

DOWIE'S PITIFUL STORY

Tells of His Mother's Scotch Marriage and Desertion

Scathingly Denounces the Man Who Passed as His Father For Selling Private Letters.

When Dowie faced his audience in New York Tuesday he gave a brief address on "Covetousness," and also spoke about the work done by his followers here, saying that a great many converts had been made, and about 400,000 homes visited. He announced that a public baptism would take place in the garden this week, but that he has not decided on the date.

Scores Mrs. Eddy.

About 1000 persons attended the regular morning meeting where Dowie talked on Christian Science, and especially on Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy and her book. He declared that Christian Science is neither Christianity nor science.

Mrs. Eddy's book, he declared, was "inconsistent with the first elements of good sense. The only possible charm in the book seems to be that it is impossible to understand. There is one grain of truth in Christian Science; it teaches that disease does not come from God."

"As for the arguments of the Scientists that there is no such thing as feeling, taste or smelling, except in imagination, it is all bosh."

Dowie concluded by saying that Christian Science undermined all common honesty and veracity in the human mind.

Tells the Story of His Birth.

In a broken voice, with tears streaming down his face, and his body shaking with emotion, he announced that, in truth he was not the son of John Murray Dowie, of Essex, Iowa, from whom he takes his patronym, but of a British army officer of high family by a "Scotch marriage."

He heaped vilification and denunciation upon John Murray Dowie, who, he declared, had made his mother believe her marriage to Dowie's father was shameful, and, the army officer having been taken away by his relatives, his mother, in the first flush of her shame had sought to give her son a name by marrying John Murray Dowie.

The revelations were made at the end of an hour's tirade against the press of New York, its treatment of his work and himself, being styled a "conspiracy of falsehood," the reporters denounced as "yellow dogs, poisonous reptiles, who have wrecked thousands of homes and broken thousands of hearts."

He led up to the publication this morning of extracts of letters passing between himself and John Murray Dowie, indicating Dowie's denunciation of the latter as a parent, and which were responsible for the general overseer's partial exposure of the great secret of his life.

Women Weep at Declaration.

Shouting at one moment in a fit of violent rage at the newspapers, Mr. Dowie would the next moment speak in the most gentle voice if his mother and his wife. The great audience was moved by his evident emotion. Women wept and at times bursts of applause greeted his declaration.

Dowie announced that just one year ago he had addressed a meeting in Chicago in which he had told of an attempt at blackmail by a man writing from Boston who claimed to have certain letters which had passed between himself and John Murray Dowie.

"That man wrote me," said Mr. Dowie, "that the letters if published might cause me annoyance, and in the generosity of his heart said that he would turn them over to me, instead of a Chicago newspaper. Garbled extracts from these letters were published in a paper in this city this morning."

"I challenge that paper to produce the original letters, which, as printed, being only misrepresented extracts, distortions and largely concoctions obtained from the man who tried to blackmail me a year ago, gotten from John Murray Dowie by him at Essex, Iowa, or else John Murray Dowie, poor, wicked man, who is so far lost as to sell the letters of him whom he falsely said was his son. These letters have come either by robbery or in a much deeper and more wicked way, the basest of all sin."

Machine Lays Railway Tracks

At the rate of two and a half miles a day, a peculiar piece of mechanism is laying the tracks of the Cincinnati, Richmond and Muncie railroad.

This track-laying machine automatically and accurately lifts the ties and rails into position, the most drouding labor in all railroad construction. It also furnishes the motive power for its own construction train.

There were stretches of roadbed over which the construction train moved at a rate of 1800 feet an hour. One of the most interesting features is the manner in which the material is delivered to the roadbed, and the comparatively few men required for the different operations, as the ties and rails are lifted and moved from the cars on which they are carried to the roadbed, being connected and spiked while the train is in motion.

An endless chain carrier puts the ties in position, while a crane suspended upon a steel truss lowers the rails in advance of the construction train. In this manner the engineers in charge of the road hope to run into Cincinnati many weeks earlier than they could otherwise have done.

The machine weighs fifty tons, and was made in Scranton, Pa. It is the only one of its kind in existence, and its inventor, Mr. Hurley, who accompanies the machine, spent ten years in perfecting it.

The work done upon the Cincinnati, Richmond and Muncie road demonstrated that a force of about forty competent men were all that were required to operate the machine to its full capacity, and that when conditions are favorable over three miles of track in a day of 10 hours could be put down without difficulty, while an average of two and one-half miles could be recorded.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

R. C. Thomas Appointed.

Tilmon Ford, executor of the estate of Wm. Cosper, deceased, yesterday afternoon filed his final account in the probate court, and, presented his resignation as executor, for the reason that he could not give his time and attention to the matter of collecting the notes belonging to the estate. The resignation was accepted and Roscoe C. Thomas was appointed administrator of the estate, with bonds fixed at \$20,000.

Now Ready

I have just returned from visiting the largest wholesale houses, where I selected and bought a magnificent line of the latest novelties.

Butler's Gray Finish Ware

In Silverware this is the newest and most lasting style ever brought out, including, Tea Sets, Nut and Fruit Bowls, Sugar and Cream Sets, Cake Baskets, Shaving Sets, Candlesticks, Jewel Caskets, Napkin Rings and Odd Pieces without end. Now is the time to select your presents for the holidays. Get the pick of the cream of the season's stock.

A Solid Bargain

A mammoth stock of standard Knives, Forks and Spoons, the best triple-plate, bearing our own name as evidence of quality, will be sold for three weeks at 20 per cent discount. This is the time to lay in your stock of staples in the line. See them and be convinced.

Jewelry and Diamonds

Daily arriving, the rarest stock of jewelry ever brought to Salem. Call and examine our selections. We have the most desirable stock of Diamonds ever shown in Salem. Our last year's experience convinces us that there will be a heavy demand and for this season we have arranged with a large importing house for the greatest display of this line ever shown here. Prices will be close and persons interested will do well to consult us early.

Watches

The largest stock ever carried, including everything from novelty watches in all designs to the finest Elgin and Waltham Watches. The latter were ordered last February, direct from the factory and bear our name, which is a continuous guarantee of their time keeping and quality. Call and see us for anything in our line.

Chas. H. Hinges,

Jeweler and Optician.

88 State Street. Next Door to Ladd & Bosh's Bank.

The Bullets That Whistle

"Don't be afraid of a bullet that you've heard whistle," said an old soldier. "If it sings in your ear, rest assured that it will never hit you. It is a fact as any old soldier will tell you, that you never hear the bullet which hits you. It is a problem of 'windage,' as the boys in the army called it. In other words, the bullet which you hear sing has already sped past you, and the bullet which hits you has hissed in the ear of some other fellow in passing before it got to you. The singing of the bullet is the atmospheric vibration which is created and the resistance which the air offers to the progress of the bullet. This cannot be detected by the ear until the bullet has crossed a parallel line with the ear. It may fall over your head or whisk close to the ground, but if it passes you at all the ear will catch the sound of its flight. To the soldier of many battles the voice of the bullet is music. He knows that he need have no dread of the bullet that sings in his ears. It is the bullet that he does not hear that must be feared, and it is this bullet which always brings harm to him. No soldier ever heard the bullet which inflicted a wound on him."

"I was amused by a raw soldier who was attached to our command. It was his first time on the firing line. We were skirmishing, and some sharpshooters were having some fun at our expense. A bullet whizzed close to him. Faintly we could hear the crack of the rifle, but it was not distinct enough to alarm even a novice. The singing of the bullet, however, brought a blanched expression to his face. He did not wince, however. We were lying in the edge of the woods. Another bullet buzzed by. 'D—n those things; I don't like the sound!' said the young soldier. Zip! Another bullet split the air close to his head. He was paler still. 'Comrade,' he said to me, between bleached lips, 'I don't want to be shot from ambush. Let's charge the devils.' I told him not to fear a bullet that had spoken to him on its flight, but he did not like the idea of lying there in the woods and listening to the voices of these invisible messengers of death."—The New Orleans Times-Democrat.

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