A WORLD SONG OF LOVE.

Off to the sea
Where the wind blows free;
For Love was a sailor—a sailor!
And the captain cried:
"O'er the sea so wide
I shall sit me down at my true love's side;
For she waits for me where the blossoms bide."
O Love was a sailor—a sailor!

Ho! for the hills
And the whip-poor-wills;
For Love was a landsman—a landsman!
And under skies
Beamed a maiden's bright eyes;
And the boy at the plowshare grew old and grew wise,
And read the world's meaning—its songs and its sighs.
O Love was a landsman—a landsman!

Ho! for all places—
All skies and all faces;
For Love was a rover—a rover!
Never tempest or tide
Drove the world from his side,
They came in their rags, or they came in their pride,
And they kissed him and lived, and they kissed him died;
O Love was a rover—a rover!

—Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

MY UNCLE'S LEGACY.

CHARLEY WIBURN and I are cousins; but, somehow, I scarcely seemed to belong to the family at all. We had no end of relations, and he was a general favorite with all, even some he had never seen, for they would die and leave him legacies. He was constantly getting some little "windfall" of this kind, till at length "Charley Wiburn's luck" became a general catchword among us—a synonyme for all that was lucky and fortunate.

One morning at breakfast—we were artists, and shared the same rooms and studio—he received a black edged letter, which, upon opening and reading, he cast down with a discontented look.

"Another funeral to go to," he grumbled, "and here are my pictures unfinished, and next week is sending-in-day!"

"Who is it now?" I asked. "Another legacy, I suppose, eh?"

"Very likely," he returned, indifferently—he was so used to these things he scarcely took any notice of them. "It's Uncle Alexander Stephen. Did you know him?"

I shook my head. "Have heard of him; never saw him," I said.

"I hardly knew him myself," Charley explained—"at least, not since I was a boy. It's a rare bother, this, coming just now. Such a long journey into the country. I say, Jack, you have done your pictures and sent them in, and have nothing to do for a spell—couldn't you go down for me?"

"What, in your name?" I exclaimed.

"Yes; why not? It's years since I was among any of the set. This letter is from a Mr. Parchly, the solicitor to the will, I suppose; he doesn't know me. You are Jack Wiburn—it's only a difference of Christian names; and it's all in the family, you know."

To cut the matter short, I had to consent, as I generally did where Charley was concerned.

I took the lawyer's letter, as a sort of credential, and set out, grumbling a good deal at what I considered Charley's "cheek" in thus making use of me. If I had finished up my work before he had, it was only because I had worked at it more constantly; and now, instead of reaping the advantage in the shape of a few days' rest, he made it an excuse for sending me off on a lugubrious mission like this; and Charley would, no doubt, have a good legacy, too, out of it.

"I don't suppose it's much," he said to me. "Perhaps a hundred or two—hardly worth going down for, you know!"

So I had to go—with no legacy in view at all, small or large.

However, as I have said, I set out for the place—it was in Devonshire—and in due course I arrived at the little town, and put up at a hotel for the night. The funeral was fixed for the following day, and on inquiry I learned that the house I had to go to was only a short distance away.

The next day, therefore, saw me among the assembled guests. I found out Mr. Parchly, and silently showed him his own letter. "Ah," said he, "you are Mr. Wiburn. Very good. Glad to see you." I did not reply, so he concluded that I was Charley Wiburn, without my having said anything one way or the other.

But, when, after the funeral, the will came to be read, I found Charley was down for £5000! This made me think it harder lines than ever that I should have had to come down in his place. The weather was atrociously cold, the March winds strong and blustering, with showers of sleet and snow; and I felt cold and miserable. At the end of the reading of the will I was making my way out to get back to the hotel, when some one said: "Mr. Wiburn, I believe?" I looked around, and saw a stiff, military-looking old boy regarding me with a smile through his spectacles. "Charley," said he, "don't you remember me?" I thought to myself, "Oh, now I'm in for it. Here's a nice mess—all through trying to serve Charley. Just my bad luck." This feeling did not grow less when he said: "Milly wants to speak to you. She has been looking at you, and says she can hardly recognize you for her old playfellow." ("No wonder," I thought. "It would be strange if she did!")

She came up and shook hands; and the moment I looked at her I simply fell helplessly over head and ears in love then and there. She seemed to me the loveliest, most adorable creature I had ever seen. A sudden resolve came into my mind. Rather than run the risk of losing the chance I now had of speaking to her, I would say nothing about my not being "Charley," let the consequence be what they might.

"Don't you remember your little playmate, Milly?" said she, with a blush and an entrancing look of her beautiful eyes. "Well, it's not so surprising, for I should never have known you, either, if Mr. Parchly had not pointed you out to us."

Before I exactly realized what I was doing, I was whisked off to Major Rainfield's house—as I found the name of Milly's father to be—to dine, calling at the hotel for my evening "togs" on the way.

I found the Major's house a neat, quiet looking little place, on the outskirts of the town. He lived alone with his daughter (his wife being dead), a housekeeper and one servant. Though everything was comfortable, there was that indescribable air that gave one the impression that they were not too well off as regards this world's goods.

Since I was not too well off, either, this would not have troubled me, but for that legacy of £5000 I was supposed to have come in for. "Was that the secret cause of this sudden friendliness?" I asked myself. But when I looked at Milly, and saw the frank glance of her truthful, honest looking eyes, I felt ashamed of myself; nor, when I regarded the Major, and noted the open, manly look the fine old soldier gave back to me, could I bring myself to think of him as a scheming old fortune hunter.

Such good friends did we three become that I lingered on in the place for a week, during which time I daily grew more uncomfortable at the part I was playing. At last I sought out Milly one day, alone, and confessed the truth to her.

"I am not surprised," she said; "I thought you were not much like the Charley I used to know. But I am sorry for you—sorry to think your cousin should have got that £5000, while you were not even so much mentioned."

"Ah!" I said, with a sigh, "that is Charley's luck—and mine. It is always the same—always has been, and always will be, I suppose."

I was thinking what I dared not say—that, if that £5000 had but been mine, I could have asked her to be mine, too; whereas now, with my poor prospects—well, of course, it was folly even to dream of such a thing.

I watched her narrowly after that, but could see no difference in her treatment of me.

I had written to Charley, telling him of his good fortune, and that I was going to stay on down here for a few days; but beyond a brief note expressing wonder at whatever attraction I could see there at that time of the year, he had said nothing and written no further; not a word of thanks, or of reference to his £5000 legacy.

Another week slipped by, and I still stayed on. At the end of that time I was in such a state of mind that, one day, finding myself alone with Mill, I blurted out my hopeless love for her, and said I should go away at once, for I felt that I could not possibly stay on there any longer. Milly, always quiet and self-possessed, remained silent a while, and then said, looking down:

"I think you had better speak to papa."

"What!" I rapturously exclaimed, "do you really bid me hope, Milly? "Do you really think there is a possibility of your father"—I stopped and shook my head. "Alas, no!" I said, "such a thing could not happen to me. It would be Charley's luck, that—not mine."

"Well," said Milly, composedly, "they say you never know your luck till you try; but if you are too faint-hearted to try, why, of course—"

"I'll go off and find the Major, and have it out at once," I burst out.

And I saw him accordingly, and told him the whole story, humbly apologizing for daring to ask for his daughter's hand, when, as I was bound to tell him, I was not Charley, but Jack Wiburn, and I had no £5000 legacy, and no prospects in particular, and "no luck!"

"H'm," said the Major, "how is it Master Charley comes in for all the "luck in this way?"

"I don't know, sir," I answered dolefully. "He goes about more, and makes himself more liked, I think, while I"—I hesitated.

"While you stick at home and work. Is that it?" he said.

"Well," I returned, "I try my best. You see, I have nothing else to rely on—or hope for—like Charley. It's his luck—and mine!"

"However," said the Major," "I have been told you get your pictures hung, and sell them, which is more than he does. Is that luck, too?"

To this I made no reply; I couldn't see its relevancy.

"Now, look here, Mr. Jack Wiburn," the Major went on, "I knew you were not Charley Wiburn" (I looked up in surprise). "Milly told me; and I have made certain inquiries of my own, and I have something to tell you. The late Alexander Stephen Wiburn was a very old and intimate friend of mine, and had long ago set his heart upon Milly's marrying Charley." (Here I jumped up excitedly, but he waved his hand to me as a sign to be quiet.) "But he was determined that, if it came about at all, it should be spontaneous, and not through any compulsion or unworthy motive. But in that will you heard read the other day there was something you did not hear—it was mixed up in another matter; but it comes to this, that if Milly married 'his nephew,' he and she were to have a certain sum between them to commence housekeeping with. I have consulted Mr. Parchly upon this matter, as 'Charley's' name is not expressly mentioned, and as he would not take the trouble to come down himself, even to the funeral of his poor old uncle, who had been so kindly disposed to him, if Milly likes you well enough to have you, you and she will be just as much entitled to the sum set aside as if Master Charley had married her; and I am sure I shall not object to the substitution. In the will the only condition is that Milly shall marry 'his nephew,' and of course you are as much his nephew as Charley is. Therefore, I leave it with Milly; if she says 'Yes,' I say the same, and you will both have something to set up housekeeping with."

No need to tell the joy with which I heard this unexpected news, or the heartiness with which I thanked the kind-hearted Major.

"I'll go off and tell Milly at once," I said; but I had not gone far when he called me back.

"You don't ask how much you will have to start housekeeping upon," he said.

"What matter, sir, since you think it enough?" I answered.

"H'm; but you may as well know. You may not think it enough."

"How much is it, then?" I asked.

"Fifty thousand pounds!" said the Major.

And this is what Charley lost and I gained by that journey—Milly (worth more than all) and £50,000!

And now Charley won't speak to me or to my wife—for Milly and I are married, and he says I meanly took advantage of him; but I say, as I used to say before, it is all his luck—and mine.—The Gentlewoman.

The Dogs of Constantinople.

No traveler returning from Constantinople considers a description of that wonderful city at all complete without a reference to dogs, which are almost as numerous as the inhabitants, and quite as peculiar. Most of them are probably descendants of half-tamed wolves and jackals, and they retain the meanest qualities of both. Mangy, diseased, scarred, bleeding, with ragged coats, broken legs, and never a whole tail among them, they lie about the butchers' stalls, occupy the middle of the streets in squads of ten or a dozen, so that camels, donkeys, horses and people have to turn out to make way for them; dig little dens in the roads, where they raise large families without molestation; follow the poor liver-vendors in screaming, yelping packs, half the time disposing of his wares before he meets his first customer, and making his life more of a burden than the meat he carries; upset the sweetmeat peddlers and devour their stores; bark and yelp and fight unceasingly, and fall upon everything that is at all helpless, from a wounded goat or sheep, a broken-down camel, or donkey, to a drunken, reeling stranger, and dispose of them. Strange as it may seem, too, these miserable creatures are not only tolerated, but it would be considered criminal by the Turks to kill them.

Some years ago, the dogs of Top-Hane at Constantinople became absolutely unbearable, so that at last the Sultan, Abdul Medjid, consented that they should be exported. Accordingly a large vessel was chartered, thousands of miserable curs were coaxed on board by various inducements, and away they merrily sailed to one of the large, rocky islands in the Sea of Marmora. Here a feast was spread, and the dogs disembarked for a picnic, and while they were making merry, doggish fashion, the ship sailed away without them. But when the people in Constantinople found what had happened they raised such an uproar that the Government was forced to send their vessel out to bring their dogships back again, and since then they have been felt in peace. Why they are thus tolerated has never been explained. Some say "because the Koran, which is the Turkish Bible, recommended charity toward all creatures;" others, "because the sacred books speak of them;" and others, "because Mohammed, the victorious, brought a numerous train of them when he entered triumphantly into the city." Another odd thing is that though they are thus protected and allowed to remain in the city, not one of them has a master, for they are condemned by the Koran as "unclean."

Like a well-disciplined army, they have their sentinels and their guards, and woe to the stranger who shall allow himself to wander into the country of the enemy! He is at once set upon and torn limb from limb, and in a trice the last vestige of him has vanished from the sight of men. The only good thing that can be said of these dogs is that they keep the streets clean of everything but themselves. No garbage carts are needed there, for the dogs have never been known to leave a morsel of anything about that was capable of being swallowed.

Music Had No Charms.

Returning home from an all-night dance near Gladwyn two Manayunk musicians had quite an adventure with an infuriated bull in a field which they crossed as a short cut to the highway. When midway in the field the bull charged at full speed upon the two men. The owner of the bass viol pulled the covering from his instrument quickly and began to pull the bow over the strings with a vengeance, hoping to charm the bull, which stood with head lowered, bellowing angrily, and pawing up the turf with its forefeet. The first violin left his comrade to his fate and made tracks for the nearest fence. He had hardly arrived at the fence in safety when he saw his unlucky friend tossed into the air. The bass viol was impaled upon the brute's horns. While the bull was engaged in battering the fiddle to atoms the man escaped with only a few bruises.—Philadelphia Record.

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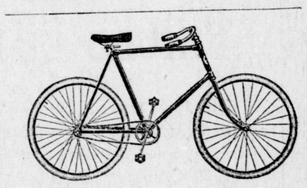
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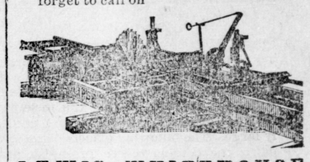
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