THE SANDPIPER.

Across the narrow beach we flit,
One little sandpiper and I
And fast I gather bit by bit,
The scattered driftwood, bleached and dry.
The wild waves reach their hands for it,
The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,
As up and down the beach we flit—
One little sandpiper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds
Scud black and swift across the sky.
Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds
Stand out the white lighthouses high.
Almost as far as eye can reach
I see the close-reefed vessels fly,
As fast we flit along the beach—
One little sandpiper and I.

I watch him as he skims along,
Uttering his sweet and mournful cry:
He starts not at my fitful song,
Or flash of fluttering drapery.
He has no thought of any wrong,
He scans me with a fearless eye.
Staunch friends are we, well tried and strong,
The little sandpiper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night—
When the loosed storm breaks furiously?
My drift-wood fire will burn so bright!
To what warm shelter canst thou fly?
I do not fear for thee though wroth
The tempest rushes through the sky:
For are we not God's children both,
Thou, little sandpiper, and I?

—Celia Thaxter

Lady Latimer's Escape.

BY CHARLOTTE M. BRAEME.

CHAPTER III—CONTINUED.

"You might be tempted some day," she said. "You are beautiful enough, and you have a charm all your own. Remember my words: rather die a hundred deaths than make a miserable marriage. Now come and let us see the house."

We went over that vast mansion together, and the more I saw of Lady Latimer, the more I loved her. When we had gone together some time, I forgot that she was anything but a girl like myself.

We Lovels had always been famous for two things; one was a light-hearted love of laughter, the other was the keenness with which we saw the humorous side of everything. We may have been deficient in some finer qualities, but we certainly made up for it in these. We saw subjects for fun and laughter where other people were solemn as judges. It was this particular quality which made the vicarage the very home of merriment, and which made us popular wherever we went.

When Lady Latimer and I had been together a few hours, she laughed heartily and naturally as I did. We went over the whole house, and its extent, its magnificence, completely astonished me. It was like unraveling a fairy tale; but I saw that this alone would not make any one happy.

I remember that in the library there was a very beautiful picture; it was of a young man, quite young, not more than twenty years of age, wearing the picturesque uniform of the Life Guards. A face that attracted and charmed me, for it had the dark, chivalrous beauty of the knights of old—dark, luminous eyes full of fire and courage, dark, level brows that nearly met, a proud, firm mouth, half covered with a dark mustache, such a face as one sees in the pictures of Spanish knights and princes, yet with a gleam of human tenderness in the eyes that arrested you, and made you stand still before it.

"Who is that, Lady Latimer?" I asked. "Is it the portrait of a person living, or—"

But I could not utter the word "dead" in conjunction with that beautiful, noble face.

"Living," she replied. "Now, Audrey, who is that? Try to guess."

I could not for I knew nothing of the Latimers, except that they existed, and I told her so. She was looking at the picture with smiling eyes.

"That is Lionel Fleming," she said, "heir at law and next of kin to Lord Latimer."

I knew as little of the laws of entail as I did of Greek. I looked up at her quite puzzled.

"He is not Lord Latimer's son," I said.

She laughed.

"No; he is but very distantly related to him," she answered; but, for all that, when the present Lord Latimer dies, Lionel Fleming will succeed him, and become Baron Latimer, of Lorton's Cray."

"Do you know him well?" I asked.

"No. I have only seen him once or twice. He is quartered at Windsor. He will be here in September for the shooting. You seem to admire his face, Audrey."

"I do," was my almost breathless reply. "I have seen nothing so beautiful in my life."

"He is the most popular man in London," she said, "and certainly one of the best matches in England. You can form no idea how he is courted and flattered."

"And spoiled?" I interrupted.

"No; not spoiled," she answered. "He is as noble in character as he is beautiful in face."

"A wonder among men," I commented.

"He is a wonder," she answered, dreamily, "as men go."

Wherever I went during the remainder of that day I saw that face, the name sounded ever in my ears.

"Lionel Fleming." I wondered if I should ever see the original. He was coming in September, and doubtless we should be invited to Lorton's Cray. Then I took myself to task for wasting time in thinking of a picture and a name.

CHAPTER IV.

Dinner that evening was a stately, ceremonious affair, unutterably solemn and dull. The earl presided in great state. Everything was of the rarest and best, but dull and cheerless. Lady Latimer's eyes looked at me as though she would say, "Let us make haste and get it over and get away again." I could imagine what those dinners were like when she was quite alone with the old lord.

She was quite a different Lady Latimer then. It seemed as though all the brightness and the sparkle died out of her. She looked bored by everything. She eat little and drank less. She looked unutterably wearied. Very few words were spoken, and it was a great relief when we withdrew. We went to the drawing-room, where the lamps were lighted, but not turned on full.

"Come, Audrey, to the terrace," she said, "and let us see the May moon shining over the trees and the fountains."

As we stood watching it she suddenly caught my hand, and with a passionate gesture I shall never forget, she cried:

"Oh, Audrey, Audrey! is life worth living after all?"

I was very much puzzled by Lady Latimer. It seemed to me that having so much money, living in such a magnificent house, the fact of being surrounded by every possible luxury under the sun, ought to have made her at least content. If she had passed through those magnificent rooms with a smile or a snatch of song on her lips, or the light of a glad content in her eyes, I could have understood. She seemed to have two moods. When she was with the old lord, silence, weariness, with a certain fine scorn of all and everything; when she was with me, of simple, almost child-like merriment. When it was possible for her to escape the stately, gloomy presence of her husband, she did so, and then it was to hurry to me and beg that I would go out with her; and when we were in the woods together she forgot that she was Lady Latimer, and ran after butterflies, gathered wild flowers like any simple country girl. We spent hours in those bonny Lorton woods. They were like fairy-land. The boughs of the trees met overhead, so that the sunlight which fell on the green grass below became filtered, as it were, through the leaves; a beautiful brook ran through the wood, singing, rippling, clear as crystal, so that one could see the pebbles plainly in its bed; blue forget-me-nots grew on its banks, and the green grass was wet with the shining water. The trees in Lorton woods were strong and tall, with great spreading boughs, and the birds had built nests in them. Surely no other wood or forest ever held so many birds, and surely no other birds ever sung so sweetly as these. Every kind of fern and of wild flower grew there; great sheaves of bluebells, of wild strawberry blossoms, and of the lovely, delicate meadow-sweet. It was a wood full of hidden beauties; we were always finding fresh nooks and corners, each one more beautiful than the other. Lady Latimer loved it. We sat for hours together by the side of the brook, talking on every possible subject except one. We never spoke of herself. I had to go over and over again all the details and routine of our home life. Lady Latimer loved to hear of my father's study and his sermons, and how he visited the sick, and how nervous he was if a baby cried while he was baptizing it; how he cheered the old people, and how kind he was to the young men and maidens of his parish; how he loved the boys, and secretly enjoyed the fun of them. She liked to hear about my mother.

"I should think, Audrey," she said to me one day, "from your description, that your mother must be that wonder of wonders—a perfect woman. She is a saint in church, a help in the study, a manager in the kitchen, a mother in the nursery and a lady in the drawing-room."

"She is all that," I answered laughing, although my eyes were full of tears; that was my mother's portrait to perfection.

Lady Latimer liked best of all to hear about the boys; their adventures, their escapades, their desperate encounters, their daily deadly peril of life and limb, amused her more than anything else. She would talk to me of myself, and what would be my probable fate. I could see nothing before me but a few more quiet years at home, then probably a marriage with a high church curate; but Lady Latimer would laugh and assure me there was something more than that in store for me.

"We shall see what those dark eyes and that dark hair of yours will do for you, Audrey," she would say. For my own part, I could not imagine why nature made, the oldest of nine children and the daughter of a country vicar, beautiful.

During all of those long hours, when life at that vicarage was dissected and laid bare, no word was ever spoken of herself or of Lord Latimer. The longer I remained with them, the greater grew my wonder that she had married him. He was so old, so dull, so gloomy; she so young, so fair, so gay. But no allusion to her marriage ever crossed her lips or mine. I enjoyed my visit. I loved Lady Latimer; everything and every one was pleasant and agreeable to me, and when the time of my visit ended, I returned to the vicarage. I should like to describe that first night of mine at home—how the boys surrounded me, and would insist upon every detail, the most absorbing of which were what I had to eat and to drink. Their eyes opened widely at the history of one of the dinners at Dorton's Cray. Charley, who was always suspected of being a gourmand, cried ecstatically, "I wish I had been there!" The result of our conversation was an anxious inquiry as to whether Lady Latimer meant to invite them, and when I told them that she had even fixed on a day, their delight knew no bounds.

I was not much surprised a few days afterward, to find Lord Latimer in my father's study, and he had come with a request, a petition, a prayer from Lady Latimer. It was that I might go and live with her entirely. She found herself lonely, and when she was lonely she was not well. There was a grave consultation between my parents. My mother said how useful I was to her, and how much she should miss my help among the children and in the house. My father said that he had never anticipated any of his daughters leaving home, but the stipend offered, a hundred and fifty pounds per annum, was a large one, and would be a great help with the number of children and the small income. My dear mother argued that I should be able to spare at least one hundred for the use of those at home.

At last it was decided. My father held out the longest; his pride was touched at the thought that one of his daughters should have to leave home. But even that yielded before the thought of the comfort that that additional hundred per annum would give him.

There was dismay and dread among the boys; there was, in fact, a revolution. Why should Audrey; their own sister and special friend, go away from them to live with Lady Latimer? It was not fair, and they decided in their own especial parlance "not to stand it." Their sister belonged to them, and not to Lady Latimer. They wished now that she had never come to Lorton's Cray. They wanted Audrey for themselves. The dear, gentle mother listened in patience. Then she explained to them the great advantages that must be derived from another hundred per annum, and what a nice thing it would be for me to be always well dressed, and meeting people who moved in high society.

"We are high society, mother," said Bob, reproachfully. "There is no one better than you and my father."

My mother kissed him in her quiet, gentle fashion.

"It will be best, my dear," she said. And then the boys knew that their plan of action had failed.

There was only one comfort for them: living at Lorton's Cray, forming one of that most august household, I should be able to obtain some indulgences for them, such as an occasional ride or drive; and afterward both Lord and Lady Latimer proved very kind in this respect. They were kind altogether; great hampers of game and fruit went from the hall to the vicarage; great parcels of toys came for the boys, but the privilege of riding was the one they valued most.

So it came about that I was installed at Lorton's Cray as a companion to its mistress, with a salary of one hundred and fifty per annum, and a nice room of my own. I thought myself the most fortunate of girls.

And now I come to the heart of my story. I had left the simple, happy home of my youth. I was in a new world and a new sphere of life. I must add this one remark while speaking of myself: I was just eighteen, but like many eldest daughters of large families, I was much older than my years. I had, it seemed to me, passed through the experience of a lifetime, and I believe most eldest daughters have the same feeling.

From the moment I entered the house until the strange events happened which close my story, Lady Latimer clung to me with wonderful love. She seemed to rely on me, to trust me. She never liked to have me out of her sight. No sister ever cared for another as she did for me.

I remember one bright June morning she was standing on the lawn feeding some tame doves. The sunlight lay on her golden hair, her white dress, and the cluster of roses at her throat; a picture fair as the day itself. There was a dreamy sadness in her exquisite face. She left the pretty birds, and stood looking over the square of fountains. The beautiful silvery spray rose high in the air.

I went up to her. Her eyes wore a dreamy, far-off look that I have never seen in any other face.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Lamp Shades.

An English electrical firm is introducing some striking novelties in electric lamp shades. These shades are made of a specially selected description of natural feathers, dyed in choice tints, and arranged in artistic shapes and combinations of color. Among other beautiful designs of shades for floor and table lamps are the representations of various kinds of flowers, made separately and grouped together on skeleton frames. The result is an entire departure from the hackneyed style of silk and lace shades now in vogue. The general construction of the shades is protected by a patent, and every design is registered. It is a noteworthy fact that the designer of nearly all the patterns is a young woman, who derives an excellent income from her work.

Out of Practice.

A colored woman presented herself as a candidate for confirmation in the diocese of Florida, and was required to say the creed, the Lord's prayer and the commandments. She got through with the first two very well, as somebody had evidently been coaching her, but when she came to the last she bungled and hesitated, and then remarked in a confidential tone to the clergyman:

"De fac' is, Mr. Turpin, I hasn't been practicin' de Ten comman'ments lately."—Life.

Working Both Ways.

Truckman—Boss, I'll have to charge you $2 for haulin' these ashes away. It's more'n two miles to the dump, and the 'thorities won't let us empty them this side of it. They watch us mighty close.

Same Truckman, two hours later—Cap'n, I'll have to charge you $2 fur this load of ashes. Everybody's puttin' in these cement walks now and has to have fillin', and good ashes is mighty hard to git now, I tell you.—Chicago Tribune.

The Dog Feared a Scarcity of Cake at the Church Social.

A lady near here recently made a cake to take to a society supper, and after it was well frosted set it out of doors to cool. When she went for it it had disappeared, and not having time to bake another, she had to buy one to carry. The same afternoon a church circle, who were getting ready for a supper, were called out by a big dog, who was found on the steps to the vestry holding in his mouth a handsome cake on a pan. No one recognized the dog, but, supposing he had been sent by some one, the cake was taken from him, he giving it up cheerfully. But on inquiry later no one could be found who knew anything about the dog. The mystery increased until it came to the ears of the lady who lost the cake, but even yet the mystery of the dog's friendship for that church is unsolved. —Portland Express.

Boiled Turkey With Celery.

Chop half a head of celery very fine. Mix with one quart of bread crumbs, two scant tablespoonfuls of salt, half a teaspoonful of pepper, two heaping tablespoonfuls of butter and two eggs. Stuff the turkey with this, sew up and truss. Wring a large square of white cotton cloth out of cold water, and dredge it thickly with flour. Pin the turkey in this, and plunge into boiling water. Let it boil rapidly for fifteen minutes, then set it back where it will simmer. Allow three hours for a turkey weighing nine pounds, and twelve minutes for every additional pound. Serve with celery sauce. The stuffing may be made the same as above, only substite oysters for celery, and serve with oyster sauce.

Two Teams.

Here is a really funny story which will amuse all who are interested in football. On the occasion of a great match in one of the English counties, between a number of military officers and a team of barristers, the former had prepared a splendid lunch for the visitors before the game. Both teams did thorough justice to the lunch, and the legal gentlemen going in strong for the indigestibles, the officers anticipated an easy victory. On looking towards the football-grounds, however, after lunch, the officers espied a remarkably fresh-looking lot of giants kicking the ball about, and, in amazement, asked their guests who the strangers were.

"Oh," replied one of them, just finishing his last mouthful, "that's our playing team; we are only the lunching team, you know."

A word About Ducks.

When ducks have been properly cared for, they often begin laying as early as January, though February is the more usual time. The eggs from ducks bring nearly double the price of hens' eggs in some markets, and as the duck will lay from 100 to 140 eggs she is a very valuable fowl. In feeding ducks do not give them too much grain to the exclusion of other foods. Cooked turnips, with a small quantity of ground meat added and enough ground oats and cornmeal to make the mess palatable, will make a cheap meal and answer all purposes, but if they are laying well they should be fed three times a day, beginning early in the morning. They must have animal food in some form, or they will not lay well. Weak legs indicate not only that the ducks are overfed, but when the quarters are damp they will sometimes get the rheumatism. It is best to allow them to run out for exercise when it can be done, and their quarters should be clean, with plenty of cut straw on the floor.

Ah! to what gulf a single deviation from the track of human duties leads.

Genius begins great works; labor alone finishes them.

Effects of Modern Rifle Bullets.

Professor Bois Reymond, the physiologist, has been experimenting as to the effect of modern German rifle bullets on the human body. He says: "The bullet of the old styled rifle bored only a comparatively small hole in the portions of the body through which it passed, whereas the new bullet has an astonishing explosive effect. If, for instance, the ball passes through the head of the corpse, the skull is burst asunder in all directions, and very little of the head remains." The professor explains by saying that the speed of the bullet is so great that when it meets an obstacle it dashes to pieces exactly the same as drops of hardened glass burst asunder when the points are broken off.

There is nothing so powerful as truth—and often nothing so strange.

Little drops of rain brighten the meadows, and little drops of kindness brighten the world.

Man is of too noble and too high a birth to be a slave to his body.

The right to command is the fruit of labors, the price of courage.

If you know how to spend less than you get, you have the philosopher's stone.

One can have no greater enemy than a violent temper.

W. N. U., Omaha—11. 1895