

Did He Propose?

"I couldn't do it," said Martin Ellerslie, with a gasp. It was just the seductive hours before the gas-jets are lighted and window-blinds turned down—the delicious twilight, when the faint light of the moon and stars, and people sitting beside them grow strictly confidential. It was snowing a little outside; all the better; for the click of the crystallized pearl against the glass filled up the silence, and made the cozy warmth of the room luxuriously delightful. And Martin Ellerslie's pleasant brown eyes, fixed full on the fire, saw no one but what he or how much they saw!

IN A SANDSTORM.

A Railroad Train Halted in the Mojave Desert by a Simeom. The southern overland train which should have reached this city on Monday afternoon, only arrived at 8:10 Tuesday night, having been delayed at Sumner by a terrific sandstorm that raged through the Mojave desert and spread over a portion of the surrounding country. The storm began in the early morning, and when the train reached Sumner, in Kern county, had become a regular simeom. The wind swept across the sandy wastes with such violence that the train wavered and rocked under the violence of the blasts, and seemed ready to range from the track. The moon had become overcast in the early part of the night, and the journey was continued in a darkness that rapidly increased until the day began in Stygian gloom. The passengers, who had been aroused from their sleep by the fierce assaults of the wind and the dashing of the sand against the windows of the train, looked anxiously for the appearance of the sun, but no gleam of light relieved the forbidding darkness of the east. Night maintained her sway, and the blackness of the heavens grew intense with the morning, until the strong head-light of the locomotive almost failed to pierce it.

WHAT MY LOVER SAID.

By the merest chance, in the twilight gloom, In the orchard path he met me; In the tall, wet grass with its faint perfume, Do I find to-day the foot of the room— Oh, I stood, but he would not let me. So I tried and blushed till the grass grew red, With my head bent low above it, And he took my hands as he whisp'ring said— How he held me there, and he raised my head To listen to all that my lover said— The clover in bloom, I love it!

DOOR-KNOBS.

There is hardly an object that everybody handles so frequently, finds so necessary, and yet thinks so little about, as the door-knob. So long as the door-knob sticks in the door, it is inoffensive, never doles out of the way as, key-holes sometimes will, never barks one's shins like a rocking-chair, never howls when touched, as bedsteads are wont to, is in brief unobtrusive, handy, and, like most simple useful things, is likely to be little thought of. But there is a good deal to be said about door-knobs. All the door-knobs in England formerly were made of wood or cast-iron—big, solid, heavy things—and for a time the American ones were the same. It was about 1842 or 1843 that the manufacture of door-knobs from clay was commenced in this country. Clays that would change their color in baking were selected and mixed together, after having been finely ground, pressed into molds, baked to what is technically known as biscuit, then coated with a fusible compound called glaze and rebaked at sufficient heat to melt the glaze and give them a glossy surface. There was a dark molten appearance, were known as "mineral door-knobs." They still have a place in the market, but they are now the commonest of door-knobs—white ones—came next. They are made of porcelain clay, to which ground bone is added, baked, and treated like those already spoken of, and are called "little more expensive" than the "white" ones. The "Agilla" knob came out. It was a very pretty thing, of bright, contrasting colors, compounded of clay, sand, felspar, silica, red and blue, and some other metallic substances that do not now remember. Mr. Ellerslie occasionally came across them yet, but some exceptionally fine old building out west, but they are very scarce. Indeed, very few of them are now made. They made them for a time, but much uncertainty about them for successful manufacture. It was never possible to tell in advance how they would come out of the kiln. I know one gentleman who burned a few of them, and when they came out there was only one perfect knob in the whole lot. It was exceedingly handsome, while all the others, made in exactly the same way, were either rough and cracked, or else they were the perfect one, he remarked, "That knob has cost me \$1,000," and straightway gave up the business. The next step in this line of manufacture was the production of what were known as lava knobs. They were made of compressed sand and glue—the same materials that the old-fashioned daguerrotype cases were made of—and were of a beautiful brown color, often with very charmingly mottled. The hermetic knobs, made of sawn and blood, and a little Boston back mud thrown in, as they say in the trade, were very popular for a time. The greatest stride in the progress of door-knob manufacture was taken in 1873 or 1874 by a Metallic Compression Casting company. The material employed is bronze, mainly composed of copper and tin, and the molds are made of sand and glue—the same materials that they reproduce lines as delicate as the veins of a tiny leaf, and the mottled metal is cast in a vacuum box. The articles made in this way are known as compression bronze knobs, and a variety of claims to superiority over other bronzes are made. The knobs are made of a very fine metal, and the public is concerned, is their beauty. Some of them are plated with nickel and gold, nickel and silver, or silver and gold in various combinations, and are very beautiful. They are decorated with enamel and gold. Japanese figures, Etruscan novelties, like relief Cupids, animals' heads in alto-relievo, and other things are cast in the metal, and the knobs are made with much prettier flowers, monograms, and seals, and thousands of other ornaments on forms that are round, square, hexagon, flat, convex, concave, oval, or of any other shape. They are also very pretty. In some old European castles and palaces one sees door-knobs of silver, and silver inlaid with gold, but such things are rarely if ever made now, never in this country.

BASEBALLS INTO OREDO.

WASHINGTON, March 5.—The bill for the appropriation of \$1,000,000 for the purchase of baseballs into ore, passed by the House of Representatives on Monday night, and is now before the Senate. The bill is reported by the committee on the subject, and is expected to pass the Senate in a few days. The bill is a measure to provide for the purchase of baseballs into ore, and is a measure of great importance to the baseball industry. The bill is reported by the committee on the subject, and is expected to pass the Senate in a few days. The bill is a measure to provide for the purchase of baseballs into ore, and is a measure of great importance to the baseball industry.

The All-Absorbing Topic.

WASHINGTON, March 5.—Interest has centered as usual to-day on the capital removal and little else is talked. The commission bill passed by the House went to the council this forenoon and had a first reading. There is solid six against it and this means defeat. As all of them have held up their hands and said they would not come in, the syndicate has about given up and a new deal is developing, to move the capital to Sioux Falls. They will try this, perhaps, to gain the vote of Councilman Jackson of Sioux Falls district, who is one of the solid six against the bill. Only four days more of the session remain and there is a great deal to be done. The governor feels the defeat of the commission bill as a personal one, and he is very deeply and says he wants to get out of Yankton because he has sacrificed all friends by his advocacy of the scheme. Yesterday, which was Sunday, he encountered Gov. Rice, of the county, at the house, in the street and took him to task for remarks made against the governor, in Rice's Saturday speech in the house. The affair caused much comment as an unusual spectacle. The house to-day, under a suspension of the rules, passed the bill providing for local taxation of railroads. The bill was introduced by Towser, a northern member. Northern men generally do not favor the bill, and it is indigestible to Towser. The governor feels the defeat of the commission bill as a personal one, and he is very deeply and says he wants to get out of Yankton because he has sacrificed all friends by his advocacy of the scheme. Yesterday, which was Sunday, he encountered Gov. Rice, of the county, at the house, in the street and took him to task for remarks made against the governor, in Rice's Saturday speech in the house. The affair caused much comment as an unusual spectacle.

Floods in the South.

NEW ORLEANS, March 5.—The Times-Democrat special from Arkansas City says: The Fishback levee, five miles south of this city, gave away last night. There is a crisis this morning over 100 yards wide and increasing rapidly. The rush of water through the opening is terrific. The whole country around Old Town is to be under water. Old Town has been strengthened and it is now believed they can stand another foot of water. Another rise of fifteen inches is anticipated, in that case nothing can prevent the country contiguous to Fishback from being under water. The water is six inches above low water mark, and eight inches above the highest point reached last spring. The St. Francis river at Natchez is several inches higher than last year.

Gov. Stephens' Successor.

ATLANTA, Ga., March 5.—Hon. James Boynton, president of the state senate, has been sworn in as governor, and has ordered an election to fill the vacancy caused by Gov. Stephens' death, on the 24th of April. The remains of Gov. Stephens will be carried to the capitol building, to lie in state in the hall of the house of representatives until Thursday next, when they will be interred in Oakland cemetery. The city is heavily draped with flags at half mast.

Rolling Mills Resumed Work.

POTTSTOWN, Pa., March 5.—The rolling mills of Potts Bros., stopped five weeks on account of the uncertainty of the tariff, started to-day. After one heat the puddlers and rollers struck because of the notice of a reduction to \$3.00 per ton for puddlers and eight per cent in wages on other workmen. The Flat mill was then compelled to stop.

The Remains of Elliott.

CHICAGO, March 5.—The inquest in the case of James Elliott, prize fighter, postponed Friday afternoon on account of witness, Jerry Dunn, who shot him, not being present. A physician testified that he was still suffering too much from the effects of the fatal shot to be taken to the morgue, and the remains left for New York an hour later, in charge of Fred Krohne, the pediculator.

Remarkable Phenomenon.

PRUSSIA, March 5.—The most remarkable phenomenon ever witnessed in this vicinity occurred early yesterday morning. An immense ball of fire darted across the heavens brilliantly illuminating the city. Witnesses of the phenomenon were considerably frightened. The course was northward. An explosion was heard shortly after its passage.

When Bees Grow Large as Horses.

MONA. Falcou has discovered that while a horse can pull twenty times its weight, a bee can pull twenty times its weight. When some one discovers how to grow bees as large as horses, the latter animal will have to look back on the bee. But it would be fatal to fool around the heels of such a bee. With its javelin it could pin a man against the side of the stable. Perhaps it would be better not to raise bees any larger than the present crop.

Waste of Walnut Timber.

COR. NEW YORK TRIBUNE. Speaking to a young man from the west yesterday he said "At the close of the rebellion I could have bought lands containing fifty walnut trees to the acre for the price of a single one of those trees now, and millions of dollars' worth of that wealth have been burned for fuel, making a poor fire but literally feeding your fire with your future."

How Italian Rhapsickers Live and Get Rich.

NEW YORK HERALD. An Italian can live for twenty-five cents a day. His food consists of a little bread and cheese of the most inferior quality, with a little black at times. With half a pound of "chuck" meat and macaroni a crowd of them can be supplied with a soup which they consider to be delicious. The men generally herd together. They live six or seven in a room, paying \$1 a month for the accommodation. The families live much the same way. This fact suggests a characteristic feature in their daily life, and that is, they are very poor. Their object is, as has been said, to get away from here, and the men go away to the country, work and send on their earnings to their families. These savings are hoarded up in a box, and when they return home they are very rich. An Italian rhapsicker saves his money in a savings bank. In banking the money the real name of the depositor is seldom given, the maiden name of the mother or the name of some member of the family being substituted. Unable to procure proper "plans," they resort to the various devices hitherto unknown to engravers, and at the same time Mr. Keppler's bold cartoons attracted attention and patronage, so that in a double sense that gentleman truly says: "We had to use our poor, but our inventions made us rich." It will perhaps enable the thousands who every week enjoy the good things of Puck to laugh with more hearty satisfaction to know that from that nest of \$1,500 is now annually sent a harvest for each of the plucky and talented platters which a bank president might envy for a salary.

So Much for Advertising.

BOSTON JOURNAL. "Now girls," said the teacher, "I want you to read up about George Washington, who was the father of his country, and on his birthday I shall question you regarding him, and also about his wife. I suppose you know who was the mother of this country and her name—" A little head popped up in the rear seats, and the teacher resumed: "Well, my dear, you may name the mother of our country. Lydia Pinkham," shouted the five-year-old in a shrill voice. The teacher went home wondering whether life was worth living.

Metecors at Sea.

NEW YORK SUN. According to The Panama Star and Herald, two vessels have narrowly escaped destruction by meteors. One was the steamship Lima of the Pacific Steam Navigation company, and the other was the United States man-of-war Albatross. A meteor which plunged into the ocean close by the last-named ship just after sunset on Dec. 12, is said to have terrified everybody on board by exploding with a great noise and a burst of flame just before it struck the water. This is not the first time that meteors have been seen in the sea, but it is something impossible in the suggestion that vessels may have been sunk by them. Meteoric stones have fallen on land which were heavy enough, and endowed with sufficient velocity, to knock a hole through any ship. Within the last forty years more than twenty vessels have disappeared at sea. How many of them may possibly have been struck and sunk by one of these flaming meteorites, the only source of which follow in flocks in the tracks of comets, while others are lone wanderers in space until they fall within the earth's attraction, and plunge through her atmosphere with planetary speed?

Thoughts About Pottery.

BURLINGTON HAWKEYE. Verily the potter hath power over the clay. Therefore the clay is the pot, and the man makes it the potter. Ergo, potest. Refined and scholarly jokers. This style is for a dollar. For \$2 an explanation of this superlative joke and the Hawkeye for one year will be sent to any part of the United States or Canada. Pottery is the oldest industry in the world. Adam was made of clay. But he acted as though he was only half baked. His son did the first kiln in the country. The potter works in the mud, hence we admire his work. His life is one long act of murder, but he is never hanged, if, though sometimes he is broken at the wheel. All his work, however good, goes to the fire. What he bakes you cannot eat, although you eat what the other baker sets on it. The potter is an aristocrat by nature, and always belongs to a set. To several sets in fact. He is independent, and urns his own living. He is a base ball star, and makes a better pitcher than the "only Nolan." He is no deacon, but he passes the plate. A rigid temperance man, he is fond of his bowl. And he always makes it go round too. There never was but one blind potter, and he did not stay blind long, for he made a cup, and saw it.

Canadian Belle.

TO ONE WHO HAS HEARD THE BEAUTIES OF BALTIMORE, Brooklyn and Murray Hill girls rated beyond comparison, the Montreal girls and those from the other Canadian cities, says a correspondent writing of the recent winter carnival at Montreal, proves as interesting as anything where each object he looked at was novel. No woman would dare go into the street dressed so much or with such a pronounced red as superabundant health and spirits have dyed every pair of girlish cheeks. It is not likely that any drug could produce the flush and sparkle one sees in every pair of girlish eyes, for the young women here get the charms they boast of by skating side by side with their brothers, racing on snowshoes with the men, tobogganing, wherever tobogganing can be practiced, walking like Indians, and running like deer. A group of them is of as many bright colors as a bunch of garden flowers, and one gets the impression that they dress loudly, but this comes of the habit they have of trying a bright color on each other over their heads and around their necks whenever they go out of doors in cold weather. To-day, at the snowshoe race, the tobogganing hills, and in the sleighs, the women from the United States shivered under their sleazkin scarves, while the Montreal girls stood knee-deep in snow, sat on snow banks, or stood on the hillsides half hours at a stretch, and then they put on more skins, and usually a quilted one that's as warm as a wood fire. Then they put on a dress, and over that a chamois jacket that fits like a shoe in the mud. Then they put ribbed woolen mitts, and gloves from the United States, more over the looks of their feet than the St. Louis women do. Then they put on knit mitts, then gloves, then a fur hat, and finally a coil of worsted comforters. When they are dressed, if they are hurried at a speed of a mile a minute from a toboggan they are unhurt. If they fall through the ice, they are not hurt. If they are mired in deep snow, they are not hurt. They read it next day and wish they had known it at the time.

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