

SING A SONG.

If you'll sing a song as you go along, In the face of the real or the fancied wrong; In spite of the doubt if you'll fight it out, And show a heart that is brave and stout; If you'll laugh at the jeers and refuse the tears, You'll force the ever-reluctant cheers That the world denies when the coward cries, To give to the man who bravely tries; And you'll win success with a little song— If you'll sing a song as you go along!

RAMAPO PASS.

In the summer of 1781 the forces of Washington lay six weeks at Dobbs Ferry on the Hudson. Every day Sir Henry Clinton, who was in command of the British in New York, had been expecting an attack, and we now know Washington had been preparing to move against the city, but the failure of Count de Grasse, who was holding the French fleet at the West Indies, to co-operate with the troops on land, had compelled him to abandon the project, and he had decided to move rapidly to the south and attack Cornwallis, who was then in Virginia. But he was very desirous that Clinton should not suspect his plan, for he might prevent the march or send reinforcements to Cornwallis, and either action would hinder, if it did not defeat, his project. So the American commander bent all his energies to deceive the British, and make them think that New York was still the place to be attacked. Indeed, we know that even after the march was begun the French troops, who went by the way of Perth Amboy, there stopped to build ovens and boats, and gave out that they were about to attack the posts on Staten Island and then move against the city. There were other means that Washington used, however, to produce the same impression even before his army left Dobbs Ferry, and it is with one of these that this story has to do. "I want to see Dominie Montagnie!" said an orderly to a company of men who were seated near a tent in the camp at Dobbs Ferry. "There he is over there," replied one of the soldiers, pointing to a young man not far away. "That Dominie Montagnie!" said the orderly. "Why he's only a boy." "Boy or not, he's one of the staunchest Whigs in all this region. There isn't a better man in all the Continental army," replied the soldier. The orderly left, and as he approached the young man shrewdly scanned his face. Evidently he was satisfied with what he saw, for he at once addressed him: "Is this Dominie Montagnie?" "Yes," replied the young preacher, returning the look to the officer. "Well, Gen. Washington wants to see you at once." "Wants to see me? What for?" "I don't know. Come with me and you will soon know." Young Montagnie asked no further questions, but arose and accompanied his guide to the quarters of the commander. He had never spoken to him before, but he shared fully in the feeling of respect which all the army had for their leader, and he was somewhat abashed when the General rose to receive him, and could scarcely reply to the kind words he spoke when he was presented. "Yes, I have known of you," said Washington, "and from all I can hear I am certain I can rely upon you. Is this true?" "I try to do my best, General," said Montagnie modestly. "That's right. Now, I have a very important commission for you," and the General paused a moment to note the effect of his words, but the young man only bowed, and he continued: "I want to send some despatches by you to Morristown. You will cross the river at King's Ferry, go up by Haverstraw and through Ramapo Pass."

the cowboys and skimmers held it, and if he should once fall into their hands he knew what would occur. "But, General," he ventured to stammer, "Ramapo Pass is one of the headquarters of the Tories, and I shall surely be taken if I try to go that way. Why may I not go by the upper road? I am familiar with every foot of the country." "Young man," said Washington, stamping his foot in real or pretended anger, "your duty is not to talk but to obey." The young preacher saw that all remonstrance would be in vain, and although he could not understand why he should not be left to select his own route, especially since he was to go through a country he knew thoroughly, he only bowed his head and promised to do his best. "When am I to go?" he inquired. "Now. Just as soon as you can get ready." Just at dusk, dressed in citizen's clothing, and with the despatches sewed inside the lining of his sleeve, young Montagnie was carried across the river and started on his journey. Even a horse was denied him, but the hard young Continental cared little for that, and all night long he kept steadily on his way. It was about half an hour before sunrise when he came near to Ramapo Pass. "My time has come," he said to himself. "If I can once get safely through this place I have no fear of the rest of the way." But he was more excited than he knew, and he was breathing rapidly as he entered the pass. He grasped his heavy walking stick more tightly and glanced about him. The passage between the hills was becoming very narrow. Beside the roadway there was only a narrow little strip of land and the swift-flowing stream that ran noisily on its way. The steep hillsides rose abrupt and rocky. The damp, cool air of the early morning, the noise of the stream, the threatening cliffs and bowlders, which might conceal some of his enemies, all increased the nervous dread of the messenger, and he quickened his steps. Once through, his greatest danger would be passed. "Hark! What was that? He stopped and listened, and in a moment he knew he had not been deceived. He could hear the sound of approaching horsemen, and they were coming rapidly down the road behind him. He glanced behind for a hiding place, and already had started to climb the cliffs, when he caught sight of the approaching men and realized that he could not gain a place of concealment before they would be near enough to see him. Perhaps they had already discovered him. There was nothing left but to resume his place in the road, walk on as though he neither feared nor suspected anything, and keep on as bold a face as possible. But if his face was bold, it was the only thing bold about him, for his heart sank when he saw the six men enter the pass, and bring their horses to a walk when they noticed the stranger. He could see their faces now, and his alarm increased when he recognized the leader as Richard Smith. He had been at Goshen when his father, Claudius Smith, along with Gordon and De la Mar, had been hanged. Montagnie knew that a desperado Claudius Smith had been, and what a terror his gang of cowboys had been in Orange county and along the borders of New Jersey. Many rewards had been offered for his arrest, and about a year and a half before this time he had been captured at Oyster Bay and taken to Goshen, where he was chained to the floor of the jail and a strong guard placed over him. All his efforts to escape had been in vain, and with his two companions he had been hanged, as Montagnie himself knew, for he had been in Goshen on that very day. But Smith's son Richard had been avenging the death of his father, and the poor Whigs in that region had been suffering more at his hands than they had from his father. These were the thoughts that were passing rapidly through the mind of the messenger, and there was this desperado, Richard Smith, approaching, and with him five men as desperate as he at his back. What villainous-looking men they were. He grasped his walking-stick more firmly and tried to appear calm. "Good morrow, gentlemen," said Montagnie. A gruff word was the only reply, but each man was glancing sharply at him. Evidently they were suspicious, but, as they passed on, Montagnie breathed more easily. The danger was almost passed and in a moment he would be beyond their sight. But he was not to escape so easily. Without turning his head he was aware they had stopped and were watching him. The moment was a critical one. Would it never come to an end? "Hold, stranger," called one of the men. "You travel early." The messenger stopped, for there was nothing else to be done, and waited their approach. They soon gathered about him, and he knew his only hope lay in being calm. "Yes," he replied, "and neither are you late in your start." "Whether might you be bound?" said Smith, ignoring his words. "Oh, up the road here, among the hills." Smith laughed derisively as he replied: "That won't do. Up the road may lead you to Morristown, or it may be New York. You'll have to give an account of yourself." The young preacher glanced quickly about him. Should he try to fight? Six men, armed and mounted, were before him, and they would think no more of shooting him than they would a squirrel by the roadside. But the leader had not failed to note his hesitation, and he turned to his men and

said: "Search him, boys. If he's straight it'll do 'no harm; and if he isn't, it's the thing to be done." In a moment Montagnie had forgotten his caution. If the papers were found they would perhaps kill him, and if he must die he would sell his life as dearly as possible. He had been so quiet that the two men who approached were taken off their guard when he suddenly whirled his heavy stick and struck one of them a heavy blow and then turned to the other. With a bound he leaped over the fallen man and started for the cliffs. It was a desperate venture and every moment he expected to hear the sound of their guns. He struggled on, however, unmindful of everything but his own desire to escape. "Don't shoot! Don't shoot!" he heard Smith call. "He may be worth more alive than dead. Ha! ha! Who would have thought such a peaceful looking youngster would have given such a rap?" and he laughed again when he saw how angry his companions were. "Take after him; be quick or he'll get away." Montagnie was struggling desperately to make his way up the hillside. For a moment he thought they had abandoned the pursuit, although he wondered why they didn't shoot, but he soon understood it all when he saw two of the men coming toward him. They had known of a path, and by taking it had been able to gain the heights above. To attempt further flight was useless now, and without a word he followed his captors to the road beneath. "Take him up to the hut, boys," said Smith and the messenger soon found himself in a rude log house about 200 yards from the road and concealed among the defiles of the hills. "Now search him," said the leader, and the men immediately began to do his bidding. His three-cornered hat was cut into pieces, but nothing was found in it. Next his coat was taken off, and in a moment one of them exclaimed: "Here's something; it's inside the lining," and he cut open the sleeve and took out the despatches, which he tossed to Smith. The leader quickly opened them, and as he read the others watched him keenly. "It's a good find, boys, and all right. That's what comes of making a general out of a farmer. Who was the fool that tried to hide this in the lining of a sleeve?" he inquired, turning to Montagnie. "Why, it's the very first place we'd look into. And you must have been drunk to think you could get through Ramapo Pass with them. You don't look like a lackwit, but you must have been not to have taken the upper road. But Clinton will be glad to get this! Now, boys, what shall we do with this fellow, hang him or send him away?" "Shoot him," said the one whom the messenger had struck. "It's none too good for him." "We'll see about that a little later," replied Smith. "We've got to get this letter to Clinton the first thing we do." Two were left with the prisoner as a guard and the others soon rode away. For three days and nights Montagnie lay in the hut, bound hand and foot. Not for a moment were the cords loosened, and each day his guard told him they were about to take him out and hang him and leave his body on a tree by the roadside as a warning to all Whigs. The preacher had fully resigned himself and expected daily the threat would be put into execution. On the fourth day Smith returned, and after a hurried consultation with the guards, rode away. The prisoner's hands were loosed, and his aching limbs were rubbed by the guard, but he had no other thought than that he was being prepared for his execution. Accordingly when in a few hours he was bidden to follow them out of the hut he glanced on every side for the rope he thought to see dangling from some tree. As he walked his thoughts were somewhat bitter against Washington. Why had he insisted upon his coming through Ramapo Pass? If he had been left to his own device he would have taken the upper road and never would have fallen into the power of those desperadoes. "Can you ride," said one of the men abruptly. "Yes," replied the preacher. Were they about to mount him on a horse and then start the horse off after the noose had been adjusted? He had heard of that plan having been used. But he had no time for meditation, for they came to a place where three horses were waiting. Almost before he knew what had occurred, the prisoner found himself mounted and riding rapidly along the road, with one guard on either side. What could it mean? He saw no rope and not a word was spoken. On and on they went, and gradually it dawned upon the young man's mind what the destination was to be. Nor was he mistaken, for he soon was carried across the river and placed in the old Sugar House prison in New York, one of the famous provost prisons of that day. "You're a great one," said the guard to Montagnie the next day. "Those letters you had were all about Washington's plan to attack New York. But Clinton can take a hint, and everybody in the city is getting ready to receive the rebels." Then he took from his pocket a copy of Rivington's Gazette, which contained a long account of his capture, the nature of the despatches he had carried and the use Sir Henry was making of the information he had gained. Suddenly, as the guard finished his reading, Montagnie laughed aloud. "What are you laughing at?" asked the angry guard as he left. "I don't see anything funny in that?" But the prisoner did, and all his

bitterness toward Washington had vanished in a moment. Now he understood it all. Washington had intended all the time to have him taken prisoner with those despatches on his person and thus to hold the British in New York while he started for Virginia. How well he held them we know from the fact that when Sir Henry next heard of him he was already beyond the Delaware, too far away to be pursued, and it was too late to send word or aid to Cornwallis. As for Parson Montagnie, he was not long kept a prisoner, for the war was soon ended; but for years it was his delight to tell the story of his capture. "I had read about the Greeks holding the pass of Thermopylae," he would say, "and keeping out the enemy; but I kept the enemy in by failing to hold the pass at Ramapo."—Atlanta Constitution. THE JOKERS' BUDGET. Jest and Yarn Made and Told by Funny Men of the press. HIS CHOICE. "What in your opinion is the most pleasing decoration for a wheel?" "A pretty woman." COSTLY EXPERIENCE. "So you broke the engagement, Yawpley?" "Yes, but not till after the engagement broke me." DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT. Mrs. Scareface—Why, General, I don't think you would remember me. What a memory you have for faces! Gen. Blunt—Madam, yours is a face one could never forget! A TRUE LIKENESS. Miss Cawstic—"Don't you think monkeys are cute?" Blowdust—"Now, they remind me too much of some people." Miss Cawstic—"O, you shouldn't be so sensitive." PHYSIOGNOMICAL. "The face," said the oracular boomer, "is an exact index to the mind." "Not an exact one," said the Careful Idiot. "For instance, when a man has his temper ruled his brows are knit." A SUGGESTION. Mother—What would poor mamma do without her boy if he went away? Her Boy—You could whip Fido when you were cross and just pretend it was me, couldn't you? EASY TO CURE. The Wife—Doctor, can you do anything for my husband? Doctor—What seems to be the matter? The Wife—Worrying about money. Doctor—Oh, I can relieve him of that all right. THE LIMIT FOUND. "There," said the man of schemes, "is a limit to the toleration of the public." "And you found it?" "Up. I met a total frost when I started out with a lecture on 'How I intend to find the North Pole'." PLEASURES OF THE IMAGINATION. "Mrs. Stebbins is the meekest woman on earth." "What has she done now?" "She gave her little boy a slice of bread and butter, and told him to go out and sit where he could smell the blackberry jam Mrs. Perkins was making." EASILY COMPREHENDED. American Boy—"Papa, what's an absolute monarchy?" Papa—"A country ruled by a king whose authority is unlimited; this world is law, and the people must do his bidding. Do you understand?" American Boy—"Oh, yes, a sort of political boss." CONSOLATORY THOUGHT. Professor (disgustedly)—It's hard to get any knowledge into your head, your skull's so thick. Pupil—But, remember, Professor, for the same reason it will be hard for the knowledge to ever get out. A GREAT DISADVANTAGE. "I suppose," remarked the sarcastic housewife, "that in the course of time ice will be worth as much as diamonds." "Well," replied the iceman, reflectively, "diamonds are pretty good in their way, but you can't rely on their melting down so as to keep up a steady demand." NOW HE GOT AROUND IT. (Chalumeau has just returned from a fishing expedition. "Well," his friends ask him, "did you catch anything?" "I missed my twelfth fish," answers Chalumeau, who thus spares himself the humiliation of telling that he missed his first as well. THE MODERN MUSICAL. Young lady—You are a wonderful master of the piano, I hear. Professor von Spieler (hired for the occasion)—I play accompaniments sometimes. Young lady—Accompaniments to singing? Professor von Spieler—Accompaniments to conversations. THE FRIEND. Wallace—Iargreaves had the impudence to accuse you of laughing at your own jokes, but I called him down all right. Feery—That was very kind of you—oh, by the way, what did you say to him? "I told him that they were not your own jokes at all." LEGAL LORE. "Well, proceed," said the lawyer. "The plaintiff resorted to an ingenious use of circumstantial evidence," said the witness. "For the benefit of the jury, state in plainer language exactly what you mean by that," interrupted the Judge. "Well, my meaning is—that he lied!" Purple Blue Orchid. A purple blue orchid of a color never seen before in England, discovered by M. Robelin in the Philippine Islands, 6,000 feet above sea level, has just been introduced to the British public under the name of Dandrobium Victoriae Reginae. Three hundred of the dried-up roots were sold in London at from \$4 to \$10 a piece.

NOTES AND COMMENTS. After all it isn't so very remarkable that a Chicago man who recently failed for \$1,000,000 should have "kept all his accounts in his head." His creditors are now seeing dividends "in their minds." Improved sanitation, including clean streets, has reduced the mortality rate in New York from 27.15 per thousand in 1891 to 19.63 in 1897. The rate in London has been reduced to 17.25 by similar measures covering a longer period. In England it was stated at a meeting of farmers that one acre under glass exceeded 100 acres in producing a profit, and that the labor and cost was no greater in proportion to area than for 100 acres, excepting the original cost of the glass and fixtures. Paris has voted \$20,000,000 to the Exposition of 1900, or more than double the amount appropriated for its last exhibition. Two great palaces will be erected in the Champs Elysees, and the Seine, crossed by a monumental bridge, is to be transformed into a Venetian canal, with terraced banks and ornamental pavilions. An old colored woman, a former slave, who died the other day in Oakland, Cal., was commonly reputed to be 102 years old, and the death certificate so stated, but documentary proof has since been produced showing that she was only eighty-six. Many other reputed centenarians might suffer equal deductions in years if the truth could be established as easily. "It is a remarkable fact," says a contributor to Knowledge, London, "that the two countries which are now competing most keenly with us in the industrial race—especially in those departments allied to engineering—are Germany and the United States; two which have for many years been in the van in the matter of providing facilities for education in matters pertaining to the industrial arts." According to an estimate in the Sun, clergymen in preaching average about 90 words a minute, campaign speakers 110, and senators in debate from 150 to 200. Very rapid readers find difficulty in uttering intelligently so many as 275 words a minute. And yet a stenographer who is able to write 402 words in 60 seconds. But of what practical use is such excessive rapidity? To what extent flogging is still tolerated by English law is shown by certain prison returns just presented to Parliament, from which it would appear that no less than sixteen hundred floggings per annum take place in the local and convict prisons of the United Kingdom. Besides these, there are six hundred and seventy floggings a year in the military prisons, which means that the floggings of soldiers belonging to the British army average nearly two a day. Not in years has there been such strife among the big cities, east and west, for commercial supremacy. New York, Chicago, Philadelphia and Baltimore are all striving to get the business of interior merchants and shippers of farm produce. This energetic competition among the trade centers must prove indirectly helpful to the farmer, because it means a further whittling down of middlemen's expenses and freights on what the farmer has to buy and has to sell. The undependable character of many of the mighty modern engines of war has been forcibly illustrated in connection with the late manoeuvres of the British fleet. Both the Mars and the Terrible, the former a monster of 14,900 tons, were suddenly placed entirely out of the range of action by trouble with their high pressure cylinders. The truth is that naval construction at the present day is largely in an experimental stage. We have discarded sails and we cannot depend on our engines. The national debt during the last five years in England shows an average daily increase of nearly \$100,000. During the same period the national debt of the United States shows an average daily increase of more than \$125,000. France's debt increased \$120,000 daily, Germany's debt over \$130,000, while that of Russia shows a daily growth of not less than \$405,000. France's national debt to-day is the largest, heading the list with \$8,000,000,000. Russia comes next, then Great Britain and then Germany. "The East does not know," says the Denver Republican, "and will not believe that Colorado is a gold-producing State, except in a moderate way. Above all, it does not know that it will surpass California in this year, and that in the course of a few years it will go ahead of the Rand district in South Africa. People are ready enough to believe stories of the discovery of almost fabulous wealth in the Yukon Valley, but they turn a deaf ear to the statement that Colorado is one of the greatest gold regions in the world." Ireland of prehistoric times was the gold country of Europe. In no other country, at any rate, has so much manufactured gold of early ages been found, not less than four hundred specimens of Irish gold antiquies being contained in the museum of the Royal Irish Academy alone, while the British Museum gold antiquies, illustrative of British history, are entirely Irish. Trinity College, Dublin, has many fine examples, and there are large private collections. Native gold occurs in seven localities in Ireland, and the ancient miners may have had sources of supply that are now worked out or lost. The managers of St. Elizabeth's Insane Asylum in Washington are en-

gaged in an experiment that will be watched with great curiosity by those who are interested in the care of that class of unfortunates. A farm has been rented near Ozen Hill, Md., which contains fifty acres of good garden soil, twenty acres of hill side, sixty acres of corn and wheat land, with about one hundred acres of woodland and pasture. New buildings have been erected, modern implements and machinery have been secured and skilled farmers have been employed, who have the patience and judgment to deal with men and women who are mentally distracted. Under these conditions an attempt will be made to solve the problem of the labor cure for the insane. Each patient will be entrusted with a certain degree of responsibility and persuaded but not compelled to undertake a certain amount of labor, which, with a diet carefully regulated and regular hours of sleep and recreation, will furnish an experiment under the best conditions possible. As Dr. Godding, the superintendent of St. Elizabeth's, put it, says the Chicago Record: "It is the intention to establish a pioneer colony of insane men, carefully selected from the quiet class of inmates, to whom a home where they can sit under their own vine and fig tree, enjoying the fruit of their labors, will be something hitherto unknown to their hospital life. A moderate outlay for inexpensive farm cottages, a little patience in the development of the work and an abiding faith in the result are all that is needed to take them away from the hospital atmosphere and out of the new farm vistas to open wider horizons to the every-day life of the insane." THE GREAT LAKES. Some Interesting Features About Those Vast Inland Seas. Reports from the great fresh water lakes are to the effect that their level is much above what it was last year at this season. Fishermen on Lake Ontario, for instance, claim that the water of that lake is eighteen inches higher than it was in May, 1895, and three feet above the level of last summer. This increased volume of water is doubtless due to the melting of the great body of snow which fell last winter on the drainage area of these basins and to the abundant rains of the spring. The same heavy precipitation elsewhere has caused the greatest flood in the Mississippi River that this generation has known. Two years ago, in 1895, the level of the lakes was extraordinarily low, and much apprehension was felt lest a permanent change had taken place and that hereafter a lower level of water would be the rule. This condition, however, was easily attributable to the dryness of the season, a much smaller quantity of water having fallen over the drainage area than the average. The level of the lakes is known to oscillate from year to year, but there is no trustworthy data on which to base calculation in the matter. The conditions are constantly changing also. A larger area of land is being brought under cultivation, which absorbs more rainfall, and consequently less runs off into the creeks and streams which help to feed the lakes. More forests are also being cut down, and a larger surface exposed to evaporation from the sun. The meteorological cause for changing lake levels and the causes which come from an increasing population will doubtless continue and cannot probably be controlled. But there are artificial causes which are likely to influence lake levels seriously unless care is taken to regulate and check them. Among these causes are the Chicago drainage canal, the project for cutting a ship canal between Lakes Erie and St. Clair and the plan of cutting a fourteen-foot channel throughout the whole length of the St. Lawrence River. There are other schemes, but these are the most important. The Chicago drainage canal will, as soon as finished, take 300,000 cubic feet of water per minute from Lake Michigan and ultimately double that amount. The ship canal between Lakes St. Clair and Erie, as projected, will be twenty-one feet deep and seventy-two feet wide at the bottom, and to supply it will require an additional drainage of water from Lakes Huron and Michigan, and consequently from Lake Superior. The enlargement of the Welland Canal has already had some effect in lowering the levels of Lake Erie, and if the channel of the St. Lawrence River is deepened so as to admit larger steamers and more of them to the lake trade, an increased demand will be made for water from the lakes and a further decline in both Lakes Erie and Ontario is probable.—Philadelphia Press. A Valuable Fowl. Henry W. Brodt, proprietor of the Commercial Hotel of this city, made a remarkable discovery yesterday, which confirms the theory of geologists that the small gravel-bottom creeks south-east of here contain gold washed from the sides of the knobs. Andrew Blackall, a poultry dealer here, purchased some chickens of a farmer who lives in Finley township, on one of these gravel streams, close to the knobs. One of the fowls, a large rooster, he sold to Mr. Brodt, who had it prepared for dinner. The surprise of the cook can be imagined when, on dressing the chicken, she found in its craw a nugget of what appeared to be gold. It was taken to a jeweler, who pronounced it a pure specimen of the precious metal. Its weight was found to be thirty-eight grains. The nugget is a bright, solid lump, in its natural state, which shows that the gold is a native product of the county.—Indianapolis News.