

# John Alexander Dowie Loses Hold on Hearts of People

CAREER OF JOHN ALEXANDER DOWIE IN AMERICA.

- 1888. Lands at San Francisco with \$100 in his pocket.
- 1890. Arrives in Chicago and begins preaching in the streets.
- 1892. Establishes a divine healing mission.
- 1894. Opens headquarters and establishes a bank and newspaper.



**John Alexander Dowie.** Inaugurates metropolitan crusade, preaching nightly in different parts of the city. Mobbbed by hoodlums.

- 1900. Purchases site of Zion City and conducts crusade in England.
- 1901. Starts factories at Zion city. Declares himself to be Elijah III, or Elijah the Restorer.
- 1902. Negotiates for Mexican plantation and Texas land for colonization purposes. Refused credit by Chicago merchants. Ordered to refund \$50,000 to Frederick Sutton of New Zealand, who had invested in Zion.
- 1903. Receives large contributions and tithes from his people in the famous collection barrel. Leads the Zion Restoration host of 3,000 workers in eight special trains on a religious visitation to New York. Creditors press claims

present, this action was taken after more than five hours of the most severe arraignment of the first apostle. At its close the prophet was without a follower in the gathering, for even his wife, Overseer Jane Dowie, and her son Gladstone, joined the ranks of those opposing the founder of the faith.

The step came as the climax of the efforts of Deputy General Overseer Wilbur Glenn Voliva, who was named in Dowie's will as his successor and was called to Zion to take charge of affairs when a stroke of paralysis forced the leader to leave his people and go south.

Reputation of John Alexander Dowie also came from the two men in Zion City on whom he had depended to assist him in deposing Deputy General Overseer Wilbur Glenn Voliva.

Deacon V. V. Barnes, Dowie's general counsel, sent him a telegram refusing to act on his instructions to cancel Voliva's power of attorney and install instead Fielding H. Wilhite. The message further contained a threat that the administrative body of the church had documentary evidence of Dowie's mismanagement.

This evidence relates to charges against Dowie's character and to the alleged misappropriation of more than \$1,000,000 entrusted to him for investment in the lace works and other Zion City institutions.

Dowie's arrest in connection with the charge has been threatened. Deacon Wilhite sent Dowie a telegram declining to accept his power of attorney.

Deacon Barnes in an interview said: "Dowie now is suspended from Zion. Suspension does not mean removal; it does not mean that judgment has been pronounced. In order that the First Apostle might have no legal right to remove those who are endeavoring to protect Zion's creditors this action was taken, for if his ecclesiastical power were unquestioned we might be placed in a peculiar situation technically and actually. It was in order that there might be no question of the suspension of his power that it was determined to suspend Dowie."

**Mrs. Dowie's Property Transferred.** Gladstone Dowie said his mother had turned over all her personal property and realty to the community. This amounts to \$1,100,000 and principally consists of Shiloh house and Ben Mac D'hui, the magnificent country estate on White Lake, Michigan. It is expected that Mrs. Dowie will be permitted uninterrupted possession of this property in consideration of her joining the opposition to her husband.

It is said Mrs. Dowie and her son are said to have a bundle of letters to Miss Hofer and other women.

One letter, inscribed to "My little lump of gold," follows:

"I am praying for you to-day and am hoping to hear again your words of comfort. I know you cannot change, for you are the same yesterday and to-day, yea and forever.

"I want to hear again your expressions of faith, because they give me new hope in the womanhood of Zion You have demonstrated to me that



MISS RUTH HOFER

Swiss girl whose presence at Zion met with objections of Mrs. Dowie.

Christ is to rule in the spirits, souls, and bodies of my people. The eyes of the world are on John Alexander, first apostle of the Lord Jesus, the Christ, in the Christian Catholic apostolic church in Zion. Come to me again to-day and pray with me. Yours till the devil frees.

**"JOHN ALEXANDER."**

**Pledges Long Fidelity.**

Another letter, also delivered to Miss Hofer while she was in Zion City, follows:

"Child of my heart. The devil is at work. He has stolen his way into my home. Fear not the harsh words of women possessed of evil thoughts. They slander and rave as the outcome of imaginary ills and burdens. The Lord sent you to me. He spoke unto me instructions. Let the words of thy mouth and the meditation of thy heart be acceptable to thy chosen children. You were sent to the apostle and first priest, and the trials you have undergone were merely to test your faith.

"As always and until the worms eat into my body.

**"JOHN ALEXANDER."**

### HOT ONIONS FOR PNEUMONIA.

**Simple Remedy Said to Be Sure Cure for Dread Disease.**

Owing to the prevalence of pneumonia and the great mortality which attend its ravages during the winter and spring, several boards of health in northern New Jersey have been taking measures to protect the citizens of their towns from the disease. The health board of Washington, N. J., has published a remedy which is said to be a sure cure for pneumonia, and other health boards are looking into the matter with a view of having the same thing published for the good of the general public. This is the publication as it has appeared in the papers of Washington:

"Take six to ten onions, according to size, chop fine, put in a large spider over a hot fire, then add the same quantity of rye meal and vinegar enough to form a thick paste. In the meanwhile stir it thoroughly, letting it simmer five or ten minutes. Then put in a cotton bag large enough to cover the lungs and apply to chest as hot as patient can bear. In about ten minutes apply another, and thus continue by reheating the poultices and in a few hours the patient will be out of danger. This simple remedy has never failed to cure this too often fatal malady. Usually three or four applications will be sufficient, but continue always until the perspiration starts freely from the chest. This remedy was formulated many years ago by one of the best physicians New England has ever known, who never lost a patient by the disease, and won his renown by simple remedies."

### Lodge's Teetotal Principles.

The capitol guide was telling two New England school teachers in the senate gallery interesting things about the senators below. "There are several of them," he said, "that have eaten too many society dinners and drunk too much firewater." "Oh, how dreadful in our public men!" said one of the teachers. "But there is Senator Lodge. He doesn't drink, does he?" "Oh, no," replied the guide. "He is a teetotaler. He even thins his water."

### Soldiers Who Are Good Cooks.

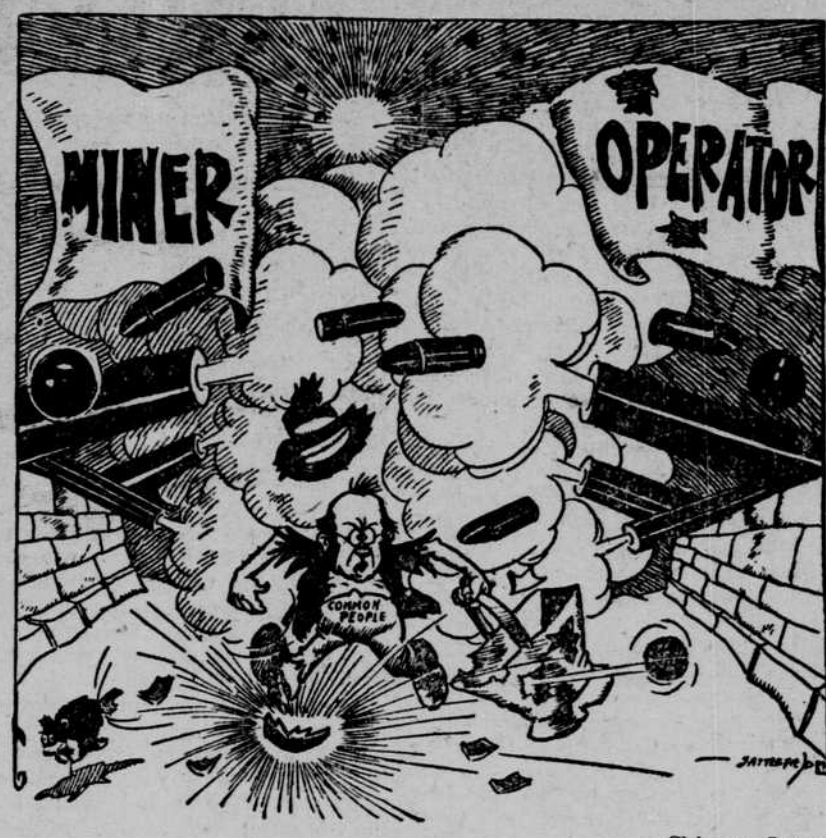
Gen. Sir Redvers Buller is such an excellent cook that he would have little difficulty in obtaining a first-class chef's position in a west end hotel. In his younger days, before he reached his high military rank his brother officers used to say that Redvers Buller can make an appetizing dinner out of old saddles when rations were short on a campaign. Another distinguished soldier who shares with Gen. Buller a wonderful skill in the gastronomic art is Major General Baden-Powell.

### Crusty.

The new stenographer's yellow hair glittered in the flood of spring sunlight that poured through the open window of the office. But old Duke, the bookkeeper, had no eyes for the girl's beauty. He lighted a cigar and set to work. "Mr. Duke," said the stenographer. "Hub?" the old man grunted. "Look here," she said, imperiously. "I'm sorry, but smoking always makes me sick."

"Then," said Duke, without looking up, "don't ever smoke."

## THE NON-COMBATANT



—Chicago Journal.

### KING OBJECTS TO LONG HOURS.

**Spanish Monarch Declares He is Being Overworked.**

One day not long ago the young king of Spain handed the Duke de Santo Mauro, one of his ministers, a petition which his majesty said referred to the eight-hour working day. The duke's dislike of petitions is well known. "It is my desire that you attend to it immediately," said the king, seeing the minister was inclined to raise difficulty about attending to an informal petition. Finding that the king was very much in earnest, the petition was unwillingly unrolled. Much to the amusement of all present, the document was found to be in the young king's handwriting. It begged in piteous terms for a little more leisure from national duties and suggested that he should not be asked to work more than eight hours a day and that he might have his Sundays off.

### SENATORS SEEK COUCH EARLY.

**Pennsylvania Statesmen Set Washington Good Example.**

Pennsylvania's senators appear to be in competition to discover which can be the best exemplar of the truth of the old saying "Early to bed, early to rise," etc. Pennsylvanians, and others for that matter, too, who have recently had occasion to see Senator Penrose, or rather to try to see him, in the evening have discovered that 9 o'clock is not too early an hour to expect the senator to be in bed. Senator Knox's early retiring inclinations are well known. Also his getting up betimes. When Quay and Cameron were the senators from Pennsylvania it was safe to ask for them up to midnight, the inquirer being pretty sure to find both still abroad. They say Cameron saw more surprises than any man who ever lived in Washington and Senator Quay saw a good many.

### Labor in Old Times.

Twelve hours in winter and fourteen in summer was an average day's work. But in Lyons in 1571 the printers worked from 2 o'clock in the morning till 8 or 9 o'clock in the evening. In other trades the working hours were often from 4 in the morning till 9 at night or from 5 to 10. Workers in the same meter generally lived together in the same street. But the matre-artisan had his own maison. The ground floor was his shop or workshop; above was his bedroom, which was also the sitting and eating room; a small room adjoining accommodated his children, and above was a garret where various commodities were stored.—From Brisson's "Work and Workers."

### John Wesley Gained on Warpath.

Congressman John Wesley Gains went on the warpath the other afternoon against the commercial agents sent abroad by the secretary of commerce to study and report on trade conditions with a view to advancing American foreign trade. He declared that such legislation was paternalistic and designed to offer somebody a job. "Why study trade conditions in order to give somebody a job?" thundered Gains. "Why, in my district there are 200,000 people who need a job. No. 300,000," added Gains hastily, for an inaccuracy or error in figures is abhorrent to his precise mind.

### London's "Adames Edens."

Smart society in London has taken to "hen parties," having adopted an idea long ago in vogue in this country. Luncheons and dinners are being given "for women only" and the guests seem to find vast amusement in the Adamess Eden.

### Kept Aloof.

"There is together too much wording on this 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' poster," said the manager of the show. "Why don't you abbreviate it to 'U. T. C.'?"

"Wouldn't pay," replied the advertising agent. "The last time I abbreviated 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' that way it stranded the show in every settlement in the far west."

"What in the world had effect did 'U. T. C.' have?"

"Why, the natives thought it stood for 'United Temperance Club.'"

### Caring for Bad Men in Nevada.

There being no jail at this place, and the deputy sheriff being unable to compel immediate departure to unwelcome persons, they have resorted to the extremity of handcuffing them with their arms about cedar trees.

Every day this week a trip down the gulch showed several bad men with their arms wrapped about tall cedars, where they were allowed to remain until the punishment equalled their offence.—Manhattan correspondence Sacramento Bee.

### WORKS MEAN TRICK ON HENS.

**Phonograph That Cackles Used by New York Farmer.**

A Stockport poultry farmer has had great trouble of late because his hens were not producing the proper number of eggs. A nearby neighbor has a fine flock of hens which were working overtime to produce eggs. While hanging over the back fence listening to the triumphant cackle of his neighbor's hens an idea struck the luckless owner of hens. He went into the house and brought out his phonograph, inserting a blank record and succeeded in getting a fine imitation of the cackling of laying hens. He then installed the phonograph in his henhouse and started it going. The first day the hens were greatly amazed, but the second day they got down to business and ground out an egg every time the phonograph cackled. The hens have stopped cackling themselves, however, and when the phonograph stops they stop laying and the originator of the idea has to sit in his coop all day long to keep the phonograph going.—Hudson, N. Y., Register.

### ABSURDITY IN POINT OF LAW.

**Recent Ruling in England Arcsures London Truth.**

One of the absurdities of the law was strikingly illustrated at Shrewsbury Quarter Sessions on Friday, when a man was charged with stealing a quantity of lead from the veranda of an empty house. The lead, said the Recorder, was attached to the veranda and thereby became part of the freehold. As part of the freehold the lead was land in the eye of the law. Land could not be stolen, and therefore the prisoner could not be convicted of larceny. According to the Recorder the only remedy of the owner against a person taking lead from the roof of a building is to bring a civil action for damages! Truly the law is "a hass" if it was correctly laid down in this case.—London Truth.

### Red-Whiskered Jurors Barred.

Six red-haired talesmen who had been accepted by the state in the selection of a jury to try Sabine Perlelle, charged with the murder of a fellow Italian, were excused by Jacob B. Goodhart, attorney for the accused, in the Waterbury superior court at Derby, Conn. Mr. Goodhart held that his client because of his swarthy hue would not be so likely to receive impartial judgment from men of sandy complexion as from those of darker features. The suburban-haired talesmen barred by Mr. Goodhart all have red whiskers, also of the flowing variety. Four of them are farmers.

### French Parishes in Maine.

There are French-Canadian parishes in sixty-nine cities, towns and villages in Maine and supplying these are sixty-three priests, of whom thirty-three are Canadians, twenty-four are Irish, four are French, one a Hollander and one a Belgian. The largest parish is that of Lewiston and Auburn, where there is a French-Canadian population of 12,351. Bideford and Saco have 11,100 and Waterville 5,300.

### Much-Married Queen.

Emperor Menelik of Abyssinia is the empress's fifth husband. No. 1 was a general under King Theodore, who cut him in prison, where he disappeared; No. 2 got a divorce; No. 3 was also imprisoned by Menelik's predecessor; No. 4 was in possession when the lady took Menelik's fancy and when "all obstacles had been removed" Menelik married her.

### Ex-Gamblers Build a Church.

A mission church was opened at Cradley Heath on a site near to which was a gambling den. Eight months ago, on a Sunday evening, a man named Finch found a large number of working men gambling in a chain shop. He exhorted them to do better. A prayer meeting was held, the gamblers formed themselves into a mission corps, and all personally assisted in erecting the church, and also in raising the money.—London Telegraph.

### Ransom on Instalment Plan.

A curious instance of the spread of modern ideas into the most unlikely places is reported from Sicily, where a noted brigand chief, having captured a prominent citizen of Catania, has consented to his ransom—being said on the "instalment system." But the brigand is not quite up to date, and the advantages of immediate delivery are not included in his scheme so the victim remains a prisoner until his relatives have paid the last cent.

## PAID PRICE FOR LIBERTY

"Why don't you ask me about my wife?" queried the bearded man as he took a seat by the woman at a little party.

"In the first place," explained the woman, "I haven't seen you for a year or two and many things are likely to happen in that time. In the second place, it isn't come if I fault in New York to ask a man about his wife or a woman about her husband unless they are standing right in front of you. Even then, if they stand in opposite corners of the room, they are likely to be divorced."

"We are divorced," sighed the bearded man. "You never knew her, did you? One of the most insanely jealous women I ever met in my life. Now, if we were married and she saw me sitting here by you she would have a thousand fits. If she heard me compliment you almost anything would be likely to happen. I wouldn't dare to pay you a little compliment in her hearing. I, six feet high and bearded like a pard, would be afraid."

"Women make a great mistake to allow their jealousy to run away with them so. Why, she got so she wanted to know who that Mrs. Cash was I wrote checks for. I had some houses

that I rented. I didn't dare paper or paint those houses, though they were occupied by men and their wives, or she would accuse me of catering to the wives. I finally sold them."

"It was terrible. A man with such a wife can't call his soul his own. I can't tell you—I can't begin to tell you—how I thank heaven every day of my life for my freedom. I permitted her to have her divorce. I gave her all the evidence she wanted. It seemed a shame. I was fond of her, but I couldn't stand the constant bickerings, the accusations. We lived together for ten years. When a man has a home for ten years, then to be turned adrift, then to become all at once homeless. But the liberty! The liberty! If she were here now and my wife I wouldn't dare to sit by you. Liberty is everything in this world, isn't it?" asked the bearded man.

Just then a girl danced by.

"Hello, Gertrude," smiled the woman.

The bearded man sighed so deeply that the woman turned to look at him. He was white.

"Gertrude!" he repeated. "Gertrude! Why, that was the name of my wife."—New York Press.

## SHE WAS A MINDREADER

"There's going to be an entertainment at the hall tonight, aunt Maria. Prof. George is to give an exhibition of hypnotism and mindreading, and tell how it's done," said Mary Elizabeth, who always stopped in to see her aunt on her way home from school, and tell her the village news. Aunt Maria looked up with her ready smile and said, "Well, you don't need to go to that entertainment do you, Mary Elizabeth? You can save your quarter this time just as well as not."

"I don't know," answered the girl, slowly. "Don't you believe in mind-reading, aunt Maria?"

"Of course I do, child. I'm not one, and never was, to deny facts.

"Your uncle is just coming in now, Mary Elizabeth, and if you are observing I guess you'll get a good understanding of what mindreading it."

Mrs. Pratt opened the door, and after speaking to his niece, looked questionably toward his wife.

"Yes, father," she responded, as if he had asked her a question. "I've mended your coat, and it's right in the bedroom closet."

Mr. Pratt disappeared, and returned in a moment wearing the mended coat. He seated himself near the fire, and after asking Mary Elizabeth how school prospered, he again turned his gaze upon aunt Maria.

"She shook her head solemnly. 'No the gray kitten hasn't come back,'" she said, "and I'm afraid some harm has come to it."

"Too bad!" murmured Mr. Pratt.

A short silence followed, and then Mrs. Pratt remarked, as if in answer to some question, "No, Amos, I didn't gather the eggs today. I guess you had better tend to it before it gets late."

Mr. Pratt rose at once. "I was just going to speak about the eggs," he answered, starting toward the kitchen door.

"You forgot that package of pepper, after all," his wife called to him, "but it's no matter."

Mary Elizabeth laughed as she gathered up her books and started for home.

"Mindreading takes time," said Aunt Maria. "I've given about forty years to getting a real good understanding of it."—Youth's Companion.

## HIS EXCUSE WAS GOOD

It was in Westchester, the county town of Chester county, Pennsylvania, on a Monday morning, the opening day of court, and the court room was the center of attraction. Judge Duthey was on the bench, the court docket before him, and the preliminaries were being gone through. The judge ordered the jury to be called and in the meantime busied himself looking over the docket and papers pertaining to the business of the court.

Among those summoned on the jury was Mr. C.—a dealer in cattle, who wanted to be in Lancaster that day on business. He had consulted a lawyer, who said the judge was pretty strict and no excuse short of illness in his immediate family would be accepted. Mr. C.—felt discouraged, but did not despair. He carefully considered the situation. All members of his family were in their usual health; in fact, his wife was preparing to attend the marriage of his sister; but his mother-in-law, a chronic, half invalid, was complaining some as usual. The case seemed desperate, but he decided to try.

When Mr. C's name was called his

lawyer friend arose and with some show of dignity addressed the court.

"May it please your honor," he said, "Mr. C.— would like to be excused."

"Would like to be excused, eh? What is his excuse?" asked the judge in a perfunctory sort of way, as he continued to examine the papers before him.

"Sickness," said Mr. C.—

"Sickness, Oh! Who is sick?"

asked the judge, seemingly not much interested.

"My mother-in-law," said Mr. C.—

The stern judge was immediately all attention, and drawing himself up in his seat with a look of amazement, paused a moment, apparently to recover from the shock, and said:

"You say your mother-in-law is sick?"

"Yes, sir," said Mr. C.—

"And you want to go home to wait on your sick mother-in-law. You shall go. Many have been the excuses offered here, but never in the history of this court has a man asked to be excused that he might go home to wait on his sick mother-in-law."

"You are excused."—Baltimore Sun.

## HISTORY OF THE CRANBERRY

The cranberry, to begin with the day of its christening, was so named because its sponsors fancied that its bud resembled a crane; and in truth, just before the bud expands into the perfect flower with stem, calyx and petals, it resembles the neck, head and bill of that ungainly bird. Hence it was originally dubbed "cranberry," popularized into cranberry.

Like all families of importance in the agricultural race, the cranberry has an imposing genealogy; its European forebears belonged to the clan of the Vaccinium oxycoccus; how long the American branch, or the macrocarpon, has been established here nobody knows, but it began to attract attention about 100 years ago.

Its acquaintance was first cultivated in the Cape Cod region of Massachusetts—New England has ever been ready to pay respect to ancestry.

It gradually worked its way out of obscurity until to-day the cranberry occupies a place of no mean industrial

importance in the community; yearly it adds to the wealth of our nation all the way from \$3,000,000 to \$4,000,000.

The family is exceedingly prolific, 1,300,000 bushels being produced in the United States, leaving Europe far behind in quantity as well as quality.

About 60 per cent of the family is born and reared in Massachusetts—for the greater part in the districts of Cape Cod, Plymouth and Barnstable.

New Jersey, which devotes more of its territory to the cranberry than any other state in the union save Massachusetts, rolls up 24 per cent and takes second place.

Some years ago forest fires destroyed the marshes and dried up the streams of Wisconsin—a calamity which reduced the production of the Wisconsin berry to 11 per cent and forced that state to assume third place; but Wisconsin is gradually recovering and is striving for a position at the head.—Pearson's Magazine.

## WHEN SKIES ARE DARK

When the dolorous dumps get hold of a man—  
Ho and oho! Worry and woe!  
When he feels he's a part of Bezeleub's plan—  
What is the show for mortal below?  
When the sky that was blue turns black—  
And the deuce take the lead that you tote on your back—  
When the things that on yesterday gladdened and cheered  
Is a thing, you opine, to be drenched and buried.

It is oh!  
Worry and woe!  
Unfortunate devil, you haven't a show.  
As I needn't remark for you feel it is so.  
Oho!  
Here is a "go!"  
For the dolorous dumps hit a terrible blow.

When the dolorous dumps settle down on your soul—  
Oh and oh my! Life is a sigh—  
When you feel that Old Nick is demanding his toll—  
To hold them we try, but blisses will fly.

Why, then is the time when your wife and the kid  
Will either move out or wish that they were did,  
And you too, would like for the rest of the day.

A Question of Cosmetics.  
He held out his arms in a passion of tenderness.  
"Let us," he said—"oh, let us—"  
Tears vibrated in his voice.  
"—kiss, my darling, and make up."

The hard glitter died out of the girl's eyes, and, with a glad cry, she

To move from yourself quite a distance away—  
For it's oh my!  
Life is a sigh!  
When the devil moves in, then our house is awry,  
And the spirits of kindness and charity fly.

Oh my!  
You know it, you guy—  
Know the dolorous dumps as sadly as I.

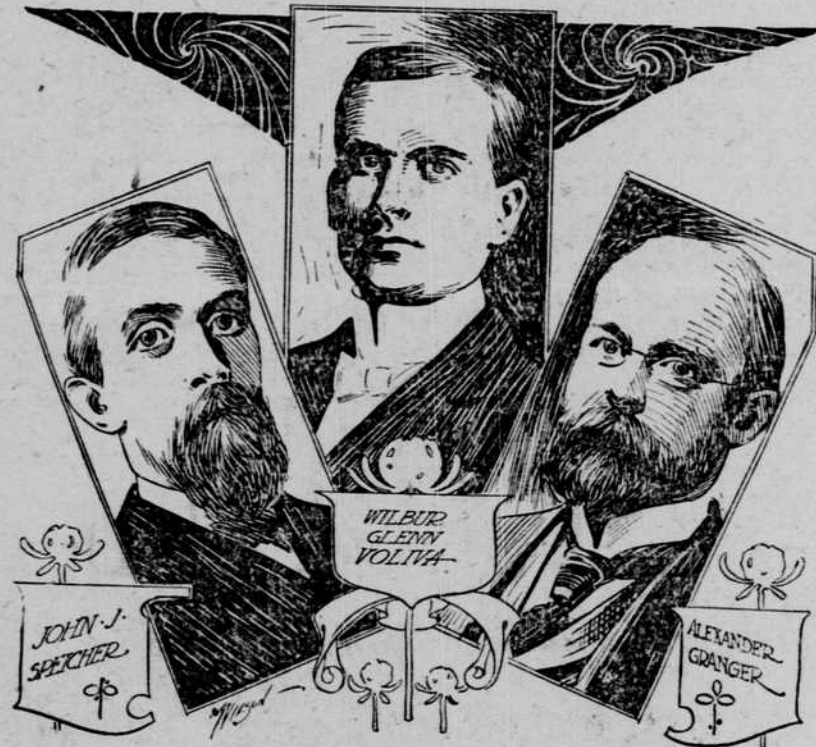
When the dolorous dumps come around with their...  
Ah and ah woe! Worry's our foe!  
Why, then is the time when a man knows his "stuff"—  
The story is true of me and of you.  
He may fall with a groan or stand with a grin.  
He may bar trouble out or shut trouble in.  
He may much weaker be than the least of his woe.  
Or may laugh at his blues till the last of them go.

It is oh my!  
The game's up to you.  
To smile through your woes or to truckle thereto.  
Or write a brief lyric, as I strive to do—  
Ah, when—  
The story is true—  
To add a slight pink to an atmosphere blue.

—San Francisco Call.

threw herself into his arms and laid her cheek upon his shoulder.  
"Kiss and make up," she murmured.  
"But afterward, noting with horror the patch of white on his sleeve, the proud and sensitive creature wished that the making up might have followed instead of preceding the kissing.

### MEN NOW IN CONTROL OF ZION.



and Zion placed in hands of a federal receiver during several weeks.

1904. Departs on mission around the world, via San Francisco and Australia. Returns six months later and takes title of First Apostle of his church.

1905. Gets an option on 700,000 acres of Mexican land and makes trip to complete colonization plans. Stricken with paralysis on his return to Zion City. After a second stroke leaves for West Indies.

1906. Makes Wilbur Glenn Voliva deputy general overseer of the Christian Catholic church and the Zion industries. Reputed by Voliva and his people.

Zion, without a dissenting voice, in a mass meeting repudiated John Alexander Dowie, and legal steps will be taken at once to oust him from all control through the appointment of a conservator, or receiver.

In an impressive meeting in the tabernacle, at which almost every one of the 5,000 residents of Zion city was

### Set a Herd of Cattle Afire.

A few days ago two cowboys or the Matador ranch near Channing were dipping cattle in oil. They found one unbranded steer and after dipping it branded it.

The heat of the branding iron set fire to the hair of the animal, which was soaked with oil, and it immediately dashed into a bunch of steers which had been dipped in the same fluid a few minutes before, setting them afire, from which forty died.—Texico Trumpet.

### Strange Pledges.

London pawnbrokers are frequently asked to take strange things in pawn. The other day a Holborn pawnbroker lent £20 on a fine horse, which one of his daughters rode until it was redeemed. The same pawnbroker once took in pledge a medical chest of poisons that was strong enough to kill 10,000 men. It was, however, a valuable deposit, as some of the poisons were very rare. A Kensington pawnbroker about three weeks ago lent a sum of money on a number of autographs of dead celebrities.

Young Dowie's personal estate amounts in value to less than \$5,000. He said neither he nor his mother had any thought of the financial benefits they might derive from the peculiar position they have taken in the fight for independence and throwing off the "First Apostle's" yoke.

"As for my father," said Gladstone Dowie, "the story that he has any property in West Africa or in Mexico has no foundation. He is practically penniless, as has been stated."

"Thomas Graham Wilson, who claimed to have title to a tract of land twenty miles square in West Africa, offered to give my father title to it, but it was on condition that he would have 25 per cent of the profits arising from its development. There has been no development, and there is nothing certain about Wilson having any title to it. It consists of tribal lands, and except for his mahogany forests possesses little or no value."

### "Lump of Gold" Letter.

Some of the letters written by Dowie to Ruth Hofer, supposed Swiss heiress, whose name has been mentioned in the charges against the "first apostle," have been given out.

### "Bitterly."

We are told that "awful" (that well-worn word) is out of date, and that "bitterly" has taken its place amongst those who like to get hold of a strong epithet and wear it threadbare.—Daily Chronicle.

### Foreigner Takes Prizes.

In the capital of Belgium a prize was offered recently