Love and a Gas Bill.

The nights are longer growing,
For wintry days are near,
And soon the firelight's glowing
We'll value something dear;
Alas! 'mid all things sweeter
A certain ill doth lurk;
Too well we know the meter
Is getting in its work.

Ah! while John Henry lingers
Beside the parlor grate,
And holds Sue's taper fingers,
Unthinking it is late;
Sue's father hears the ticking—
Ill-omen notes of woe—
The meter's steady clicking
That comes up from below.

Thus doth the pair, caressing,
Forget all else but love,
Nor think how they're distressing
The sire one flight above;
Thus on the parent worries,
While pallid grows his face;
Thus on the meter hurries
Its record-breaking race.

—*Boston Budget.*

EMPRESS EUGENIE'S VANITY.

Scandals of Compiegne—A Theatrical Monument of Pride and Folly.

Adolphe Smith in the Philadelphia Telegraph.

When, before 1870, I used to read attacks published against the empire, Compiegne came in for a giant share of the scandals then assiduously put into circulation. I have often thought that what was said concerning the corruption of the imperial court was greatly exaggerated for party purposes. My visit, however, to the palace of Compiegne has not helped to strengthen this more lenient view. There are numerous details in the furniture of the rooms and the disposition of the apartments that suggest dissipation such as was described at the time. The apartments of the guests were so arranged that they could be visited or could visit each other without being observed It was the pretty women especially who were invited when the court went to Compiegne, and if they were encumbered with husbands it was surprising how often the latter were entrusted with an important state mission that compelled them to return to Paris or to travel in the provinces or abroad. Compeigne is a sufficient distance from the capital and so small a town that newspaper reporters found it difficult of access, and when they did reach Compeigne their presence was at once noticed. Thus the gay ladies and gentlemen of the court had less to fear from the indiscreet bark of these public watch dogs than when they were in the Tuilleries in Paris. So Compeigne soon acquired a questionable reputation, which the adversaries of the empire did not fail to utilize.

Here, as elsewhere, the empress has left the trace of her vain and frivolous nature. The place has a nice little theater, which can seat comfortably 800 persons. Here numerous gala performances were given, and the empress showed herself of the utmost severity with respect to dress. No lady was admitted unless she wore a low-neck dress. On one occasion, an old lady nearly 80 years old, ventured to put in an appearance in a most beautiful dress, covered with jewelry of every description. Nothing could be more rich than her apparal and more dignified, but her neck and shoulders were covered over. This fact did not escape the empress' notice. In a moment a messenger was dispatched and the old lady was asked to retire. In vain she protested she was too old to wear a low-neck dress. The empress, who was still young in those days, was relentless, and the old lady, in spite of her diamonds and the rich robe she wore, had to retire into the privacy of her apartment. The play then commenced, and the actors and the empress were able to contemplate an unbroken line of bare shoulders. The rigor displayed by the empress certainly contributed to make the scene one of unequaled splendor. Eight hundred persons dressed in the latest and most extravagant fashions, gathered in a theater where all the seats are equally good and equally well placed, where the brightest illuminations set off the jewelry to the best advantage, certainly must have produced a remarkable effect and have constituted a sort of apogee of those pomps and vanities which are called wicked, but are none the less eagerly envied and desired.

Brilliant as was undoubtedly the effect of these performances, it did not satisfy the empress. The theater, it seemed to her, was too small, too simple in its ornamentation and general structure. The vanity of a woman when once aroused is insatiable, One fine morning the empress declared that another, a more handsome and a larger theater must be built. This, it was explained, could not possibly be done. There was no place for another theater in the palace, nor could the erection of a second theater in one and the same building be made to harmonize with the scheme of architecture on which the palace had been raised. The architect who made these learned and technical objections was informed that doubtless their arguments were conclusive, that theoretically they were absolutely in the right; but, inasmuch as the empress wanted a second theater, a theater there must be, and the building operations had better begin forthwith. Consequently, at the cost of $400,000 of the nation's money, a second, a larger, a most ornamental and magnificent theater was built. The work was completed, the furniture and fittings alone was needed, and then the first performance would be given. This was some 20 years ago, and that first performance has not yet taken place. The 400,000 good dollars of the people's money were spent to satisfy the caprice of a single woman, who is now an outcast and an exile, a motherless widow, wandering from place to place, ever dressed in simple black. The theater remains in its unfinished state.

COLLARED AN OYSTER.

Terrible Experience of a Fat Man With Decollete Shirt-Front at a Restaurant.

From the Chicago Times.

Last night a fat man, wearing a low-necked shirt with a turn-down collar three sizes too large for him, sat down to a table in a Clark street restaurant and called for a plate of raw oysters. He got them cold and juicy right off the ice, and harpooning a fat one with his fork, he lifted it toward his mouth. But the slippery, slimy, chilly bivalve dropped off the fork before reaching its destination, carromed on the fat man's chin, and then slid down inside of his shirt and nestled on his breast.

No one saw the incident. The obese gent himself didn't see it, but he felt that something had happened and that he had arrived at a crisis in his life. A pained startled expression rested for a moment on his face; then with a low plaintive wail of heart-breaking agony he half arose from his chair and clapped his hand on his stomach. He struck the oyster, but the coy creature was one of the most alert and agile of its species. It at once changed its base on feeling the pressure, and shied upward and across the fat man's wide expanse of palpitating bosom, leaving a trail of Arctic frigidity in its wake, and took up new quarters in his left armpit.

With a wild howl of anguish the unhappy proprietor of the oyster leaped two feet in the air, uttered another yell like a wild west Indian, and commenced to work his arm after the manner of a bagpipe musician. The oyster got excited and started again on its travels, but was apparently unable to select a permanent location. After making several blind rushes it halted for a moment under a short rib near the spine to catch its second wind.

The unfortunate fat man was now in a state of mind bordering on insanity. He kicked over his chair, yelled and swore, grabbed himself in front and behind and on both sides, rolled up his eyes, frothed at the mouth, and spun round like a top. But the slippery bivalve was now thoroughly rattled and scooted here and there like a streak of greased lightning, taking great pains not to travel over the same ground twice.

"He's got a fit!" screamed a wild-eyed man, making a rush for the door with a napkin tucked under his chin.

"It's either that or he's afire inside of his clothes," said another pale-faced diner edging away from the sufferer.

"For God ssake take him off, somebody; I'm dying!" wailed the stricken man as he threw up both hands and sat down heavily on the floor.

When the victim of misplaced victuals struck the floor the oyster shot out of the back of his neck like a bullet, hit the ceiling with a squashy plunk, and then fell back and hung limp and lifeless from the chandelier.

The fat man's physician says the patient will recover from his attack of nervous prostration in a few days.

SENATOR HEARST'S OFFER.

He is Said to be Willing to Pay a Big Price for Sunol.

SACRAMENTO, Nov. 15.—Senator George Hearst, who is in the city to attend the meeting of the National Grange, authorized Dr. H. Latham to send a dispatch to Senator Stanford saying if Sunol had not been sold, he (Hearst) would give more for the filly than Bonner, or any other man on earth. The doctor was likewise instructed to request the senator to put a price on the wonderful horse, Palo Alto. The doctor says Hearst insists that money shall not stand in the way of keeping fleet animals in California. If $250,000 will buy Sunol, the Senator is willing to produce the coin. If it took half a million dollars, he told the doctor that sum would not daze him. His check was ready for any amount for the animal.

Senator Stanford still declines to name the price at which Sunol was sold to Robert Bonner. The senator's contract with Bonner, however, gives the former the privilege of keeping the mare a year, to see if she cannot trot in 2:04. Speaking on this subject, the senator said: "I have the utmost confidence in her accomplishing this feat. If Sunol had been well this year, and had been given the exercise needed to develop her, I am inclined to think she would have made a much better record. For many years I have made a close study of the anatomy of the horse, and can say positively that her great speed is almost entirely due to structural formation. The formation of Sunol favors the greatest amount of speed at the smallest outlay of power. To use an illustration, I may say that she is constructed on the correct mechanical principle for the utilization of power. When her hind leg is extended, making the greatest effort for propulsion, it is in an exact straight line from the stifle to the point of the hoof. This gives her the greatest possible amount of leverage. The upper arm is unusually long and powerful, and while she does not look like an extraordinary large animal, at points of speed development, she is very big. Her size is where it will do the most good for the production of speed. I believe I have reached a point in breeding where I can say at the birth of a colt, this colt will be able to trot in 2:20, unless he is taken sick, but beyond that it is not safe to make a prediction. Sunol is a mare that one might call the despair of breeders. She has set the mark so high that it seems almost unattainable. Raising the standard means a vast addition to the wealth of the country, as well as a great improvement in the facilities for work and travel. It costs no more to feed and rear a fine horse than a poor one, and while the first cost of the breeding may be greater, after years of breeding I am convinced that we must look to a thoroughbred for speed and strength, even for trotting speed. I am aware that others do not share my views in this respect, but my experiments have not resulted altogether in failure. I am confident that every intelligent person will use the best because it is the cheapest in the end and the most serviceable. It is not difficult to make a big increase in the value of the country's stock. There are 14,000,000 work horses in the United States. Very little effort would add $10 to the value of each horse to be bred hereafter, and then you have $140,000,000 added to the wealth of the country.

PREPARING THEIR REPORT.

The Sioux Indian Commissioners Completing the Work Assigned Them.

CHICAGO, Nov. 15.—A meeting was held to-day at the headquarters of the Sioux commission appointed by the president to treat with the Sioux Indians for the opening of their reservation, in order to prepare their final report. Referring to the charges of unnecessary delay in the opening of the Sioux reservation, which of late have been frequent, Major Roberts, aid de camp to General Crook, stated that the delay was entirely unavoidable and due to the decision of the president that owing to the contradictory phraseology of the two acts of congress passed at the last session, it would be necessary for congress to act on the report of the Sioux commission before the land could be opened to settlement. General Crook, in answering the charges that the delay in opening the reservation was due to the fact that the promise which he had made to the Indians to induce them to cede the territory had not been fulfilled, said: "I may say that neither I nor any member of the commission made any promises, such as redress of grievances and the like that we were not amply able to carry out and which will not be carried out to the letter. There were some small grievances which we could not from their nature pledge ourselves personally or officially to have redressed, but upon our promise to represent these in as favorable a light as possible at Washington the chiefs expressed themselves as perfectly satisfied. The commission will continue in session for several days engaged in drawing up this report, but it will not be made public until after it has passed through usual departments, which will occupy from one to two weeks.

Boston *Courier:* "Yes," said the sewing machine agent, "I love you dearly, fondly, and sincerely, and you would make me the happiest of men if you would only return that fond, deep, and tender love." "I would, if I could, Mr. Tucker," answered the young lady, "but frankly I feel nothing but friendship for you at present." "Do you think that you could learn to love me, that you could give me a little of your heart from time to time. I am willing to wait, give you all the time you want. In short, don't you think you could give me your love on the installment plan?" She is trying, but there is no knowing at present whether the installments will be paid or not.

SHE DIDN'T HURRY.

But the Little Old Lady in Black Was Right There All the Time.

A Thompkins avenue car over in Brooklyn, bound to the ferry, was bowling along at a splendid pace up in the Twenty-third ward early yesterday evening when a New York *Sun* young man darted out from a side street somewhere in its wake and gave chase. A race of a block and he caught the platform railing just as the conductor pulled the bell and brought the car to a dead stop. On the other side of the street, where she had evidently been waiting for several minutes, stood a little old lady in black with a handbag and umbrella. With great deliberation she crossed the curb and climbed into the car.

"Don't start till I get seated, young man," she said to the conductor as she passed him. "I'm likely to fall forward if you do, and it might cost the company something to patch me up."

Being a Brooklyn conductor with plenty of time to lose he obligingly held up as requested. The *Sun* man was in a great hurry.

"What is your time to the ferry?" he asked the conductor, as a slight intimation that he would like it to be made as short as possible.

"About twenty-six minutes from here," was the reply, which, being about six minutes more than expected, was not specially gratifying. There was no help for it, though, and the car jolted on till it turned into Broadway in Williamsburg, a few blocks from the river. It had hardly turned when it stopped and stood. The conductor looked forward and then jumped off. So did the young man. So did two other men. The little old lady in black sat still. There was a truck caught on the track. The horses were pulling, both drivers were swearing, but the truck seemed immovable. The *Sun* man got restless. He glanced down the street. The ferry lights were not far away, and he started for them between a fast walk and a run. As he neared the slip he saw there was a boat in the slip. He sprinted through the ferry house and across the bridge, stopping in the first cabin to get his breath. The boat rocked and creaked at her moorings. A wagon rattled down and lumbered aboard. Presently the chains began to unwind, a deck hand gave the gang plank a shove—then he stopped. "Step lively, please," he said. The young man looked out and saw coming over the float—the little old lady in black. She came into the cabin and sat down opposite easily and without haste before the bell in the engine room rang "ahead." She still sat there when the boat began to bump against the piles at the foot of Twenty-third street, New York, and the *Sun* young man went forward. While the river showed between deck and dock he leaped over the space and hurried out. He wanted a cross-town Twenty-third street car. One was just coming in and he jumped aboard before it stopped The horses were transposed, and then there was a moment's wait. The starter's bell rang. "Hold on a minute," yelled a man's voice from the gloom at the end of the ferry-house board walk, "here's a passenger." So there was—the little old lady in black—and she got comfortably in her place before the car moved away. A flat house on Twenty-second street, near Ninth avenue, was the young man's destination, and he went out on the platform just before that thoroughfare was reached, swinging off as they were crossing it and narrowly escaping being knocked over by an up-town car. It is a short walk down the avenue to Twenty-second street, but it took an extra minute or two to find the number and another minute to read all the names in the letter boxes before he found the one he was looking for. His ring was not answered instantly either, and while he waited he heard a door close in the neighborhood. He glanced into the street. Through the glass door of the entrance to the flat house opposite he saw a woman's figure vanishing down the hall. It was a little old lady in black.

Nickel in the Slot.

The latest nickel-in-the-slot scheme is really a stroke of genius and is destined to revolutionize cheap literature in this country, says Burdette in the Brooklyn *Eagle*. The inventor of this wonderful machine went to Frank Stockton the other day and began by saying that investigation among the booksellers had convinced him that Stockton, Mrs. Burnett, and Gen. Lew Wallace were the three most popular story writers in America, and that he was then endeavoring to secure from each one of them a story of about 12,000 or 15,000 words. He was indifferent as to the subject or treatment; he wanted their names, and he wanted the story to weigh just so many ounces. He had a new nickel in the slot machine which contained three slots and labels under them to the effect that one might, by contributing a five-cent piece to that particular slot, get a story by one of the three authors he happened to prefer. The name of Mrs. Burnett—place aux dames, of course—was over the top slot, and that of Stockton followed. Gen. Wallace's was last. The man who desired the Burnett style of metal refreshment dropped his nickel in that top slot and promptly a tray slid out containing a love tale, or a child's story, told in her own engaging manner. If the owner of the nickel happened to be of a pious turn of mind he would slip his coin into the bottom slot and get a novelette based on the bible, by Gen. wallace, or if he were whimsical he would patronize the Stockton slot. The inventor was enthusiastic over his scheme and was sure there were millions in it, and on the basis of that belief was willing to pay the authors a very handsome price for their stories. Stockton was tremendously amused; indeed, it sounded quite as if it might have been one of his own inventions, and therefore made a special appeal to him. He decided, however, so he told the inventor, to wait until he (the inventor) had secured the consent of the two other authors before making any definite contract to furnish him with nickel-in-the-slot literature.

Bunker's Yaller Baby.

From Puck.

Detective Graball (slowly sauntering up the shady side of Broadway, to his partner, Jim Crowe, a new man on the force): "Just take things cool, Jemmy. It's the best job in th' world when yer up to tricks. By th' way, Jemmy, y' an't got a ten-dollar note about ye, have you? I blowed in my last red last night up at Mike Finnegan's, an' I promised Dell and th' young uns a little trip up the river this afternoon." Detective Crowe: "Sorry, Dan, but a silver case is about the size o' my pile." Detective Graball: "Well, Jemmy, that bein' th' case, ye might as well learn the ropes now's any time. See that big, fine buildin' cross th' way? Yes? Well, that's th' 'Fifth Avenue.' Cross over an' walk right in—it's about his time—ye'll find Bunker Steers; tall, good-lookin' chap, smooth face, restless gray eyes, brown hair, silker, black cutaway coat, dark-striped trousers, silk watch-guard with miniature gold brick charm. Tap him on the shoulder—gently, mind ye—take him aside, an' say: 'Well, Bunker, how's th' baby comin' on?' He'll savee. Now, be off. I'll wait for ye right here."

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THE FIRST ANNUAL MEETING OF THE stockholders of Diamond Mining and Milling Co. will be held at the office of M. J. Fitzpatrick on Monday, Nov. 18th, 1889, at 10 o'clock A. M., for the purpose of electing five Trustees for the ensuing year. M. J. FITZPATRICK, Secretary.

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