

A Knot of Blue

BY WILLIAM R. A. WILSON.
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"Sit here, in this easy chair, while you wait," continued his vivacious companion, and pushing it forward she arranged a soft cushion behind his head, and sat down herself at an open desk.

"I am merely explaining to the governor," she remarked as she sealed the note, "the cause of my early departure from the hall. I am frequently subject to fainting fits. The crowd and the heat of the rooms that night undoubtedly accounted for the attack. I felt coming on, hence my desire to get out into the fresh, cool air. These attacks used to be so terrifying to my husband." Then, with the least bit of a regretful sigh, "Monsieur du Tillet told me that he had met my husband in Paris; perhaps you did, also, without remembering his name. I will show you a miniature I have of him," and opening a drawer she took out a small frame and handed it to Raoul.

It was the likeness of a middle-aged man in full uniform, with a pleasant face and drooping mustache. Raoul thought as he examined it closely by a chin perhaps a trifle heavy, and eyes a little too staring. A sudden drowsiness, sweet, but overpowering, assailed him. He struggled to raise his eyelids, but could not. He was unable to see the woman standing before him, gazing upon his face, with all the intensity of her mind concentrated within her glance, nor did he see the imperious movement of her white hand through the air above his brow, nor hear the command, uttered in a low, earnest tone, "Sleep!" Despite his struggles, he was forced to yield, and lay back in the chair, apparently slumbering peacefully.

"Do you know who I am?" was the woman's first question.

"Yes," came in low but distinct tones from the unconscious Raoul.

"And are you ready to be obedient to my will?"

"Yes," after a pause.

"Hear, then, what I have to say."

Advertiser Patterns

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the city thinking of his many pleasant ways, and congratulating himself on

room. Dirks and daggers! The same thing will happen again. I shall watch my opportunity, and secure the plans."

"Ma foi!" said du Tillet, with a slightly satirical smile, "how ready my fellow-partners are to perform the arduous tasks I impose upon them. However, you are

known, in the destruction of Raoul de Chalignac. There will soon be work for the rest of you. I shall not divulge the details of my plot. Suffice it to say that suspicious actions will be observed, and incriminating documents found upon him, that will cause Monsieur Raoul to stand up and face a row of gun muzzles in the Place d'Armes some fine morning at sunrise. Hold yourselves in readiness to play any part that may be assigned to you. Your work, Lieut. Liotot, must be done at once. Secure the plans as soon as possible, as I wish to make a copy of them to use in our own private business with the English commandant. And now, mes amis, a farewell glass to our success, and the ruin of our common enemy."

After they had gone, their host sat watching the flaring candles on the table. "The plot should succeed. Then, good-bye, Monsieur Raoul, to this wicked world," and du Tillet laughed silently, distorting his features in diabolical merriment.

A full half-hour he remained motionless, in deep thought; then, after yawning several times, he arose, and blowing out all the candles except one, he seized that, and left the room to the flickering light of the burning log in the grate.

He returned, for when stillness reigned throughout the house, the old suit of armor standing immobile in its dim corner, stirred, and after many contortions a human figure emerged, and the form of Farouche the Fool stole noiselessly away.

CHAPTER XI.

The sudden revelation of Madame Duvivier's charms bewildered Raoul as he trudged on toward the Chateau in a sort of waking dream. On his arrival he found both Almee and the governor absent, so, leaving the note, he turned mechanically homeward. The next day while completing his interrupted rounds he suddenly felt an irresistible desire to see Madame Duvivier again, so he quickly abandoned his work and rode to Quebec.

He soon found himself in the society of his charmer, who seemed to have expected him. More fascinating than ever, she gayly laughed and chatted with him of Paris and the court, and her early impressions of New France, her loneliness since her husband's death, and her appreciation of the attention received from a few congenial persons she had met in Quebec. Something in her tone told Raoul that she was included in that number, and his heart warmed with intense satisfaction at the thought. When he took his leave he was more deeply entangled in the meshes of her net than ever.

It soon happened that he spent more time in the city, a victim to the enchantment of Madame Duvivier, than he did in the care of his estate, until finally he was unhappy unless he saw her for at least a few moments every day. As a proof of his devotion he strove to anticipate her every wish, purchasing all sorts of costly gifts that he thought might please her. He rode with her, accompanied her to the Cathedral, and in short became her willing slave. At first he feebly struggled to return to the ways and associations of his old life, but that strange, subtle power, stronger than his own will, ever mastered him again, and while his visits to the Chateau diminished in frequency, and dwindled down to an occasional perfunctory call, while he was with Almee he appeared preoccupied, moody and distrustful; at times he arose and left on the plea of urgent business in connection with his property.

Almee, quick to detect this change in her friend, at first wondered if she were to blame, and searched her memory carefully for any recollection of word or deed of hers that could have given offense.

Soon, however, she became aware of the true state of affairs, for one day, when hurrying home from the Cathedral, she met Raoul and Madame Duvivier walking together on the street. The latter was clad in her most becoming costume, and was talking lightly to her companion as they passed. He, intent upon her beauty, did not see his friend, although their elbows almost touched. Madame Duvivier returned Almee's bow by a smile, and a glance of triumph that was not lost upon her.

The young girl hurried home and, seeking refuge in her own room, wept long and bitterly. She was sorely wounded at heart that her old friend, over whom she had formerly exercised a guiding and restraining influence, should so suddenly fall a victim to one against whom she had carefully warned him. Her gentle, innocent nature had instinctively recoiled at her first meeting with Madame Duvivier, being convinced from the beginning that she was a dangerous companion for Raoul. Several times she had questioned herself closely as to the cause for this feeling, but could find no valid reason. A subtle something within her said that the arts of fascination Madame Duvivier employed were those of the siren, rather than the innocent wiles of a worldly woman whose vanity fed upon the attention of the stronger sex.

(To Be Continued.)

MEETING AN EMERGENCY.

Gilbert Stuart, a celebrated artist, was likewise a great braggart. On one occasion a great public dinner was given to Isaac Hull by the town of Boston, and he was asked to sit for his picture to the artist.

When Hull visited the studio, Stuart took great delight in entertaining him with anecdotes of his English success, stories of the marquis of this and the baroness of that which showed how elegantly he was able to which he had been accustomed.

Unfortunately, in the midst of this grandeur, Mrs. Stuart, who did not know that there was a sitter, came in with apron on and her head tied up with some handkerchiefs, from the kitchen, and he was asked to have that leg of mutton boiled or roasted?" to which Stuart replied, with great presence of mind, "Ask your mistress,"—Scrap Book

Dowie's Rapid Rise and Downfall; A Curious Chapter In Religious History

The Church Organized in 1896 and Reached its Climax in Seven Years—Dowie at One Time Worth \$15,000,000—The Sect Apparently Doomed.

New York Sun: With John Alexander Dowie mentally deranged, as he seems to be, and no longer able to lead the handful of followers that still remain loyal to him, what is to become of that curious addition to the world's religion, Dowieism? Will the principles which its founder laid down still be practiced by those who have rallied around Voliva, Dowie's former assistant, who led the revolt against him, and brought about his unseating as the head of Zion City, or will the membership of his church gradually disintegrate and disappear as a religious body altogether?

These are questions which cannot be answered yet, but the recent events that culminated in Dowie's outbreak in Chicago indicate that Dowieism is destined to be added to the long list of queer religious sects which have not outlived their founders. In fact, it is doubted by some persons if the Christian Catholic Church of Zion, the name given by Dowie to his organization, will outlast Dowie. Just at present its members seem to be more interested in getting back to the worldly good which they turned over to Dowie than in continuing the church which he started.

Dowieism seems to have been centered in its founder and leader. With their belief in his divine origin shattered it would be unusual if his followers continued to subscribe to any of the tenets of the church which he started.

Just how many persons at present profess to belong to the church in Zion is not known exactly. Dowie at one time asserted that his church had a hundred thousand members. Recent reports, so, leaving the note, he turned mechanically homeward. The next day while completing his interrupted rounds he suddenly felt an irresistible desire to see Madame Duvivier again, so he quickly abandoned his work and rode to Quebec.

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towns of the west, stood entirely in his name, and so did all its industries. The collections from his congregations were said to amount to between \$500,000 and \$1,000,000 a year. One-tenth of the income of the members of the church went to Dowie. It has come out since that he was able to drop \$1,200,000 in stocks in 1903 and 1904, but his followers didn't know of this.

Much of this success was brought about because Dowieism at first seemed to promise material well being for those who took it up. The lace-making industry, which Dowie picked up in England, and transplanted to Zion City lured thither many of those who became his followers. But none of them ever secured a foot of ground there that he could call his own. They leased lots from Dowie for 1,000 years.

Whether Dowieism should be called a religion or a real estate scheme might be debated. The indications are, however, that its founder had the idea of starting a sort of religion of his own before he conceived the real estate scheme.

As a religious cult pure and simple Dowieism didn't attract any undue attention. Even when Dowie had secured a tabernacle in Chicago in 1893, and was turning away crowds, who came mostly out of curiosity to hear him, few people outside of Chicago were aware that a new religion had been born.

Dowieism really got its start at these meetings and won converts at Zion principally through its faith-healing principle. When Dowie launched the scheme of Zion City it is doubtful if his followers numbered more than a few hundred. But with the start of the city the sect grew rapidly.

Dowie started buying the land in 1899. The first building was erected in 1901. Dowie himself took up his residence there in March, 1902, and it was then that his religion started upon its golden age.

When Dowie announced that he was about to start a new industry there, the poor in Chicago and other places hastened to join his community. And it was upon the strange army that gathered there in the hope of advancing themselves materially as well as spiritually that Dowie imposed his curious creed.

Before this Dowie had appeared as a preacher and faith healer, but with Zion City opening up alluring prospects of financial success Dowie announced that he was the Restorer sent by God. The interesting part of his religion was the manner in which he sought to insure himself supreme control of the Church and also his own income.

In addition to taking the oath which Judge Landis described as being beneath contempt, the discipline of the Church described it as being an army "which does not vote as to who shall be its officers, but, believing that God has given apostles, prophets and teachers, obeys those whom God has set over his kingdom in so far as these obey the plainly revealed word of God." Another paragraph in the discipline provided that a tithe of all the earnings should be given "into God's storehouse," which was Dowie.

Just before the collapse came Dowie promulgated still another decree. This was that he had the absolute power to forgive sins and that the members of his Church should make a practice of confessing their sins to him.

When Zion City was at the height of its prosperity it contained more than 6,000 persons who subscribed to this creed and accepted all announcements from the General Overseer, as Dowie called himself, as "coming from God." Every store, every factory and every peanut stand was in the name of Dowie. Every business enterprise was run in his name.

It was not a co-operative community at all. It has been a one man community and the man who from its origin until April of this year owned all was Dowie.

Liquor was absolutely forbidden in Zion City. So was the use of tobacco, and so was swearing.

When Dowie moved on New York City with his Restoration Host the city had built up in less than three years a bad reputation to become one of the important communities of the State. There were 4,000 hands in the lace factories,

teresting in the light of recent happenings:

"I vow in the name of God my Father and of Jesus Christ, His Son and my Saviour, and the Holy Ghost, that I recognize John Alexander Dowie, General Overseer in the threefold prophetic office, as a messenger of the covenant, the restorer; and I promise to obey all rightful orders issued by him, and that all family ties and obligations and all relations to all human governments shall be held subordinate to this vow. This I make in the presence of God, the United States circuit court, 'But I am not obliged to repose my confidence in a man so constituted that, living in this republic, he would serenely vow his readiness at all times to abandon his family and betray his country."

Dowie himself drew up this form of oath, as he did all the tenets of his church. In the few years since he imposed it upon his followers they have seen his financial scheme, supposed to have been divinely inspired, burst like an ordinary get-rich-quick bubble. He himself has been denounced by members of his own family, even by his wife, who accused him of polygamous tendencies. And today the four hundred and thirty followers who he had led to Zion City are reported to be stretched most of the time upon his bed, raving about a mythical army which he commands, and of wars upon the lake parading in his honor.

The rise and fall of Dowieism as a religion is noteworthy for the short space of time in which it occurred. The Christian Catholic Church in Zion was organized on Feb. 22, 1898. It took about seven years to reach its apogee, then declined swiftly.

One of the curious features of the movement is that its leader seems to have made and lost a fortune of no mean size. He was reported some years ago, when the lace factories in Zion City were running and all seemed well from a material standpoint, to be worth about \$15,000,000.

A city of 5,600 acres, one of the boggy

stores were doing a large business and a great university had been started. Dowie lived in a house which cost \$154,000 and contained among other things a set of dining room furniture worth \$4,500. In the office of this Elijah there was a table that cost \$1,200. He had a summer place in Michigan, outside of Zion City. He had a plan for a new Jerusalem on the Nile, a colony in Mexico that would number thousands, a great temple in Zion City that would be a monument to this new faith.

"After discharging all liabilities," he said in a burst of pride to his followers "the estate of Zion, which I control, is worth \$21,000,000 in this city and county alone."

With the trip to New York the tide turned. Since then trouble has come so swiftly upon Dowie that it would be surprising if it had not left him mentally unbalanced. He promised his followers that he would reclaim New York from the devil and lead it captive back to Zion, and members of his Restoration Host came with him on that strange crusade.

When they went back his prestige was gone and Dowieism was on the wane. Its passing since then has been swift.

Dowie started on a trip around the world to try his luck in the role of a modern Elijah, but he was hoisted at and his religion received with derision. He returned a year ago, and then came the appointment of a receiver at the instance of some of his creditors.

He stayed this off for a time, but last spring the financial scheme which had been the concomitant of his religion collapsed. There was no money in Zion to speak of, because Dowie had taken most of it himself. He had spent \$50,000 on his tour of the world, \$15,000 for a private yacht, \$20,000 on a trip to Mexico, more than \$1,000,000 in speculation and hadn't even paid for the lumber that the city was made with.

"The words of this prophet are false—false as hell!" cried the Rev. George L. Mason to the Dowieites here when these revelations were made.

He had been a Baptist preacher and had been won over by Dowie. Over in Berlin the members of the Dowie congregation have decided to give up his religion altogether and to call themselves by an entirely new name.

A receiver has been appointed for Zion City by the United States courts, but the religious part of Dowieism seems to be without a director. Just at present Dowie has less than 300 followers who are loyal to him, it is said. The rest of the inhabitants of Zion profess to regard Voliva as their leader, but it does not appear that he pretends to be Elijah III, or to have any of the divine attributes which Dowie claimed and in which his curious religion centered.

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