

A SINGULAR SONG.

In a volume of poems, "Songs of Singularity," by the London Herald, recently published in England, is the following specimen of a literal prose:

My Madeline! my Madeline!
Mark my melodious midnight moans;
Much may my melting music mean,
My modulated monotonies.
My mandolin's mild minstrelsy,
My mental music ma.azine,
My mouth, my mind, my memory,
Must mingle merrily, "Madeline."
Muster 'mid midnight masquerades,
Mark Moorish maidens, ma'rons' mien,
Monnet Murcia's most majestic maids,
Match me, my matchless Madeline.
Mankind's malevolence may make
Much melancholy music mine;
Many my motives may mistake,
My modest merits much malign.
My Madeline's most mirthful mood,
Much mollifies my mind's machine;
My mournfulness' magnitude
Melts—makes me merry, Madeline!
Match-making ma's may machinate,
Maneuvering misses' me misween;
Mere memory may make many mate,
My magic motto's—"Madeline."
Melt most mellifluous melody,
'Midst Murcia's misy mounts marine,
Meet me, my moonlight—marry me,
Madonna mia!—Madeline.

The Errors of Socialism.

The projects of the socialists are based on the dogmas that man is born free and good, when he is, in fact, born helpless, and good or bad, as he works out his destiny; that the responsibility for vice and crime is on society, when in truth, it is in the individual; that nature meets men at the outset with gratuitous bounty, which some appropriate to the exclusion of others, when, in fact, nature holds back everything, and surrenders only to force and labor; that man is born endowed with "natural rights," when, in truth, nothing can be affirmed universally of the state of man by nature save that he is born to struggle for his own preservation, with nothing but the family to help him, and nothing but liberty, or the security of using his own energies for his own welfare, as a fair claim upon his fellow-men, that work is pleasant, or, under some circumstances, might be so; when, in truth, work is irksome; that men universally may be made, by some conventional agreement or sentimental impulse, to work for others to enjoy the product, or to save in order to give away; that they may be led universally to lay aside talents, health and other advantages; that we can increase consumption and lessen production, yet have more; that all have an equal right to the production of some; that talents are the result of chance, which intelligence ought to correct, when, in truth, talents are the reward, from generation to generation, of industry, temperance, and prudence; that the passions need no control, and that self-denial is a vice. This is the socialistic creed, and from it it follows that a man has a "natural right" to whatever he needs; that his wishes are the measure of his claims on his fellow men; that, if he is in distress, somebody is bound to get him out; that somebody ought to decide what work every one should do, regardless of aptitude; to distribute the products equally, regardless of merit, and to determine consumption, regardless of taste or preference. As this "some one" must be a pure despot, or, in fact, a god, all socialistic schemes annihilate liberty. Most of them are atheistic, and reject any other god than the master of society.—Professor G. W. Sumner in Scribner for October.

What Stanley Did for Geography.

Stanley gave nine mouths to the exploration of the Lualaba, or rather to the Livingstone, as he called it, and as it must be called for all time. Before he went out on this mission, we knew there were two rivers—the Congo and the Lualaba. We knew that the Congo ran into the Atlantic Ocean, but its source was lost in cataclysms. The Portuguese were content to scatter a few settlements about its mouth, and trade for gums and ivory along its banks. But it was an unknown river beyond the equator. We knew there was a river in the middle of Africa called the Lualaba; we knew it had a swift current, that it

was a river of large volume. But beyond that we knew nothing. Some had one theory, others had another. Livingstone was convinced that it ran into the Nile; was really the source of the Nile; and who would question even the theory of so great a master? What Stanley did was to show that the Congo and Lualaba were one and the same; that the Congo, instead of losing itself among the rapids, was to force itself into the very heart of the continent; that the Lualaba, instead of going north and submitting to the usurping waters of the Nile, was to turn to the west and force its way to the sea; that these two rivers were to disappear from the map, and be known as one river—the Livingstone, that this river was to be 2,900 miles in length; that for nearly ten degrees of longitude it was to be continuously navigable; that its volume was 1,800,000 cubic feet a second; that the entire area it drains is 800,000 square miles—in other words, that there was an immense waterway 3,000 miles into the centre of Africa, navigable with the exception of two breaks, which engineering science can easily surmount—a waterway into a tropical empire, rich in woods and metals and gracious soil, in fruits and grains, the sure home of a civilized empire in years to come. As Petermann, the eminent German geographer, put it, Stanley's work was to unite the fragments of African exploration—the achievements of Livingstone, Burton, Speke, Du Chailly, Baker, Cameron, of all the heroic men who had gone before him—into one consecutive whole, just as Bismarck united the fragments of the German people, lying about under various princes and dukes, into one grand and harmonious empire. Even as Bismarck had created imperial Germany, so Stanley created geographical Africa.—John Russell Young, in Harper's Magazine for October.

Kindness to Animals.

It pays to treat domestic animals kindly. There is no animal so stupid as not to know the difference between kind and unkind treatment, and none so vicious and ungrateful as not to respond in kind to the hand that pats and caresses it. The vicious horse is almost always been a timid colt, and required only kind and gentle treatment to drive away fear and establish confidence, to render him docile.

It is the nature of all animals to resent ill-treatment, even from one of their own species, and to fight when imposed upon. Thus the horse will return a kick or a bite, while the horned animal will do battle with the arms with which nature has furnished it.

A timid and spirited colt is very naturally and rapidly changed into a vicious and unmanageable horse by rough and unkind handling—and the timid heifer by the same treatment, becomes an ugly, hooking and kicking cow. Domestic animals recognize kind words as well as kind acts, and a cross word at a critical moment will bring fight and determined opposition, where a kind word would have calmed fear and subdued anger. In handling domestic animals, that man is the most successful who governs his own passions. With domestic animals, kindness begets kindness, and passion begets passion.

Silk Manufacture.

The Raw Material and the Price of Dress Goods.

A reporter of the Advertiser visited the mills of J. D. Cutter, yesterday afternoon, and was shown through them by the superintendent, who explained the process of manufacture to him. The raw silk, which is in bundles, is taken to a loom on the second floor and assorted into skeins according to its size, the greatest accuracy and experience being required for this work, which is a very delicate operation, the difference between the various skeins being imperceptible to the unpracticed eye. The skeins are then placed in bags and soaked in water in order to loosen the gum which adheres to the silk. After the silk is soaked it is placed on a winding frame and wound on a bobbin. It is then taken to a doubling machine, where the threads are

wound together to the desired thickness. Next it is taken to the twisting machine, where the bobbins are whirled rapidly around, the silk being drawn off at the same time and twisted and then reeled off on another bobbin. It is then taken to another twister in the opposite direction, which makes the thread light and firm, after which it is reeled off again into skeins and dyed the requisite color. After it is dyed it is again wound on bobbins and taken to another room, put through other processes and finally wound on spools and packed in boxes ready for shipment. If the silk is to be woven into dress goods, however, the process is different. It is taken direct to the spinning frames, which run at the rate of 8,000 revolutions per minute, the bobbins are placed in frames, and the silk is twisted and reeled as in sewing silk. After it is twisted it is wound into skeins and then taken down stairs, where the different skeins are separated according to size, the size being determined by weight, each skein being weighed separately on a scale made expressly for the purpose, and so delicately adjusted as to indicate a variation of a hundredth part of an ounce. It is then taken to the dyeing room and dyed. After this it is again wound on bobbins and from these wound on a warping frame, which is turned slowly around until the whole warp for a piece of goods of 200 yards is formed. The warp is then carefully wound off and placed tightly around a wheel, after which it is drawn into a beam placed in proper shape for weaving, each thread having its own place. It is then woven into dress goods or handkerchiefs as desired. The finest goods are woven entirely by hand, as the utmost care and accuracy in weaving them is required.—Newark Advertiser.

Jews.

Jews.—According to the latest statistics that have been gathered, there are, in round numbers 8,000,000 of Jews in the world, who are thus divided: United States 73,265; Great Britain and Ireland 42,000; Italy, 25,000; France, 49,439; German Empire, 512,158; Netherlands (Holland), 68,903; Austria, 1,600,000; Russia in Europe, 2,612,179; Turkey, 150,000; Roumania, 247,424; Morocco, 340,000; Denmark, Belgium, Sweden, Switzerland and Canada have comparatively few Jews—they number there from 1,500 to 7,000—while Asia has 2,138,000. Most persons will be surprised at the statement that there are less than 73,300 Jews in this country, which is generally supposed to contain a great many more. Some reports make the number as high as 150,000, but this is probably an exaggeration. The statistics given here are said to be as trustworthy as can be had at present, though no published figures can be wholly depended on, as the Jews are scattered all over the globe, and in many places where such a thing as a census has never been taken. The Jewish population of the world is loosely reckoned at from 8,500,000 to 15,000,000—a very broad margin, sure—but there is reason to believe that 8,000,000 is pretty near the truth. The two countries where Jews are scarcest are Spain and Scotland.

A Child Preacher.

There is now in Louisville a little negress who is a perfect child wonder. She is a Scriptural marvel. She does not even know her letters, yet she can quote accurately almost any passage in the Bible.

At the age of nine months she could talk, and would frequently tell her mother what her idea of heaven was. As she grew older, she would sit for hours and expatiate on the beauties and glories of the other world. The old colored folks would listen to her sayings for hours.

At the age of three years, she began to lecture on heaven and its wonders, for God and His omnipotence. She has lectured in many places, and has created a furore in every place she has yet visited. The prodigy lectured at the York Street colored church yesterday afternoon, and at night spoke to a large crowd at the Green Street colored church. Her speech was good, and her delivery impressive.

A reporter of the Courier-Journal interrogated her last night. "What is your name, little girl?" "Alice Coatny."

"How old are you?" "Ise just four years and twenty-eight days old to-night."

"Where were you born?" "I was born in Liverpool, England—cross de Atlantic."

"How long since you felt the power within you?"

"I don't know; Ise always felt the power of God."

"What do you talk about when you speak to a crowd?"

"I talk about Jesus, about heavenly things, about how Jesus died and was crucified; how He rose again in three days and sitteth by the right hand of God."

"Can you spell?"

"No, sir, I don't know my A B C's yet."

She then went on in a rapturous strain about things Biblical and spiritual, completely nonplussing the reporter.

She was accompanied by two colored men. They talked in an enthusiastic manner about her. She said in her conversation that she believed in two kinds of baptism. She spoke of the different modes of salvation; how to reach Paradise; how to be converted from a bad man to a good one, etc. Her sayings were entirely original, and were not spoken in a hesitating voice, but in a quick, keen and forcible manner. As young as she is, a negress without education in the principles she sets forth, her power partakes strongly of the marvelous.—Louisville Courier Journal.

The Matrimonial Market in Saratoga.

It is amusing to see the disconsolate air worn by some of the visitors on the eve of their departure for home. That fine looking gentleman and his wife who are promenading one end of the States plaza, having purposely sequestered themselves, have a troubled look. Morrissey's Club house may have been his stumbling block, one night, this week. Sympathy with him or dismay at the length of her livery bill may have affected her. These things may have brought the cloud, but they have not. Their trouble is due to something more grievous than such trifles as losses at the poker-table or long bills from a livery keeper. Do you see those three girls in a group in the parlor? That group is the cause of all this anxiety. The season is at its close; not one of the group has been selected by an admirer of feminine divinities. "Not one has been taken; they are all left," is the thought of pa and ma, as they ponder upon the situation.

"Not one of the girls is likely to receive an offer?" asked he.

"No, John. Not one. I don't think we could give them away," returned the eminently practical ma. "With all the little parties which we have given, the excursions we have arranged, with all the society affairs which they have attended, our efforts to marry them off, and marry them off well, John, you know have been useless."

"Well, we'll take them home with us, and —"

"Try again another year, John," she broke in.

"Yes, if we don't get wrecked by our expenses before then," he replied gloomily.

Some idea can be gained from the above of the extreme dullness which pervades the matrimonial market. The young men won't marry. The young women are fast growing too old to marry. I don't know what will become of the republic if this state of affairs continues much longer.—Correspondence Providence Journal.

The Queen of Sheba's Descendant.

At Dschawarba, a journal printed at Constantinople in the Arabic language, reports an unexpected politico-religious revolution and change of dynasty, the scene of which is laid in Abyssinia. After the English victory, and the death of King Theodore, the throne passed to the Emir Kassa, who was crowned under the name of King John. At the same time, however, there existed another ruler of Abyssinia, namely King Menelik II, who asserts that he is the descendant and heir of that Biblical Queen of Sheba who visited King Solomon. He issued a protest against the claims and title assumed by King John Kassa, declared himself to be the legitimate monarch, and the latter a revolutionary Jeroboam. King John was indignant

at the theoretic attack launched against him by King Menelik, and determined to reply by carnal arguments. He advanced upon Sheba at the head of 150,000 troops, and declared his intention of annexing the territory held by the heir of the Queen of Sheba. When he had arrived before Ankobar, the capital and residence of King Menelik, an enormous troop came out against him. It was not composed, however, of soldiers, but of Christian priests. This "great company of preachers" hurled the most terrible reproaches at King John, and assured him that if he persisted in his revolutionary intentions he would commit mortal sin, and would, consequently, find the gates of Paradise closed against him on the day of his death. They required him to lay down his arms and swear fidelity to the heaven-appointed ruler. John Kassa, strange to say, actually complied. He made an act of penitence for the crime which he had begun to commit, and he entered the city of Ankobar, not as a king and conqueror, but as one of the principal governors of King Menelik's dominions. In the presence of members of an assembly of the citizens he laid down the insignia of royalty, handed his crown to Menelik, and begged for the grace and favor of the heir of the Queen of Sheba. King Menelik embraced him with fatherly warmth, and bestowed upon him a high dignity. The old kingdom of Sheba has thus been unexpectedly "united" in the year 1878, an event which the royal family of Menelik is said to have been expecting, with an indestructible confidence, throughout a term of 2,873 years.—From the London Jewish World.

An Obscure Hero.

An engineer named Edward Osmond, was recently running a passenger express through from Philadelphia to Jersey City. It was one of the swiftest and heaviest trains which are only entrusted to the most experienced engineers. The train was making sixty miles an hour, when a heavy connecting rod of the driving wheel on the right of the engine broke, and one end of it swinging upward with terrible force, struck the cab beneath him, and shattered it into a thousand pieces.

Osmond fell senseless on the engine. He was both burned and scalded, and the pain quickly restored consciousness. The engine, with its open throttle, was rushing forward with fearful velocity to certain destruction.

Inside the long train of cars men were talking, laughing; women playing with their babes. The fireman let himself down from the tender and escaped. Osmond might have done the same. Instead, he crept along the side of the engine, carefully let himself into his place, and with his burned hands reversed the engine and applied the air-brake. The train stopped. People inside the car went on with their reading and their gossip, and the children played with their mothers, who wondered indifferently, perhaps, why the train was stopping again. They never will know how, in a brief minute, they passed over the very mouth of the grave, and were snatched back by the quiet, high courage of one poor workman.

To our minds there is something finer in the calm integrity to duty in the face of danger and death which is so often seen in the obscure American mechanics who fill posts of responsibility, than in the dash and sudden courage of many a daring soldier on the battle-field.—Philadelphia Post.

Bishop Jane's Humor.

Bishop Jane was a modest, unpretentious man. He had a great amount of dry humor. He often settled a commotion in his conference by "telling a story." One day a young man preached before the conference on Lot's wife. He had a poor time; once or twice it seemed that he would break completely down. He saw the old Bishop before him, and that made matters worse. "Bishop, what do you think was the matter with me this morning? I can do a great deal better than that." "Quite likely. The trouble was in your subject. You had better let women alone. I never knew any good come to a Methodist minister from meddling with other men's wives."—New York correspondence of the Boston Journal.