

## HARVEST-DAYS.

The shining, golden Harvest Days!  
Fair gospels 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 o'er us still, nor we  
Need strain our faith to reach the Lot  
That walked in distant Galilee!  
O Days of resurrection joy.  
When furrowed graves are opened wide,  
And dull unsightly ghouls appear  
In living bodies glorified.

Lush grapes like swinging censers hang  
From richly laden boughs, and fill  
The fields with incense as the sun  
Illumines fruitful vale and hill.  
The orchard colors glow and greet  
With sweets the sweetness of the hay,  
And Harvest-Moon forbids the night  
To be less beautiful than day!

O holy, happy Harvest Days,  
Sweet chronicles of smile and tear,  
Of light and shadow, pain and toil,  
Earth's heart beats through the circling year.

Like ye some rich and ripened sheaves,  
Some fruit of deed I fair would show,  
Perfected by life's smiles and tears,  
And beautiful in joy and woe!

—[Zitella Cocco, in *Yours' 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 had changed in those ten years; so we looked curiously into each other's faces. Ten years and more was stamped upon us since last we met, but 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-laughing 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 question 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 as 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 offstage. 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 Grand 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—when 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 Savage's, the night of the snow-storm, when the coachmen, not our's, said in word they could not wait longer, and Madame invited them to supper?"

"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 Barbizon, and the way he said "Barbizon" with a tender note in his voice, should have made me remember, but I did not.

For it was at Barbizon they first met. Her family had heard the praises of Barbizon 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, it must sleep somewhere, and so they stayed that night; and I wrote to a friend as I had promised,

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 done so far, and all that day they wandered in the forest and—it's the old story—they stayed all summer. There Renie met Miss Helen 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 Helen'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—only to pacify 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 our 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 Helen 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 attempt 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 told 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 sagaciously.

Renie, the home and had the 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 tell him he was a first-class fool.

"And do you remember?" I interrupted, "the supper that night at Madame Savage's, the night of the snow-storm, when the coachmen, not our's, said in word they could not wait longer, and Madame invited them to supper?"

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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."

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SCENES ON AN AMERICAN PACKET.

A Gathering of All Nations—How the Undesirable Secure Passage—Rows in the Steerage—A Concert in a Dozen Languages.

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 busiest 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 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 showroom figure must have some attractions and dress much better than an unknown model.

Manufacturers as a rule require a woman of about 5 feet, 6 inches in height. She seldom goes under that, but sometimes half an inch more is desirable. Misses' figures go according to age and in very few cases become good 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 16 to 17 inches, arms 24 inches, neck 12 1/2 inches, hips 42 inches and 13 1/2 inches across the shoulders, is a perfect figure and can find steady employment in any cloak house, at any time if she chooses.

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