in a corner of the large room, silently surveying the great variety of cloth, her wandering eyes now and then resting on a piece, which in the yellow glow of the fish-oil lamps, was now blue now gold.

As the village critics examined the cloth, noting whether it was good or bad, or indifferent, it seemed their unanimous opinion that Anne's production was the best and accordingly it received the prize. Of course, there were those who thought otherwise, and old Karen got enough new gossip to make herself a welcome guest at some houses for a long time to come. * * Anne Lowe thanked the kind Father for His mercies shown unto her. That night it seemed as if her prayer was beginning to be answered.

Soon another letter came and with it a yellow paper—an order for money. It was noised about that Anne Lowe was to dispose of her goods and sail to America.

Anne had watched the purple and gold spreading over the heavens from the misty mountains of Sweden, made bold when the sun in his majesty rose above the horizon making gladness in the hearts of these poor people.

That afternoon, from the deck of a little steamer she waves her handkerchief to her friends standing on the wharf. She casts a glance at the old house, now bleak and lonely behind the spectral beeches. She turns away, her handkerchief to her eyes.

The voyage is long and tedious. As the captain comes by he has always a kind word for little Valdemar, who smiles and sometimes tries to talk. But on the last half of the voyage he becomes sick, the captain can not speak much more to him, but Anne does not become down-hearted. She arrives at Castle Garden, the rain splashing into their wooden shoes. She is hustled into a train. All is strange; all is hurry—as if rushing with the great train itself. Peter thought it was the veritable Jotunland, which his