

THE WIND'S TALE

place as a lad with a skipper. Her words were few and looks stubborn, but she was willing enough at her work. But with all her will she could not climb the rigging ; so I blew her overboard before any one discovered that she was a woman, and I fancy that was not a bad deed of mine !' said the wind.

'On such an Easter morning as that on which Waldemar Daa thought he had found the red gold, I heard from beneath the stork's nest a psalm echoing through the miserable walls. it was Anna Dorothea's last song. There was no window ; only a hole in the wall. The sun rose in splendour and poured in upon her ; her eyes were glazed and her heart broken ! This would have been so this morning whether the sun had shone upon her or not. The stork kept a roof over her head till her death ! I sang at her grave,' said the wind, 'and I sang at her father's grave. I know where it is, and hers too, which is more than any one else knows.

'The old order changeth, giving place to the new. The old high-road now only leads to cultivated fields, while peaceful graves are covered by busy traffic on the new road. Soon comes Steam with its row of waggons behind it, rushing over the graves, forgotten, like the names upon them. Whew ! whew ! Let us be gone ! This is the story of Waldemar Daa and his daughters. Tell it better yourselves, if you can,' said the wind, as it veered round. Then it was gone.