GEMS FROM THE "GONDOLIERS."

Excerpts from Gilbert and Sullivan's New Comic Opera.

Here is one of the concerted pieces from the "Gondoliers," sung by Marco and Giuseppe, the gondoliers, and Tessa and Gianetta, their sweethearts:

In a contemplative fashion
An a tranquil frame of mind,
Free from every kind of passion,
Some solution let us find.
Let us grasp the situation.
Solve the complicated plot—
Quiet calm deliberation
Disentangles every knot.

Tess. I, no doubt, Giuseppe wedded—
That's of course a slice of luck.
He is rather dunder-headed,
Still distinctly he's a duck.

Gia. I, a victim, too, of Cupid.
Marco married—that is clear.
He's particularly stupid,
Still distinctly he's a dear.

Mar. To Gianetta I was mated;
I can prove it in a trice;
Though her charms are overrated
Still I own she's rather nice.

Giu. I to Tessa willy-nilly,
All at once a victim fell.
She is what is called a silly,
Still she answers pretty well.

Mar. Now when we were pretty babies
Some one married us, that is clear—
And if I can catch her
I'll pinch her and scratch her,
And send her away with a flea in her ear

Giu. He, whom that young lady married,
To receive her can't refuse.

Tess. If I overtake her
I'll warrant I'll make her
To shake in her aristocratical shoes

Gia. (to Tess.)
If she married your Giuseppe
You and he will have to part—

Tess (to Gia.)
If I have to do it
I'll warrant she'll rue it—
I'll teach her to marry the man of my heart!

Tess. (to Gia.)
If she married Messer Marco
You're a spinster, that is plain—

Gia. (to Tess.)
No matter, no matter—
If I can get at her
I doubt if her mother will know her again

All. Quiet, calm deliberation
Disentangles every knot.
—*Exeunt, pondering.*

The Country Woman.

Before the blacksmith's shop she waits,
In her high country waggon sitting,
While the good smith with friendly haste
Her horse's clumsy shoe is fitting.

He paces and measures, stirs his fire
His hammer blows ring out with shrillness
Into the August afternoon,
Steeped in its weary twilight stillness.

With anxious eye she watches him,
Her busy thoughts are homeward straying
Shadows grow longer field and road,
And weary farmers leave their haying.

High in the elm tree o'er the way,
Oh sun it boughs the birds are singing
Their cradle songs above their nests
Within the whispering sweetness swinging.

She knows at home the patient cows
Stand lowing at the bars to greet her;
And anxious goodmen scans the road
And sends the children out to meet her.

She knows the supper fire is lit.
The hearth swept clean, the kettle singing,
The kitchen table cleared to hold
The things from town that she is bringing.

And smiles in honest rustic pride,
As shrewd hard bargains she's been making
Of answ eggs and creamy cheese,
For cloth and shoes and "things for bakin'."

The setting sun lights up her face,
Turning its harshness into beauty—
Picture of rustic peace and pride,
Of homely happiness and duty
L. E. Kirk in Boston Transcript.

Browning Dead.

Now dumb is he who waked the world to speak,
And voiceless hangs the world beside his bier,
Our words are sots, our cry of praise a leer;
We are the smitten moral, we the weak;
We see a spirit on earth's loftiest peak
Shine and wing hence the way he makes more clear;
See a great tree of life that never here
Dropped leaf for aught that axe of storms might wreak.
Such ending is not death; such living shows
What wise illumination brightness sheds
From one big heart to conquer man's old foes—
The coward and the tyrant—and the force
Of all these weedy monsters' rising heads,
When song is talk from springs of turbid source.
—*George Meredith.*

Just So.

Wife (affectionately)—How is your rheumatism this morning John dear?

Husband—Pretty bad, my dear; pretty bad.

W.—Why don't you try the mind cure?

H.—There ain't anything the matter with my mind. Its my joints dear; my joints.

The Sparkling Days Gone By.

"Don't you look back on the palmy days of your youth with regret?"

"No Mine were not so palmy as they were slippery and strappy."

A Candid Girl.

Father—What was John saying to you last night, May, that he stayed so late?

Daughter—Nothing much. John isn't a great talker. He's all business.

To decant good wine is barbarous, and to serve any other kind vulgar. In the course of pouring it from the bottle to the decanter the wine catches cold, loses its aroma and flattens generally.

GRAMER AND SENTIMENT.

"A kiss is but a common noun," cried Sue;
"Yes very common," artlessly cried Loo.
"Yes if 'tis common it is proper too!"
Cried Sal a twinkle in her eyes of blue.
"It can't be both!" said Mabel, nothing perplexed;
And as they argued out the question vexed,
To one thing each at last made up her mind;
A kiss was something hard to be declined.

—"Stern winter rules the sky.

—The fashionable finger-nail is said to be longer and more pointed than ever.

—Nellie Bly is in Hong Kong and probably feels herself pretty near home. She has now only to cross the Pacific Ocean, 10,000 miles, and the American continent, 3,000 miles, in order to reach New York, where she is due January 27 if she is to succeed in her attempt to belt the world in 75 days. She may possibly arrive January 24, but the chances are against her doing so. She will not be able to leave Hong Kong till Saturday.

The growth of the city of Brooklyn is evidenced by the fact that during the past year new buildings were erected of the value of $27,000,000. Brooklyn is a city of homes as well as of churches.

WHAT HELL IS LIKE.

Ministers Give Their Version of the Place.

CONSIDERABLE DIVERSITY OF OPINION.

(Philadelphia Record.)

"To pose the impossible and scrute the inscrutable" was the paramount aim of a metaphysical clique of Boston men and maidens in the days of the Concord School of Philosophy. But the Concord School has gone the way of all things mortal and the impossible is still unposed. Notwithstanding the Bostonians' failure, the fad of speculative anticipation has recently struck Philadelphia with terrific force, and it is quite the thing nowadays to tug at the corner of the curtain that veils the future and try to get a glimpse of the good and bad things beyond. Men are not content to postpone their knowledge of heaven till they get there. They demand to know here and now just what sort of a place the realm of the best and the blest is to be and whether it is a place at all. And it is with equal anxiety, not unmixed with awe, that they endeavor to fathom the mysteries of the future home of the worst and the cursed. Their curiosity overpowers them and they scornfully reject the admonition to patience, coupled with the assurance that they will know all about it, and more than enough, in due time. The oft-repeated reminder that if he keeps straight ahead in the road he is now travelling he will be sure to come to it by and by only disgusts the impatient questioner, who still continues to fly madly about with the same vexed question: "Where is hell?"

THE EDITOR OF THE "PRESBYTERIAN" SPEAKS.

When one of these questioners pounced upon Rev. Dr. Mutchmore, pastor of the Memorial Presbyterian Church, a few days ago and breathlessly propounded this burning question the doctor was unable to answer him off hand. He had a distinctly formulated idea that this earth, rejuvenated and rebeautified, was to be the future Heaven; but the location of hell he had never dogmatized about. It was a subject he did not like to dwell upon.

"It is a certainty, however," he said, "so sure as the soul is immortal, that memory will be an important feature of the life to come. Without memory there would be annihilation. The sanctified will look back upon their earthly life and its sins, but it will be with joy that they have been overcome. The wicked, on the other hand, will have their awful misdeeds ever before them, and their everlasting realization of cause and effect will make their existence the refinement of wretchedness. I do not know whether the wicked will all be gathered together in one fixed spot, but whatever hell is it was not prepared for man. It was for the devil and his angels, and man brings himself there by his own misdeeds. A drunkard with delirium tremens could not be happy in Heaven. It is logically necessary that men who have so debased themselves should have a different abode. The man who has abused his body will suffer the physical as well as the spiritual and mental consequences in the world to come. The wine-bibber will carry his gout to hell with him and the glutton his dyspepsia. Thus the diseases of this life will be fearfully perpetuated.'

NO PHYSICAL SUFFERING.

"No punishment could be so severe as that inflicted by memory and conscience," said Rev. Byron A. Woods, of Gethsemane Baptist Church. "I do not believe that there will be physical suffering in hell; but the suffering of the mind is infinitely greater. Where Heaven and hell may be no one knows, but they are immeasurably separated by the impassable gulf between holiness and guilt. The Bible pictures of hell, or Gehenna, are drawn from the valley of Hinnom, a gloomy vale without the confines of Jerusalem, where fires of wormwood continually burned. Conscience is the worm that dieth not, and God's absence will make eternal darkness."

BISHOP WHITAKER'S IDEA.

"Hell is a place, and it is also a character," answered Bishop Whitaker, of the Pennsylvania diocese of the Protestant Episcopal Church. "And the same may be said of heaven. What the Scripture tells us of them is largely figurative, but the awful truth of their existence cannot be sneered away. The skeptical urchin who thought to explode his pious mother's doctrine by declaring that if all the wicked went to hell the supply of brimstone would soon give out was properly rebuked. 'Don't you worry over that, Johnny,' was the reply. 'All the folks as go to hell 'll take their own brimstone along of 'em,'"

THONGS TO LASH THE SPIRIT.

"Remorse, despair, hopelessness, dejection—these are the thongs that will lash the hell-bound spirit," said Rev. Dr. Kynett, Secretary of the Methodist Episcopal Board of Church Extension. "The blessed spirits may be housed in a vast city as high as it is long, with freedom to soar to other worlds, just as Philadelphians may travel to other cities. But the wicked will be somewhere eternally imprisoned, like the criminals in our penitentiary, with their own bitter memories as their everlasting companions."

DARKNESS OF THE MIND WILL BE PAINFUL.

"'The mind can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven,'" said Rev. Russell Conwell, quoting the words of Milton's fallen angel; "whether hell may be a place, we know not; but that it is a miserable state in which the evil-disposed shall spend eternity we are assured. I believe there will be no real fire nor brimstone there, but the terrors of the soul and the darkness of the mind will be vastly more painful."

A GREAT PRISON HOUSE.

"It is reasonable to suppose that both heaven and hell are local habitations," said Rev. Dr. J. A. Warden, Superintendent of Sabbath-school work of the Presbyterian Church. "In heaven I believe the life will be much the same as ours on earth, only infinitely more blessed. Birds, beasts and fishes, trees and flowers, and much that goes to make our happiness here may have their counterpart in the next world. But hell will be the great prison house, where all the refuse of the ages will be thrown, and where the prisoners will be tortured by the stings of conscience. The inhabitants of the two places, I think, will be in the same proportion as to-day; that is, the number in hell will bear the same ratio to those in heaven as the world's imprisoned criminals do now bear to the free. There will be grades of blessedness and misery, and I see no reason why a man who had lived up to the best light he knew might not have a comparatively comfortable time in hell."

FROM A CATHOLIC STANDPOINT.

"I believe every word of Scripture is literal when it describes the pangs of hell," said Father O'Reilly, rector of the Roman Catholic Church of St. John the Evangelist. "The burning lake and the fire and brimstone are the sure reward of the wicked, but these cannot be so terrible as the everlasting withdrawal of God's mercy. The punishment of the wicked will be eternal. The righteous will reign in heaven, while some churchmen hold that there will be a middle place for the unbaptised infants and those men of all nations who have lived morally upright lives without the pale of the true Church."

THE HEBREW VERSION.

Rabbi Joseph Krauskopf, of the Reformed Hebrew Congregation of Kenesseth Israel, professes entire ignorance of the life beyond the grave. "I don't believe in an inspired Bible," he said, "and besides the Old Testament, which guides us, tells us almost nothing of the future state. But from the unsolved problem of life, I can't believe that death is the end of all things, and I must think that the soul is immortal. But how, when, what, where is man's future state I know not. In the world to come it seems probable that each man will take up his work just where he left it off. It will be merely like a promotion or transition from the freshman to the sophomore class."

PETTING A SICK CHILD.

It is Almost Sure to Develop Unenviable Traits of Character.

The mother at the sick-bed of her young child is a being quite often as difficult to manage as her child. All the instinctive maternity is up in arms. Deep in the heart of many mothers there is an unconfessed and half-smothered sense of wrath at the attack which sickness has made on her dear one. Then nothing is too much to give; no sacrifice of herself or others too great to grant or demand. The irritability and feebleness of convalescence make claims upon her love of self-sacrifice, and her prodigality of tenderness as positive, and yet more baneful. That in most cases she may and does go too far, and loses for her child what is hard to recover in health, is a thing likely enough, yet to talk to her at such a time of the wrong she does the child is almost to insult her. Nevertheless the unwisdom of a course of reckless yielding to a child's whims is plain enough, for if the little one be long ill or weak it learns with sad swiftness to exact more and more, and to yield less and less, so that it becomes increasingly hard to do for it the many little unpleasant things which sickness demands. Character comes strongly out in the maladies of the child, as it does even less distinctly in the sickness of the adult. The spoiled, overindulged child is a doubly unmanageable invalid, and when in illness the foolish petting of the mother continues, the doctor, at least, is to be pitied.—*From "Doctor and Patient," by S. Weir Mitchell, M.D., LL.D.*

Didn't Need It.

Tramp—Will you give me permission, lady, to go into your barn to commit suicide?

Lady (filled with pity)—Poor man. Here's a piece of mince pie for you.

Tramp—Thank you, marm, but I've got some "Rough on Rats," that'll do just as well.

Better Than He Thought For.

Patient—That medicine you gave me for my cold, doctor, cured me entirely.

Doctor (in suprise)—Did it! Well, blamed if I don't believe I'll try it myself. I can't get rid of mine.

The Number 9.

Beginning with next week the number 9 will be required to earn its salary as it hasn't done in a thousand years. For a hundred and ten to come it will have to do duty every time a date is written in full. The writer whose 7's and 9's cannot be distinguished from each other must study to improve his style.

—Buffalo Bill, at the zenith of his popularity and success, is not ashamed of the fact that he was once a scout. He scouts the very idea.

—Dr. McGlynn's former parishioners have made him a Christmas present of $1,600, which is just double what was given him a year ago.

—"Doctor," said a sufferer to a dentist, "what would you give me for an aching tooth?" "I wouldn't give you anything," he replied; "I'd take it."

—Barred Out All Around: Mrs. Littlun (as her husband enters)—Hush! Baby's asleep! Mr. Littlun—But that's the only time I have a chance to be heard.

—"Another good man gone wrong," mused the parson as he stood at his study window and saw the deacon slip on a piece of ice, carom on the sidewalk and glide glibly into the gutter.

—The cable cars and gas greatly impressed the Sioux chiefs in Washington. One of them said: "White man heap great. Makes wagons go without horses, and makes wind burn."

ACCIDENT TO MINERVA.

She tripped along with ribbons flying.
From a brand new hat she'd just been buying
And jewelry galore.
An icy pool lay in her track—
She slipped, and flat upon her back
Lay—Miss Minerva Moore.

—A black bass—The jubilee singer.

—The average creditor is a man of wait.

CHIRK UP.

Why do you yield to the blues?
You can be gay if you choose.
Have your full measure
Of joy and of pleasure—
You're a fool to refuse.
What though you've bills overdue!
What though no maiden loves you!
You can laugh—
Ha! ha! ha!—
You can chaff—
Ha! ha! ha!
What in the world makes you blue?

—Senator McMillan, of Michigan, is one of the wealthiest men in the Senate. He employs three secretaries to transact his business and spends $1,500 a year on his clothes.

COD LIVER OIL.

Why and How to Take a Valuable Medicine.

Cod liver oil is, as its name indicates, obtained from the livers of codfish. It is an agent which could hardly be dispensed with, being a nourishing tonic of exceeding value. Many people have an idea that consumption is the one disease for which it is peculiarly adapted, and they fail to recognize the fact that it is equally effective in many other affections. Hence, when physicians prescribe it, patients at once assume that they have trouble with their lungs.

The accepted list of diseases in which cod liver oil is of special efficacy is much larger than it was a score of years ago. Undoubtedly physicians in old times, in attempting to combat disease, often used drugs which depressed and reduced the vital powers, doing thereby more harm than good. All that is changed now. Physicians of the present may be said to ignore to a certain extent the disease, but nourish and keep up—"restore the life that is being drained, build up the tissues being wasted." Cod liver oil is practically a food, and as such only does it act. It nourishes and fatters wasted and wasting bodies, and in that way it often checks the progress even of pulmonary consumption.

Among the many affections in which it is given is nervous debility. In some coughs, too, even where the lungs are perfectly sound, it proves admirable and often cures the same. Its taste is so disagreeable that comparatively few patients can take it, a fact much to be deplored. Many are the ways devised to make it less unpleasant, flavoring it with peppermint, mixing it with coffee, rinsing the mouth first with brandy or whiskey, pouring it into the froth of beer. Some recommend that it be salted and peppered and then "bolted down," afterward the mouth to be rinsed with tincture of myrrh and water. Lately it has been suggested that a few grains of salt be dropped on the tongue before taking the cod liver oil, as by that means it will be rendered palatable. Or a bite of pickle before and after taking the oil will render it acceptable.—*Boston Herald.*

WHERE NICKEL COMES FROM.

Four Thousand Tons Per Year the Product of a Single Canadian Mine.

In the Copper Cliff Mine near Sudbury, Canada, it is said more nickel is being produced than the entire market of the world calls for at current prices, says the *Youth's Companion.* A little branch railway off the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, four miles in length, leads out to the mine, which opens into the face of a crag of the brown, oxidized Laurentian rock characteristic of this region. The miners are now at work at a depth of about 300 feet below the surface. As fast as the nickel and copper bearing rock is hoisted out it is broken up and piled upon long beds or ricks of pine wood to be calcined, or roasted, for the purpose of driving out the sulphur which it contains. The roasting process is of the nature of lime-kilning or charcoal-burning. Each great bed of ore requires from one to two months to roast. When roasted the rock goes to the principal smelter, a powerful blast furnace, "jacketed"—in mining phrase—with running water to enable it to sustain the great heat requisite to reduce the crude, obdurate mineral to fluidity. The dross of the molten mass is first allowed to flow off and afterwards the nearly pure nickel and copper, blended together in an alloy called the "matt," or matte, is drawn off at the base of the furnace vat into barrow pots and wheeled away, still liquid and fiery hot, to cool in the yard of the smelter. The matt contains about 70 per cent. of nickel, the remaining 30 per cent being mainly copper. When cool the conical pots leaves of matt can easily be cracked in pieces by means of heavy hammers. The fragments are then packed in barrels and shipped to Swansea in Wales and to Germany, where the two constituent metals are separated and refined by secret processes which are jealously guarded by the manufacturers. So jealously is the secret kept that no one in America has yet been able to learn the process, although one young metallurgist spent three years at Swansea, working as a common laborer in the factories, in order to obtain it. At present there are produced daily at the Copper Cliff Mine about ninety pots leaves of matt each weighing nearly 450 pounds, an output which yields an aggregate of more than 4,000 tons of nickel a year.

Pay as You Go.

Patient—Then you think it's all up with me, doctor?

Doctor—I'm afraid so.

P.—Well, we must all die once and I migh as well go now as afterward. You are sure I'm going?

D.—Yes.

P.—Then let me have your bill?

D.—My bill? My dear sir, this is very unusual. You should give your thoughts to more serious matters.

P.—My motto has always been "Pay as You Go," and now that I am going I want to pay.

So he paid and went.

New Troubles.

It's too bad that the Bloffets are moving out of the neighborhood, isn't it?"

"Too bad? Why, Bloffet was a terrible nuisance with his comets."

"Yes, but now that he is leaving the rents will go up."

A Dreadful Experience.

Stephens—Why, George, what is the matter? Your coat is torn, your hat crushed, and yourself well nigh a physical wreck. Have you been the victim of foot pads?

Victim—Worse than that. I've been shopping with my wife, and got caught in the crush around a bargain counter.

Money in Literature.

Publisher—Oh, yes, indeed. Money can be made in literature. Why, sir, I never saw women live more luxuriously than Miss Braddon and Miss Mulloch.

Poor Author (sadly)—Yes, but they married their publishers.

—"You make your presents felt," said a customer to a hatter who was giving away soft hats.

VICTIM OF A BITE.

A Young Lad Dies From Fear of Hydrophobia.

Henry Daub, age 15, an apprentice in a piano factory, who lived at 83 First avenue, died a victim to fear and mental anxiety in the pavilion for the insane in Bellevue Hospital at 2 40 o'clock this morning. His insanity and illness developed after he had been bitten by a dog. Daub had never betrayed any symptoms of insanity until yesterday, when he suddenly became violent. About two weeks ago Henry was bitten on the hand by a small dog, and although the wound itself caused him no particular inconvenience, he became anxious and worried by the fear that hydrophobia would ensue, and to this overmastering fear is attributed the loss of his reason.

As the young man was getting ready to go to his work yesterday morning, he suddenly began to stare wildly about him, to shout and gesticulate, and soon he tried to throw himself from a window. His family and neighbors in the house caught hold of him, and a desperate struggle with the mad youth ensued. Two policemen were finally summoned, and it required the exercise of all their strength to bind and handcuff him. In this condion he was removed to Bellevue Hospital, and placed in care of House Surgeon Douglass. Throughout the day the lad continued violent and made repeated attempts to bruise and injure himself by throwing himself violently on the floor. Dr. Douglass told an *Evening World* reporter this morning that there had not been the slightest symptom of hydrophobia about the boy, but that the fear of that dreadful disease had without doubt unsettled his reason. Last night the lad's stomach became weak and he vomited freely. He rapidly grew weaker after that, and at 2.40 this morning he died without regaining reason for an instant. The young man's fear of hydrophobia had been greatly intensified by reading an account, last Tuesday of the death of Frank Phillips, aged 11 years, of 616 Kosciusko street, Brooklyn, who did have the dreaded malady in its worst form. Phillips was bitten in the lip six weeks ago by a mongrel cur he picked up in the street to save it from some boys who were worrying it. He dropped the dog after it bit him and had his wound cauterized. It healed nicely, and left a slight scar. The boy did not seem to mind it, but last Sunday night he grew melancholy and feverish, and on Monday morning his parents summoned physicians, who at once diagnosed his ailment as hydrophobia.

After suffering terribly for nearly forty-eight hours the lad died.—*New York World.*

A Miserable End.

A Binghamton, N.Y., despatch of Wednesday says: Anson Dewey, a wealthy farmer and owner of the grist mill at Vestal, near here, committed suicide by cutting his throat this afternoon, owing to his dread of going to the poorhouse. After his death rumors were circulated that he had money concealed in his house. The premises were searched, and in old tin cans in the cellar were found $6,000 in gold and over $1,000 in bills.

Very True.

Teacher—All things which can be seen through are called transparent. Fanny, mention something which is transparent.

Fanny—A pane of glass.

Teacher—Quite correct. Now, Fanny, mention some other object through which you can see.

Fanny—A keyhole.

A Change of Sentiment.

"Mr. Binks, would you like to rock the baby to sleep?"

"Not much."

"Well then, I'll rock him while you go upstairs and get my pocketbook from my dress."

"I think I'd like to rock the baby."

—Pater—On your prospects will depend my acceptance of you as a son-in-law. Would-be son-in-law—H'm! Well my prospects depend entirely on your acceptance of me as your son-in-law.

AFTER THE BALL.

(From Life.)

After the ball. Torn bits of lace,
Crushed bows and flowers show the trace,
Where dances clashed, caught in the height
Of Pan's mad music, rhythmic, light,
Lost in the dance's vortex pace.

'Twas here I sat near sloe-eyed Grace
And watched the glory of her face.
Ah me! that she were now in sight—
After the ball.

She's not! I've had a pretty chase!
She lost her brooch dropped in the race
For supper. She and Tom to-night
Went home. I had to be polite—
A bore, for I must search the place
After the ball.

—Charles—I adore you Edith, but, alas! I am poor. However, I have a wealthy uncle, from whom I have expec—— Edith (eagerly)—Is he married? Charles—No, darling. Edith—Then introduce me to him, there's a dear.

INCIDENCE OF GREATNESS.

It was a jovial banquet board,
Great guns were feasted free,
Great generals, great senators,
Great counsellors-at-law.
And so next day each sat at one lay
Within his own great bed,
And ran his fingers through his locks,
And groaned, Great head! Great head!

—Charles Mackay, the British poet, whose death was announced on Tuesday, was the author of the stirring poem, "Clear the Way," familiar to every school boy:

There's a fount about to stream,
There's a light about to beam,
There's a warmth about to glow,
There's a flower about to blow,
There's a midnight blackness changing into gray,
Men of thought and men of action, clear the way.

—The ideal World's Fair—Three square meals.

—Don't growl at this world until you are sure of a better one.

—Live within your income, because it is very inconvenient to live without it.

—It seems singular, but we never hear of the ill-fated turkey getting in the soup.

—Lewis Morris is regarded in England as the heir apparent to the laureateship.

—We suppose it is the fall of the year that prevents it from living through the winter.

—Misery may love company, but the company doesn't generally return the compliment.