

HARVEST-DAYS.

The shining, golden Harvest Days!
Fair gossamers whose feet are shod
With peace and plenty, and whose hands
Are filled with gracious gifts of God!
O Days as bright with miracle
As dawned on sacred Palestine,
The clod and stone are changed to bread,
And living waters turn to wine!
O Days that tell us year by year
God's Hand is over us still, nor we
Need strain our faith to reach the Low
That walked in distant Gali!
O Days of resurrection joy,
When furrowed graves are opened wide,
And dull unsightly germs appear
In living bodies glorified.

Lush grapes like swinging censers hang
From richly laden boughs, and all
The fields are green as the sun
Illumes fruitful vale and hill.
The orchard oaks give and greet
With sweetest the sweetest of the hay,
And Harvest-Moon forbids the night
To be less beautiful than day!

O holy, happy Harvest-Days,
Sweeten childhood's smile and tear,
O flight and shadow, pain and toil,
Earth's heart beats through the cir-
cling year.
Like ye some rich and ripened sheaves,
Some fruit of dead I faint would show,
Perfected by life's smiles and tears,
And beautiful in joy and woe!
—(Zitella Cooke, in Youth's Companion.)

RENIE'S ROMANCE.

Renie Normand opened my studio door the other afternoon and received the hearty welcome he had a right to expect. We clasped hands, and after exchanging exclamations of greeting and surprise, peered earnestly into each other's eyes. For it was ten years or more since we had last met; and we looked curiously into each other's faces. Ten years and more was stamped upon us since last we met, but still we stood well on our feet and our hands clasped firmly. But how handsome Renie had grown! He always was handsome, but this, his mature manly beauty, was wonderful. His dark, once-lavender eyes now had a subdued sadness in their expression, his mouth was firmer, and his curls, that had once been so blue-black, were strongly mixed with gray.

"You can rest," I said to Pauline, the model, who was staring at us, wondering at our silence after the first greetings. I had many questions to ask Renie, and many to answer about those past years, and I put down my palette and we began our cross-questioning. How odd it is to greet a friend you have not seen for years! A friend you have cared for, been intimate with, and who suddenly dropped out of your life long ago. You stand face to face with him again, hold his hand and hear the old familiar voice; and there is the same freedom and familiarity in manner now as before, and yet between you is an invisible space of years, a tremendous void that can never be filled.

We talked—hardly that, we asked questions for question, scarcely waiting for the answer, for still we understood each other with half a word. We had known something of each other's lives—not much—from paragraphs in newspapers, had exchanged New Year's cards—not much more; and that was very little considering how intimate we had once been in the Latin Quarter and afterwards in the long summer time at Fontainebleau. And as we talked Pauline lay curled up in the corner amongst the cushions listening; no one minds a model listening.

"So you have been a professor all these years at Bordeaux; but you came to Paris sometimes?"

"Yes, once or twice a year."

"And you never came to see me?"

"What was the use of ringing your bell in summer?"

"That's true."

"Or in winter; twice I tried to find you when I came up at New Year's and you had followed the sun south."

"I am afraid I am rather unsettled."

"I remember when you were settled you were always talking of going somewhere. But I am coming to Paris next year. I expect to have a professorship here soon, and then I shall dispute you often. But tell me who will be there of the old set?"

"The old set—not many," I replied, shaking my head.

"Where are the Grands," Renie continued, "who used to live on the Avenue de la Grande Armee?"

"Oh they? They went back to England years ago."

"I am sorry; I shall miss them. What strange, delightful evenings—nights I should say—we used to have there, and what a strange crowd it was! Do you know I always enjoyed those long walks home in the gray morning light, long, long past midnight, when no sound was heard on the streets but the distant market wagons, the Alsatian peasant sweeping, and the early twittering bird."

"And do you remember," I interrupted, "the supper that night at Madame Savago's, the night of the snow-storm, when the coachmen, not ours, sent in word they could not wait longer, and Madame insisted they must go?"

"And what has become of Madame—Madame?" Renie hesitated trying to remember her name, "who was Miss Kendle?"

"She's dead."

"Dead?"

All the light suddenly went out of Renie's eyes that stared wildly at me. "Dead," he repeated, and then trying to pull himself together, asked, "What did she die of?"

"Ennui," I answered.

"It's awfully hot here," exclaimed Pauline, who, with a woman's tact and wisdom, had thrown the window wide open.

"Are you sure she is dead?" Renie asked.

"Sure! How could I declare I was sure to a man who looked at me as Renie did at that moment? No," I answered, "I am not sure. I thought I heard of her death several years ago, but I may be wrong. I'll write and find out."

"Thank you, if you will. I hoped to see her again some day. She was a delightful woman!"

"A delightful woman!" I repeated. How was it I had, for a moment, forgotten he had been fond of her? We had talked of Barbison, and the way he said "Barbison," with a tender note in his voice, should have made me remember, but I did not.

For it was at Barbison they first met. Her family had heard the praises of Barbison on the edge of Fontainebleau forest from the painters, and came down for a few days. They arrived after dark, were shown to their lodgings through a farmyard and were horrified with the entrance to their quarters. But what could be done? It was late, Paris was many miles away, they must sleep somewhere, and so they stayed that night; and

next morning, when they awoke, the family were surprised to find they had slept well, that the beds were comfortable, and, although the chambers were not luxurious, they were very clean. The sun was shining; they would stay one day, as they had come so far, and all that day they wandered in the forest and it's old story—they stayed all summer. There Renie met Miss Kendle and all that long summer they played croquet, explored the forest and sang songs together, songs long since out of fashion. Renie was not a painter, although a friend of many painters, but a student of philosophy. He had a pile of books with him, and read at times, but it was his vacation, and his studies never interfered with Miss Kendle's plans or prevented him from being always in attendance at any picnic, tea or forest ramble. One evening we went into the forest, a merry pack of us starting early together and returning late in pairs; and when we returned one couple was missing: Miss Kendle and Renie. Mrs. Kendle was very anxious, fearing her daughter had been lost and would be devoured by the wild beasts. We tried to console her, telling her that probably Renie would see her safely home, and that the wild beasts of Fontainebleau were mostly rabbits and deer. But Mrs. Kendle refused to be comforted and so a relief expedition was organized. There were plenty of volunteers, and as the night was lovely many volunteered in couples. Hunting horns and a drum were carried to wake the forest echoes, and torches to see the "babes in the woods" when found. The party did not go far; they had not started off with serious intent to punish the mother, and contented themselves by exploring the "brigands' cave," where some were almost smothered by the smoke of the torches, and came back singing in chorus, almost forgetting why the torchlight procession had been organized. As the returning explorers neared the village, the lights of their torches fell upon a couple sitting on the bench just inside the forest gate.

"Hallo!" exclaimed Leon, suddenly changing the note of the solo he was singing.

"Hallo, yourself!" answered Renie, "you are making a great deal of noise."

"But how did you get here?" asked Leon.

"Easy enough—round the other way," Leon began it, and we all burst into a laughing chorus.

"What is the joke?" asked Renie.

"Joke! Suppose you and Miss Kendle fall into line with us and we will explain."

And the march continued, horns blowing, drums beating, and all shouting at the top of their voices; and so the successful rescuing party returned with the lost one.

It was about Christmas when the Kendles gave a grand dinner. Renie sat on the left of Miss Kendle and a stranger, a young man whose looks I scarcely remember, sat on her right. Of course Renie monopolized Miss Kendle. The young stranger tried to join in the conversation, but was not successful. I cannot say Renie was rude to the man, he did not seem even to recognize his existence.

"Don't you think it is outrageous?" whispered Miss Tipman, my neighbor.

"What?" I asked.

"Don't you know?—of course you do—everybody does except him—"

"Him?"

At that moment Mrs. Kendle gave the signal for leaving the table, and my question was left unanswered. We were allowed to smoke in the drawing-room at the Kendles' so we followed the ladies. Miss Tipman captured Renie and insisted on his looking over the family photograph album with her. He did it politely, but his attention and eyes would wander across the room where Miss Kendle was talking with the stranger. But Miss Tipman kept him at the album. What was she about? I wondered; surely, not trying to fascinate Renie; she must well know any of the temptations of that kind would be wasted. Besides, Miss Tipman was not a flirt; she was one of those—yes, I must say it—uncomfortable women to have about. One of those women who are always trying to "do their duty." What was she up to now? Talking loud enough for any one near to hear, so there was no indiscretion in my listening.

"There, do you know her?"

"Yes," answered Renie, turning over the page, anxious to finish the book.

"And do you know him?"

"No." Again he would turn the page, but Miss Tipman put her hand upon his.

"But don't you recognize that picture?" she insisted.

"Well, yes; it is of the man who sat next to Miss Kendle. I was introduced, but forgot his name."

"But don't you know who he is?"

"No, and what is more—"

"Don't you know he is engaged to Miss Kendle?"

This time Renie turned the page without any hindrance from his neighbor. He closed the book, rose and laid it on the table, turned, and without a word to anyone left the room. Miss Tipman and I looked at each other for a few moments in silence. I felt as if I must say something. If she had been a man I should have held him he was a first-class fool. As it was, I simply remarked, "You've done it!"

"I thought it was right," she answered, compressing her lips disagreeably.

Renie went home and had a brain fever, and Miss Helen Kendle married the other man. Why had I not remembered all this when my old friend asked about madame, who was Miss Kendle? What right had I now, after my brutal manner of announcing Miss Kendle's death, to criticize Miss Tipman?

Renie did not make me a long visit, but at the door I again promised to find out "if it was really true."

"She was a charming woman," he said, as we shook hands; and for the second time I repeated, "A charming woman!"

"And he has never married," asked Pauline when I closed the door.

"No."

"And was she handsome?"

I hesitated, but why should I not tell the truth to Pauline? "No."

"And was the other as handsome as Monsieur?"

"Oh, no; nothing like!"

"But he was the richest?"

"Yes, I suppose he was."

I well knew Renie had only a modest patrimony, while "the other" had houses and lands and a big business."

For a while I worked in silence, Pauline's eyes were very bright, with a suspicion of tears. I knew her thoughts had wandered from Renie to her soldier lad and the baker's shop that was to be opened on his return, where behind the counter Pauline was to reign supreme. At last Pauline's thoughts returned to Renie, for she said with an accent of confidence in her voice, "How could she have done it? I don't understand." Thus unconsciously echoing what "the old set" had exclaimed many years ago.

I wrote to a friend as I had promised,

and received the reply expected—

"Madame—, who was Miss Helen Kendle, died several years ago." This note I enclosed to Renie and he sends me a card in acknowledgment. On it he has written—"Thanks, my friend, for your note. I am sure those who die do not suffer the most."

And Renie Normand is an eminent professor of philosophy.—(Boston Transcript.)

CLOAK-HOUSE MODELS.

They are Very Scarce and Control Fair Salaries.

Cloak manufacturers are complaining of the great scarcity of desirable models. There was a time, they say, when an advertisement for a model or figure, as they are called in the business, would bring forth a flood of replies. This is the business season of the year, and many new models are required to "try on" in the work and sales rooms. There are thousands of young women in this city who imagine themselves physically cut out to become a cloak model, but they are far from it. The public knows very little concerning the requirements for a figure. The fact that they are paid from \$10 to \$18 per week for comparatively easy work is a sure indication that they are not to be had in great numbers. It doesn't require any experience to be a model. One must be graceful and have fine physical proportions. Good looks don't count, either, though a show-room figure must have some attractions and dress much better than an unknown model.

Manufacturers as a rule require a woman of about 5 feet, 6½ inches in height. She seldom goes under that, but sometimes half an inch more is desirable. Misses' figures go according to age and very few cases become as the older women models. The professional figure has a natural grace about her that cannot be acquired by artificial means. Any young woman who has the height mentioned above, a bust measurement of 36 inches, waist 24 inches, length of back from 16½ to 17 inches, arms 24 inches, neck 12½ inches, hips 42 inches and 13½ inches across the shoulders, is a perfect figure and can find steady employment in any cloak house, at any time if she chooses.

January, February, July and August are the busiest months in the cloak business. During the first two months out-of-town buyers flock here in great numbers to purchase goods for the spring and summer trade. The last two months are used for laying in a supply of fall and winter wraps and suits. The show-room figures generally have a contract for all the year around and are paid in full for the same, but they seldom have to do much outside those four months.

The work-room figures are always kept busy. They are the hardest worked of any in the establishment. The sample model must be the most perfect. She, too, is compelled to toil the year around. Manufacturers would not have to pay for other than actual working time if there were not a dearth in models. The biggest cloak house in this city employs fifteen figures. The "trying on" to show to customers is done by either an examiner or the lady assistants.

"A model must not be too attractive," said a manufacturer. "A beautiful face draws too much attention when a person is buying and results in a neglect of proper inspection of the article displayed. What is required is to show the stock to its best advantage without drawing unnecessary attention to the model."—(New York World.)

The Skull Made Advances.

A physician told the following story: "At one time when I was a medical student my class had been for several days studying the bones of the head. To aid in this a number of human skulls had been brought into the lecture room. After we were through with them they were thrown in a heap into one corner."

"One night I chanced to be left alone in the room. Finding it quiet and pleasant in the half light, I sat down to smoke a cigar. Immediately facing me was the pile of skulls. They presented a very uncanny appearance as the light from a dim gas burner played over them, making them seem almost alive with a certain play of expression. One particularly big fellow, lying right on top of the pile, appeared actually to wink at me from his lidless eye sockets, while the teeth in the gaping mouth grinned horribly. Amused, I winked back and offered my cigar, when suddenly there was a slight noise and the skull inclined slightly forward as if bowing acceptance. There was no mistake about it. It moved, not only once, but twice."

"I dropped my cigar and sat up straight in my chair, my eye fixed on the grewsome thing. There was another louder noise and a stronger movement of the skull, when down it came crashing to the floor and bounded to my very feet. In an instant I was on the table near by, gazing upon the strange thing and ready for precipitate flight."

"Then the skull gave a violent shake and turned over and out jumped a big rat, which scampered across the floor and into hiding."—(Philadelphia Times.)

Bleeding at the Nose.

Bleeding from the nose may arise from impoverished state of the blood. When it occurs in persons of middle age it is more serious, as it is then often a symptom of some other disease. The bleeding can generally be stopped by making the patient raise both arms above his head and hold them there some time. Sponging with cold or iced water to the forehead and face, and applying a towel wet with cold water between the shoulders will, in some cases, succeed. The application of a strong solution of alum to the inside of the nostrils, or plugging the nostrils with lint or cotton wool soaked in the solution, may be necessary if the bleeding is profuse. The health of the person subjected to the attacks should be improved by nutritious diet—animal food, with potatoes, green salads, and fruit. The following prescription may be relied on: Tincture of steel, 2 drams; dilute muriatic acid, 1 dram; syrup of orange peel, 1 ounce; infusion of columba, 2 ounces. Mix for a child one table spoonful in a wine glass of water before meals; for an adult, increase the dose.—(New York Dispatch.)

Expensive Quadrupeds.

The prince of Baroda, India, keeps a troop of war elephants that carry from six to eight sharpshooters and have been carefully trained to maintain their steadiness in the midst of deafening noises. They are not easily scared, even by a wound, and the chief objection to their employment in the British army is the cost of maintaining a brigade of monsters devouring an average of sixty pounds of vegetables a day.—(New York Voice)

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limits of wordy warfare interference by a petty officer and two or three brawny sailors usually settles the difficulty in short order.

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