

RIFACIMENTO.

I built me a pleasure house one day,
In the poet's land of dreams,
And over it clouds of summer lay,
While about it ran gurgling streams;
And the little birds came and sweetly sang,
And a beautiful rose to my window sprang.
It peeped through the lattice and fell at my feet,
And the room was filled with its fragrance sweet.

But a wind came down from the land of snow,
And the roses died in a night,
And the stream was frozen and ceased to flow,
While the birds took a sudden flight;
O'er the sky an ashen pall was spread,
And my beautiful youth lay before me dead.
I cursed the wind as I hurried forth,
To seek for death in the frozen north.

I built me a hut in the far north land,
Of ice frozen fast with snow;
I reared the walls with a steady hand,
Then crawled through the entrance low;
I had left no chink for the summer sun,
And I sat and brooded o'er what was done.
Despair and talked with bated breath,
Of the near approach of her kinsman, Death.

Through the cold and darkness I felt a thrill,
And a sound as a running brook;
All the instinct of life was within me still,
And I crept to the door to look;
The fiend Despair tried to hinder me,
But I struck her boldly and bade her flee.
The stars shone the brighter when she took flight,
While the eastern sky blazed forth with light.

I was moving on with the current of hope
That was flowing toward the sea;
I had built my hut on a glacier slope,
And the spring-time had set me free;
I was drifting on, and I knew not where,
I was drifting on, and I did not care.
My life came back, not a dreamy life,
But a promise of toil as a busy wife.

We build a house in a sunny land,
A land where the frost comes too;
But what does it matter, when hand in hand,
We work with a purpose true?
And our house shall be happy in sun or rain,
We will share all joy and divide all pain,
And never far from that land we'll roam,
For love loves best to remain at home.

MARGARET COMPTON.

A REMINISCENCE OF SARK.

BY SELLIE ROBIN.

We were alone in the world—Lance and I—
does that sound sad? But we were accustomed
to be alone, and were happy, always. Our
parents died when Lance was only fifteen, and I
seventeen, leaving us fairly well to do. True,
I gave morning lessons, but that was to enable
me to get luxuries, such as Lance cared for—
fruit in winter, and good old wine. My brother
had been an invalid from a child, and needed
great care and watchfulness to keep him in
tolerable health. There is not much to tell
about myself. I was plain and shy, and though,
like most girls, I had fancied myself many a
time deeply in love, no one had fallen in love
with me.

So we lived our life: all in all to one another.
Lance had a good number of acquaintances of
all grades. He was a real cosmopolitan in dis-
position: grave, philosophic men; fast, agree-
able youngsters, and quiet, steady fellows, all
found a charm in the society of my handsome,
clever brother. As the years went by, Lance
grew no better. Careful nursing and frequent
change of air seemed of no avail. But one sum-
mer he was particularly weak and low, and our
medical man ordered us out of England: sug-
gesting, as a good retreat, Sark, one of the
Channel Isles. My ideas of the little island
were very misty. But our good doctor gave me
full and clear directions as to the route, etc.,
and one bright morning we started, in search of
health and amusement.

During the journey my eyes and thoughts
were completely occupied with Lance. Even as
we entered the weirdly beautiful Sark harbour,
all I could give it was a passing glance of ad-
miration.

We lodged in a small, pretty house, called
Rose Cottage. The front windows commanded
a view of green fields, stretching out till they
reached the cliffs. Beyond the cliffs lay the
sea. Blue and clear as a sapphire; green and
deep as an emerald; or grey and restless as
troubled eyes.

Slowly Lance mended. Each day our walks
grew longer. Far into the heart of the island,
or right out on to the breezy cliffs, where Lance
could lie and drink in the fresh, salt air, and
the strong, rich smell of the golden gorge. We
made no acquaintance, but took great interest
in watching the pretty girls and children and
the handsome or ugly young men, who haunted
the green lanes, and frolicked on the sands. Of
course Lance took most interest in the girls. I
was a confirmed old maid of twenty-five, and
like best to entice a group of children to my
side, and induce them to be friendly.

But in my secret heart, there was someone
about whom I could not help feeling curious.
That "someone" was a tall artist and evidently
a hard-working one. We used to encounter him
at all hours, with his sketching materials under
his arm. A look of work in his strong, manly
face. He was not handsome, or even good-
looking. But I was not a girl any longer—to
be attracted by mere beauty; it was the trust-
worthiness, and goodness, of the face that I
liked.

When we met he never glanced at me, but
always looked intently at Lance, as if he wished
to speak to him.

One afternoon Lance was very tired; and de-
cided to stay at home, and work off his fatigue
in a good sleep. He made me promise to spend
the long, sunny afternoon out of doors, saying

that I must take a "real stunning walk," and
come back with roses in my cheeks. After I
had made him comfortable, I went out. Where
should I go? Such an *embarras de richesses* as
I had! The lanes would be lovely in the mellow
glow of the afternoon sun. The bays would be
like dreamland, with the little tran-lucent
waves creeping in and covering the silver sand,
But the cliffs would be better than all! Fringed
as they were, with dark rocks and purple
shadows. So to the cliffs I went! Past the
mill, down a shady lane, where is the pond that
Lance said was like "hazel-eyes" Through a
white gate, and out on the cliffs. A sudden
thought struck me. I was quite near the
Gouliot Caves, and the tide was very low.
Should I visit them? I had been once before,
but that was with a crowd of noisy tourists.
Without another moment's reflection, I started
off, running till I reached the little path, lead-
ing to the caves. Then I began to descend.
Being a Londoner, it took me some little time
to get down. When I was fairly inside, the re-
ward for my scrambling was all that heart and
eyes could desire. As I stood near the mouth
of the larger cave, rocks flung all ways in care-
less strength rested at my feet. Stretching be-
yond them lay the sea, to-day calm, blue, and
untroubled. He des Marchaud rose fair and misty
against the horizon—like the island of Jean
Ingelow's poem. All this beauty was framed
by the dark, arched entrance of the cave. When
I had gazed my fill, I turned and wandered
back, carefully picking my way, for there were
treacherous holes in these fairy caves. I grew
quite absorbed, being absolutely fearless alone
with the great Mother. So absorbed, that I did
not notice the nearing rush and swirl of the re-
turning tide. But when at last I heard, and
stumbled quickly to the entrance.....
a sea of foam greeted my terrified eyes. Back—
back—with flying steps to the other opening—
a pitiless sea of foam just breaking into the
mouth of the cave. Dumb and almost breathless
with horror, I stood still.

As the waves wetted my feet, the cold, fresh,
water seemed to inspire me with a thrill of
vigour, I ran back into the cave, and looked
carefully round for a ledge on which I could
climb. There was one—slippery and uncertain
—but "a drowning man catches at a straw." By
a great effort and after many falls, I crawled
on the ledge, and crouched close against the
cave-wall. Hollowing my hands round my
mouth, I called long and loudly.

A thousand echoes woke from the sleeping
caves. A thousand echoes from the dreaming
cliffs. But no answer from the sweetest of
sounds—a human voice.

My voice grew hoarse with blinding tears. I
covered my face, not to see the green, deep water
rising nearer and nearer. Then I listened, and
once more called aloud. I held my breath. Oh,
my God! The splash of an oar! I cried and
sobbed like a baby, as I strained my eyes, to see
a small boat making its way through the foam,
and into the cave. A cheery man's voice called,
"Be very careful, and when I bid you, lean
down, and hold me firmly round the neck."

It all happened in a minute; how, I could
never tell. One sixty seconds I was covering
in agony on the ledge. The next found me
seated in the boat, borne bravely out of my
terrible prison by the strong arms of my un-
known artist. After my few broken words of
thanks, we were both silent. We landed at
Havre Gosselin, the nearest bay. After helping
me to ascend the winding cliff path, the artist
kept at my side till we reached Rose Cottage.
Lance was seated in the front garden, looking
refreshed and bright after his sleep. But I sup-
pose I must have looked strange; for when
Lance saw me, he said quickly: "Whatever is
the matter, Dorothy?" I tried to answer, but
could not; a wave of feeling swept over me—a
wave of thankfulness at seeing my brother's
face again. When I looked round for the artist
to explain, he was gone. By degrees I told
Lance the whole story. The next day I was
quite my sober self again; but felt as eager as
Lance to see the artist once more.

Of course we did not encounter him for near-
ly a week! On the Sunday, as we were return-
ing from church, Lance caught hold of my arm,
and drew me aside: "here he is; hide; or else
he'll go a different way." I was ignominiously
hustled inside a red gate. Lance stood near,
ready to pounce upon the prey.

The artist came sauntering along, blowing
lazy whiffs from his cigar. He had just passed
the gate, when Lance, pulling me after him,
came quickly forward. Before I had time to
speak, he was in the thick of a very hurried and
confused thanksgiving to my preserver. To-day,
the artist was quite talkative—to Lance; and
it was my brother's bright, delicate face at which
he gazed with such evident pleasure. After that
Sunday, we grew quite friendly with Mr. Beau-
mont. Discussed art, books, scenery, ethics,
religion, original sin, and eternal hope. Every-
thing and anything; except our own private
affairs. Our new acquaintance was a reserved
as ourselves. Mr. Beaumont chatted and laughed
with me; but with Lance he was tender, nay,
almost loving. How kindhearted to pity my
invalid brother, and be so gentle with him! Of
course I was not in love with the artist; the
little god comes not so hastily to me. Lance
grew stronger each week. By the end of Sep-
tember we left Sark. Mr. Beaumont travelled
with us, for he, too, was a Londoner. All
through the journey, he was in wonderfully
good spirits. When we neared London, he grew
very restless; and as soon as we reached

Waterloo, he gazed out of the window with a
dark flush on his face. No doubt he is looking
forward to seeing his artist friends, I thought;
and busied myself wrapping Lance warmly in
his overcoat; for the evenings were growing
cool. The train stopped. Ourselves and our
parcels were once more on the old, familiar plat-
form. I turned to bid Mr. Beaumont good-
night, and to hurry Lance into a cab. Lance
touched my arm: "I say, Dorothy, whoever can
that be talking to Mr. Beaumont? What a stun-
ning girl."

I followed my brother's eyes: I saw the artist
coming towards us, with a girl of about Lance's
age, and with the same style face—delicate,
dark, and bright. "Mr. Beaumont's sister,"
was my first thought. I had no time for a
second, for with a smile of pride, he introduced
.... "my wife."

Then I knew that I had been mistaken—and
that I was in love with the artist.

NOEFOR MARRIAGES.

The inhabitants of the Island of Noefours in
the East Indies have many singular traits and
customs. As is usual among primitive peoples
marriages are not made according to the incli-
nation or by the free choice of the young
people, but at the wish of their families, who
consult their convenience alone when they
affiance their children—most frequently at a
very tender age. When the arrangement is
completed, the betrothed are forbidden to asso-
ciate with each other. The etiquette which
regulates the affair is very rigorous, and presses
heavily upon the little fiancés. They are for-
bidden to look at each other, and it is enjoined
upon the young girl so to arrange matters that
her future husband cannot see her. When they
meet each other on the road—an accident which
cannot fail to occur occasionally—the girl, who
rarely goes out alone, being warned by her com-
panions, is bound to keep herself hidden behind
a tree or bushes from the time that her future
lord and master comes in sight till he has pass-
ed by. It happens often that the two are of
the same company—for instance, when they
cross from one island to another in the same
boat. Then the childlike and simple courtesy
which gives the law in these regions demands
that they turn their backs, and look steadfastly
in opposite directions. The betrothed must
also avoid all contact with members, both mas-
culine and feminine, of the family into which
they are about to enter.

In Germany when lovers are obliged to sepa-
rate, they agree to look at the moon at certain
hours from their respective places. The Noe-
fours have an analogous custom. At the first
quarter of the moon, the moment when she
appears after an impatiently endured absence,
they assemble, and each one gazes at her, while
all shout together in concert, with joyful cries
and sonorous howls. It is to encourage and
fortify the crescent moon? Surely, and still
more to strengthen the hearts of their friends
who are travelling, and those who are weary,
dejected and in need of aid. All the Noefours
gaze at the moon simultaneously; and all these
looks, all these cries, accumulate in her a
reservoir of superabundant strength, which is
afterward poured out through her beams upon
the community, but especially upon those who
are sick and feeble. If any one is taken ill,
and is going to die, the blame is laid on those
women who, they say, have not danced or sung
enough to the new moon—a duty which, it
must be said to her credit, they perform most
conscientiously. Marriages in Noefourian high
life are not celebrated without splendor and pa-
rade, although their wedding ceremonies are
characterized by a reserve and modesty very re-
markable in a savage people of the tropics. Ad-
orned with the most beautiful ornaments, the
bride is conducted through the village. One
woman, having seized her by the legs, carries
her on her back, while another binds her
arms, as though she were a captive, and leads
her by a rope to the home of her betrothed. It
is a symbol of slavery—a souvenir of the ancient
servitude which the aristocratic class, every-
where conservative of the traditions of the past,
has preserved. Marriages among the lower
classes are differently conducted. In this case
the procession starts from the house of the
bridegroom, who leads a crowd of relatives and
friends, each one bearing a present. The pro-
cession begins to march at nightfall—for it
must be made with torches, classical emblem of
the nuptial fires. On reaching their destina-
tion, the bridegroom is presented to the bride's
relatives, who lead him into her chamber. She
awaits him with her back turned—indicating
that she does not dare to meet his conquering
gaze. The young man approaches till within
two feet of her, turns on his heel, and then they
are back to back, in the midst of a numerous
assembly, the men on one side, the women on
the other. A missionary, who was present at
one of the ceremonies, relates that an old sor-
cerer placed the right hand of the young man
in that of the girl (still with their backs turn-
ed) numbing an incantation, to the purport
that no magician should throw a spell over them
and that no foe should take their lives, with
more good wishes of the like kind, after which
a woman took some pap and put it in their
mouths three or four times. Then the mission-
ary was entreated to fire his pistol over their
heads—which he did willingly, probably not
suspecting that he was lending his aid to a ma-
gical operation. At the feast the behavior was
dignified, almost stern, the songs and the

dances, which this people love passionately,
being excluded from it. Evidently the Noe-
fours are of the same opinion as the sage who
said that death and marriage are the two most
serious events of life. After the entertainment
the bride is led into her own room, still not
daring to meet the terrible glance of her hus-
band, and keeping her back turned to the door;
seeing which, the husband also turns his back
upon her. The whole night is spent in this
manner. They sit there motionless, having
some one to brush away the flies, and without
speaking a word. It is a veritable watch on
their arms. If they grow sleepy, some one of
the assistants, who take turns in doing this ser-
vice, nudges them with his elbow; if they keep
wide awake the bridal pair are assured of long
life and a green old age. In the morning they
separate, still without looking at each other, to
refresh themselves after the fatigues of the pre-
vious night, in order to repeat the performance
the second night, and the third, and even the
fourth, without being permitted to relinquish
the siege.

On the fifth morning, with the first rays of
the sun, the young people at last look each
other full in the face. That suffices: the mar-
riage is considered accomplished, and the newly-
wedded pair receive the customary congratula-
tions. Not till the following night do the
watchers leave them; and then the husband is
bound in honor to slip away before dawn, since
his bride cannot be expected yet to endure a
second time in broad daylight his terrible look.
She will not dare to meet his gaze until after an
interval of four more days and nights. So
much modesty would not be suitable for slaves.
They throw themselves into each other's arms,
and all is done.

The wife is the property of her husband, and
trespass on his rights is punished by fine. How-
ever, this fine is payable to the chief, acting in
the name of the state or impersonal justice; for
the offended husband would think himself
dishonored if he received the price of his shame
—therein being less civilized than Europeans,
who often estimate conjugal infidelity in pounds,
shillings and pence, and who, without blushing
prosecute the lovers of their wives for damages.

Among the Noefours, as in many other coun-
tries, the young girl is not supposed to have
wholly lost her virgin estate so long as she has
no children; and it is not until after her first
confinement that she is gratified by the hono-
rable title of *laitiere*. She then loses her
maiden name, and receives a new one. Still
greatly astonished at the discovery of language,
which they consider the highest act of intelli-
gence, primitive peoples do not distinguish
clearly between the soul of the individual and
his name. The savage who hears himself called
trembles in all his being, as if under the charm
of the most powerful incantations. It is also
unbearable to him to have his name taken in
vain by some vulgar mouth and in trivial cir-
cumstances. The young mother must not only
pass through a new baptism, but through a new
birth—a delicate crisis, a moment full of dan-
ger, so that during the whole ceremony she
must keep herself carefully concealed behind a
screen, in order to escape from observation.
One malevolent spectator alone could do her
irreparable injury. She no longer dares say one
word. Certain kinds of food and drink are
brought to her surreptitiously, and while she
swallows them drums are beaten—doubtless to
scare away a crowd of malicious spirits. She
only leaves her hiding place when her new name
has been inaugurated with all the necessary
solemnity. Her friends receive her into their
circle, and make her walk to and fro, while they
wave a piece of blue cotton over her head. But
the mother must not go over the threshold un-
til the child, for whom she is bound to preserve
all her strength, begins to walk alone. If she
tires herself for one day only, it is feared that
the child will have weak legs all its life. We
know that our own country nurses have some
analogous superstitions, and even worse ones.
When at last she is permitted to go out, she
covers her head with a large hat or a piece of
cloth; for if the sun should shine on her, its too
powerful rays might have a fatal effect upon the
baby.

THE entry of the dude upon the stage was of
course inevitable, and an enterprising New York
manager has introduced into his show a com-
pany of young women attired as dudes, who
act and sing in the tired and lah-de-dah style of
that languid type of modern dandyism. The
travesty is very successful; especially effective
is a chorus by the young ladies as dudes; it
may be described as timid warbling. The voices
are faintly piano, and apparently issue from a
jelly-fish race of beings, who have not vital
power enough in them to do more than whisper,
even at the very height of their emotions.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having
had placed in his hands by an East India missionary
the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the
speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bron-
chitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung
Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Ner-
vous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after
having tested its wonderful curative powers in thou-
sands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known
to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive
and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send
free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in
German, French, or English, with full directions for
preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing
with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149
Power's Block, Rochester, N.Y.