

Asking.
He stole from my bodice a rose;
My cheek was its color the while;
But, ah, the sly rogue! he well knows
Had he asked it, I must have said no.
He snatched from my lips a soft kiss:
I tried at a frown—'twas a smile;
For, ah, the sly rogue! he knows this
Had he asked it, I must have said no.
That "asking" in love's a mistake;
It puts one in mind to refuse:
'Tis best not to ask, but to take;
For it saves one the need to say no.
Yet, stay—this is folly I've said:
Some things should be asked if desired:
My rhyme hopes my promise to wed;
When he asks me I will not say no.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

Showing How An Old Salt Found a Wife When He Least Expected One.
One of the puzzling things I know on for a stranger is the way they has in England of namin' their streets. You gets into the street you wants, and afore you've gone a dozen blocks you find it's changed its name and you're in an entirely different street. Thus one and the same street will sometimes have three or four different names afore you've gone the whole length of it.
I mind a funny blunder I made once in consequence of this, though, arter all, it turred out all right, just as if I'd a kept my right reckonin'.
When I used for to be goin' reglar into the Liverpool packets, out of one ship and into another, it so happened that I come for to be shipmates with a chap as were called Dick Ostrom, three or four v'yages one arter another, and we got for to be chums like.
Dick were one of those steady chaps; didn't never go onto no spees, always boarded to the Sailor's Home when he were in New York, and went to church Sundays. Dick were a pretty good sort of a chap and a tiptop sailorman as well, and so we got to be chummies, turbin' in and out together at sea, and wearin' each other's dunnage. The both of us come in the John R. Skiddy, and then both shipped agin in the New World.
I expect Dick were the bashfullest chap along of wimmint that ever stood on two legs. Sailors ain't given much that way, sir, and it were a wonder, seen in as he'd been so long in that trade, that he hadn't a got over it, but you see he never went round like the rest of us, and would turn the color of red buntin' if any of the gals at the boardin' house said anythin' to him, and that was the way they come for to call him "Bashful Dick."
Soon as supper were over Dick would top his boom and sail barge and none of us know'd where he went to, and we supposed he either went aboard or else to some gospel shop to hear a bit of preachin', anyway his way weren't our way, and we didn't trouble ourselves about it.
While we was in Liverpool that time in the New World, we got the riggin' up fore and aft, and me and Dick was up in the foretop one day—Saturday it were—a sezoin' off the topmast riggin', when all of a sudden Dick says to me: "Tom, I've an idee of gittin' spliced."
Well, if he'd a told me he'd an idee of jimpin' out of that top, I wouldn't have been more astonished. "All right, my lad," says I, "if so be as you gits the right kind of a lass. You'd better be sure she's seaworthy afore you ships."
"She's too good for me, I'm at a-ud," says Dick.
"That I'm sure she ain't," says I. "Where does she hail from and how on arth did you ever come aghart her haws?"
"She lives here," says Dick, "and I've been crisin' off and on in her wake for a couple of years or so, and I've been a savin' up till I've got \$500 in the bank at home; and that's enough I think for to get spliced on."
"Five hundred dollars," says I; "why, it's a fortune, it's more than ever I had, an my life at one time, and I've been spliced for years. When is it to come off? if it'll be any help to you, I can give you the mark and number of the chap as spliced me, and he's a man as will do the job neat and cheap."
"Well, as to that," says Dick, "I ain't said nothin' to her about it as yet. I thought I would last v'yage in the Skiddy, but every time I went there some o' them barked up, and I couldn't jest git it, and since I've been here this time I've gone there lots of times detarmined to say somethin' about it, but the fact is, Tom, I can't do it, and there's the truth about it. You've seen me in many a gale of wind, and you know that where any man can go I can go, and that I ain't last at anythin' them times; but alongside of a woman, Tom, I'm nothin' but a baby." Not but what I can take care of one, Tom, if I'm once spliced to her, and she needn't be afraid of wantin' for anythin' so long as I have my health. But it's just as I tell you, Tom, when I comes to the pint of speakin' about it, I always think I'll wait till next time."
Well, I thought the thing over a while, and then I says: "Dick, my flower; it's clear that you can't do this thing by yourself, and as you and I has been shipmates for so long, I don't mind lendin' you a hand in this here business; provided when I sees the craft, I judges her all right. To-morrow is a Sunday, and to-morrow arternoon I'll rig up, and you shall give me her mark and number and I'll go up and see her and fix this thing for you in a jiffy. You see havin' been one v'yage to larn myself, I can do it as easy as jimpin' aboard."
"Tom," says Dick, "this here were just what I were a-goin' for to ask you to do for me."

Well, sir, next mornin' arter we'd washed the decks and had breakfast, I went over in Waterloo road, and paid threepence for a shore-shave, and then I puts on a pair of blue cloth pants and a white shirt, and I borrowed a red plush vest from a chap named Billy Small, and put Dick's frock coat over that, and with a high hat which I borrowed from the third mate, I jest looked equal to anythin'.
The sailin' directions I got from Dick were to stand up Mortimer street to the head of it, where it is crossed by Rincon street, turn round Rincon street, go about three blocks to No. 65, and ask for Mrs. Lee. Well, I kept my reckonin' all straight till I come to Rincon street, and then it struck me that Dick hadn't said which way to turn; but rememberin' that the rule of the road were always for to port your helm, I sheers around to the right at a venture, thinkin' I'd soon git a true departure by the numbers. For the first block there weren't no numbers; there were a vacant place, and a factory, and what not, but when I come to No. 25 on the next block, I were glad I had made a lucky land-fall, and were sure I were right. Of course then all I had for to do were to follow along till I got to No. 65. It were a nice little two-story brick house, and as I ringed the bell I couldn't help wonderin' how ever Dick had fetched up in such moorin'-s as these. There were a nice little lass opened the door, and when I asked her if Mrs. Lee were at home, she said she were, and asked me to walk in.
"What name shall I say?" says she, as I went into a snug little parlor on the right of the hall.
"Well, miss," says I, "as she don't know me, the name don't matter; tell her it's a friend from a perticular friend, as would like to see her on important business."
"Yes, sir," says she, and I thought to myself if the mistress is as nice as the maid, I don't wonder at Dick, and then I thought of what I'd promised old Neptune the first time I crossed the line, "never to kiss the maid if I could kiss the mistress, unless I liked the maid the best," and wondered if I should like the mistress as well as I did the maid.
Presently there come into the room as neat a little craft as one would wish to meet in a day's sail. Fine figurehead, good smooth bow, able body, and clean run, all bhipshape and Bristol fashion fore and aft.
"Did you wish to see me?" she said, and I didn't wonder at Dick gittin' in the doldrums, for I weren't much better myself. You see I thought it would be a easy thing for to do, but now that it had got to be done I didn't hardly know what to say.
"The fact is, marm," says I, "a standin' up afore her, and I wished I were a humdred miles away." "Dick Ostrom, whom I s'pose you know well, is a chum of mine, and him havin' now been snipmates off and on for over a year, and put Dick, marm, to a weather earin' in a gale of wind, and there ain't none better, as anybody'll say as has ever been shipmates with him, but alongside of a woman, marm, as no doubt you have observed, Dick as he's a seerky as a colt, and so you see, marm, havin' long e'en a most worshipped the ground you stand on, he never couldn't git his courage up to the stickin' pint for to tell you so, and so I bein' his chum, volunteered for to come and let you know how the land lay, and that Dick, havin' saved up a good bit of money, were willin' for to be spliced, if so be as how it were agreeable to you, marm," and I wiped the sweat off my brow and were glad it were over.
Well, she looked kind of confused, but I seen that she weren't displeased, and she says: "I s'pose I know the gentleman you speak of, havin' noticed him in meetin'."
"Oho," thinks I, there's were Dick come across this craft. "But," says she, "this is so sudden, so entirely unexpected, that really I am not prepared to say anythin'."
"He'll never come near you agin, marm," says I, "unless he thinks he has some little sight; may I tell him that he may come up and see you to-morrow night?"
"I shall be home to-morrow night," says she, "and of course I'm always glad for to see my friends."
"Talk enough, marm," says I, for I considered the business as good as settled, and I bid her good arternoon, she lettin' me out of the door herself.
Well, I goes out and sees Dick, and I says: "It's all right, old chap, and you're a mighty lucky fellow; all you've got to do is to haul alongside as soon as ever you like, and the widdler's yours, and she'll be expectin' you to-morrow night." But Dick were too much in a hurry to wait for the next night, and away he goes that same evenin' as happy as a young porpus.
I turned in mayhap about ten o'clock that night, and were jest droppin' off to sleep when I were woke up by Dick. "I don't want to strike you in your bunk," says he, "but git up and put on your pants, and come out on deck, and we'll have this out here and now."
"Avast," says I, "there's some mistake here, and I ain't a-going to fight till I knows what it's for, and anyhow I ain't a-goin' out on deck for to fight, 'cause the watchman will call a policeman, and we'll both be locked up in less than no time; so whatever's the trouble, it'll keep till mornin', and then if I've done anythin' agin you, we'll set down to the north shore, and fight it out pleasant."
Some of the rest of the chaps had got waked up, and they took my part, and jest told Dick there musn't be no fightin' there, and them and he agreed for to put it off till mornin', "and then," says

he, "I'll larn you how to fool a shipmate."
Well, he goes out on deck and I heard him a walkin' there and waited a spell, and then I went out and I says: "Now, chummie, what's this all about?"
Says he: "You never went near that woman, and have made a fool of me."
"Avast!" says I, "who says so?"
"She says so," says he.
"Then," says I, "with all due respect, and I'm sorry to say it of such a nice creeter as she appeared to be, she tells a thunderin' lie. Taint no use, Dick, for me and you to fight over this thing, I'll go up with you to-morrow, and if I don't convince you that she lies, don't never call me shipmate agin. She ain't worth stoppin' out of bed for; go turn in and take your rest like a man."
Well, sir, next night we goes up together, and when we gets to the top of Mortimer street, instead of portin', Dick starboarded.
"Hold hard, old fellow: right your helm," says I, "that aint the way."
"Yes it is," says he, "this here is Rincon street, t'other way is Douglass street."
"I don't care what you call it," says I, "this here's the way I went, and at No. 65 I found Mrs. Lee, and a mighty nice body she is."
"That's Douglass street," says he, "and you went all wrong."
"I found Mrs. Lee, and so I went all right," says I. "And now we must go and explain to her how this mistake occurred."
Well, it were a long time afore I could git Dick to go, but at last he did, and we were let in by the same tidy little lass that had opened the door the day before. We didn't have to wait long afore the widdler come down, and if I thought her charmin' the day before, you may just believe me, sir, she were perfectly bewilderin' this evenin', with all her kites aloft, and every one of 'em pullin'. I seen at once that she'd never set eyes on Dick afore, so 'twas clear she had thought I come from somebody else, so there were a blunder all round.
Of course, I had to be the spokesman, and I ups and I tells her the whole story, poor Dick sittin' there lookin' as sheepish as you please, and the comical side of it struck her so that she burst into laughter.
Well, she insisted on our havin' a glass of wine, and she told us she kind of cottoned to us, 'cause her first husband had been a sailor, havin' been mate of a ship out to Liverpool, and she said we must always come and see her whenever we come to Liverpool.
"Mind, now," says she to Dick as we were goin' away, "when you come up the street don't always turn to the left; come and see me sometimes."
Well, sir, the other Mrs. Lee kept a public house, but weren't it odd that both numbers should be 65? I went in the California trade arter I got back, and I weren't in Liverpool agin for near two years, but one day a-goin' along Loud Hall street who should I meet but Dick Ostrom. Well, he were delighted to see me and insisted that I should go home with him and see his wife.
"I managed it arter all, old chap," says he, "and thanks to you." But when I got to his house and found that his wife was my Mrs. Lee, I thought he had much to thank for.
The Emblematic Eagle.
The Etruscans, says Appleton's American Cyclopaedia, revised edition, were the first who adopted the eagle as the symbol of royal power, and bore its image as a standard at the head of their armies. From the time of Marius it was the principal emblem of the Roman republic, and the only standard of the legions. It was represented with outspread wings, and was usually of silver, till the time of Hadrian, who made it of gold. The double-headed eagle was in use among the Byzantine emperors, to indicate, it was said, their claim to the empire both of the East and the West; it was adopted in the fourteenth century by the German emperors, and afterward appeared on the arms of Russia. The arms of Prussia are distinguished by the black eagle, and those of Poland bore the white. The white-headed eagle is the emblematic device of the United States of America, is the badge of the order of the Cincinnati, and is figured on coins. Napoleon adopted the eagle for the emblem of imperial France; it was not, however, represented in heraldic style, but in its natural form, with the thunderbolts of Jupiter. It was disused under the Bourbons, but was restored by a decree of Louis Napoleon (January 1, 1852).
Macaulay's Tribute to the Mother.
Children, look in those eyes, listen to that dear voice, notice the feeling of even a single touch that is bestowed on you by that gentle hand. Make much of it while yet you have that most precious of all good gifts, a loving mother. Read the unfaithful love in those eyes, the kind anxiety of that tone and look, however slight your pain. In after life you may have friends, and fond, dear, kind friends; but never will you have again the inexpressible love and gentleness lavished upon you which a mother bestows. Often do I sigh, in my struggles with the hard, uncaring world, for the sweet, deep security I felt when, of an evening, nestling in her bosom, I listened to some quiet tale, suitable to my age, read in her untiring voice. Never can I forget her sweet glances cast upon me when I appeared asleep; never her kiss of peace at night. Years have passed since we laid her beside my father in the old churchyard; yet still her voice whispers from the grave and her eye watches over me as I visit spots long since hallowed to the memory of my mother.

A FRENCH EPISODE.
A Chemist becomes Famous through a valuable discovery and his wife a Raving Maniac.
A Paris correspondent tells the following touching story: The sad case of the insanity of Mme. Le Duc, wife of the well known chemist who has achieved such a wonderful thing in diamonds, is attracting much attention. The story is as follows: M. Le Duc is a chemist whose hobby has been diamonds for years. He was in moderate circumstances, yet with a fair prospect before him when he married the daughter of a well known silk dealer. Shortly after the marriage M. Le Duc commenced experimenting on charcoal, believing that he could discover the secret of creating diamonds from it. He worked night and day on this hobby, and, of course, spent all the means he had and all he could borrow to carry on his experiments. His family more than once was in very straightened circumstances, and his father-in-law discovered that all the money he gave his daughter was handed over to her husband to continue the experiments, endeavored to induce her to leave him and return to her home. The chemist had imbued his wife with his strange infatuation and she would not leave.
M. Le Duc discovered after several years, what others had discovered before, the fallacy of his attempts, but he also made a discovery of no slight importance, that he could harden crystal to about the consistency of diamonds and plate these crystals with real diamonds. His process was similar to that of electrotyping; the battery being used, and the diamond dust or diamond chippings from diamonds being used as copper is, the result being that the crystal was diamondized, if I may use the term. He made some of these mock diamonds, and taking them to a broker the chemist was delighted to find that his work was taken for the real jewel. M. Le Duc's father-in-law died a few years ago and his wife inherited some two hundred thousand francs. This she turned over to her husband willingly, and it was devoted to the laboratory. The poor woman was as fully carried away as the chemist, and her desire that he should succeed, with her fear of failure, and with failure that her children should suffer from poverty, worked seriously upon her mind. Of late she has evidently suffered much, but she kept her grief from her husband, and hoped for the best.
When the chemist finally succeeded in his scheme and turned outstones that even the brokers believed to be real diamonds, he rushed with the glad tidings to his wife. She partook of his joy, yet her mind had been so strained that the blow, joyous as it was, was too much for her, and she, after listening to the exclamations of her husband, broke out into an unnatural peal of laughter, which was followed by tears and cries. It was evident that she was insane; that she had suffered too much, and reason had deserted its throne. At times her mania was of a quiet kind, but often it was of the most violent description, bursting forth into terrible expressions of rage. On several occasions she attempted to take the life of her youngest child, declaring that all their property was gone and only poverty stared them in the face, and it became necessary to remove her to a private madhouse, where she is now confined, subject to the most terrible ravings.
Poor M. Le Duc! On the very day that he became famous in Paris has this terrible affliction befallen him.

A Sepoy Narrative.
One day, in one of the inclosed buildings near Lucknow, a great number of prisoners were taken, nearly all Sepoys. After the fight they were all brought in to the officer commanding my regiment, and in the morning the order came that they should all be shot. It chanced that it was my turn to command the firing party. I asked the prisoners their names and regiment. After hearing some five or six, one Sepoy said he belonged to the _____ regiment, which was that my son had been in. I of course asked him if he had known my son, Anutee Ram. He answered that that was his own name; but this being a very common name, and having always imagined that my son, as I had never heard from him, must have died of the Scinde fever, it did not at first strike me; but when he informed me he came from Tillowee, my heart leaped in my mouth. Could he be my son? There was no doubt of it, for he gave my name as his father, and he fell down at my feet, imploring my pardon. He, with all the other men in the regiment, had mutinied, and had gone to Lucknow. Once the deed was done, what was he to do? Where was he to go, if he had ever been inclined to escape? At four o'clock in the day the prisoners were all to be shot, and I must be my son's executioner! Such is fate! I went to the Major Saheb, and requested I might be relieved from this duty as a very great favor; but he was very angry, and said he should bring me to a court-martial for trying to shirk my duty; he would not believe I was a faithful servant of the English government—he was sure my heart was in reality with the mutineers—he would hear me no longer. At last my feelings as a father got the better of me, and I burst into a flood of tears. I told him I would shoot every one of the prisoners with my own hands if he ordered me, but I confessed that one of them was my son. The major declared what I urged was only an excuse to get off shooting my own brotherhood. But at last his heart seemed touched, and he ordered my unhappy son to be brought before him, and questioned him very strictly. I shall never forget this terrible scene; for one moment I never thought of asking his life to be spared—that he did not deserve. He became convinced of the truth of my statement, and ordered me to be relieved from this duty. I went to my tent, bowed down with grief, made worse by the gibes and taunts poured on me by the Sikhs, who declared I was a renegade. In a short time I heard the deadly volley. My son had received the reward of "mutiny." He showed no fear, but I had rather he had been killed in fight. Through the kindness of the major I was allowed to perform the funeral rite over my misguided son—the only one of the prisoners over whom it was performed, for the remaining bodies were all thrown to the jackals and vultures. I had not heard from my son since just after my return from slavery. I had not seen him since I went to Cabool, and thus I met him again, untrue to his salt, in open rebellion against the master who had fed his father and himself. But enough—more is unnecessary. He was not the only one who mutinied. (Literally he was not alone when he mutinied.) The major told me afterward that he was much blamed by the other officers for allowing the funeral rite to be performed on a rebel. But if good deeds wipe away sins, which I have heard some Sahibs believe as well as we do, his sins will be very white. Bad fortune never attends on the merciful. May my major soon become a general.

The Baby Show.
The Picton (Canada) Times perpetrates the following on the late baby show:
Twenty-four babies all in a row,
Twenty-four mammas also on show;
Twenty-four daddies happy as dimes,
A show of live babies; none of your shamms,
A vision of angels, dear little lambs.

Items of Interest.
Harrowing to the sole—pigs.
Board wages—Directors' fees.
To be great is to be misunderstood.
What men going down want—checks.
Headache is the name of a post-office in Michigan.
A barber's epitaph: He dyed and made no sign.
Contentment is said to be better than riches, but the latter is good enough for ye writer.
Ham is the name of a boy arrested in Hudson for stealing eggs. They usually go together.
If young ladies wish to get stout, they should eat their food slowly. Haste does not make waste in such cases.
First-class Chinese hotels have raised the price of board to twenty-eight cents per day, and tourists should make their arrangements accordingly.
Many a woman who is too feeble to peel a dozen potatoes for dinner will walk four miles past a rival's house to display a new dress, and prance back home like a three-year-old dilly.
A shopkeeper in England calls himself "boxing-glove-maker" to her majesty. It is only a few years since an old Edinburgh sign was taken down: "Breeches-maker to her majesty."
Two antique chairs, one formerly in the possession of Louis XVI., and the other brought from Venice in the seventeenth century, were sold at Boston a few days ago, the former for \$13.60 and the latter for \$17.50.
A panther rushed into a bedroom in a house a few miles from Willis, Tex., and carried off a baby in his month, but the twelve-year-old sister followed and screamed so lustily that the brute dropped the youngster only slightly injured.
A slab of quartz rock was recently shipped from the Greene mine, Nevada, containing more than two square feet, through which there was a streak about four inches wide that was nearly or quite one-half gold. The piece was estimated to be worth at least \$1,500.
A serious case of poisoning has occurred in Sheffield, Canada. A tin of Nova Scotia lobsters was opened on Saturday night, but they were not eaten until Monday night. The persons who ate of it—Joseph Butler, a cutter, and six members of his family—all shortly afterward became very ill, and three of them are in a critical condition.
The Sturgeon Bay (Wis.) Exporter says: A. J. Bibles has rigged his boat with sails, soaked it over forward, with comfortable quarters for his family, and is about to start for Florida, or some other place. He is going to Green Bay up the Fox river and the canal to the Wisconsin river, down the Mississippi river, and through the Gulf of Mexico to Florida.
A St. Louis doctor wrote a prescription for a lady who was slightly ill, calling for "syrphon of carbolic acid," meaning a large syphon-bottle of soda water. The intelligent druggist construed "carbolic acid" to mean "carbolic acid," and look "syrphon to be the Latin for "two ounces," and, acting on his conviction, burned a hole in the patient's stomach.
The smallest Bible in the world, just produced by the Oxford University Press, is printed on a tough India paper of extreme thinness and opacity; measures four and one-half inches by two and one-fourth inches, in one and one-half inches thick, and weighs, bound in limp morocco, less than three and one-half ounces. It can be sent through the British post for a penny.
The editor of the Alabama State Journal is now Sam Bards, and he wants it understood that his paper will admit no long contribution whatever, and "personally abusive articles will be charged at the rate of \$100 per line." He states that he "has been connected with journalism, directly and indirectly, since 1845, and has learned at last what not to put in the columns of a newspaper."
The girl who sold wax flowers at Long Branch, and was ever searching for her "long lost father," like the unfortunate female in the play, has found him at last through the kindness of a gentleman at one of the hotels, who escorted her to the depot, where the "long lost father" stood waiting to receive "her stamps." The game, although very transparent, deceived a great many charitable people.
A new swindle is being played in the central part of the State. A well dressed man stops at a farmhouse and engages accommodation for a drove of sheep and a man who drives them. The sheep and drivers are to come along the next day. The pretended agent stops over night, has the best of the house afforded, and slips off the next morning without paying his bill. The sheep and drivers never appear, of course.
It is claimed for the Dominion of Canada that it ranks third at lowest, fourth in importance among the shipping countries of the world. The list of vessels exhibit a total of 6,890, measuring 1,268,363 tons. Of these 634 are steamers, 236 ships, 648 barkas, twenty-five barkentines, sixty-two brig, 542 brigantines, 3,785 schooners, and 1,100 smaller vessels. Four hundred and ninety-six new vessels, measuring 190,756 tons, were built in 1874.