

# Life in the Iron Mills

1. Adjective
2. Noun
3. Verb - Base Form
4. Adjective
5. Adjective
6. Adjective

# Life in the Iron Mills

A \_\_\_\_\_ day: do you know what that is in a town of \_\_\_\_\_? The sky \_\_\_\_\_  
down before dawn, \_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_. The air is thick, clammy with the  
breath of crowded human beings. It stifles me. I open the window, and looking out, can scarcely see through the  
rain the grocer's shop opposite, where a crowd of drunken Irishmen are puffing Lynchburg tobacco in their pipes  
. I can detect the scent through all the foul smells ranging loose in the air.

The idiosyncrasy of this town is smoke. It rolls sullenly in slow folds from the great chimneys of the iron-  
foundries, and settles down in black, slimy pools on the muddy streets. Smoke on the wharves, smoke on the  
dingy boats, on the yellow river,--clinging in a coating of greasy soot to the house-front, the two faded poplars,  
the faces of the passer-by. The long train of mules, dragging masses of pig-iron through the narrow street, have a  
foul vapor hanging to their reeking sides. Here, inside, is a little broken figure of an angel pointing upward from  
the mantel-shelf; but even its wings are covered with smoke, clotted and black. Smoke everywhere! A dirty  
canary chirps desolately in a cage beside me. Its dream of green fields and sunshine is a very old dream,--almost  
worn out, I think.