

THE CLOSING SCENE.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN REED.

[The following is pronounced by the West-
minister Review to be unquestionably the finest
American poem ever written.]
Within the sober realm of leafless trees
The sunset gleam inhaled the dreary air,
Like some lone reaper, in his hour of ease,
When all the fields are lying brown and bare.
The gray barns, looking from their hairy hills
O'er the dim waters widening in the vales,
Sent down the air a greeting to the mills
On the dull thunder of alternate falls.
All sights were mellowed, all sounds subdued;
The hills seemed further, and the stream
Sung low.
As in a dream the distant woodman hewed
His winter logs, with many a muffled blow,
The embattled forests, rewhirl armed with
gold,
Their banners bright with every martial hue
Now stood like some sad, leader host of old,
Withdrawn afar in Time's remotest blue.
On sombre wings the vulture tried his flight;
The doves scarce heard his singing mate's
complaint,
And, like a star, slow drowning in the light,
The village church vase seemed to pale and faint.
The sentinel creak upon the hill side crew—
Great thirns—and all was stiller than before;
Blent, 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 arrisuous trouble round her unfledged
young;
And where the oriole hung her swaying nest,
By every light wind like a censor swung.
Where the noisy martin of the eaves,
The busy swallow, circling ever near—
Foreboding, as the rustic mind believes,
An early harvest and a piteous year.
Where every bird that waked the vernal
feet
Shook the sweet slumber from its wings at
birth,
To warn the reaper of the rosy east,
All now was sunless, empty and forlorn.
A lone, from out the stubble piped the quail,
And croaked the crow through all the dreary
loom;
A lone, the pheasant, drumming in the vale,
Made echo in the distant cottage loom.
There was no bud, no bloom upon the bowers;
The spiders moved their thin shroud night
by night;
The thistle down, the only ghost of flowers,
Sailed slowly by—passing noiseless—out
of sight.
Amid all this—in this most dreary air,
And where the woodbine shied upon the
porch,
Its crimson leaves, as if she stood there,
Firing the floor with its inverted torch;
Amid all this the centre of the scene,
The white-haired matron, with monotonous
sound,
Piled the swift wheel, and with her joyous
miles
Sat like a fate, and watched the flying
thread.
She had known sorrow. He had walked with
her,
Of sipped, and broke with her the ashen
crust;
And in the dead leaves still she heard the stir
Of his tattered mantle, trailing in the dust.
While yet her cheek was bright with Summer
blush,
Her country summoned and she gave her all;
And now was bowed to her his sable plume—
Re-gave the sword to rust upon the wall.
Re-gave the sword, but not the hand that drew
And struck for liberty the dying blow,
Nor him who, to his wife and country true,
Fell 'mid the ranks of the invading foe.
Long, but not loud, the driving wheel went on,
Like the low murmur of a hive at noon;
Long, but not loud, the memory of the gone
Breathed thro' her lips a sad and treasonous
tune.
At last the thread was snapped—her head was
bowed;
Life dropped the distaff thro' her hands
serene;
And loving neighbors smoothed her careful
shroud,
While death and winter closed the autumn
scene.

Muriel's Christmas.

Slowly the bell in St. John's tower
told out the passing hour. A woman
standing in the full glare of light that
came from the gayly-dressed window of
Darcy & Co., dealers in laces, embroider-
ies, fancy notions, etc., started, and
and as the last stroke of seven died
out upon the air, raising her eyes to
where, above the gaslight, the great,
gray stone tower with its heavy turrets
loomed dim and half defined against
a background of lowering gray clouds
that were drifting sullenly across the
winter's sky, she exclaimed, "Seven
o'clock! I've been out over an hour;
poor mother!" and tender tears came
into the great dark eyes, that but a
moment since had been burning with
anger, when the bell startled her into
consciousness of the lapse of time.
The eyes grew angry again as she
glanced once more at the window where,
in the most tasteful and elaborate em-
broidery, she recognized the product of
her own skillful fingers. How long
she had been standing there she knew
not, for with flashing eyes and burning
cheeks, she was conscious of nothing
save the insolent manner and hardness
of her employer, who, in spite of her
entreaty, refused to advance one cent
of pay for the completed work she had
brought, assuring her that Saturday
was their regular payday, and that they
never departed from their usual cus-
tom; even when from the pale lips was
forced the truth that her mother lay at
home ill and starving, he only blandly
smiled and bowed her out at the door.
She folded her shawl closer about her
slender figure as a gust of wind came
scurrying keen and bitter down the
street, and fixing her eyes upon the
pavement to shut out the brilliancy
of this week before Christmas, she walked
rapidly onward.
Pansing once before a large grocery
store, she stood a moment irresolute,
then, with a determined look, entered.
Here, as everywhere, was hurry and
bustle; busy clerks were weighing and
measuring out savory parcels to the
crowd that thronged the place; people
were chatting together as they waited
for their turn at the counter, and no
one had eyes or ears for the new comer
save as here and there a clerk glanced
at her to see if she were a customer of
importance, but, at sight of her faded
garments and weary look, turned carelessly
to let her wait until others of
more prosperous mien should be satisfied.
At the farther end of the long room
leaning with one shoulder against the
cashier's desk, stood a kindly-looking,
gray-haired gentleman, talking with a
younger man, who was evidently a per-
son of wealth and culture. Their con-
versation was about finished, and with a
pleasant "Good evening," the younger
gentleman turned to come away, catch-
ing sight, as he passed, of Muriel's pale
face and dark eyes, with their look of
mingled timidity and determination.
The expression of her face and
her evident poverty and wear-
iness seemed to make an im-
pression upon him, for he turned to look
after her as she passed on, and an expres-

sion half of pity half of admiration crossed
his fine features. But Muriel saw
him not. Finding the gray-haired gen-
tleman, who was proprietor of this busy
establishment unengaged, she at once
addressed him, saying, "Mr. Wilson, I
have come to ask of you a kindness. I
should not have troubled you, but your
clerks refused to trust me when I applied
to them this morning. My mother is
just recovering from a long illness and
needs nourishing food. Darcy & Co.
owe me for work already done more than
enough for what I want to-night, but they
refuse to pay me before Saturday, their
regular pay-day. I never before owed to
any man a cent, and but for my mother's
illness should not ask trust now." Mr.
Wilson, who had studied her face intently
as she spoke, said, "It is not our cus-
tom to trust any one, and my clerks did
exactly right in refusing you; but I am
glad you came to me, for though I never
saw you before I believe you are true,
and will gladly supply your need. If
you will give me your address perhaps
my wife may be of some comfort and as-
sistance to your mother; she loves to look
after the sick and needy."
Thanking him for his kindness she
gave him her address, made her pur-
chases, and left the store. A few min-
utes' rapid walk brought her to the door
of a house in one of the narrow side
streets of the city; the house was the
poorest upon that street, but the local-
ity, though not aristocratic, was respect-
able. She opened the door and ascended
one narrow flight of stairs, and then an-
other, feeling her way along in the dark-
ness. At the head of the second flight a
door opened into a low-ceiled room,
where a few coals gleaming through the
grate sent shadows dancing over the bare
floor and walls. Poor and meagerly fur-
nished as the place was, one could tell,
even in the semi-darkness, for there was
no light save that made by the fire, that
the room was scrupulously neat and or-
derly. A smaller room opened from this
one, where, upon a low couch, the sick
woman lay, wearily watching through
the open door the playing shadows.
"I've been gone a long time, mother
dear," said Muriel, laying her packages
upon the table and going to the bedside;
"but I've brought you something nice
for tea. I'll stir up the fire and put
the supper to steep right away."
"Tea? What have you got tea? That is
good, for I am very thirsty; but I can eat
nothing to-night, for the pain has come
back, and I fear I am getting worse."
"O mother darling! don't say that; I
thought you were so much better," said
Muriel, as she hastened to mix some
medicine to relieve the pain.
She gave the mixture to her mother,
and as it seemed to quiet her immedi-
ately, she went about getting supper, think-
ing the sight of food might tempt her
appetite. The meal prepared, she suc-
ceeded in getting the sick mother to eat
a few mouthfuls, and then, arranging her
comfortably for the night, she ate her
supper, and lighting the lamp took her
work and sat down near it to finish the
delicate spray of embroidery at which she
earned her living, a living hardly worth
the name—a hard, careworn existence,
where only anxiety for her mother and
dread of that bug-bear of a tolling
woman, debt, were the sensations of
which she was conscious. Sometimes, as
she sat there alone at her work, memory
would call up visions of a careless,
happy childhood, where no thought of
toil or privation intruded. But the
death of her father, and the startling
news of his failure in business specula-
tions, which in his love for his wife and
child, he had succeeded but too well in
hiding from them, brought the mother—
a weak, delicate woman—down upon a
bed of sickness from which she had
never recovered, and sent the young girl
of sixteen years out into the world to be
bread winner for both.
Then came two years of pleasant labor
in a young ladies' seminary, where her
proficiency with the needle and pencil
had gained her a position as teacher of
needlework and drawing. But ill-fortune
attended her there, and unjust suspicion
on the part of the principal, and con-
siderable pride upon her own, deprived
her of that place, and the struggle for
life had ever since been a hard one, find-
ing her now, at twenty, wearing her life
out, trying to make both ends meet, in a
low attic in the heart of a great city.
The great bell of St. John's tolled out
the hours as they passed, till twelve, and
one, and two had sounded, and still she
sat there stitching, stitching, the mono-
tonous chattering over her face like clouds
and sunshine over the snowy fields, the
white alternately flushing and paling as
thoughts of the evening's encounter
occurred to her. At last, when the last
glow had died out of the coals in the
grate, she rose, put up her work, and
looked to see if her mother was asleep.
She found her quiet, evidently sleeping,
and, breathing a prayer of thanksgiving,
she put out the light, and pressing her
cold fingers to her throbbing temples,
and over the hot weary eyelids, sought
her rest.
And in the little side chamber silence
reigned as death. The sick woman lay
as though cut in marble, and as painless,
for indeed there was "no more sickness
there."
The morning sunlight coming through
the uncurtained window crept steadily
along the side wall, and reaching the
pallet where Muriel was sleeping, fell
broad and full upon her face; the eye-
bells stirred and she moved uneasily,
and awaking, sprang hastily up. Surprised
to find it so late, she dressed hurriedly
and went immediately, as she was wont,
to see if her mother needed anything.
The first sight of the rigid figure upon
the bed made her heart stand still; she
leaned over, touched the cold face with
trembling hands, and without word or
sign fell fainting at the bedside.
Breakfast was just over at Dr. Burton's,
and still the three members that made up
his household lingered in the cheery room
where that meal was generally taken; Dr.
Guy Burton sat tilted back in his chair,
talking, with mock humility, a spirited
lecture from his younger sister, Carrie,
who stood at his side, her yellow curls
tossed back from her sunny face, and her
eyes sparkling with mischief, as she laid
down the law to him, emphasizing with
one dainty digit the points of her dis-
course upon the rosy members of her
other hand.
Dr. Burton, who was evidently very
much amused at her tirade, suddenly
dropped his chair upon its legitimate
number of standing points, and throwing
his arm around her, pulled one of the
escaped ringlets, asking her when she
meant to apply for admission to the bar,

as he thought she would make a capital
pleader.
Carrie boxed his ears, with "Now,
Guy Burton, shame on you to upset my
dignity and eloquence in that style. But
honestly, brother darling, you know that
you really ought not to turn out at mid-
night just for an old maid who is trou-
bled with nothing on earth but her own
imagination. There are times enough
when you are really needed, without
your rushing out at all hours of the
night to see a person who has humbug-
ged you so often as Selina Wilson. If
you will do these dreadful things we
shall have Dr. Drummond practicing in
your place before long, and I won't have
any brother to pet and tease," said she,
putting her arms coaxingly around his
neck.
Dr. Burton kissed her and said laugh-
ingly, "You might adopt Drummond; he
is younger and better looking than I am.
But really this time, pet, something did
ill Miss Wilson. I saw her father at his
store last evening, and he told me that
she was not at all well, having taken cold,
and when I was called last night I found
her suffering from a severe attack of
pneumonia."
Carrie looked sober at this announce-
ment, and the elder sister, Mrs. Cary,
who had been listening with an amused
contentment to the conversation of the
others, now asked if she had better not
call at the Wilsons while she was out that
morning. Dr. Burton assured them that
Mrs. Wilson would be glad to see them,
and rising said "he must be about his
business, or his patients would be getting
well without him."
Mrs. Cary and Carrie concluded upon
a shopping expedition and visit to the
dressmaker, so all three left the break-
fast-room together.
Death had robbed the three of both
parents; the mother died when Carrie
was but an infant, and the father, Dr.
Samuel Burton, had died five years be-
fore our story opens, leaving to the three
a comfortable fortune, and to Guy, who
had followed in his footsteps as a success-
ful physician, a large practice. Annie,
the elder daughter, had married one year
after her father's death, but losing her
husband the same year, she came back to
the old home to preside over her brother's
household.
The ladies donned their street dresses
and were soon ready for their morning's
expedition. Dr. Burton put them into
the carriage, and then went to his office
for an hour's work before going out to
his patients.
Carrie, who had a perfect horror of
dressmakers, or any one else whose busi-
ness it might be to make her stand still
for over two seconds, left her sister at
Madame Sigund's, and ordered the coach-
man to drive slowly up and down the
street until Mrs. Cary's business at that
establishment should be finished.
Lounging back upon the cushioned
seat she lazily watched the passers-by,
or criticized the plain houses of the neigh-
borhood, wondering how it would seem
to live in such an uninteresting street,
when a small sign, bearing the words,
"Muriel Harding, Seamstress, met her eye
and caused her to start up and look back
at the house as they passed.
"Muriel Harding—surely it can't be!"
and Carrie sat bolt upright and puckered
up her brows, trying to catch and make
tangible a vague memory that flitted
across her brain.
"Dear Miss Muriel, I wonder if it can
indeed be she," she said; then, calling
the coachman:
"Allen, drive back and stop on the
right-hand side, at a little sign having on
it Muriel Harding, Seamstress."
Wondering what new freak had taken
his mistress the coachman obeyed, and
Carrie, springing from the carriage, in-
quired of a woman who at that moment
appeared at the door looking anxiously
up and down the street, where she could
find Miss Harding.
"My dear young lady, you can't see
Miss Harding on business now; her
mother died this morning, and I just
now found Miss Muriel in a dead faint
upon the floor. I'm looking for some
one to send for a doctor."
"Allen," called Carrie, "go for Dr.
Burton and bring him immediately;"
then turning to the woman she asked her
to show her to Muriel's room. The wo-
man, who occupied the lower part of the
house, said she was making up the beds
on the second floor when she heard some-
thing fall, and ran up to see what could
be the matter. She found Mrs. Harding
dead upon the bed, and Muriel lying un-
conscious upon the floor.
"That was full five minutes ago," said
she, "and though I've tried everything I
could think of, I can't bring her to."
When Carrie saw Muriel's limp figure
and deathlike face she started, and said
in a frightened whisper, "Why she's
dead!"
"Oh no, miss," answered the woman;
"but if she don't get help soon I am
afraid she will be."
Carrie pulled off her gloves, and asking
for some fresh water bathed her poor
white face, and applied her smelling-salts.
In a few seconds there were signs
of recovery. Then the dark eyes opened,
and with a frightened look at the strange
faces about her Muriel attempted to sit
up, but was too weak, and fell back upon
the bed. Just then Dr. Burton's step
was heard upon the stairs. Muriel
started, trying to think why these stran-
gers were about; then a sudden rush of
memory brought back to her the terrible
event of the morning, and she fainted
again, and so Dr. Burton found them,
Carrie's tears raining down upon the un-
conscious face, and the woman of the
house standing helplessly by.
"Oh, Guy, I'm so glad you have
come," said Carrie, as Dr. Burton took
charge of the patient.
"Do you know her, Carrie?" asked he,
glancing from the still face to his sister's
tear-stained one.
"She was my drawing teacher at
Madame Neal's," said Carrie "the loveli-
est and best liked of all our teachers.
Her mother lies dead in the other room.
There has been only these two for many
years. Miss Muriel's love for her
mother was wonderful, and I am afraid
this trouble will kill her. Oh, Guy, let
us take her home with us, please."
Dr. Burton looked thoughtful for a
second, and then said, "Annie is at
Madame Sigund's, is she not?"
"Yes."
"Run up there and tell her to drive
home and prepare for our coming, and
do you come back and help me here."
But a few seconds sufficed to bring the
poor girl to consciousness again, and
when Carrie returned she found her
lying with eyes closed and great tears

rolling down the pale cheeks. Though
the sight was pitiful, Carrie was glad to
see the tears, for she knew they must be
the first ones she had shed, and would be
a relief to the overburdened heart.
Kneeling down, she gently put her
arms around her, and kissed the trem-
bling eyelids, saying softly, "Dear Miss
Muriel."
Muriel opened her eyes and looked
wistfully in her face.
"Don't you know me, dear; don't you
remember Carrie Burton?"
"Little Carrie, my pet and comfort
once before when I was in trouble?"
"Yes, dearie," said Carrie, kissing her
again; "little Carrie, come to love and
comfort you in this trouble, too. Guy
is making arrangements for the mother,
and then you are going home with us to
be nursed and petted until you get well."
But Muriel bursting into sobs said,
"There is no one to get well for now,
mother was my all."
"Nay, my friend," said Carrie, "God
has not taken her from you entirely; she
is yours to love and live for still; only
removed to another and better place,
where there is no room for pain and
tears."
Muriel put her arm around Carrie's
neck, and Carrie, gently smoothing her
hair, let her cry on, knowing it would do
her good. Dr. Burton returned to say
that he had obtained the necessary help
for the sad work to be performed, and to
announce the return of the carriage.
Carrie wrapped Muriel's shawl about her,
and tied her own soft scarf over her
head. Muriel attempted to rise, but at
the first step would have fallen had not
Dr. Burton caught her. Seeing she was
too weak to walk he took her in his arms
and carried her down stairs, placing her
in the carriage, where Carrie heaped the
cushions and pillows Mrs. Cary had sent
about her, making her as comfortable as
possible. With a few last words to the
woman of the house concerning the dis-
posal of the corpse, Dr. Burton took his
seat beside the coachman and drove
slowly home. As he lifted her from the
carriage Muriel threw out her hands to-
ward Carrie, and gasping some unintel-
ligible words, fainted for the third time
that morning. Dr. Burton carried her
rapidly into the house and placed her
upon the bed prepared for her, and for
three days and nights they watched
anxiously and constantly, to avert if
possible the fever that seemed deter-
mined to lay hold upon her. Dr. Burton
tried his skill to the utmost, and the
third night announced to the anxious
sisters that he thought with careful nurs-
ing they might bring her through with-
out the fever they feared coming upon
her. It was the evening of the sixth day
since Muriel had been brought helpless
to the house, when Carrie burst out of
her room, and waylaid her brother in
the hall, threw her arms about his neck
with:
"Guy, darling, she is just crazy, clean
distracted; go use your authority im-
mediately; tell her she is a lunatic to think
of such a thing," and Carrie stopped for
lack of breath.
"Who is crazy? Think of what thing?
I am not sure but you are the one dis-
tracted," said Dr. Burton, laughing.
"Why, Muriel, to be sure; here she is,
hardly able to walk across the floor alone,
and she talks of 'getting to work again,
and not troubling us with her presence
any longer;' then pleadingly, 'Guy,
you'll make her stay, won't you?'"
Guy took the excited face in his two
hands, exclaiming, "What! tears, actu-
ally?" then kissing the parted lips he
said, "We'll see, pet," and with that dis-
appeared inside the door. The lights
were turned down low to suit the weak-
ness of Muriel's eyes, and her chair had
been drawn up to the window, where
she and Carrie had been watching the
gradual lighting of the city streets. It
was Christmas Eve, and the soft low
music of the chimes and church bells
came stealing into the room where Muriel
stood, looking more like a shadow than
anything else in her black dress. She
had risen when Carrie rushed out of the
room, and stood leaning her face against
the window sash; she did not hear Dr.
Burton enter, and knew not that he was
near until he stood close beside her and
was saying:
"Miss Harding, Muriel, Guy Burton
asks you to stay; indeed he can't get
along without you, for he had loved you
ever since one week ago to-night when,
not knowing who you were, he saw you
in Mr. Wilson's store."
Muriel's face went down into her hands
and Guy, drawing her to him, said soft-
ly, "Say you will stay, and she stayed,
and in due time became Guy Burton's
wife."
DEMAND FOR PENNIES AT THE MINT.—
There is a prospect of a dearth of
pennies. Philadelphia is the only place
where smallest coin of the republic is
turned out, and at the present moment
—in fact, for fully three weeks past—the
combined efforts of the coiners have been
directed to the coinage of dollars. Under
the act of Congress \$2,000,000 must be
coined every month, and as the capacity
of the mints at San Francisco and New
Orleans is limited, the bulk of the work
falls upon the one in this city. The re-
sult is that Colonel Snowden has been
compelled to discontinue the coinage of
what are known as minor coins—cents
and three and five cent pieces—much to
the annoyance of would-be purchasers,
who, in person and by letter, besiege the
cashier's office day after day. It is said
on Saturday at the mint that \$35,000
worth of pennies could be disposed of
inside of a week, so great is the demand.
A month ago, before the coinage was
suspended, from \$1000 to \$1500 worth
were sold daily, and the books are now
filled with orders from all parts of the
country. The officers were taken back
on Saturday by the receipt of a request
from San Francisco for pennies to the
amount of \$1000. This is said to be the
first order from that part of the country
for many years. Various parts of the
South are also beginning to jake some
stock in cents, large orders having been
received from Georgia and Alabama
within the last few days.—[Philadelphia
Record.

THE LITTLE STONE HOUSE.

There is a large vacant lot next the
house where Johnny lives, and he and
Nannie often look down upon it from the
windows, and wish they could go there
to play.
There are great blocks of sandstone
scattered around in the grass, that would
be so nice to jump on and to play house
with. And there are daisies and white
clover there, and a pretty spotted cow
who looks gentle.
But there is a great high board fence
all around the lot, a fence as much as
ten feet high, which on the side toward
the street is covered with advertisements;
and if a policeman ever sees a boy try-
ing to climb over he drives him away; so
how can little children ever go in there
to play?
But one day something happened. It
had been very warm, and in the after-
noon a storm came up, with big black
clouds and a wind that was almost a hur-
ricane. There was thunder and light-
ning; the rain fell in torrents, and the
wind roared and whirled, and all of a
sudden there was a crash that startled
everybody.
The crash was in the lot. A great
piece of the ten-foot-high fence had been
blown over and lay scattered on the
grass. On the broken boards you could
see pieces of elephants and horses, for
there had been an advertisement of a
great circus placarded on the fence.
"Now we can go into the lot and play,"
said Johnny, clapping his hands, and
Nannie echoed:
"Now we can go in and play!"
But it rained too hard all the rest of
the day for any one to try it.
The next morning, however, the chil-
dren ventured in; and, though there was
a policeman at the corner, he did not say
a word.
Johnny put a board across a stone,
and there they teetered in great glee,
while mamma smiled upon them from
the window.
The cow was feeding in a distant cor-
ner of the lot, while a funny little woman
set on a rock watching her.
By-and-by the children left the boards
and went along among the stones, pick-
ing up a number of tiny pieces and lay-
ing them together.
"We're building a house, mamma!"
Johnny called up to the open window;
and in time a very quaint, roughly-built
little house stood in the shade of one of
the big blocks of sandstone.
Then Nannie came running into the
house for her dolls. Mamma advised
her to take only one, and that was Nel-
ly, the most battered of all, and the best
suited to keep house out in a rocky
region.
"The rest'll cry, but I can take them
to see Nelly next day," said the sweet lit-
tle voice; and away Nannie trudged, carry-
ing under her arm the housekeeper for
the new little stone house.
The old Johnny pushed Nelly in at
the door head foremost, and then made
her sit upright inside on a stone bench.
A fold of her pink calico dress lay on
the door-sill, and one of her arms was
trussed out of a window.
"Ain't she comfortable?" said Nannie,
in great delight.
"We'll let her live there all the time,"
said Johnny, "and bring her things to
eat, won't we?"
"Yes; an' a mouse, next time we get
one, to be her 'little pet,'" said Nannie.
"Come in to dinner now, children!"
called mamma from the window just
then.
"Dood-by, Nelly," said Nannie; "we'll
tum again pitty soon."
As the children ran out of the lot to go
home, they found two or three men on
the sidewalk standing and looking at the
fallen boards.
"Dess they want to see the picers,"
said Nannie.
They went into the house and ate their
dinner, and then waited a little while
to look over a new scrap-book mamma
had been making, and then started out
again to go into the lot, and see how Nelly
was getting along in her little stone house.
"Oh! oh!" cried Johnny, the minute
they reached the street, "they're build-
ing up the fence again!"
The tears came into Nannie's eyes, and
she and Johnny ran right back to
mamma.
"Nelly's got to stay out there as long
as she lives!" exclaimed Johnny.
"They've built up the fence."
"O mamma! my poor 'little dolly!'"
cried Nannie, pitifully.
Mamma went to the window and looked
out. The fence was now seven boards
high, and the funny little woman who
had been watching the cow was gone.
But there still stood the small rough
house, in the shade of the sandstone
block, and Nelly's arm in the window
and her pink dress in the door were
plainly to be seen.
"I'm afraid she'll have to stay there,
sure enough," said the mamma; "but
you can look at her out of the window
every day, and it will seem quite neigh-
borly."
"I don't want her a neighbor," said
Nannie with a sob in her voice. "I
want my Nelly to tum to bed with me."
"If she were straight down under the
window, I could fish her up with a hook
and line," said Johnny.
"We might get her, if we could see
any one come to milk the cow," sug-
gested mamma, but as nobody ever had
seen anyone come to milk the cow, that
was doubtful comfort.
So Nelly stayed in her little stone house
that night and the next night, and no
harm befel her. It seemed as if she
really would never be anything but a
neighbor again, and Nannie every little
while would trot to the window-pane and
look at her mournfully. But the third
day, when nobody happened to be think-
ing about her, she came home.
"I did see some one come to milk the
cow!" exclaimed Johnny, who was the
one to bring Nelly back in triumph.
"And now I know how the funny little
woman gets it. She pushes a board out
in the fence, just the way you push a
bar in the country, and then she crawls
in. I saw her, and I told her about Nannie's
doll, and she brought it to me!"
"Goody, goody!" cried little Nan, hug-
ging Nelly to her heart.
So now she has her little dolly again,
and the little stone house appears very
lonesome without a tenant. The children
look down at it from the window, and
wish they could get in there to play.
But, though Johnny has looked again
and again, he cannot find the board the
little woman pushed, and no one has
happened to see the little woman either
since that time.

Zach Chand'er's Boyhood.

The death of Mr. Chandler revives the
memories of half a century ago. The
old brick school-house where we were
taught together the rudiments of our
education, the country store where his
father sold such a wonderful variety of
merchandise for the wants of the inner
and outer man; the broad acres of field
and forest in the ancestral domain where
we used to rove and hunt; his uncle's
"tavern," the cheerful home of the travel-
er when there were no railroads, situ-
ated on a great thoroughfare, constantly
alive with stages, teams, cattle, sheep,
swine, turkeys and pedestrian immi-
grants—all these form a picture as dis-
tinct to the mind's eye as if a scene of the
present. No unimportant feature of
that picture in my boyish memory was a
rough-built, overgrown, awkward, stoop-
ing, good-natured, popular boy, who
went by the never forgotten, familiar
sobriquet of "Zach." He never forgot
it. After more than forty years' separa-
tion, when I called on him in the capi-
tol, and apologized for calling him Zach,
in his old rollicking way, he said, "Oh,
call me Old Zach, call me Old Zach,
that's what they all call me out West."
It was in the midst, and under the mold-
ing influences of such scenes as I have
described that Zach Chandler was reared.
He had not the honor - as I have been
stated in the papers - of being born of
poor parents. His father was one of the
"heavy men" of the town and a gentle-
man of the old school. His uncle,
Thomas Chandler, the "tavern keeper,"
was once a member of the lower house of
Congress. Zach might have had a liber-
al education as his two brothers, who
died younger had, but he did not "take
to it." Perhaps it was thought he did
not possess quite promise enough for it.
It was indeed a question with the neigh-
bors whether his choice between a mer-
chant and a farmer's life was a wise one
when he left home to enter, as a clerk,
the large mercantile house of a relative
in Detroit. I am sorry to deprive his
memory of that modern charm that
hangs, like the scent of roses around a
broken vase, around a "poor boy," in
rags and ignorance and of ignoble birth.
He was neither poor, nor ragged, nor
with "limited means of education," nor
of ignoble birth. Nor did he, if my
memory serves me, "make his advent
into Detroit with a saw-buck on his
shoulder"—what a pity he did not! He
was born and bred, unfortunately (?)
when it was no disgrace to be born of
parents in good circumstances and hon-
orable social position. Had it been oth-
erwise, there is no knowing how great
a man he might have been. It is to be
hoped that a generous public will over-
look this radical defect and give him due
credit for what he made of himself, not-
withstanding these unfortunate circum-
stances of his youth. When, in future
generations, his origin shall be forgotten,
no doubt his great worth as a man and a
statesman will be fully recognized.

HUMOROUS.

You cannot dream yourself into a
character; you must hammer and forge
yourself one.
The reason that old slippers are thrown
after a newly-married couple is that the
chances of matrimonial happiness are
slippery.
At a "Horticultural Fancy ball" in
England a gentleman personated an
onion so naturally as to bring tears to
the eyes of the company.
One day Bishop of Exeter was sitting
one late at luncheon with his wife and
another lady, when the hostess inquired
anxiously of her husband if the mutton
was to his liking. "My dear," replied
the bishop, with his courteous little bow,
"it is like yourself, old and tender."
An Ogden paper, in speaking of a re-
cent accident at that place, says: "It is
feared that the boy's injuries will prove
quite fatal." It is hoped that the re-
porter's account is exaggerated, and that
the lad's injuries will prove only moder-
ately fatal.
When two couple of young people
start out riding in a two-seated carriage,
they are as happy as four loving clams
until the shades of evening approach, and
then the couple in the front seat begin to
realize that the crying need of this great,
free and majestic country of ours is a
two-seat carriage with the front seat be-
hind.
A certain Scotch country minister re-
moved from one parish to another, and
on Sunday "exchanged" with his suc-
cessor in the former charge. At the
close of the service an elderly woman in-
quired what had become of her, "ain
minister." "O, we're exchanging," he
replied; "he's with my people to-day."
"Indeed, indeed," said the matron,
"they'll be gettin' a treat the day."
"A man cannot say I will write
poetry," the greatest poet cannot say it,
for the mind in creation is as a fading
coal, which some irresistible influence,
like an inconstant wind, awakens to
transitory brightness. This power
arises from within, like the color of a
flower which dims and changes as it is
developed, and the conscious portions
of our natures are unprophetic either of
its approach or its departure.—[Princi-
pal Shairp.]
A London paper describes the assegaus
used by the Zulus, stating that the name
"assegai" or "hassage"—which is
nearer the native word—is derived from
the tree from which the wood in making
those weapons is usually taken. This
wood has peculiar properties, being
brittle and at the same time slightly
elastic, and spears made from it quiver
in their flight, a movement upon which
the accuracy of their aim and their great
penetrating power depends.
In a flourishing young city of Michi-
gan lives a worthy man who has had
the misfortune to be a widower three times,
and is now living with his fourth wife.
These have been taught to call the step-
father "pa." While entertaining com-
pany at tea lately an aggravated case
of divorce became the topic of con-
versation. A lady expressed herself
emphatically against divorces, quoting
several passages of Scripture, and con-
cluding with this: "And St. Paul says he
that putteth away his wife commits a
 grievous sin." At this, the oldest boy,
having fully filled his stomach, suddenly
took in the whole subject by saying,
"Why pa has put away three or four on
'em, and he's a deacon too!" That will
do for Michigan.