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A HOME IN AMERICA

Continued from first page.

gan and her age as twenty-two. She stepped from the lighter that bore her to the dock and looked about her as if expecting some one to meet her; but, seeing no one she knew, her expression of expectancy changed to one of disappointment. Passing with the throng into the apartment where emigrants present their claims for admission, Elsa was brought before an official for examination.

"What means have you?" he asked.

"Only a few silver coins left over after paying for my passage."

"How do you expect to live here in America?"

"I came over here to be married. I expected to meet at the dock when I landed the man who will marry me, but he did not appear."

The official asked the man's name and where he lived. Elsa told him that his name was Jean Stahren and that he was an ironworker in Pennsylvania, but what place in Pennsylvania she could not tell him.

Elsa was told that she might remain on the island for a few days, but if at the end of that time her lover did not appear she must be sent back to Hamburg, whence she had sailed. This was a terrible blow to the poor girl, for she knew that there was some reason why Jean had not met her, which might not be corrected within so short a time.

Fortunately it was summer, the end of August, and Ellis Island, surrounded as it is by water, was not a disagreeable place to wait. Elsa gazed out over the bay, wondering at the gigan-

de statue of Liberty, at the skyscrapers of lower New York, at the Brooklyn suspension bridge and at Castle Williams on Governors Island. A day passed, and Jean did not appear. Another day went by and still there were no tidings of him. The third day was Sunday, the 1st of September. Elsa was called before one of the immigration officials and informed that a steamer would sail for Hamburg the next day and if she could not satisfy the authorities that she would not be a burden on the United States before that time she would be sent back to Germany, whence she came.

Elsa was in agony. Jean had sent her the money for her passage, at the same time telling her to write him the name of the steamer on which she would sail, promising to meet her on the dock when the ship arrived. She had written him the name of the steamer, but, not being versed in the ways of the world, had not mentioned the date of its arrival, though she had said that she expected to sail about the last of August. And now, after having waited seven years to be united to Jean and having come all the way across the Atlantic ocean for the purpose, she must go back to Hamburg.

That Sunday was a sultry afternoon, and Elsa in order to get cool sat on the dock gloomily looking out over the waters of the bay. She saw a little steamer leave New York and make for the island. Boats were coming often, and she had looked when each had arrived for Jean. But now she had given up hope. When the boat reached the dock she scarcely noticed those who came ashore. But a man passed near her, stopped and looked at her scrutinizingly.

"Elsa!" he exclaimed.

She arose and for a moment did not recognize Jean, for he wore a full beard.

"Oh, Jean?" she cried. "Why have you not come before?"

"How long have you been here?"

"Three days."

"I supposed you would come on the steamer that is telegraphed to be here presently."

Elsa had little education, and she had written the name of the ship on which she would sail so badly that Jean could not read it. He had therefore judged of the time of her arrival from the date she gave and consequently fell between two steamers. But he wasted few words in explanation.

"Come, Elsa," he said. "We must be married at once, go to New York and leave for my home in Pennsylvania on a night train. Tomorrow will be Labor day, and I am at the head of the committee of arrangements for my union and have much to do."

So Jean and Elsa were married on the island and left there at once. It was past midnight when they reached their home, a cottage near a steel works where Jean was employed. Though it was late, Elsa found time to admire the cozy home that Jean had prepared for her.

The first day Elsa spent in America was Labor day, and though she saw little of her husband she saw one of the most important celebrations of the new world.

Jean Stahren became a master mechanic, and, having a wife who was a good manager, they sent monthly remittances to the old folks in Norway

and after awhile made them a visit. But by this time they took with them several children to introduce to their grandparents.

Ambition is like love—impatient both of delays and rivals. Denham.



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