callons to the hone where she had scrubbed. | Except when she was eating or sleeping she Her skin has been hardened by work in the | was there at her vigil. field as a girl. She was a peasant's child Her Name Is Annie Meyer and She Sails for the And yet does not her lot make her tale all the more heartrending? She would have Fatherland To-Day. had so little in her life, anyway. And that little she lost Well, the steamer brought her into this

· For Fourteen Days She Has Walked by the Sea-Wall Looking Vainly for Her Lover.

Everybody Has Seen Her and the Sad Story of the Demented Girl Is the Gossip of All the Battery.

Poor Annie Meyer, demented and deso, I a sailor's by her work. She was only a peas late, sails for the fatherland this morning. | ant, a household drudge in thuold country. Did you ever see Vedder's picture of which she left for the new. A white slave. when once you have looked into it and into the depths of those and vacant eves rou never can forget. You might have seen what could have been its prototype any one of the past fourteen days looking wistfully from the walls of the Battery out to sea. For two weeks a foreign woman, speaking an a en tongue, has wandered there. A Wongo reporter watched her for an hour in

the cold resterday. Annie Meyer, the poor girl, landed in this to her to find the man who was her whole country from the steamship Ems on Nov. little world to ber. 14, has baunted the city's sea-wall for the fortnight since. They say she is looking for her lover, who deserted her. Every no eyes, save her own sad, vacant eyes,

have ever seen him. is not the young, beautiful girl that the ro- tween two vorages. mantic pathos of her story might suggest. To rottow a Loven To, THE EXES OF THE That kind you tuest with in novels. This suon be thirty years of age. Me of hard, relentless labor has shattered verse she did not know.

"The Lost Sind?" That patnetic face, That is all. But isn'ther story all the more She came from Bramen, She had li there with one family a year and a half before she came away. So she tonet have been

been the history of her life, which led up to her nitsons walking up and down the Batgood and faithful. When she stepped out tery flagging every morning and every on the Battery two weeks ago she was in a afternoon and evening, she seemed to be strange country, with no friends, no family bound down by one idea -- that somewhere in to meet her. She had left provrthing at New York's fair harbor she was to meet her home-place, kindred, fatherland-and sweetheart. That is why she hannted the sailed away to a land which was but a name

Revistory is very difficult to get at acen. mann, of the Immigrant Home, saked her. rately. One version has it that she deserted her old sweetheart for another, and that he after a sailor's half-holiday, had gone away to sea souls leaving no trace of his real This poon, unfortunate, stranded woman She had been the sport of his holiday be-

She knew he had sailed away for some for. Offermann.

ser. Her fingers have been roughened like | Se she haunted the wharves of her own comes to meet me every day."

"Ash Gott," she replied in her native tonone. "He is there. I seefhim every day " "Hat What" " My lawer | He sails by

it is beautiful.

Why do you walk up and down by the

river front so persistently ?" Manager Offer-

native town, and watched the men as ther

went down to the sea in ships. One day she

saw a vessel steaming in the harbor, and

she stepped on board. That is how she

country and bere she has been well

maching. Toulay they are to send her back

Every day for the fourteen she has been

in this city she has walked up and down the

flags of the Battery till she must have blis-

tered her feet and worn thin the sole of her

German Immigrant House at No. 26 State

street, and there she slept and ate till she

went away. They wanted to get work for

her, but every day she answered "No. not

INSANE ONLY ON ONE POINT

For she was perfectly same in everything

but this idea of her thwarted love. On that

point she was mad. Whatever may been

thick hide shoes. She went directly to the

Poor Annie Meyer. She was only a suc-

came to this country.

again to her Fatherian &

to-day, wait till to-morrow."

"Does he sail between here and Bremen?" is at times a wild gleam in her eyes. Cover she walked up and down the play. She was I began her walk. Punctually at ten minutes "No, he sails in New York, in New York," her hair with a faded reliow straw hat, out in the snow-fallfof Thanksgiving Day, before moon every dar she was at the Home And further she would say nothing. A PITTABLE PIGURE. It was pittful to watch her in her strolls.

Everybody who has walked on the Battery vant cirl, to be sure. Her flugers are wors for the past two weeks must have seen her.

feet encesed in thick hide shoes that a long. shoreman might perhaps wasr, and rou have the shivering, wasted little figure that has trodden the stones of the Battery incessantly for a fortnight.



Conjure up the figure of a German peasant? The moved slong through cold and wet with great sails every day. He stope when girl, with a face which tears have furrowed and fifful snow, waiting and watching

bare cloak, and you will see her. The winds shaken by the wind. Sometimes she had ment, Yet she was cane on every ones. "But why don't you bring him here so and the am have tapped and reddened her thin old gloves upon her hands. that we may see him ?" questioned Manager cheeks. She as bitten her line till they are she had cast them off and let the chill and every day upon the Battery, bleeding. Hell poor, his hands are likewise | the air gnaw them. She didn't mind. She Date were before the time. Serves and a sign port. But to wist course of the uni. "Oh. he wouldn't come, he wouldn't red and wrote. The nalls are meet and was away in dreamland, where it is always range \$4.50. Then she breakfasted. She reported that her mind was unbinged. She come. But I see him. I talk to him. He stubby. She has brown hair, gathered in a Summer.

She was only, as we have said, a poor house- could not induce her to go into the co mary: that's for companheance. 'Pray, love, the manager. The latter, fearing she would Not that of course. But what was she

Sometimes she shivered. Then she would walk faster. Besides her cloak only a thin deter her from poing out each day on her sheeked called protected her from the cold. quest-to her ghostly rendezvous The police on best say they have seen her She brought with her a little over in her walks bend down and kies the benches, marks from the Patherland and a wieter As she did so she would mutter over and basket containing her clothes. over again a German word. They did not latter were as neatly packed as could be understand it. She would say nothing when There were folded one above the other has annegached. She continued on her monot- clean starched aprons. There was her Sun

thither by the breeze.

THOUGHT AND TALKED WITH HER LOVES, cothing. There were her prayer-book and The day before yesterday she came into her knitting. Poor, nitiful little Onbelts of the German Home at evening. "I have had the Battery

a long talk with him, " she remarked. "With whom ?" they said to her. "With him my man."

"Won't be come in now ?" "No, he will never come here;" and age

she added. " He is saiting saiting " Pastor Berkemeler, of the Home worked too hard at home and that her mind | cheanest means to get her home he sees me. We talk together. Ach, Gott, like a mount, clad in a long black, thread, always, She swared as she went like a tree gave out under the strain of close confine, week and the would be a canner in

ate all her three meals with rest and she told him that she did not want to go home

little knot at the back of her head, and there With this rhythmic swaying movement slept country. Breakfast few and she that she would not go home. But she was case of Cassidy against O'D.

adorned with still more faded ribbons that She was out in the sun of the Jay before, again and ate her dinner. The afternoon have once been white. Think of her yeary She was out there in the cold of yesterday, came and she spent it as she did the morning, by the water-front. She was on hand al-As the young man from Tun Wonto wave when supper was ready at 5, 50.

her lover. It was bitterly cold by the water Orbella does in the play. She had never wander out once more. For the rest few heard of that Ill-fated love of course. She nights there has been a moon, and in its stopped in her stroll once and plucked some whiteness she hald communion with her would stop suddenly and gaze intently on of the stark reliow grass of the sward behind | lover. the chair-railing. She was not a chamber. She was always back early. She would six by like a bird and she marked its flight.

late's daughter in the palace of Elejuore. on a bench just before the street door. They bold drudge. Else you might have thought room. She was always quiet, kept to herself sefact the waves. her whispering to herself: "There's one, and talked with no one but the raster and remember. And there is purities from yet soid, tried often to coas her to go inside curtain. Sometimes the wind would last

"Oh, no," she would say, pointing to her singing to herself there? The wind drove head: "I am so bothers: I am burning up." in gusts across the open and she caught at | And so she would six there till it was bed. her straw has with both her hands. And time watching the immigrants come and always she had her eyes gined on the waters | so and listening to their footsters without where the vessels were driven hither and hearing them. She was like one in a dream the other she clutched tightly in her left. She did testch cold and had an attack of and would beat it against the air as if ah were in earnest conversation. She comneuralgia in her face. But that did no

day dress of serge and her spotless under

GOING BACK TO HER PROPLE. She was a waif and an estray, and she was demented, elither thought it only charita ble to send her back to her own people. would not so to work here. Purhame she could not. Two weeks' hoard were owing

She got up every morning when the bell Hospital Service examined the girl, and he

very doctle and they finally quieted her. WER LAST WALK TRAVERDAY. Yesterday afternoon she took her is walk. At one moment she seemed to see proband that it was to be her last, and th next she would lose herself in her dreams o but she payed no heed to that. She won! pace away for a minute or two, then she

to sea. Some steamer or tug-boat would fi Sometimes the sun would come out from the clouds and send a dazzling beam of gold She shaded her ever with her hands and appeared to be trying to meres through the

the lower of the water to man the MARSHE and it beat against her face. - film was not conscious of it. She would continue he walk gesticulating. While THE WORLD reporter was watching her she had a clove only on her right hands

tinged to eroon and keep up the rhythink away of her body to and fro. Ouce she leaned against a post for a few minutes motioniess as a statue. Her ever and he mind were out on the ocean. She was, with the exception of one passing girl the only woman about the place. Man beat their arms against their breasts to keep

away the cold. But some burning invisible fire kept this unfortunate creature warm cause. She was walking hand in hand with her lover, treading not on hard, frosts

stones, but on alr She kent up that menotonous, swarth march for an hour. She had kept it u brough cold and snow for fourtoen days She will be out on the see itself to-day, where

In the wraiths of the mist she will see him gentle ghostly care he will lead her home.

This story is perfectly true in all talls, and fittful, le is not?