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The Closing Scene.

Within the sober realm of leafless trees,
The russet year labeled the dreary air;
Like some tanned rafter, in his hour of ease,
When all the fields are lying brown and bare.
The gray barns looking from their hazy hills,
O'er the dim waters widening in the vale,
Boat down the air a greeting to the mills,
On the dull thrud of alternate tails.
All sights were mellowed and all sounds subdued,
The hills seemed further and the streams
sang low,
As in a dream the distant woodman heaved
His winter log with many a muffled blow.
The embattled forests, crowlike armed with
shield,
The banner bright with every martial hue,
Now stood like some and beauteous host of old,
Withdrawn afar in time's remotest blue.
On some wings the future tried his flight:
The dove scarce heard his sighing mate's
compliment.
And, like a star, low down in the light,
The village church spire seemed to pale and
faint.
The sentinel cock up in the hillside crew—
Crew three—and all was stiller than before:
Stent, till some replying warbler blew
His alien horn, and then was heard no more.
Where erst the jay, within the elm's tall crest,
Made garulous trouble round her unfledged
young,
And when the oriole swung her swaying nest,
By every light wind like a censer swung,
When sang the sooty martlet of the eaves,
The blue swallow, circling over near—
Forbidding, as the rustic mind believes,
An early harvest and a plenteous year.
Where every bird that waked the vernal feast
Shook his sweet slumber from his wings at
mora.
To warn the reaper of the rosy East—
And now was sunless, empty and forlorn.
Alone, from out the stubble, piped the quail,
And croaked the crow through all the dreary
gloom.
Alone the plover, drumming in the vale,
Made echo in the distance to the cottage
loom.
There was no bud, no bloom upon the bowers,
The spiders meshed their thin shrouds night
by night,
The thistle down, the only ghost of flowers,
Stilled slowly by—passed noiselessly out of
sight.
And all this, in this most dreary air,
And where the warblers sheds upon the
porch
Fits crimson leaves, as if the year stood there;
Firing the floor with its inverted torch:
And all this, in this most dreary air,
The white-haired matron, with monotonous
trud,
Pied the tread wheel, and with her joyous
mien
Sat like fate and watched the flying thread.
She had known sorrow. He had walked with
her;
Oft snipped and broke with her the ashken
crust,
And in the dead leaves she still heard the stir
Of his thick mantle trailing in the dust.
While yet her cheek was bright with summer
bloom,
Her country summoned and she gave her all,
And twice away bound to her his sable plume—
Negate the sword to rest upon the wall.
He gave the sword, but not the hand that
drew
And struck for liberty the dying blow.
Nor him, who to his sire and country true,
Fell mid the ranks of the invading foe.
Long, but not loud, the droning wheel went on.
Like the low murmur of a hive at noon;
Long, but not loud, the memory of the gone
Breathed through her lips a sad and tremu-
lous tone.
At last the thread was snapped, her head was
loosed;
Life dropped the distaff through her hands
scarcely;
And loving neighbors scotched her careful
shroud.
While death and winter closed the autumn
scene.
—T. B. Reed.

THE LITTLE APPLE WOMAN.

Tilly was up that morning as soon as
the earliest sunbeam set the church spire
over the way into a twinkle, and danced
down stairs, singing as gaily as a lark;
for that day she was to have a holiday,
and holidays didn't come very often to
her. Miss Snip, the milliner, with
whom she lived—for Tilly had neither
father or mother—was kind to her in
her way, and gave her plenty to eat and
drink, a comfortable little room enough
to sleep in, and dressed her in quite a
dainty fashion by altering her own
finery for her wear.
You would really have imagined her
to be a petted inmate of one of those
great houses in the park, if you could
have seen her tripping along past them,
with her bright holiday face and grace-
ful little figure. Miss Snip had told her
that she might go just where she wished,
and do just what she pleased for all
day, and she felt as light and free as the
air, her arms unencumbered by any bur-
densome handbags, and her brain un-
encumbered by any perplexing mes-
sages. Then she had a good many
bright pennies in her pocket, given her
by Miss Snip's customers, who were
pleased with her obliging ways and
sweet face; and she could ride into the
country, if she liked, where the yellow
stars in the grass were as thick as if it
had rained dandelions all night, and the
sparrows made everybody glad with
their gladness. She had a great mind
to do this, for it was a warm, fragrant,
though damp and cloudy, April day,
and he hadn't been out of the old sea-
port town for so long a time; but the
wharves, and the ships, and the water
had a greater charm for her, after all,
so she gave up her idea of a country
ride, and bent her steps towards the
water.
Every spare hour she could get she
spent upon the wharves, listening to

the quaint songs of the sailors, watch-
ing eagerly the ships that sailed in and
sailed away, and scanning every bronzed
face that appeared upon their decks; for
Tilly had a half-brother who was a sail-
or. To be sure, he had sailed away
years and years ago, and everybody
thought that he, with the ship he sailed
in, must have been lost, for they had
never heard from him since. But Tilly
couldn't help hoping that he was still
alive, and would some time come back
to her again. She could remember him
distinctly, though she was a very good
thing when he went away. She could
remember that he was very tall and very
brown, and used to take her on his
knee, and tell her funny stories and sing
her funny songs. Her poor mother
broke her heart about him, almost; and
they scarcely saw a happy day after he
went away, for her father died long be-
fore, when Tilly was only a few months
old, and they were all alone in the
world.
Tilly was sure that she should know
him if she went to meet him anywhere,
for she had his picture. He had it
taken just before he went away, for his
mother, and before she died she gave it
to Tilly, and told her never to part with
it; and then Jim, who would not know
where to find her, should ever come
back, she might meet him and know
him by his resemblance to the picture.
There were more sails than common,
she thought, flapping like white wings
in the frolicsome spring wind, as she
hurried down the long street that led to
the water, but there were clouds in the
sky, and she might meet him in the show-
er. While she was stopping to consider
whether she should go or not, she not-
iced an old apple woman, seated before
her stand over the way, in evident dis-
tress. Her face was all screwed up as
if she were in pain, and she kept rub-
bing her forehead with her hand. Tilly's
kind little heart was touched in an
instant, and, crossing over to the old
woman's side, she purchased a few ap-
ples, and then ventured to ask her what
was the matter.
"Oh, it's only my rheumatism, bless
ye," said the old woman. "It twinges
in my shoulder dreadful this damp
weather. It pears now as if I should
have to give up business for to-day, but
if I did Heaven knows where Jimmie and
I'd get our dinner and supper. I paid
the last shilling I had for rent last night.
Jimmie, my daughter, is a poor, sick crea-
ture, and can't do much."
"Let me take your place," said
Tilly, eagerly; "I would be real fun for
me, and I know that I should sell quan-
tities of apples. It's going to rain, you
know, and that will make your rheuma-
tism worse."
The old woman looked at her with
surprise and shook her head; but Tilly
was not to be put off in that way.
"So you are afraid to trust me with
your apples," said she, looking up into
the old woman's face with her winning
smile.
"Bless your heart! No, dear," said
the old woman; "I wouldn't be afraid
to trust anybody that had a face like
yours. But what would your 'ma say?
It isn't the place for a little lady like
you."
"I haven't any mother," said Tilly.
"I live with Miss Snip, and she doesn't
care what I do; and, if you please, I'm
not a girl, but a woman. I'm going to
take myself a little holiday. I wish you'd
let me take charge of your apple stand.
I understand trading. Miss Snip lets
me wait on her customers sometimes,
and I'd like to sit here all day, because
I could look at the water and the ships
all the time."
"But you'd spill your pretty clothes,
and may be get ill yourself, sitting out
here this showery day."
"Oh, no, indeed, I shouldn't! Your
great umbrella would cover me all up,
and it will only rain a little while at
a time, anyway. The sun is trying to
come out now."
The old woman rubbed her aching
shoulder, and remained silent a few mo-
ments, apparently considering what it
was best to do.
"Well, dear," she said, at last,
"I shall give you so kind I don't know but
I'll give you my business to you,
for my shoulder is powerful bad,
and if I should get cold now I should be
laid up for weeks, 'praps, and Heaven
only knows what would become of Jim-
mie and me. But you'll get tired out
before long, I know, and when you do
jest back to me, I live up in the
fourth story of this building," pointing
to a dingy row of houses opposite,
"and I'll see you and come down."
And, after enlightening Tilly with
regard to prices, with many thanks and
blessings, she hobbled away and left the
little girl a one in her new dignity.
Tilly liked it. It wasn't a very nice
place to stay in, to be sure, but rather
dark and dank, with great shipping
stores and wharves on every hand, but
she had a view of the water where she
sat, and a great many sailors were pass-
ing up and down the street. She put
on a dignified, business air, and sat up
very erect and prim, ready to receive
customers. And plenty of customers
she had, I assure you; the sailors, espe-
cially, seemed to be highly pleased with
the dainty little apple woman; and busi-
ness men made the purchase of her pip-
pines an excuse to speak to her, it was
out of the common course of things to
such a delicate, fair-like little girl pre-
siding over an apple stand.
Before noon she had sold out nearly
all her little stock; and, feeling what
few she had left with her, she went in
search of the apple woman, to make
her eyes glad with the great heap of
pennies that had accumulated in her
box, and urge her to replenish the stock
for the afternoon's sale. But the old
woman wasn't able to go out and pur-
chase any more apples, and was willing
to leave everything to Tilly, who was
highly pleased with her commission. So
she made a nice bargain with a fruit
dealer up the street, and by one o'clock
established herself again as an apple
vender at the old stand.
The sun came out in the afternoon,
and business was even more brisk than
in the morning. It was growing late in
the afternoon, and Tilly's stock was
almost exhausted again, and she sat look-
ing somewhat weary, her head on her
hand, when some one came up on the
other side and said: "Business has

THE LITTLE APPLE WOMAN.

been good to-day, hasn't it, my little
woman? I see you are nearly sold out."
Tilly looked up, and saw a tall man,
with a brown face and pleasant brown
eyes, scanning her closely—a gentle-
manly looking sort of man, who looked
as if he might be the captain of a ship.
Tilly's heart gave a great bound, for
the gentleman's face seemed very
familiar to her, some way, and her first
thought was that it might be Jim. But
no; Jim wasn't nearly as old as that
gentleman looked, and his features in
the picture, though there might be a
little likeness in them to his, were dif-
ferent; and then Jim didn't have those
great whiskers, and that fierce looking
moustache. Any way, Tilly couldn't
keep her eyes away from him, or find
her senses long enough to heed what he
was saying to her.
So she kept looking at him, and he,
surprised that she should look at him so
fixedly, looked back at her without say-
ing a word. But at last he might be
said, laughingly, as he fumbled in his
pocket for some change: "Do you like
my looks so very much, you little
bird?"
Tilly dropped her eyes, and blushed
scarlet, faltering out, timidly:
"I thought that you looked like my brother
Jim."
"Indeed!" said the gentleman, the
expression of his face changing sudden-
ly. "Where is your brother Jim?"
"I don't know, sir," said Tilly; "but
I fear that he is dead."
"You don't?" said the man, "whether he
is alive or not? I suppose you haven't
seen him for some time then?"
"Oh, no," said Tilly, "not since I
was four years old; but I have his pic-
ture, and look at it every day. He was
a sailor, and sailed away on a foreign
voyage, and I have never heard from
him since."
"What is your name, my dear?"
questioned the gentleman, lifting Tilly's
surprised little face in both his hands,
that he might have a better view of it.
But he did not wait for her to tell
him the name, but snatched her up in
his arms and held her close to his chest,
calling her his own little sister Tilly.
"Are you really Jim?" said Tilly,
when she could recover her breath.
"Are you really Tilly?" said he, hug-
ging her closer and closer.
"But why didn't you come home?"
she asked, looking up shyly into his
face.
"The ship I sailed in was wrecked,"
said he, "and all on board, save the
second mate and myself, were lost. We
succeeded in clinging to some floating
spars, until another ship came up and
took us in. I was nearly starved in
China, and so to China was obliged to
go, of course. Then when we arrived
there, I was violently taken ill of a fever,
and was not sufficiently recovered, when
the ship was ready to sail again, to go
with her; and when at last, after nearly
three years' absence, I did come back,
to my native shore again, I found the old
house empty, and learned that your
mother had died. Where you were,
Tilly, no one could tell. All the old
neighbors seemed to have moved away,
and though I searched everywhere, I
was unable to find out where you were,
and at last concluded that you must
have died, also. Thoroughly disheart-
ened, I sailed again as captain of the
Swallow, and have never been in this
port since, until yesterday."
The old apple woman was almost
glad as Tilly heard of her mother's
death, and she was glad to hear of
the girl's good fortune, and she was
glad that she had something to do with
bringing about this strange meeting,
and she was glad to see that her
daughter had enough money to support
herself through a good many rainy days
without risking her poor old rheumatic
shoulder out of doors. Miss Snip was
glad, too, though she had not men-
tioned it, that Tilly had found her
mother and learned that she was still
alive in the whole world as she was to
have such a handsome brother to care for
her, and to be able to go to school every
day, and wear pretty dresses all the
time, for she had never seen Jim since
she was a little girl.
The sittings and small coal at the
mouth of canals and in coalyards have
now, owing to the enhanced cost of
fuel, a positive commercial value, being
more and more largely used for making
patent or artificial fuel. The method
most generally in vogue is to mingle it
with some adhesive and combustible
substance, like bitumen, pitch, tar, or
rosin, and then mold it into cakes by
pressure. In Belgium, where this in-
dustry has attained a great success and
importance, the coal dust is agglomerated
into blocks by adding eight or ten per
cent of coal tar, and some hundreds of
thousands of tons are used annually for
this purpose.
These blocks are very nearly of the
same density and weight as solid coal,
and burn without presenting any ob-
stacle to the circulation of air through
the grate. It was nearly twenty years
ago that the advantages were pointed
out of blowing cold air into a chamber
lined with fire brick, so that it might be
ignited on coming in contact with red-
hot furnaces, after having been mingled
with the quantity of air necessary for
combustion. Many of the largest man-
ufactories in the United States have for
some time past used pulverized fuel for
furnaces and boilers. Coal dust has also
other uses; among these may be men-
tioned its employment in foundries for
molds; and its use as a building ma-
terial mixed with one-sixth part of
cement.
A Fanny Petition.
United States Senator Howe, of Wis-
consin, presented a petition which he
said purported to be signed by citizens
of Wisconsin, asking the passage of a
law requiring the treasurer of the United
States to pay to every man, woman and
child residing in the country, without dis-
tinction on account of race, color, or
previous condition of servitude, the sum
of \$10 a week, such sum to be paid every
Saturday night at the post-office nearest
the residence of every such person. He
said there was no limitation as to time,
but to prevent any undue expansion of
the currency the petitioners thought no
more than five billion dollars should be
issued in any one year. He was not en-
tirely certain that this was a wise meas-
ure. It was referred, amid much
laughter, to the committee on finance.

ZACK CHANDLER'S HEROISM.

How he Saved the Life of his Little Daughter,
and what he Suffered in Con-
sequence.
Robert Creighton, a personal friend
of Secretary Chandler, of the United
States Interior department, gives, in a
letter to the Danbury News, this inter-
esting account of an incident in the life
of the latter which explains the sanguine
hue of his face:
Perhaps you would like to know some-
thing of Zack Chandler. You and I
have heard and read a great deal about
him, and it's time we knew something
of him. He is a great big man, over six
feet eight, and about sixty years old.
He and Horace Greeley were born with-
in a cast-iron of each other, and the
single man did as much as Zack Chan-
dler to defeat the philosopher for the
Presidency. He has a lumbering, heavy
walk, of certain stride and steady gait.
He carries an alternate white and red
face in front and high, a cane in one
hand, and a bunch of keys in the other.
He never walks for pleasure. He is al-
ways on business. He spits every eight
minutes—always to the left, seldom
straight, and with the same regularity
that punctuates his every action. High
and in front, like the figurehead on a
great ship, he carries his head, broad
and well vaulted, on a cold day, his
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that punctuates his every action. High
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great ship, he carries his head, broad
and well vaulted, on a cold day, his
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