

The cattle men evince a disposition to defy the President's order, but when the troops get after them they will have to go. Public sentiment will sustain the government in pretty decisive measures with these aggressive capitalists, who had begun to believe that they were stronger than the laws.

Brazil is taking steps to hasten the extinction of slavery, that institution having long ago begun to die out in the Empire. The greatest of all South American countries is keeping quiet and minding its own business, but its progress toward high civilization and great power and wealth is rivaled by no South American State save, perhaps, Chili and the Argentine Confederation, and neither of these countries can ever equal Brazil in size and possibilities of greatness.

The Railway Age notes an unexpected activity in railway building. The mileage of 626 proposed new roads and those already in progress of construction, is 44,303. The greater part of the proposed roads are to be short local lines, intended for legitimate needs of communities, and generally wanted to give connection with existing roads to open up regions destitute of railway facilities. In the Carolinas, Georgia, Florida, Alabama and Tennessee, this activity is especially noticeable and cheering.

Ferdinand Ward, who financially wrecked the Grant family, claims that he is more sinned against than sinning. He says he is not worth a dollar, and is made the scape goat of others more guilty than he. The impression is that Ward is not more guilty than others, but until he discloses the whole business he must bear the brunt of blame. Ward has been living sumptuously in Ludlow Street Jail at the expense of unknown, but liberal, friends for nearly a year and a half, since the Marine Bank stopped paying 20 per cent. a month to its favored investors. Fish has gone to prison, muttering impotent maledictions upon his partner, and justice has rested on her sword.

The people of Illinois complain that the tax system of that State is unequal and unjust, and are organizing leagues to more effectively work for a change in the laws governing the subject. The chief complaint seems to be that real estate is called upon to bear too great a share of the burden of taxation, and this appears to be borne out by the fact that out of a total State revenue of \$30,000,000, realty pays \$25,000,000. In Chicago alone over \$4,000,000 was taken last year for general taxes, and \$2,000,000 more on special assessments, while personal property paid less than \$1,000,000 and the large number of railroads centering there only a little over \$200,000.

The population of Massachusetts, according to the late census, lacks only about 50,000 of being 2,000,000, the increase in the last five years being almost wholly in the cities and towns. It is worth noticing that the population of Massachusetts has just about doubled in 35 years—the number in 1850 having been 994,514—and that she now has a density of population on her 8,040 square miles of land surface of 242 persons to the square mile. This is more than any European country had in 1820, when the overpopulation doctrines of Malthus were so much in vogue; for Holland and Belgium at that time counted only 239 to the square mile, and England (in 1825) only 212.

The Chicago Tribune has performed a very valuable public service in canvassing the Western and Southern States for expressions of opinion on the silver question. Its correspondents send about 120 reports, covering nearly two pages of the paper, from so many different points in nineteen States. The Tribune, in its summary of these opinions, says: Every shade of opinion is represented, but it would be difficult to prove from this showing that silver has lost its popularity with the people. Many who were earnest advocates of the remonetization of silver now think it would be prudent to suspend the coinage; but it is clear that anything like the demonetization of silver or its permanent withdrawal from circulation would excite widespread opposition. In the South and West, at least, the people are well satisfied with the silver dollars, and while there is a growing disposition among prudent men to favor a suspension of the coinage for a time, it is plain that no such result can be brought about by arbitrary measures enforced without regard to public opinion.

WHEN JACK IS TALL AND TWENTY.

When Jack is tall and twenty, We know what Jack will do, With girls so sweet and plenty, He'll find him one to woo. And soon the lover's twilight Will hear a story told, And Jack will die or fly sky high For sake of hair of gold. Hearken, Jack, and heed me— Ponder what I say! 'Tis fools are sold for locks of gold, For gold will turn to gray. But Jack, if truth be spoken, Is simple Jack no more; If gold his heart has broken, 'Tis scarce the gold of yore. He wots of dower for daughters Not all in the ringlets roll'd; To beauty steel'd his heart will yield To stamped and minted gold. Hearken, Jack, and heed me— Ponder what I say! If gold hath wing as poets sing, Then gold may fleet away. When Jack goes forth a-wooing, If Jack has heart or head, And would not soon be wooing, The hour that saw him wed. He will not pine for graces, Nor cringe for wealth to hold, But strive and dare by service fair, To win a heart of gold. Hearken, Jack, and heed me— Ponder what I say! The gear will fly, the bloom will die, But love will last for aye. —Good Words. FREDERICK LANUBIDGE.

UNMASKED CARD-SHARPER.

The Story of a Young Man who was Detected Cheating in a Club. They were discussing the latest scandal. A young man of good connections had been ignominiously expelled from a club. Playing in collusion with a professional gambler, he had cheated at cards and in a few months he had won a considerable sum. "And has he killed himself?" asked some one. "Bah!" replied another. "Do men kill themselves for so little nowadays? It was different in the good old times." "In the good old times, as you call them," said old General Roy, "those who adopted the card-sharper's profession killed themselves no more than do those of the present time. A few exceptions there may have been among those who were detected at the outset. But if the first attempt succeeded, they did as they do to-day, they quickly accustom themselves to their degradation. Ah, it is so easy! When respect for his own name we will not restrain a man at the first step, it is entirely dead within him, and even a scandal will not revive it. By the way, I can tell you of a curious case in point, where the hero blew out his brains, but it was not a suicide. Listen: It was some fifty years ago. The press of that time was not the terrible gossip that it is to-day, and sensational news never passed certain bounds. There were not fewer scandals, but the scandals were less known. In fact, I think there were rather more. Not that we are more virtuous, but the fear of publicity is certainly a great check. "Among the elegant young fellows, the gilded youth of those days, who furnished the greater part of the scandalous gossip by their eccentricities and duels, was a young gentleman attached to the king's household. I shall call him the Vicomte Roland. The name was not an illustrious one; in fact, the vicomte was the fruit of one of those mixed marriages introduced by Napoleon I. General Comte Roland, whose heavy cavalry charges are matters of history, had married the daughter of the Marquis de Bransac, a member of one of the wealthiest and most powerful families of France. His son was then about twenty-six years of age. He had not the robust, plebeian beauty of his father, who had been one of the handsomest men in the army. His was rather the delicate and distinguished grace of his mother, whose idol he was. Having loved her husband passionately the countess was now wrapped up in his son. "The extravagant life led by the son had caused a quarrel between the parents. The countess lived in the Bransac Hotel, one of the finest in the Faubourg, Saint Germain, while the general secluded himself in a little chateau in the forest of Senart, passed his time in the pleasures of the chase. They say he had ill-treated his wife, but it was utterly untrue. The fact is that there had been between the general and his wife two terrible scenes. "The first was caused by an idea which took possession of the countess. She found this name 'Roland' too plebeian for her son, and tormented her husband to obtain the king's authority to add to it that of De Bransac. The general energetically refused. "My name has sufficed for me," said he "for me who have made it famous. It will do for this fine gentleman, my son. If he does not find it brilliant enough, let him try to add to its lustre." "The second scene was brought about by the vicomte abducting a ballet dancer, and by a duel and a debt which were the consequences of this little affair. The general brought the son before his mother and roughly reproved him for his folly. Instead of supporting her husband, the countess made excuses for her son. Women always are indulgent toward the man in a love scrape. "As the general told his son that his fortune was not sufficient to maintain such scandalous absurdities, the countess unhappily interjected: "Oh, the fortune of the De Bransacs will amply suffice for him." "She had not calculated the effect of her speech. An hour later the general left the hotel and went to his chateau; at the end of a week the family notary informed the countess that her entire personal fortune was at her disposal. The separation was complete, and the general lived alone on the fifteen thousand francs which constituted the revenue he received from his own fortune. "The son made ducks and drakes of her fortune. At the end of six months the countess was half ruined, and the

energy of the notary alone saved her from her son's extravagances. "At all once it became known that the vicomte Roland no longer belonged to the king's household, and that he had handed in his resignation as lieutenant in a cavalry regiment. That is what was given out, but rumors of a different character were afloat. The countess no longer appeared in public, but confined herself to her hotel. In a few weeks she seemed ten years older. "The vicomte, after a voyage of some weeks in Italy, returned to Paris, took apartments in the Rue de la Chaussee d'Antin, and lived the life of an idler on the pension of a thousand francs a month allowed him by his mother. It would be little to-day, but at that time it enabled a man to make quite a figure in the fashionable world. He passed his time between love adventures, the theatres, and the green table. Then little by little his elegance and eccentricities began to be talked about. Clubs were not as plentiful as they are now, but the gilded youth and the gamblers had a few of them where lovers of the green cloth could amuse themselves. "One evening when the Vicomte Roland, after having won a considerable sum from one of his friends, offered him his revenge, his opponent rose, and, pushing away the cards, looked at him in a singular manner. "Well, no, Roland," said he; "what with your luck with women and your luck with cards, you have too much luck for one man." "Roland, though somewhat choleric, demanded no explanation, and contented himself with laughing. "Some days after, the Perfect of Police announced himself to the general at his chateau. What passed between them I do not know. All that is known of the affair is that they returned together to Paris. "At eleven o'clock of the evening following that interview, the vicomte was seated at a table playing cards. He had just won ten successive games from an Englishman, who, passing through Paris on his way home, had been introduced at the club by one of its members. Roland had a considerable sum before him. The loser had just risen, and before leaving the table had bowed twice, when an elderly gentleman approached the table. "Will the Vicomte Roland permit me to take the gentleman's revenge?" "The young man paled. It was his father. "As you are a bold player, I offer you a bold game. It will be useless for you to say that it is too high. Read." And the general handed him a note folded twice. "The vicomte glanced over it, and shuddered visibly. "Do you accept?" "He bowed. The general seated himself opposite his son, cut a king, and dealt the cards. He won the first hand. When it was the vicomte's deal, he trembled slightly, and a strange light shone in his eyes; nevertheless he played on. The general won again. "The vicomte rose, pale as a ghost, and in a smothered voice said: "In an hour, sir, I shall have acquitted myself." "He left the room without another word. "On the following morning the guardians of the Bois de Boulogne brought in the body of the Vicomte Roland. His head was blown to pieces, his hand still grasping the pistol. In a portfolio was found and unsigned scrap of paper, on which were the words: "The loser will blow out his brains." "The pretended Englishman was an accomplished cardsharp, sent by the prefect of police. The three bows had been the sign agreed upon between him and the general to indicate that the vicomte had cheated. "The game was one for life and death between father and son. Both were dishonored—the son by his own act, the father by the son's. But this dishonor was a secret, which threatened to become an open shame. Death could stifle it—the son's death or the father's, for the stern old soldier would have disgraced his son; had that son not kept their pact. The price of the general's secrecy was his son's life." —Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Edouard Siebecker.

Catherine's Ride.

We must not overlook a little episode belonging to the period of mother's visit to London, and connection with another first cousin, Catherine Martin. She was a daughter of John Wood, the third son of the patentee, who lived in great splendor at Wednesbury, where he had inherited iron-works from his father. Catherine, wife of a purser in the navy, and conspicuous for her beauty and impulsive, violent temper, having married, was her excellent sister, Dorothea Fryer, at whose house in Staffordshire she was staying, suddenly set off to London on a visit to her great uncle, Rev. John Pimley, wolverhampton of the collegiate church at Wolverhampton and chaplain of Morden college, Blackheath. She journeyed by the ordinary mode of conveyance, the gee-ho, a large stage-wagon drawn by a team of six horses, and which, driven merely by day, took a week from Wolverhampton to the Cock and Bell, Smithfield. Arrived in London, Catherine proceeded on foot to Blackheath; there, night having come on, and losing her way, she was suddenly accosted by a horseman with: "Now, my pretty girl, where are you going?" Pleased, she gallantly addressed, she begged him to direct her to Morden college. He assured her that she was fortunate in having met with him instead of one of his company, and inducing her to mount before him, rode across the heath to the pile of buildings which had been erected by Sir Christopher Wren for decayed merchants, the recipients of Sir John Morden's bounty. Assisting her to alight, he rang the bell, then remounted the steed and galloped away, but not before the alarmed official who had answered the summons had exclaimed: "Heavens! Dick Turpin on Black Bess!" Mother all was said "Dick Turpin," another version in the family runs "Capt. Smith." —Mary Howitt in Good Words.

A Pawnee Scalp Dance.

As I approached the lodge an hour before sunset, I saw dangling from a lodge pole, which rose far above the lodge, the scalp around which the dance was to be held. The scalp was that of a woman. The hair was fully eighteen inches long and of a red color. As I entered the lodge no one was within except the dancers ten or twelve in number, who sat in a semi-circle at the back of the lodge and opposite the entrance, and two attendants who busied themselves attending the wants of the dancers. All was quiet, not a word being spoken until near the setting sun. Then the drummers beat with all their power, and in came the spectators (mostly men) pell-mell yelling at the top of their voices. All seemed confusion, all were talking at once; but once in, all again became quiet as before. The dancers were painted most fancifully, many being covered all over with white or clay paint. Where only the faces were ornamented the more rare colors were used, such as red, green, blue, yellow, but all were painted beyond recognition. Spotted Horse was the first to dance; he being the one who had cut the scalp from its owner. He came forth with dignified air, first described how he had killed the woman and cut the scalp off before she was dead, even describing how she had screamed and pleaded for mercy. By use of the tomahawk he held, he acted out as near as possible the dreadful tragedy in which he had played so important a part. Then came the dance; first the dancer's head and body are leaned forward, the head reaching very near the ground, next lifting the feet high in the air, he throws himself back into a sitting posture with such force as to seem to jar the very lodge. A knife was held in one hand, a medicine gourd in the other, the latter of which was shook, accompanied to the music of the Indian drums. The dance was in exact unison with the music. At intervals he stopped and reviewed the story he had already related or some part of it, then again danced with more energy than before. Thus the dance was kept up for an hour when he was joined by the rest of the dancers. One by one they came forth and related some act of valor, after which the dance was again begun. This dance was kept up until midnight when the presents were given. Many of the spectators became so excited they took from their own body their wearing apparel and threw it to the dancers. Then came the big smoke. The chief's pipes were filled by the chief himself with (Now-co-wo) Indian tobacco which is kept in a buffalo head and is thought to possess spiritual virtue, and sent by the attendant to one of the spectators who is known to have made some present. He smokes and passes it to such friend as he wishes. After all who have given presents are handed the pipe of sacred tobacco the dance is either ended or they begin anew, and repeat exactly what I have related, dancing around the same scalp, but after that night that scalp is never danced around again.—The American Antiquarian.

Grey Hair.

Medical and Surgical Reporter. Many persons begin to show grey hairs while they are yet in their twenties, and some while in their teens. This does not by any means argue a premature decay of the constitution. It is a purely local phenomenon, and may coexist with unusual bodily vigor. The celebrated author and traveller, George Borrow, turned quite grey before he was 30, but was an extraordinary swimmer and athlete at 65. Many feeble persons, and others who have suffered extremely, both mentally and physically, do not bleach a hair until past middle life; while others, without assignable cause, lose their capillary coloring matter rapidly when about forty years of age. Race has a marked influence. The traveller, Dr. Orbigny, says that in the many years he spent in South America, he never saw a grey hair, and scarcely every a grey hair received. The negroes turn more slowly than the whites. Yet we know of a negro of pure blood, about 35 years old, who is quite grey. In this country, sex appears to make little difference. Men and women grow grey about the same period of life. In men the hair and beard rarely change equally. The one is usually darker than the other for several years, but there seems to be no general rule as to which whitens first. The spot where greyness begins differs with the individual. The philosopher Schopenhauer began to turn grey on the temples, and complacently framed a theory that this is an indication of vigorous mental activity. The correlation of grey hair, as well as its causes, deserves more attention and study than they have received. Such a change is undoubtedly indicative of some deep-seated psychological process, but what this is we can only ascertain by a much wider series of observation than have yet been submitted to scientific analysis.

The Rhode Island Clam.

Its History from the Ocean Mud to the Table. As at present served a clam dinner prepared to fill, as it often is, from five to fifteen or twenty thousand people in the course of a few hours, is a stupendous affair, and from the bottom up is a work to be admired as a whole and wondered at in its details, and few of the thousands who in the course of the summer season sit down to clam dinners appreciate the work entailed in its preparation. First and foremost, says The Providence Journal, there is the clam. Most of the clams used at the shore resorts of Narragansett bay come from the flats across the bay from Nayatt, on the Cominicut shore and on Green's island. As far up as Pawtuxet and about Sabin's point the clams are considered hard, blue shelled, and gritty; but across the Bullock's point they are good, and the Bullock's pointers get their clams right at home. Two-thirds of the clams are got by "churning." The clam-gang wades out over the bed and shovels up mud and clams and everything that comes along into big wire baskets, which, when about full, are "tossed out of the water, and a rinsing and shaking washes out the mud and leaves the clams. Two men and a boy attend to each basket, one man shoveling in the mud, the second getting out the clams, and the boy "cutting" them. Churning can only be done about half-tide, when the water is two or three feet deep, as, by the time the workman has to put his head under water when he bends over at shovel he soon has to give up the job. The suction on the shovels is tremendous, and they are made exceptionally strong. When there are good tides, on the full and change of the moon, the clams may be raked out after the manner of non-professional diggers: a shovelful of mud is turned up at the time, and the clams it contains are raked out with the clam-hoe. Consideration of either of the above methods is sufficient for a true understanding of the happiness of the clam at high water. The clam ordinarily lies in the mud from two to eighteen inches; a clam that would bury itself much deeper than eighteen inches is not to be looked upon with favor. It is a wearing life that the clam diggers lead, working as they do five or six hours at a time in the water, and so hard as to be constantly wet with perspiration. Capt. J. H. Northrup, who has been the captain of the Rocky point clam-gang for some eleven years, and has probably handled more clams in his lifetime than any other man in Rhode Island, gave The Journal representative some interesting facts about the business. He said that at Rocky point alone last year some 4,000 bushels of clams for the bake alone were used. His regular clam-gang is seventeen or eighteen men, but on big days it is necessary to increase the force to fifty or sixty men. This year the clams on Green's island are only one year old, and are ready for the bake—a remarkable case of clam growth. It appears that when the clams are in great abundance they grow very slowly, and those used last year from Green's island were about three years old; but, being few of them "set" one year ago, they grew large enough to use very rapidly. "Do the clams ever run out before the season is ended?" was asked the captain. "Oh, yes; and then we have to look somewhere else for them. Now, this year, before the season is over we shall probably have to leave our present place and dig over in Cole's river and in the Kiekemut river. Those will be Massachusetts clams, of course, but they are flavored with Rhode Island water. Already the clams on Green's island are thinning out, and on the 1st of August I shall raise the pay of my men. They get 80 cents a bushel now, and their pay will be raised to \$1 per bushel. Do I expect the clams will get run out entirely? Well, not just yet, and at present the prospect is something wonderful for next year. I never saw such a 'set' of clams as are all along the shore now; if they all lived there would be enough clams to supply the world next year. Just come with me and take a look." The tide was about half in, and the mud-flats were scattered over with all sorts of refuse, shells, and weeds. The captain bent down and picked up what looked at first like a minute, broken off bit of clam-shell, but as it lay in his hand, a closer look revealed it a perfectly-formed clam-shell, a beautiful object, not as big as a baby's little-finger nail, as white as alabaster, and the light shining pink through its delicate substance. The least pressure would have crushed it to almost invisible atoms. "That's a clam," said the captain, "that's maybe three weeks old, and you'll find millions about here. As quick as they get any size they will begin to burrow down into the mud. The whole shore is covered with them, and in all my experience of thirty years I never saw such a 'set.' They are so thick that the prospect is they will not grow fast, and it will take two or three years for them to get big enough unless they die off. A handful of these will make more'n a bushel when they are grown up." A careful look over the mud-flats revealed there beautiful miniature clam-shells yet without a trace of meat within them in hundreds, and a microscope would have shown thousands where the few were visible to the naked eye. As the men are paid for their digging by the bushel, it is evident that on skill and hard work depends the amount of money the digger gets, while "churning" is evidently more profitable than "raking." Every shore resort has its thoroughbred digger, who can get more clams in a given time than any other man. One Marcellus Hall, a big negro, had in his day a record to be proud of at digging clams. Capt. Northrup says that he is willing to back William Kinnecon, a man who has been years with him, as the champion clammer of the day with a rake, and he certainly has at Rocky point a reputation to be envied in his chosen profession. Well, once the clams are out of the water and in the boats, they are towed to shore, where they are piled in a shed, picked over, and carefully wash-

A Kind of Temperance Work.

Our frying pans are responsible for a great deal of drunkenness. The candy habit which fond mothers ignorantly cultivate in their children tends directly toward the habit of drinking lager beer or something stronger. Poor food, commonly mis-called "rich," keeps up the craving for liquor, and calls for saloons. We may study this great subject in all its bearings, and we may express our thoughts and feelings at every fitting opportunity, and we may vote—when we can; but the great work to be done is in our homes, not mainly by talking, but by doing. Everything done for the health, happiness, intelligence and integrity of our children (our own and all within our influence) is directly against what Hilda calls the "liquor traffic." We must begin with the babes. We must study the food question. We must teach the children. We must cultivate in them the power of resisting temptation to sensual indulgences of any kind. When the demand for liquor saloons ceases, they will be easily closed.—Pen Stenmon in Pioneer Press.

The American Girl.

Americans may be known by the jerkiness of their movements and their eager restlessness of expression. When the fair American acquires repose—and she sometimes does—she is charming. But as a rule she is so impetuously impulsive that one is nearly always kept on the qui vive, expecting her to go off like a champagne cork, but without the least warning. Have you ever observed how much vivacity there is, too, in American elbows? They are full of expression, I can assure you, and the American "nudge," when received in thorough earnest, is sometimes to be remembered. I have an American friend, that I love and admire, but I have had to entreat her rather to knock me down than to "nudge" me, as she calls the violent exercise of elbow wherever she has been wont to attract my attention. The verb is a feeble and futile expression of the thing itself. Were she to bestow one of her nudges upon a stranger, that astonished individual would certainly give her in charge for assault and battery. Theodore Tizmas is traveling in France with his wife