The Weekly Expositor.

J. A. MONROE, Editor and Proprietor.

BROCKWAY CENTER, ; MICH.

Speaking of the statue of Gen. Cass recently put in statuary hall in Washington, the Omaha Bee say: Michigan may well feel proud of her adopted son, who for half a century served his country in high office. While it may be true that Cass has not left the impress of his individuality upon the history of the United States such as was stamped by Webster, Clay or Calhoun, nevertheless, he was looked up to as one of the leaders of the democratic party during his long period of public service. The career of Cass was a most notable one. In the war of 1812 he was a brigadier general. Two years later he was appointed the first governor of Michigan territory and served in that capacity for sixteen years. Under Jackson he became secretary of war. Van Buren honored him with the French mission. On his return to the United States in 1842, he was elected senator of Michigan and after serving his state in congress for many years Cass closed his long public life as secretary of state under Buchanan. The lustre of his name has been dimmed on account of his attitude on the slave question, but his place as a statesman of the nation cannot be disputed, and Michigan has fittingly honored his memory.

An examination of the Wright divorce tables show some very curious facts. It will hardly surprise anybody to learn that Illinois leads all the states in the total of divorces for twenty years, the number being 36,072. It is surprising, however, to find the staid old state of Ohio coming next with a total of 26,367, which is 1,200 more than Indiana has to show. Michigan, we are sorry to say, comes next to Indiana, with a total of 18,433. The modest state of Iowa comes after Michigan, with 18,564, while the wicked Empire state has only 15,354. Massachusetts, to which Michigan has often been likened, can show but a little over half as many divorces as the Peninsular state. South Carolina is the lowest in the list, with a total for the twenty years, of only 163.

A correspondent asks an explanation of the direct tax bill. An act was passed by congress in 1861 providing that direct taxation to the amount of twenty million dollars annually should be collected from the people of the United States by assessment upon real estate, and that these taxes should be apportioned according to population, as required by the constitution. All of the northern states and a few of the southern states paid the tax in whole or in part, the aggregate amount thus received by the government being about twenty million dollars. The direct tax bill provides for the refunding to the states and territories the sums thus paid to the general government, and for remitting and relinquishing all moneys due the government under the act of 1861.

The Rev. Dr. Sunderland, pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Washington, has been much annoyed of late by people who visited his church on Sunday simply to see Mrs. Cleveland. On a recent Sunday a party visited his church, but upon learning that Mrs. Cleveland was not present they went away noisily. Advancing to the front of the platform Dr. Sunderland said: "It is impossible for me to state how grieved I am at the exhibition of extreme rudeness just exhibited by a few chance visitors to this church, who, being disappointed in their curious desires to look upon the face of one of our number, have left our midst for the more pleasureable though less hallowed enjoyment of their Sunday papers.

Mrs. Garrett of Topeka, Kansas, left her four year old child in the house and the little one secured a box of matches with which to amuse itself. Result: A roasted baby and a sorrowing mother. Such carelessness is nothing less than criminal. Of course sympathy is extended, but there must in justice be a strong measure of condemnation, yet to-morrow some other mother will probably be guilty of a similar act.

While in life every movement of the late Millionaire Flood was chronicled by the press all over the world, yet the stir made by his death was hardly noticed outside the apartment where the event occurred. A millionaire king on a death-bed is only a poor weak creature, and his fellow-men seem to realize the fact.

At a hugging bee for the benefit of the church in Kingston, N.Y., a few evenings since a man, while blindfolded, hugged his wife for several minutes without knowing who he was hugging. When he did find out he wanted his 15 cents back.

MR. AND MRS. MARLBOROUGH

BILL NYE AND THE EMINENT BUT IMMORTAL DUKE.

How the Much Advertised Englishman Married—The Sad Awakening of the American Duchess—Swapping a Broken Heart for a Ducal Coronet—Sad Thoughts and a Still Sadder Poem.

I AM pained to receive later intelligence from dear old Blenheim which leaves me no chance to doubt that a cloud about the size of a joint school district has obscured the honey moon of the Duchess of Marlborough and the eminent but nawsty Duke. It is only a little while since they were married in the midst of all the pride and grandeur of Mayo Hewitt's office, surrounded by the mayor himself, and supported by the janitor of the building, messenger boys in full panoply, heads of departments, letter heads, corned heads and bill heads. As the happy couple left their horse car, driven by an eminent savant in a rubber overcoat, and moved proudly across City Hall park, they were preceded by a beautiful woman 63 years of age, and wearing a black and tan breakfast shawl, who scattered flowers to the masses at 5 cents a bunch. It was a solemn and impressive sight. Men standing on the steps of the court house near by, waiting to be summoned as jurors for the ensuing term, meantime trying to forget what information they had ever acquired so that their minds would be thoroughly fitted for the arduous duties of jurors, looked up in a vacant way.

Mayor Hewitt looked out the window and saw them coming. Hastily upending his cuffs and ruffling his hair so as to have a distinguished and dishevelled appearance, he instructed the official organ of the city to play the wedding march.

There was a low, gurgling knock on the door, and when Mayor Hewitt opened it there stood the duke. Motioning the mayor out into the hall Marlborough took him around behind the wood-box, where they could be entirely alone. Then he whispered to Mayor Hewitt: "Abe, are you busy?"

"Well, not so all-fired busy. What is it Duke?"

"I wanted to get married if you've got time to attend to it. How soon could you wait on us?"

"Oh, I can do it now, I guess. I was writing a piece for the paper, but I can put that off. Come in and take off your things till I have time to compare a little impromptu thought or two and send out for a package of cardimon seeds. I hate to kiss a Duchess, as a general thing, unless my breath is as sweet as a violet."

By this time the wedding party had entered, and now stood about the office reading the acts of the legislature, or vainly seeking to look through the opalescent windows.

"Is Duke all the front name you've got?" asked the mayor as he began to write in a red account book and regard him closely with a keen, searching glance.

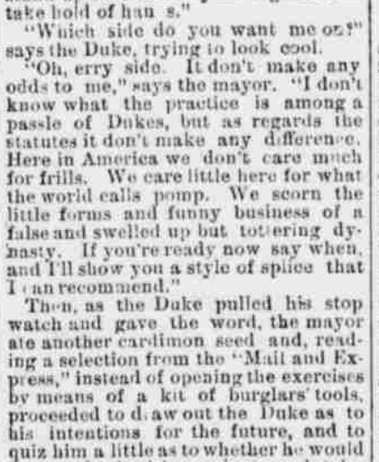
Marlborough said it was not, and went on to state at some length what his full name was. I will not try to give it here, because this is simply a short, hasty article for the paper. It is not a city directory.

"Well, then, if you are ready," said the mayor, briskly wiping his pen with the tail of his linen coat, "you can stand up over there by the register and take hold of hands."

"Which side do you want me on?" says the Duke, trying to look cool.

"Oh, erry side. It don't make any odds to me," says the mayor. "I don't know what the practice is among a passle of Dukes, but as regards the statutes it don't make any difference. Here in America we don't care much for frills. We care little here for what the world calls pomp. We scorn the little forms and funny business of a false and swelled up but tottering dynasty. If you're ready now say when, and I'll show you a style of splice that I can recommend."

Then, as the Duke pulled his stop watch and gave the word, the mayor ate another cardimon seed and, reading a selection from the "Mail and Express," instead of opening the exercises by means of a kit of burglars' tools, proceeded to draw out the Duke as to his intentions for the future, and to quiz him a little as to whether he would love and cherish, support, maintain, foster and encourage his wife, provided he had one, and whether he would be willing to divide her private fortune with her in case she needed money. Getting the Duke's views on this subject, he chatted with the bride in an off-handed way, meantime transacting other business, ever and anon, as people came in from time to time to see him about opening up a new street or getting out a license for exhibiting a tame bear in a quiet little town.



COMING TO THE KISS.

All being satisfactorily arranged, the mayor said: "I now desir briefly to pronounce you man and wife, and what I have joined together as mayor of New York it will bother a plain citizen to put asunder. I cannot refrain at this time from making a few remarks which I have thought up while standing here. It is these: The duties of a duke and those of a duchess are almost entirely different, as I understand it. As Duke it will be your duty to receive and account for all such moneys as may come into your hands, paying them out only on an order from the worthy chief. You will be required to do the chores or see that they are done by others, see that sufficient coal is laid in during the month of August, while it is cheap, to keep the castle hot till spring; also to keep the taxes on your dukedom paid up and not allow the same to become delinquent. You will eject the cat at half past nine each night, lock the front door carefully and wind the clock. It will also be your duty to love your wife all the time, no matter what the customs of eminent people may be. Do not think because you are a duke that you can come over here and corral a trusting American girl, lead her away to your large stone smoke-house, put up a light board fence around your premises and neglect her. If you do that I will correspond with you and thus make your life a perfect hell. Try to live down the disagreeable reports I hear about you, Marlborough. Come home to your meals. Allow your wife to see all your mail. Read the marriages and deaths to her from morning papers. Ask her advice in matters of business, and then do as you like. That's the way I do. It pleases your wife and does not hurt your business. Be a good husband, even if you have to neglect your duties as a duke, and good luck to you.

"To you, Duchess, I need say but little. You can reason to a man and possibly improve him in that way, but a woman's great success or failure rests in her own heart. That's why I need not talk to you at length. For while it will seem odd when you will get up from day to day and find yourself a duchess, but you will get used to it at last just as a man gets used to a wooden leg until at last it seems entirely natural to him. And now, Duchess, adieu and God bless you. So long, or bon jour, as we say in dear old France."

"And now," said the Duke, as he picked up his umbrella and felt apprehensively in his vest, "Mr. Hewitt, how much are you out on this?"

"Oh, any time will do for that," said the mayor, "and if you don't pay it at all, that will be all right, I guess."

"Well, then, if you don't want to take anything for it, I am much obliged, anyhow, and if I can do you a favor any time, just press the button and you'll get waited on."

It was not long til the eminent but immorial Duke returned to his estates. Nobody welcomed him. He got off at the station and had to carry his valise and hat box up to the castle. There all was hushed and the Duke had to crawl in at the front window and unfasten the door before he could let the Duchess in. A proud duke hates to do that. It makes him hot. People go by and see him tearing his small clothes on a nail as he hangs by means of his stomach on the ledge of the window. It unmans him and makes him say things which would sound better in the affidavit room of a newspaper.

BRINGING HOME THE PLUNDER.

And so the whole matter has been inauspicious from the start. The Duchess found the basement of the castle alive with rats. The seed corn in the spare room had been almost entirely carried off and a can of strawberries, which had been placed too near the furnace, had "worked" and blown its brains out all over a roll of stair carpet, the potatoes in the donjon tower had mostly all sprouted and a lackey had to run a lawn mower over them before they could be cooked. Ants were in the sugar barrel. Moths in the clothes presses and Satan in the servants. All the help had been eating in the ducal dining room, as the casual observer could at once discover. Not only that, but the thinking mind immediately jumped to the conclusion that the servant who had done the carving was an amateur and that the gravy did not match the wall paper.

That is no way for an American duchess to be welcomed in her own house. It is an indignity to our flag. When one buys a ducal coronet, she does not wish to be welted over the head with it. She does not care to be greeted with coldness in her own castle or fail to find the key to the front door under the door mat according to agreemen , or find the draw-bridge tied up and have to wade across the moat.

It is all sad. It is pitiful to see a social wreck at his best, but it is doubly sad to see him marry one of our wealthiest and most desirable American girls and, having taken her home, proceed to desolate her life by a course of blooded cussedness which would make talk and call forth adverse criticism in Satan's addition to Texas.

And so I cannot close this letter in a more appropriate way, it seems to me, than to dash off a little poem which I have thought up myself, and which is supposed to be the wail of a soul or the moan of a duchess. It breathes a spirit of extreme sadness and melancholy which I think will touch each heart, even though expressed in fault orthography, syntax and prosody, as I am only just beginning to write verse and my muse, as one may say, has not as yet got her sea limbs on.

THE WAIL OF A SHATTERED HEART.

CANTO FIRST.

Oh, I have come far o'er the sea,
But you've went a way from me,
And I wildly, wildly wish,
Though I know I'm a fool,
As I think that I have went so far away.

CANTO SECOND.

But, oh, I can't be gay
When I have went away
From all my friends and kindred, oh so dear.
For I see I made a strike
When I wed a rawsty duke
And that is why I make the statement here.

Bill Nye

KANSAS VIGILANTES.

Reminiscences of the Early Days of the Prairie State.

The depredations of horse-thieves in southern Kansas was for a time something appalling, and kept the whole country alarmed, writes W. B. Holland in the Detroit Free Press. For the past thirty years the Indian Territory has been the rendezvous of many of the worst citizens in the west. Fugitives from Kansas and Texas, as well as from the eastern states, flocked in there, where they were sure to find protection and congenial companions. A man's social standing in this lawless community depended on his readiness with a "gun," and the number and atrocity of the crimes he had committed. The word "gun" refers to a revolver, but these were of such an enormous size that the term "gun" seemed to suit better.

A residence of a few days with these people would make an agnostic argue the necessity of a hell and he could easily show the utility of such a place. While the inhabitants were banded together to resist the law, they had no confidence in each other and no fear of any power, human or divine. They would have been unable to have told Sunday by the aid of an almanac and the entire absence of razors caused their faces to have a heavier hirsute adornment than a bearded woman at a show.

It was an easy matter for one or more of these outlaws to enter Kansas, steal a horse and be back into the Territory before the loss would be discovered. With such facilities for horse stealing at hand, it is no small wonder that the farmers in southern Kansas living close to the state line were able to keep any horses at all.

The result of so much crime resulted in the formation of "vigilance committees," the object of which was to cause a suspension of horse-stealing by suspending the thieves. The members of these committees were called "Vigilantes," and the beauty of their method was found in the fact that they never had to punish a man for the second offense.

While a great deal of fault may be found with mob law in general, there is no doubt but the vigilantes in Kansas had an elevating effect on the horse-thieves.

When a horse was stolen, the neighborhood was notified and men started out in squads from three to six. They all went into the Territory, each squad selecting his own route. A noticeable part of the outfit of each squad would be a new halter rope of a size sufficient to hold three or four horses, and perhaps thirty feet long. Just why such a rope was necessary to hold a pony that at other times was perfectly gentle did not appear, but the rope was taken along at any rate.

In two or three days the squads of vigilantes would begin to return. Finally one squad came in leading the horse that had been stolen. It might also be noticed that while all the other men had brought back the massive halter-rope, the squad that brought the horse brought no rope.

"We found the horse, but the thief got away," the successful men said, apologetically.

"Did you see the thief?" Some one would ask.

"Yes we saw him and the last we noticed of him he was going through the brush," would be the answer, sometimes varied so as to have the man "drown while crossing a river."

The truth was apparently told, but to the farmer who had been a member of a similar squad the careless words told of a tragedy and he knew that somewhere in the wild country just south was a corpse hanging to a tree, a note pinned to the bosom and fluttering in the wind. He knew that a soul had been hurried to its Maker; that one desperate man had struggled with others as desperate and determined as himself and had succumbed to the odds against him. He knew also that it was a horse-thief that had been hung and that his own animals were so much safer. Conscience was stilled by the thought that it was his duty; a horrible task, but none the less a bounden duty, due to himself, to his neighbors and to his family.

When starting on such a trip, each man hoped that it would not be his squad that should overtake the solitary man riding the stolen horse. He closed his eyes to shut out the remembrance of the time when he was a member of the successful squad—when he was one of the four who captured the sullen criminal on the tired and worn-out horse. He could still hear the poor fellow beg and plead for mercy which all four were about to grant, until one of them whispered "our oaths," and from that moment the doom of the thief was sealed. He hoped that he would never be a party to such another hideous crime, but he knew that he would do what his neighbors expected of him and what he expected of them. Dead men tell no tales, and neither does a vigilante, so he knew he was safe from all human law and punishment.

But all this is past and horse-thieves and vigilantes are almost unknown in Kansas. The Missouri Pacific and the Santa Fe railways each cross the Indian Territory and it is no longer a den of criminals. The pioneer farmer of Kansas speaks of the vigilantes with a far-away air as though dimly remembering something of them and their ways.

The scattering trees that have borne such horrid fruit are still there and may be known by their names and local tradition. "Dead Man's Tree," at the head of "Horse Thief Gulch," is a well-known place in the Territory on the Arkansas river. Years ago when going south from Wichita on a stage the horses would be changed at a station known as "Three on a Limb," but the railroads have done away with the stage just as civilization ended the necessity for vigilance committees.

Canon Taylor's Theories.

Theorizing on missionary procedure is heavily discounted, in our day, by practical men. I offer Canon Taylor and others who may be fond of figures an arithmetical problem. He speaks of the "lavish" expenditure of missions and their meager result. Missionary work has four departments—evangelistic, publication, education, philanthropy, including free medical service, hospitals, famine, relief and the like. The problem I propose is this: find the total value of all church property of the Church of England and set down the entire annual expenses of the establisment with the interest of the same at 3 per cent. Do the same with the Established Church of Scotland. Make the same computation in the case of all the Nonconformist bodies. Set down the interest on the original cost of all educational property from Oxford and Cambridge and Edinburgh and Glasgow universities to the common schools; find the total of annual expenditure; go through with a similar computation in the case of all hospitals, asylums and eleemosynary institutions; calculate the expenditure of all Bible and other societies publishing either Christian or school literature and the work of all famine and relief boards; and when you have added up the column you will find a total of something quite different from the paltry £5,000,000 that is called "lavish" expenditure for the conversion of the world with its 1,400,000,000 souls. There are single men within the pale of the Christian church who could carry that load for one year and not seriously trench upon their capital. Now turn to the Church Year Book and the year books of the several Christian bodies and find the number of additions—not from heathens, mark, but from Christian homes—to the Christain churches, and find the average cost! Is Christianity then a failure? Are churches and the Christian ministry a failure? Is education a failure? Is philanthrophy a failure? I am no pessimist. Our day is not worse, it is better than those that have gone before. But the problem of sin is dark enough. We need no jeremiads; we need bugle calls and cheer answering to cheer along the ranks. * * * The work of American missionaries in Turkey proper was begun in 1832. At that time it was the midnight of hope for all races, especially for the three subject Christian races—the Bulgarian, the Greek and the American—numbering altogether a little more than 10,000,000 souls. Education among all these races hardly existed. The priests were well nigh as ignorant as the masses of the people. Schools were few and poor. Under 400 years of oppression aspiration had died out. Not alone as a saving influence but in elevating and educating power the free Bible in the living tongue of men is beyond all comparison to be placed first. The first great work, therefore, undertaken by American missionaries in Turkey was to give to all races the whole Bible in their living speech. This was to be done for Christian as well as Moslem, for Moslem as well as Christian. It was well understood that there could be no successful work among Moslems except through a reform and evangelizing of the Oriental churches. The corruption of early Christianity gave Islam opportunity and scope when it rose. The corruption of Christianity, both east and west, in the middle ages, the ugly excrescence of Christianity in the twelfth century, the Crusades, thrust with such baleful moral effect upon the attention of the Moslem world, had steeled the heart against all Christian influence. Therefore, American missionaries, understanding the magnitude of the task they had undertaken, began with the translation of the Bible and with the creation of a Christian literature about that center, and began with the Christian races. The great Bible societies joined hands with the missionary society. The Bible has been translated into all languages, published in many editions, sold by the ten thousand, now by the hundred thousand, copies a year, and goes everywhere; and with it go the religious books and school books for all grades of school, published in editions of three thousand or five thousand copies.—Rev. George E. Herrick, D. D., in Missionary Herald.

Modern Proverbs.

Plant seeds of knowledge, early and late; pull error and foolishness whenever they are in sight.

Trials may lead us safely up life's hill, but, if the driver don't object, I shall ride.

The milk of human kindness is present in some folks about as nutritive properties are in turnips.

I would be willing to sell my best dog, in order to find out why it is that so many people choose and wear the paste, instead of the genuine diamonds of thought.

Vexation is but a lad; with time and opportunity he will grow to be Mr. Mad.

If I wished to get rid of a bad habit, with as little trouble as possible, I'd go for it! I'd go cross-lots! and I'd shoot it at short range.

Sad, very sad it is, to see people, literally, starving to death, for want of—fun.

All things are of value; but so little do some things seem to possess, that I have concluded not to inventory them when I take stock, hereafter.

Of all the prefixes and suffixes to my name, I am bothered exceedingly, to find out as to their availability, as handles, to lift me into heaven.—Haw Bright in Yankee Blade.

The Robin.

But though not much of a singer in captivity, the robin is a pleasing pet. He thrives best if allowed the run of a room, but he is always cheerful if he has only a large cage with plenty of gravel, nicely prepared food and half a dozen meal worms daily. If not caged he grows very tame; enjoys coming to the table and partaking of the food as well as the life about him; in fact, making himself one of the family. He is not slow of expressing his opinion of things that go on about him, and though you may not always understand just the point he makes, you can readily see that he has clear ideas of his own.

He has also well-defined notions about the fitness of things. One that I know of, seeing sliced cucumbers in a dish that he considered suitable for his bath, deliberately lifted out each slice, threw it on the floor and then proceeded to bathe in the water left in the dish.—Home-Maker.

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S.S.S.

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