The Weekly Expositor.

J. A. MENZIES, Editor and Proprietor.

YALE, MICH

THE first prize in the Paris art conservatory was recently awarded for "two studies of an enlarged head." It is unnecessary, however, to go all the way to France to study large heads. They can be found quite near home, no matter in what part of the country you live.

THE English telephone patents have expired, and the monopoly there has come to an end. The Bell patents in this country have still three years to run. The telephone is a simple thing, and the time is not far distant when every man can hello over an instrument made by himself.

REV. JOHN ELIOT, missionary to the Indians, wrote a letter in 1673, which was sold at auction a few days ago in Boston for $500. At the same sale a letter of Rev. Jonathan Edwards brought $11.50. Yet there are lots of people who grumble at paying two cents for a letter that is over weight.

EVERY soldier in the French army has received a handsome present from the ministry of war. It consists of a neat package containing antiseptic cotton, lint, bandages, thread, needles and everything necessary for the hasty treatment of wounds on the battlefield. Of course every soldier's bosom swelled with gratitude and joy at receiving this delicate remembrancer of the dangers of war.

IT is one of the wisest dispensations of Nature that while she robs consumptives of physical strength she compensates them by increasing their courage, by substituting confidence for weakness. There have been few exceptions to this rule. It is a rare thing to hear any person wasted with the ravages of tubercles speak of the future except with the utmost confidence.

PEOPLE who have been anticipating relief from exorbitant tolls by the speedy expiration of the Bell telephone patents have reckoned without consulting the hello people who own the monopoly. Although the Bell patents have expired in England there are various combinations existing in this country which will make it extremely awkward for competitors of the present company for years to come.

IT is now announced that the experiment of grafting the bone of a dog's leg into the leg of a boy, which was tried in the Charity hospital of New York, proved a failure, and the commissioners of charities and corrections in that city have forbidden further experiments of the same kind in any of the institutions under their control. The net result in the Johnny Gothius case appears to be one permanently crippled boy and one three-legged dog.

ADVERTISERS who pay but limited attention to that part of their business and imagine that "anything will do," should see with what accuracy and great pains the big advertisers of New York prepare their announcements. Many firms employ men to prepare their advertisements for them; others —and this class is by far the largest— will trust no on except a member of the firm to write and pass upon the matter before it is sent out.

THE Ladies' Health Protective Association is a new organization in New York whose object it is to see that the streets are kept clean. It makes life miserable for the street commissioners who neglect the strictest performance of their duties, and its efforts have already been rewarded with cleaner streets and improved sanitary conditions. Not only will the association look after the streets of New York, but it proposes to apply for a national charter and establish branches in other cities.

A GREAT outcry is made in favor of popular education, which, it is claimed, is absolutely necessary to the maintainance and perpetuation of the government. To a certain extent, this is right and true, but it should never be forgotten that intelligence, to effect the end proposed, must be connected with sound moral principles. Perhaps tens of thousands of times Lord Bacon's utterance, "Knowledge is power" has been repeated. But too many, alas! overlook the fact that it is a power "il as well as for good.

THE .el tower was one of the greatest attractions at the Paris exposition. Chicago, of course, is not to be outdone by any foreign capital and no one familiar with the spirit of its people will be surprised to hear that our tower is to be a good deal higher than the Frenchman's. It will rise from the lake front 1,100 feet, and if that is not high enough to satisfy the strongest mania for high places, the visitor will be permitted the privilege, without additional charge, of climbing the 300-foot flagstaff which will surmount it.

WAS A LAW TO HIMSELF.

A NEW AND GOOD STORY ABOUT BEN BUTLER.

How He Once Brought Secretary Stanton to Terms—Triumphant Yankee Shrewdness—Ben Was Seldom Outgeneraled.

No one doubts that Gen. Butler is a man of ready expedients and of great executive ability. In his career in the army he followed no beaten paths. To accomplish the object sought he made his own laws, and saw to it that they were carried out. He sought no instructions from Washington, but tried to accomplish what he was sent to do in his own way. He supported not only his army, but his government, by supplies drawn from the enemy. This was illustrated by his career in New Orleans. He found the city sullen and unwilling to accept the situation. Its streets were filthy, its levees were honeycombed, and a pestilence was threatened. There was no law. The city was sunk in dejection. Lawlessness prevailed.

Martial law was first declared. After that a municipal code of regulations was drawn up. A tax was levied upon the business men. A fund was quickly established to clean the streets and maintain municipal regulations. But this was not all. Over $40,000 was expended for a hospital, and money was used to buy army and other supplies.

The regular army officers were astonished. They had never before seen a legislating general. Butler waited for no orders from Washington, but took the reins in his own hands and drove ahead regardless of protests. One day he sent for Gen. Godfrey Weitzel.

"I want you to go down to Fort Jackson," he said, "and repair the fort."

Gen. Weitzel demurred:

"This is not the way to do," he replied. "The proper way is to seek an appropriation from Washington. Then you want the authority of the war department upon a recommendation of the Board of Engineers. There is no unexpected appropriation made for the repair of Fort Jackson, and you have no authority to make the repairs."

"Well," Butler replied, "you go and repair the fort. The safety of the city requires it. I will take care of the appropriation."

Weitzel again demurred. Butler urged, and Gen. Weitzel said that he would resign before he would undertake such a work without law.

Butler knew Weitzel's worth as an engineer officer. There was no better in the army.

"Now, Weitzel," said he, "sit down at that table. Write the strongest protest you can make, saying that you only do this by my imperative command, and upon the distinct understanding that I alone am responsible."

After much hesitation Gen. Weitzel sat down and wrote the protest. Butler indorsed it as correct, and the engineer officer thereupon promised to go down and see to the repairs at Fort Jackson.

Nevertheless, he was still doubtful as to his course. He went over to Gen. Strong, who held a prominent position under Gen. Butler, and, like Weitzel, was a West point graduate. Strong afterward fell in the assault on Fort Wagner, and was buried by the confederates under the bodies of his black troops.

Weitzel explained the situation and implored Strong to go over and reason with Butler. Strong did so on the instant. Butler listened to him for several minutes, and then broke in with the words: "Strong, I've had trouble enough with Weitzel. Don't bother me with your advice. I don't need it. You are not ordered to Fort Jackson. Weitzel, try to attend to your own duties and allow other officers to attend to theirs. Fort Jackson must be repaired and Weitzel is the man to it."

Strong departed crestfallen, and reported to Weitzel. The latter made no further protest. He gathered his men, went down to Fort Jackson and put the fortification in repair.

When his work at New Orleans was completed Gen. Butler returned to Washington. His books showed every cent that he had received while in command at New Orleans, and every cent that had been expended. For all his expenses he had vouchers. He appeared before Secretary Stanton one day with his ledger and his vouchers. Stanton gazed at his cocked hat, his shoulder straps, and his sword, and asked him what he wanted.

"I've just come from New Orleans," said the general. "I want to settle my accounts. Here are my vouchers and my ledger."

Stanton sent him over to the proper accounting officer in the war department. That officer was a trim West Pointer, with an elegant moustache, a manly form, and a polite bearing. The general threw down his ledger and laid his vouchers upon the table. The officer inspected the ledger. He looked at the expense account. Among the first items was one of $40,000 for fixing up the hospital. He checked it with his pencil. He passed down the column and began to check every item in it.

"What are you doing? Why are you crossing those items?" the general inquired.

"Disallowed, sir," replied the officer, with dignified emphasis. "There were no appropriations for them."

He continued checking one item after another to the evident surprise of Gen. Butler. For some seconds he kept his off eye on the pencil, and finally arose, put the ledger under his arm, stuffed the vouchers in his pockets, and strode out of the room.

The officer, after recovering from his amazement, marched over to Secretary Stanton, and told him what had occurred. The secretary sent an orderly after Butler. The general had hardly got out of the building before the orderly overtook him.

"The secretary of war wants to see you, general," he said.

Butler turned and mounted the stairs, his sword jingling at every step. As he entered the secretary's room, Stanton shouted: "Why, what's the matter, general? I thought you came for a settlement of your accounts."

"Well," replied Butler, "the trouble is quickly explained. I went to New Orleans, strengthened the levees, cleaned the streets, fitted up hospitals, repaired the forts and put the city completely upon its feet, without asking or receiving one dollar from the general government. I raised the money myself. I made the city foot the bills. Here are my accounts. They represent every dollar that I collected, and they show how every cent was expended. I have the vouchers here. If I have collected any money which does not appear upon the ledger, or if I have expended any money for which there is not a voucher, I am responsible. Now, over and above what I have expended, I have $500,000 in my pocket, which I did propose to turn over to the government as my accounts were settled. But as my expenses are disallowed, I presume, of course, that my collections will be disallowed. Consequently the $500,000 does not belong to the government. As it is thus without an owner, and I am in possession, I propose to keep it. The government doesn't seem to need it. Good day, Mr. Secretary."

Thereupon the doughty general saluted, and was about to sail out of the office of the secretary of war when Stanton recalled him. There was an informal conversation and an informal settlement on the spot. The government got the $500,000, and Butler's accounts were settled to his satisfaction.

HER LIFE SAVING SKIRT.

The Device of a Traveling Lady to Save Herself From Drowning.

"While my wife and I were on our last trip to Europe," said a gentleman to a Detroit News man "we met a middle-aged lady who was going over for her health, and my wife and she became great friends. One day, while sitting in the ladies' private cabin, the lady said: 'Let me show you my life preserver,' and removing her outer skirt my wife beheld a skirt that was a curiosity if nothing more. Running up and down the skirt, at a distance of two or three inches, were soft, flexible rubber bands six inches wide. They were sewed on at the side of each band and ran all the way around the skirt, and at the top they were all joined to a broad rubber band six inches wide. At the top of this band was a rubber tube about two feet long, which ran up and down the waist in front and was left resting on the top of the corset.

"Said the lady, 'You behold one of my own inventions for saving my life. In case of an accident all I have to do is to take the end of the rubber tube in my mouth and in two minutes I can fill all of the rubber bands, which are hollow and air-tight, with air. Then tying the tube in a hard knot, I am ready for the waves. This skirt, when I strike the water, will spread out in the shape of a pond lily leaf, and I will rest on it in an upright position, as easy as though reclining upon a couch, and I can float around till picked up.'

"As our voyage was a pleasant one, we did not have an opportunity to see how it would work, but I have no doubt it would work well."

The Japs as Imitators.

"When I was in Tokio," said a Chicagoan who recently returned from a trip to Japan, I was much impressed by the imitative act of the Japanese, though a discovery I accidentally made. I was walking through one of the streets and noticed in a shop window several cans of Armour's canned beef. There was nothing so very strange in that, but on making inquiries I learned that that particular beef had been put up in Japan. That's where the imitation came in. Some years ago Armour's product found its way out there, and after using it a while the Japs thought they could can beef also. And so they did. Armour's beef pack has been imitated down even to the label, to such a degree that it is difficult to detect the difference. I heard of another instance. Several years ago a certain glass product made in Germany was sold extensively in Japan. Through government officials an innocent request was made to the Germany manufacturers to allow three or four Japanese workmen in their factory. The request was granted. The artisans spent a year or two in Germany, and to-day Janpan is selling the same article to the Germans at much less cost than they can produce it. Those obliging Germans have had their business ruined, and their factories have long since stopped running."

Was Not a Preacher.

As everybody knows, says the Washington Post, when a vistor applies for admission to Girard College in Philadelphia the guard in attendance asks him if he is a clergyman, and if so he is turned away, for by the will of Stephen Girard no clergyman shall enter the place. A naval officer who visited the city recently went to the college and asked to be admitted. He was dressed in black clothes, wore a white tie and had his face smoothly shaven, which altogether gave him the appearance of being a parson, and the guard politely informed him that he could not enter.

"Why not?" he asked, indignantly.

"Because you're a clergyman."

"The——I am," was the sharp reply, and without further exchange of words the gates were thrown open and one of the best fellows in the navy passed in.

EVERYBODY IS WATCHED

THE TRAVELER IN EUROPE IS CONSTANTLY DOGGED.

Russia Leads in the Espionage of Strangers, but Germany is a Close Second—Nobody is Allowed to Feel at Ease Over There.

Americans, writes an European traveler in the St. Louis Republic, can have no idea what it is to exist in the espionage which surrounds and permeates European society. Even those who visit Europe little appreciate the situation, for the espionage is as impalpable as it is all-pervading. In Russia the spy system is more thoroughly organized than in any other country, and the service is practically obligatory on every subject of the czar. He who should fail to report anything suspicious coming under his observation would himself be suspected. Everybody is a spy on everybody, and the saying that walls have ears is eminently true in Russia.

All the world has heard of the secret police; but all the world does not know that the czar has even more efficient forces of official spies in the clergy of the Greek church of which the czar is the head, a good deal more worship being devoted to him than to the Almighty. The clergy are entirely at the mercy of the czar, who can remove or suspend any one of them, however high or low, at his mere pleasure, expressed, as a rule, through the synod. Consequently from the metropolitan to the village pope, all of them are spies and agents of the government. The religious acts of every member of a congregation are reported regularly to the police, and converts to the orthodox faith are especially kept under strict oversight. The Russian authorities assume that every convert is a hypocrite, and they are probably almost right, especially since the severe enforcement of the anti-Jewish laws has led or compelled many of the Hebrew faith to pretend conversion to orthodoxy.

My most amusing experience with the Russian police was at Kharkov, in southern Russia. My arrival seemed to be anticipated. The driver who took me to the hotel plied me with questions that were ingenious and at the same time respectful, and the landlord appeared to take the deepest interest in the safe custody of my baggage. On coming home from a walk through the town I entered my apartment unexpectedly and found the landlord and a police agent rummaging my trunk. The boniface stammered an apology about a mistake being made, and the police agent did not say anything, but strode out as if weighted down with an important secret.

I noticed that one of his pockets bulged considerably, and on investigation I missed a copy of Zola's novels and a package of antiquated love letters. I could have spared at least the novel, and had no particular objection to the police translating the love-letters, but I knew that the police had exceeded their authority, even as interpreted in Russia, so I boldly went to the police office, showed my passport, and made an imperative demand for my property, at the same time threatening to complain to the French minister. The property was returned.

With all the boasted freedom of Germany, espionage there is not much behind that of Russia. Everybody in Germany, except the socialists, wants to curry favor with the authorities, and nearly everybody aspires to a public office of some kind, however petty. If you want to find out the reach of the Kaiser's arm through his subordinates, just go into a hotel, and in hearing of anybody, perhaps a German supposed friend or acquaintance, make a remark derogatory to the government, or a remark that by some stretch may be construed as derogatory. You will be pretty sure to hear from the police before the day is out, and lucky to escape with a mere warning to leave town. The absolute dread in which many of the Germans live of being spied upon by each other can be imagined from an incident that came under my observation at Mannheim.

A window was broken in the house of a man holding a petty clerkship in the government offices. While the husband was at work the wife hired the glazier who happened to live nearest, to put in a new pane of glass. When the husband returned, he inquired who had put in the glass, and upon hearing the name, he at once knew that the glazier was a socialist. Fearing that the employment of a socialist to do even such a small job might bring him into odium with his superiors, he hastened to break the glass again, and sent for a glazier of orthodox political standing to do the mending.

It is the intense struggle for existence, and the aspiration for office and its pittance, that places a vast army of volunteer spies at the government service in every continental country. Besides, European governments, including the English, never fail to reward the spy for valuable information, no matter how treacherously it may be obtained.

In France espionage is not obnoxious and aggressive, as in Russia, and to some degree in Germany. But they are all watching you—the coachman, the barber, the waiter, the concierge. They are all anxious to have their little story to tell the police; not exactly because they are afraid of the police, but because the police can be of some good to them, and it is well to be on the right side of that arm of the administration.

It should be remembered that the police of Paris, although paid by the municipality, is a state force, and under the direction of the national government, a fact which gives great power to the organization. All the police reports, therefore, go direct to the ministry, which thus has within command a vast quantity of information about individuals who little dream that police attention has ever been directed toward them. Rely upon it that the governmental eye is upon every stranger in France from the moment of his landing to that of his departure. O'Brien and the other Irish Nationalists are kept under the closest surveillance, and it is known that a police commissary was charged with the special task of watching the conferences at Boulogne. But, as I have intimated, the French methods of espionage are not aggravating. Compared with continental systems, the French is like velvet to a hog's bristles.

BUFFALOES IN AUSTRALIA.

Originally from the Malay Islands They Have Increased to Great Numbers.

P. R. Gordon in the Brisband Queenslander: Although I have been over thirty-seven years in Australia, it was not until eighteen months ago that I was aware that there was a breed of wild buffaloes in these colonies, and I venture to say that not 1 per cent of the inhabitants of Queensland, or even half that number, are aware of the fact. Curiously enough, I have two simultaneous inquiries about them—one from Prof. Wallace of Edinburg and the other from a gentleman in Michigan, U. S. A. I laid myself out to make full inquiries on the subject, and it has occurred to me that the public will be interested to know the result. Mr. B. H. Purcell, who has seen several of them in the far North and was present at the death of one, gave me a minute description of them which tallies exactly with what I learned from other sources. Mr. E. Palmer, M. L. A. informs me that one of the islands on the northern coast is fully stocked with them, and isolated bulls from the herd on the mainland occasionally find their way as far east as one of his gulf stations, and that several have reached Mr. Hann's Lawn Hill station. In Dr. Leichhardt's journal of his expedition from Moreton Bay to Port Essington in 1844-'45 he mentions that Mr. Roper and the black boys, "Charley" and "Brown," ran down and shot one thirty miles from Port Essington, and that they were said to be numerous there and were called by the blacks "anaborro." Leichhardt states that they "are the offspring of the stock which had either strayed from the settlement at Raffles Bay or been left behind when that establishment was broken up. They were originally introduced from the Malay Islands. I was struck with the remarkable thickness of their skin (almost an inch) and with the solidity of their bones, which contained little marrow, but that little was extremely savory." Mr. Palmer states that the bull killed on his run weighed almost a ton, was extremely broad and well developed in the forequarters, but tapering off in the hindquarters.

Will-o'-the-Wisps.

How clumsy are written words
When music thrills the soul;
How feeble the lines appear
When o'er us the torrents roll
Of thoughts so deep
The verses creep
That should spring from pole to pole!

How stubborn the artist finds
The pigments his palette shows,
When fancy draws a picture
And on its face repose
Soft lines so fair
Soft tints so rare
They rival the blushing rose!

How hard is the marble block
When the sculptor dreams his dream,
And his soul is filled with visions
That to his senses seem
Beyond the art
His throbbing heart
Would have those forms redeem!

—Edward S. Van Zile.

Modern Sampsons.

March 28, 1841, Thomas Thompson lifted three barrels of water, weighing together 1,836 pounds. He also put an iron bar on his neck, seized hold of its two ends, and bent it until the latter met. On another occasion he raised with his teeth, a table six feet long, supporting at its further end a weight of 100 pounds. He also tore without serious effort a rope of a diameter of two inches, and lifted a horse over a bar. Some years ago a negro appeared in London who, with one hand and his arm out straight, lifted from the ground a chair on which was seated a full-grown man having on his lap a child. It is on record that a German called Buchholz lifted with his teeth a cannon weighing about 200 pounds, and fired it off in that position. While performing at Epernay, in France, the same feat, the barrel of the gun burst. Miraculously he was not killed, although several of the fragments were thrown over fifty yards away. There are stories of other strong men who did not appear in public. A butcher lived in South Holland who killed calves by strangling them. A Dutch count in a private entertainment, bent an iron bar by beating it with his right hand against his left arm, protected by a leather bandage, bending it afterward straight again by beating it the other way. Charles Louvier, a carpenter of Paris, found it child's play to roll a tin basin between his fingers into a cylinder. On one occasion he carried off a soldier on guard who had gone to sleep in the sentry box, depositing both on a low churchyard wall close by. An equally amusing story is told of a Dane, Knut Kundson, a locksmith, who, while standing in a window on the ground floor, lifted with one hand half a bullock from the shoulder of a butcher who was tolling past with his load.

Consolation.

Young lady (out yatching)—What is the matter, Captain Quarterdeck?

Captain—The fact is, my dear young lady, we've broken our rudder.

"I wouldn't worry about that. The rudder is mostly under water, anyhow, you know, and it isn't likely people will notice it."—Boston Traveler.

THE PRICE OF WHISKY.

Not Greater Than at Least One Consumer Is Willing to Pay.

"There is no such thing as legitimate 15-cent whisky in this country," said a man with a mathematical turn of mind, to a New York Sun reporter. "Now look at the matter fairly. The best of whisky is worth how much? Eight dollars a gallon, say. That is allowing for eight years of evaporation on liquor worth new at the distillery $3 or $4 a gallon. These are liberal figures, more liberal really than the facts warrant, and eight-year-old whisky is no better than five-year-old. Good liquor experts will vouch for the statement that liquor in the wood does not improve a bit after five years, and that no improvement goes on at all after bottling.

"A fair average drink in a 15 cent house is one fluid ounce or one-sixteenth of a pint. Take a gill of liquor and divide it into four drinks and you will see that each of them is a fair drink—not a dose for snake bites, but more than a well brought up man will take in a friend's house. Now figure it up. Sixteen drinks at 15 cents is $2.40 a pint. That makes $19.20 for a gallon. Anybody will agree that this is an extortionate price for whisky costing $6 or $8 a gallon. At 10 cents a drink 128 drinks to the gallon will net 12.80, which one would think would be a good profit and should satisfy anybody. That is the amount obtained by men who sell 10 cent whisky, which costs them all the way from $1.50 to $3 a gallon.

"Now say that the seller of cheap whisky gets only three drinks out of a gill, he is then getting $9.50 a gallon, which would be more than 50 per cent profit if he paid $6 a gallon for his liquor. If he pays $3 he is generous to the wholesaler, and then you see his profit will be more than 200 per cent. Taking high license, bad debts and all expenses into consideration the whisky dealer does well, even to the man who keeps a 'dead house' and sells alleged whisky at 5 cents a drink and two drinks to a gill. He gets $3.20 a gallon for stuff which costs him $1.25 a gallon. I am not joking. Stuff sold as whisky and made of spirits, water and flavoring extracts can be bought at wholesale for $1.25 a gallon, or even less, and it has paid 90 cents a gallon tax on the proof spirits contained in it. Further, I will say that lots of it sold over the bars in this city at 10 cents a drink, which means from $8 to $10 profit on every gallon."

The other side of this question, as put by a practical consumer in reply to the mathematician was as follows:

"It is true that the profit on a glass of whisky is very great, but consider how many men start in the saloon business and are sold out. Money is made by a small percentage only of those who start in the business, and it is true that those men who make a good deal of money. That is to say the prizes are high but there are many blanks. Now, unless the prizes were high there would be fewer men to start in the business. I am satisfied with matters as they are and for this reason: If I want a coat, a gill of turpentine or a pound of oakum I have, perhaps, to make inquiries and travel several blocks, or even to another part of the city. If I want a drink of whisky I seldom have to go further than the next corner. For this convenience I am willing to pay. The few cents extra that I pay for whisky goes to make my life more comfortable, for unless the profits were great there would be much fewer saloons."

Napping it. Westminster.

A young lady who had just returned from abroad was asked what she enjoyed most of all in her experiences. She has been through the greater part of Europe and has sailed up the Nile as well, and it was expected that she would answer that the view of St. Peter's at Rome, of the great Sphinx, or of some of the world's wonders would be cited as the thing which had most pleased her. Instead of naming any of these, however, says the Boston Courier, she replied with no hesitation:

"The nap I had in Henry VII's chapel."

"The nap you had?" her questioner repeated, doubtfully.

"Yes. I got to Westminster so thoroughly tired that it seemed to me that I could never get rested again to the end of my days. I went into the chapel and sat down in one of the stalls where some antique ecclesiastic had been in the habit of drowsing through the service, and I had the loveliest nap that was ever given to a mortal. I am sure that it saved me from madness, and it was the thing I enjoyed most among my experiences abroad."

They Should be Banished.

There is a certain class of people who take great satisfaction in saying unpleasant things. They call this peculiarity "speaking their minds" or "plain speaking." Sometimes they dignify it by the name of "telling the truth." As if truths must be unpleasant in order to be true! Are there no lovely, charming, gracious truths in the world? And if there are, why cannot people diligently tell these, making others happier for the telling, rather than hasten to proclaim all the disagreeable ones they can discover? The sum of human misery is always so much greater than the sum of human happiness, that it would appear the plainest duty to add to the latter all we can, and do what lies in our power to diminish the former.—Harper's Bazar.

A Question of Time.

Old Mr. Summit—My daughter, it would gratify me exceedingly if you would make up your mind in regard to Mr. Cleverton. He is such a desirable young man.

Miss Summit (passionately)—Father, give me time. He has only proposed four times.—Munsey's Weekly.