

## PRINCE MICHAEL'S CAREER.

The Leader of a Remarkable and Notorious Sect.

Revolting Conduct in a Colony that Could Not be Tolerated—A Conviction that May Cause the Members to Disperse—The Origin of the Flying Roll Disciples Traced.

The doings of Prince Michael and his colony of Flying Roll Disciples culminated in the conviction of the notorious leader of the sect at Ann Arbor a week ago. The Prince was arrested in Detroit about two months ago on the charge of carnal knowledge of Bernice Bechel. The attorneys for the defence asked for a change of venue to some other circuit, on the ground that public sentiment in Detroit would prejudice the prisoner's case. The change of venue was granted, and the case was transferred to Ann Arbor, where the trial proved that Prince Michael, under the guise of religion, had perpetrated outrages which would not be tolerated in a semibarbaric community. Revolting facts concerning the conduct of his colony in Detroit were brought out, and the jury agreed upon a verdict of guilty in fifteen minutes. Prince Michael was sentenced to five years' imprisonment, and he is now in the State prison at Jackson. The conviction and imprisonment of the leader of this remarkable sect, known as the Flying Roll Disciples, Jezreelites, or the New and Latter House of Israel, will result probably in the breaking up of the sect.

The Latter Day Israelites trace their origin to what is known as "The Southcott Imposture" in the eighteenth century. Joanna Southcott, for many years a housemaid in Exeter, England, became possessed of the idea that she was to be a prophet, or a leader, of a

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asserting that she had divine inspiration. Her followers believed that Joanna was the instrument under the direction of Christ to announce the establishment of His kingdom on earth, and that the mission of Joanna was to be accomplished by perfect obedience to the spirit that directed her. Those who came forward in the spiritual war were to have the seal of the Lord's protection, and if they remained faithful soldiers, death and hell should have no power over them. They were to make up the "sealed number"—144,000—to stand with the lamb on Mount Zion.

The mission of Joanna was begun in 1792. Every member of the sect had a folded paper, stamped with a talismanic seal and bearing the letters "J. C.," in which were a number of meaningless sentences alleged to have been sent by Jesus Christ to the bearer of the document. The great object of Joanna's mission, however, was an immaculate conception. She was to bring forth "Shiloh," promised to be born of a virgin, and the event was looked forward to by her followers with unbounded enthusiasm and credulity. Disappointment more than once clouded the hopes of Joanna and her followers, but in the course of time the period was announced. As she labored under more than the usual indisposition, it was deemed necessary to satisfy all worldly doubts, and medical men were called in to give professional opinion. The decisions were not satisfactory. The doctors were informed that Joanna was 64 years of age, a virgin, and an expectant mother. After investigation, they ridiculed the whole proposition. Dr. Richard Reece, however, was prevailed upon to a vow a belief in the expected child. The hopes of members of the Southcott sect were revived until Joanna was taken ill with the fever. On her deathbed she admitted that her claims concerning the child she was to bring forth were the outcome of a delusion, but after her death many of her followers insisted that the child had been born and had been taken to heaven to avoid contamination through contact with worldly people. It was discovered at an autopsy that the only warrant for the alleged pregnancy was a dropsical tumor; nevertheless, in spite of the publicity given to the delusions, Southcottism continued to flourish.

In 1875 James R. White, more famous for his debaucheries than his piety, established the Christian Israelites, taking as a basis for his sect the principles of the Southcott imposture. He claimed to be divine inspired, assumed the name of James Jerushon Jezreel, (from that of the son of the Prophet Hosea), styled himself the messenger of God, and announced that he had received direct revelation from

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The revelations he announced, would be given to the elect in a series of nine sermons to be known as "Extracts from the Flying Roll, or God's Last Message to Man." Converts were secured from the followers of Southcottism and other similar bodies, and the name of the sect was changed to the New and the Latter House of Israel. Jezreel had many men of more or less wealth among his followers, and as a result he lived in luxury. He contemplated the erection of a magnificent temple at Chatham, England, to cost about \$1,000,000, but after the temple was started the project was interrupted by his death. He was succeeded by Esther, his wife. Immediately before his death Jezreel recanted, renewed his allegiance to the established faith, and was buried according to the rights of the Episcopal Church. Esther died five years ago, and was succeeded by James Cunningham, who is remarkable chiefly, even among his ignorant followers, for his illiteracy. He is now the leader of the New and Latter House of Israel in England, although his claim to the leadership of the Jezreelites is disputed by Prince Michael.

Michael K. Mills, who claims to be the leader of the sect throughout the world, and is known by his followers as Prince Michael and by the public as the bogus Prince, was born in Canada about fifty years ago, and has lived in several Canadian towns and cities most of his life. About six years ago he went to England and became one of the followers of Cunningham. However, Mills was not willing to stay a follower, and he determined to establish the sect in America. He obtained some sort of a dispensation from Cunningham and came to this country. Soon, however, he received so-called revelations from heaven which made him the head of the sect and gave him supreme authority in this country and abroad. He was content to confine his operations to the United States and Canada. He went to cities in Canada and in some smaller towns in the United States and attracted a small following of

credulous, super-sensitive, romantic, sentimental, or weak-minded individuals. His followers had to swear that they would never cut their beards or hair, or shave their upper lips. Consequently, whenever members of the sect appeared in a town they were distinguished easily by their flowing locks. The female members of the sect wear their hair loose, the locks falling down upon their shoulders.

Everywhere that Prince Michael went he taught his new converts that Detroit was to be the "City of Salvation," and that from it the 144,000 elect—or more properly the 288,000, as it takes a man and a woman to make a "perfect soul"—would be taken to heaven at the last blast of the trumpet. The Prince came to Detroit with about ten followers, including his wife and Eliza Courts, his "spiritual affinity"—the other half of his soul—Lucifer Durand, who was his religious right bower, three "queens" and three "knaves" to keep them company. This was in September last. In November members of his sect from Canadian towns began to congregate in Detroit.

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were secured, and in a short space of time Prince Michael was established with about 125 followers in seven cottages in Hamlin avenue. The cottages had been leased one by one, but as the sect grew and funds began to accumulate through the donations made by the deluded people the cottages were purchased, the deeds being made to Prince Michael. After a while the neighbors in the vicinity of Hamlin avenue began to complain of gross immoralities practised in the colony. The Prince's household consisting of ten maidens, Mrs. Mills, and Eliza Courts, was a rival of an Oriental harem, it was said. Suspicion was aroused, and about five months ago it was strengthened by reports concerning Prince Michael made by the father of one of the inmates. A little later it was ascertained that young and innocent girls had been enticed into the Prince's household through the exercise of the strange religious power which he held over his followers. Then Mrs. Mills complained that for two years she had been treated brutally by him, and had been compelled to do the menial work, while Eliza Courts, the Prince's "spiritual affinity," enjoyed the privileges of a wife, and ruled as a queen in the household.

The disclosures caused a great deal of public feeling against the colony, but no action was taken by the city authorities. Writs of habeas corpus obtained by parents who desired to recover their children from the Flying Roll Disciples furnished clues that led to the arrest, trial, and conviction of Prince Michael.

Until recently comparatively little has been known concerning the doctrines of this odd sect. Jezreelism embodies three degrees, known as the Outer Court, the Inner Court, and the Holy of Holies, to which converts may be initiated as they progress in the "interpretation of the word." The Outer Court is beset by many peculiar ceremonies. The elect appear in bare feet, with their long hair flying underneath a white cap, and clothed in garments of white silk trimmed with green. In the Inner Court the doctrines revealed by the Flying Roll Disciples, pertaining largely to the worship of sex attributes, are taught. Laying on of hands constitutes inspiration; epilepsy and hysteria are attributes of glory and divinity. In the inner Court a most complete confession is demanded. The member is obliged to lay bare the whole history of his or her life, with its deepest secrets, and license rather than purity seems to be the object. The confessions and the whole tone of the conversation is: the Court are vulgar, and frequently border on the obscene.

In the Holy of Holies, that can be reached by earnest enthusiasm, a tendency to hysteria, epilepsy, and parrot-like familiarity with the doctrines of the sect, a condition exists that can be better imagined than told. Those who succeed in gaining access to the Holy of Holies ultimately attain perfect purification, and they will constitute the elect and will never die, and will

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of the world. Those who belong to the Inner and Outer Courts will have the privilege in the world to come of being the servants of those who have passed through the Holy of Holies.

Up to the present time only two volumes of extracts from "The Flying Roll" had been published. The first, which is permitted to Gentiles as well as the elect, abounds in references to the temptations of Eve, with a carnal interpretation. Moreover, the freedom with which it handles matters that in reputable circles are not hinted at above the breath makes it an improper volume for general circulation. The teachings, however, are not set forth systematically. The stringing together of Biblical texts without regard to their cognate relations, the inconsistent and mystical interpretations, the lack of proper punctuation, the absence of paragraphs, and the illogical arguments form a work almost incomprehensible. The faithful, while professing great willingness to explain, become suddenly and mysteriously dumb beyond a certain point, and will only answer that "the spirit alone can reveal this."

While Prince Michael is in prison, with his long locks and flowing beard clipped short and shaven, the sect is without a spiritual head. Lucifer Durand is managing the affairs of the colony, from which desertions are becoming frequent. The sect, it is said, has a membership of 3,000 or 4,000, but it is probable that there will be no sect to lead by the time Prince Michael is liberated. The infancy of the teachings has become so public that no community will permit the establishment or maintenance of a colony within its borders hereafter.

### In Case of Sunstroke.

The first thing to be done for a sunstruck man is to take him to the coolest spot that can be found near by—a well ventilated cellar or basement, under a shade tree, or even in the shadow of a building. Then loosen his clothes and apply cold water to his head and spine—preferably not ice water—while the arms, legs and chest may be bathed with tepid water containing ammonia or carbonate of soda. The best position for the patient while this treatment is being carried out is lying on his left side, for in that position the blood will more easily flow from the head to the heart. The administration of any alcoholic stimulant is of doubtful safety, and drinks of ice water are likely to kill instead of cure. Cold tea or coffee is recommended, as is also lemon juice and water. Blisters along the spine are often followed by good effects.

## AN AVERTED TRAIN WRECK.

Lightning Struck the Masked Robber at the Telegraph Key.

The Washington Star tells this remarkable story as having occurred at Medicine Hat on the Canadian Pacific Railway. There are several geographical inaccuracies, as well as other parts of the yarn that may be hard to believe but the reader can overlook these in the interest of the story:—

As the following sensational tale came direct from the lips of a western telegrapher, who made one of the group of story tellers, he playing an important part in the incident, and as his veracity has never been questioned, the tale must be accepted at the proper value of undiluted truth, and so pass into the record of tales undoubted from the wild and woolly West.

"In my early experience with the telegraph business," said he, "I was located at a place called Medicine Hat, a small group of shanties on the Canadian Pacific Railroad, as operator, ticket agent and express agent. Medicine Hat could be classed among the towns as being thirty miles away from nowhere. What little business was done was on account of a mining village some thirty miles back in the mountains. The entire population of Medicine Hat could have been easily crowded into the little village station.

"One night, after a day of the most sultry weather that I had experienced for months, I was detained at my office on account of delayed trains. A continuous roll of thunder, accompanied by sharp flashes of lightning in the distance, warned me of an approaching storm. I fretted and stormed, as I wanted to get to my boarding shanty, about a quarter of a mile up the country road, before the storm broke. I was leaning back in my chair musing over the events that had brought me west, when suddenly a voice broke upon my ears:

"Hold up your hands quick!"

"Glancing up I saw a huge revolver pointed through the little window in the wall through which I sold tickets and behind it a weird mask with terrible shining eyes. In endeavoring to comply with the command, especially the latter injunction, my chair swung around, my head struck on the edge of the table and unconscious I rolled to the floor.

"When I regained my wits I found myself lying on the floor of the outer waiting-room bound hand and foot with a bad, ungainly looking fellow standing guard over me with a Winchester. The storm had broken over us and the wind, rain, lightning and thunder were something terrific.

"All at once my trained ear caught the sound of the telegraph sounder, and turning my head I perceived a man at my desk working away at my key. He wore a mask, but that did not disguise the fact that he was a young man. As the characters were ticked off and came to my ears I knew he was feeling his way as to the location of the delayed trains. I also noticed that he frequently arose and made use of the ground wire from the switchboard, which cut off the main office in which was located the train runner of the division. At frequent intervals sharp cracks of lightning would re-echo through the room as they struck the arrester on the switch. But the man worked on totally oblivious of his surroundings.

"Suddenly I caught a drift of what he was sending out over the wire, and was horrified to learn that he was trying to manipulate the train orders so as to cause a wreck. Trains 47 and 48 passed each other about five miles up the road from my station, and he was sending out orders with a cool steady hand to train 47 to take a siding about ten miles east of Medicine Hat and to train 48 to pass 47 at the regular place. These orders would have thrown the two trains, which were heavily laden with passengers and express matter, together very near my station.

"I could easily hear the sounder, and from his orders knew the would-be wrecker was an expert telegrapher and thoroughly familiar with train running. Every now and then the wrecker would raise his hand from the key as a more severe stroke of lightning would come in over the wire, but he was too intent on his deadly work to desist. The tramp of heavy boots on the platform outside told me that the contemplated wreck was an organized scheme of robbing the express company and passengers. Muttered curses frequently came from the man at the key, as his plans for wrecking the train would meet with obstacles in the shape of pertinent questions from operators up the line, who wouldn't follow the new order of things without fully understanding their import.

"My mind was in a horrible whirl and I frequently strained at my binding to get my hands loose, but a savage curse from my guard warned me to be careful or my life would not be worth much. On account of the train being behind time I knew they would be pushed to their utmost speed by the engineer, and if they came together the wreck would be a horrible one.

"A storm continued to increase in force and peal after peal of thunder re-echoed over and above the little station. Still the wrecker at the key kept steadily at work weaving his web of destruction. Suddenly he called out in a voice of mingled satisfaction and devilish glee:

"Ah, that fixes the matter all right. Forty-seven has signed the orders at the water tank and in ten minutes they'll go together. Tell the men to spread out up—"

"He never finished the sentence. A blinding flash at the switchboard, a shriek from the wrecker and the office appeared to be one mass of flame. My guard rushed from the building, and with a mighty effort I wrenched my hands free and pulled myself through the door. The little station was as dry as tinder, the oil from the trainmen's lamps added to the combustible nature of its make up, and in a moment flames were breaking out in every part.

"With loud cries several of the wrecker's confederates dashed towards the little room to pull their leader out, but the heat drove them back, and as voices were heard up the country road coming towards the station they all disappeared in the darkness.

"A man named 'Humphy' Logan untied my legs, as my hands were useless on account of the great numbness occasioned by the tightness of the thongs, and I quickly explained the situation to him. He hunted up a lamp and dashed down the track and around the curve in one direction, while I swung the lantern upon the train coming down the straight piece of track to the station in the other direction. My lantern was not seen by the engineer, but the burning station acted as a danger signal and the train drew up at the station, the engineer

totally ignorant of the danger they were escaping and only intent upon helping to subdue the flames. Twenty-five words explained the situation to the engineer and a group of passengers that gathered around, and as train 47 slowly rounded the curve from the east, substantiating my story, the organization of a prayer meeting there and then would have been an easy matter.

"The engineers of both trains with their conductors held a consultation and 48 finally backed to the next siding, followed by 47, and the tangle was straightened out.

"The next day the remains of the would-be wrecker were found in the ruins of the station, and the railroad company's physician, after holding an autopsy, declared that the man had only been stunned by the lightning and while unconscious had been smothered and then burned to a crisp.

"In all my experience with lightning that was the luckiest bolt that ever hugged a wire," said the narrator as he finished his tale, "and the luckiest stars of the people on those two trains were undoubtedly in the ascendant on that terrible night."

### A King Seeking a Bride.

Tablets found in Egypt at Tel-el-Amarna contain among other curious records the letters sent by a King of Egypt about 1500 B. C. to a King of Babylon denying that he had ill-treated one Babylonian wife and asking for another. The *Pall Mall Gazette* gives the outline of some of those letters, which by Dr. Bezold's careful and scholarly translation now all those who run may read. Take the tablet of Nile mud, for instance, on which the scribe of Amenophis III. wrote the letter that was never dispatched to "Kallimma Sin, King of Karaduniyash, my brother." After a characteristically Eastern and ponderous beginning, in which good health is wished to the King and the King's wives, the government, horses and carriages, the Pharaoh tries to clear himself of the charge brought against him that he has not treated well one of his wives the sister of Kallimma Sin. "From the time when my father gave thee my sister to wife," the Babylonian King had written, "no man hath seen her, and none knoweth whether she be alive or dead." Now the King of Egypt has asked in marriage Sukharti ("the Little One"), Kallimma Sin's fair daughter. Hence these reproofs. The Egyptian thereupon challenged the Babylonian to send messengers who might convince themselves of the well-being of the wife whom "no man hath seen." The messengers come, but cannot, among the galaxy of Queens of Amenophis, identify the Babylonian Princess, and Amenophis now writes in righteous indignation in the letter under consideration.

"Since thou sayest, 'My messengers cannot identify her,' I answer, 'Then who can identify her?' and I ask further, 'Why dost thou not send a wise man who might give thee a trustworthy account and describe to thee the comfort and the good health of thy sister here?' Command, then, one of thy wise men to come and examine her household, and let him see for himself the honor in which she is held by the King."

After a great deal of haranguing, in which he of Mesopotamia asserts that his daughter Sukharti was "not beautiful," and after endless haggling over the loan of a quantity of gold, the marriage settlements are satisfactorily concluded, and Kallimma Sin writes to the King of Egypt: "If thou wilt write unto me she shall be brought unto thee."

Ten years after Amenophis III. had begun to reign, when, as it is stated on several large steatite scarabs, he had slain 102 lions with his own hand, he added another wife to his harem, and Queen Thi, on whose tomb we read that she was a "royal daughter, royal sister, royal mother, royal wife, great lady, lady of the North and South," became the acknowledged Queen of Amenophis and of Egypt. Again and again the name of fair-haired, blue-eyed Queen Thi is mentioned in the Tel-el-Amarna tablets, and it also occurs frequently on the rings, vases, scarabs, and amulets of the reign of Amenophis III.

### Native Africans in Our Harbor.

If any one visits the piers in the harbors on the Atlantic where vessels from Liberia can be found while in port, he will generally see a number of native African sailors, fine specimens of physical manhood, who appear very intelligent, active, and industrious. They belong to the well-known Kru tribe, which lives along the coast of Liberia. The men are in great demand to load and unload vessels along the African coast. They are often taken hundreds of miles, as far as Cameroons, to act as longshoremen. The Kru have the interesting peculiarity that they prohibit all forms of domestic slavery among them. The Kru infant is marked at his birth on the forehead with blue tattooing, which is the symbol of his own liberty and of the opposition of his people to any form of servitude.

Some Europeans doing business in West Africa say that it would be impossible to carry on trade without the help of the Kru men. Many of the Kru are now in the service of the Congo State. They are helping to build the railroad from Matadi to Stanley Pool and are as handy with the shovel as John Chinaman himself. The Kru man will not consent to separation from his tribe for more than a year at a time. He carries with him a piece of cord with which to mark the monthly payments received from his employer. On each pay day he ties a knot in the cord, and after he has made the twelfth knot he starts for home. He is frugal and economical, and is not apt to take service away from home more than two or three times. When he returns with the money he has accumulated he takes a wife and settles down. The Kru man is one of the most useful of the native Africans. Doubtless a small proportion of our negro citizens are descendants of the Kru, though slave dealers usually spared the Kru because they were too useful in the service of white men along the coast to be diminished in number by transporting them as slaves to foreign lands.

### The Saleswoman was Equal to the Occasion.

A young saleswoman in a dry goods store who had just sold a quantity of goods to a lady asked: "Will you have the goods sent or take them with you?"

"Do you expect that I am going to carry a bundle like that?" asked the shopper, indignantly. "Oh, no madam," answered the saleswoman, mistress of herself. "I supposed your carriage was at the door and that you might prefer to take your purchase with you." And she scored one on the victorious side.

## MYSTERY OF THE SACK.

Unravelling a Hidden Crime.

The police at Madrid have just succeeded in unravelling a peculiarly horrible murder mystery which has for some weeks past engaged their attention. On 25th April last some boys who were at play in a little frequented street in the outskirts of the city noticed resting against a wall of a laundry a sack of the kind generally used by Madrid washerwomen to carry linen to and from the houses of their customers. Its presence did not excite any suspicion till one of the lads happening to lean against it, was struck by the fact that its contents appeared to be of a much more solid character than any goods usually conveyed in a laundry sack. In the outlying quarters of Madrid a good deal of smuggling goes on, and some women whose attention the boys directed to the matter concluded that a quantity of contraband merchandise

### SUDDENLY ABANDONED.

for some reason or other, had been accidentally discovered. The police were communicated with, and on arriving upon the scene proceeded to open the mysterious sack. Untying it at the mouth they extracted a quantity of female clothing torn to shreds, and there then appeared the head of a dead woman. Finding themselves confronted by what was evidently a shocking crime, the police laid the sack on the ground and ripped it open. The nude body of an elderly woman, which had been tightly packed in a bag, her clothing being used as padding, was disclosed to view. The nose of deceased was bruised as if by a blow or fall, and tied firmly over the mouth was a calico kerchief of the kind ordinarily worn by Spanish women of the poorer classes. The kerchief was so twisted and tied as to form, together with a quantity of black wool which had been stuffed into the mouth, an effectual gag. The face was so disfigured that it was impossible to identify the features of the deceased. By means of the clothing, however,

### THE MURDERED WOMAN.

was recognized as Ramona Tomas, who lived in a topmost storey hard by, along with her grandson, a boy of 12, who serves as a chorister at the Church of San Sebastian. A motive for the crime was suggested by the fact that old Ramona was believed to have saved a good deal of money, and was in the habit of lending it out in small sums to her poorer neighbors at a very high rate of interest. For a time the police were unable to obtain any clue to the perpetrators of the murder. But at length suspicion was directed against a man named Julian Pintado, who lived near the laundry where the body was discovered, and whose wife had been seen in company with the deceased at a place outside Madrid. The couple, who were known to be in Ramona's debt were accordingly placed under arrest, and severely cross examined. Important circumstantial evidence was discovered at the house they occupied, including a sack resembling that in which the body had been packed, and a quantity of black wool similar to that with which the victim was gagged. But the most valuable clue was a child's pinafore, which had been stuffed into the mouth of the sack. The accused had a daughter, a child of three, and on seeing this article she immediately exclaimed "That's my pinafore." It, moreover, corresponded with a similar garment which was found at the house of the accused. Finding it useless to continue his protestations of innocence, the male prisoner, Julian Pintado,

### MADE A FULL CONFESSION.

He acknowledged that, being out of work and unable to obtain any further loans from the old usurer, he arranged with a companion, named Morallon, alias Carabanchel, a plot to decoy her to his house; and having got her there, with Carabanchel as aid, gagged and strangled her. His wife Josefa meanwhile waited outside with the child in order that the latter might not witness the murder. The woman Pintado persisted for some time in denying all knowledge of the crime, but she also has now confessed, and her statement bears out that of her husband. She declares that the murder was proposed by Carabanchel, and that after its accomplishment she helped to place the body of the murdered woman in the sack, which Carabanchel deposited where found. Carabanchel, who is also in custody, continues to deny that he is implicated in the murder, and is trying to prove an alibi. The three prisoners have, however, been committed for trial.

### Oh! What a Surprise.

Some people readily forget that they were ever young, and never recognize the fact that history is apt to repeat itself in individual humanity as well as in wider areas.

The parents stood gazing with frowning brows at their daughter, while she was trembling and weeping. Their frowns deepened as the mother wiped her glasses preparatory to reading a letter found in the girl's pocket. It began:—"Angel of my existence—"

"What!" cried the old man, "you don't mean to say it begins like that? Oh, that a child of mine should correspond with— But pray proceed, my dear."

"Existence" spelled with an 'a' too," added the mother.

"Why, the lunatic can't spell," said the old man.

"It is impossible for me to describe the joy with which your presence has filled me."

"Then why does he attempt it, the ass! But pray don't let me interrupt you. Go on, go on; let joy be unconfined. Go on, go on; I have spent the whole night in thinking of you—"

"That's picturesque, anyhow."

"And in bitterly deriding the obstinate, stupid old whelp who will not consent to our union."

"Whelp! Is thy servant a toad that he should thus be spoken of? Oh, let me get at him!"

"But, Theodorus, my dear," interrupted the old lady.

"Yes, yes—one moment. I was about to observe that the hand that could pen such words would not hesitate to scalp the most cherished relative."

"Theodorus, I didn't see this over the leaf."

"Eh? Let me see. Hum—"

"Yours, with all the love of my heart, Theodorus, 10th May, 1835." "Why, bless my eyes, it's one of my letters!"—(sensation).

"Yes, pa," explained the olive branch, "I found it yesterday—only you wouldn't let me speak."

"You may go into the garden, dear, Hem! we've made a nice mess of it."