

The Garden of Lies

By Justus Miles Forman

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CHAPTER I.

To maintain that a man's character is determined for good or ill by the circumstances chance throws in his way, by the gay or sorry tricks fate plays him, has been a favorite theory of the late von Aldorf maintained most strenuously as we sat, last evening and late into the night on the terrace of one of those thronged and garlanded cafes along the old Boulevard St. Michel—"La Source" it was—and talked of the great game that we had tried to play, long since, and of how the game was taken on by the other players by greater hands and played to so strange an end.

"Else why," demanded von Aldorf pursuing his argument, "why did Denis Mallory happen into the Cafe d'Alencon on that particular evening of all evenings? Why did he not pass by and—end his life in the grave of a drunkard and blackguard? How else did he grow into a nobility and greatness that shamed us all, but by force of the circumstances into which he fell in those following weeks? Answer me that."

"He was led," said I firmly, "into the cafe, that night, by something greater than chance, my friend, something beyond our philosophy. And he was given us to do our work by no mere happening. Moreover, if circumstances make a man, why did Denis Mallory prove, later on, a greater blackguard than one likes to think of—later, when circumstances made it possible for him and chance made it easy?"

But von Aldorf shook his gray head and frowned out into the bustle and hurry of the boulevard, where the flares dashed up and down loaded with students and cocooned and a steam train panted noisily up the hill.

It was the first time we had met since those days two years ago—two years, did I say? It seems that it seems that two weeks. I can see their faces, hear their voices, those players of a great game, Mr. Mallory's and Sir Gavin's and von Aldorf's and the other players, and perhaps more vividly, more intimately than all, the faint and voice of the unhappy lady whose fate had seemed to lie in our hands.

At the very end of the meeting and we had much to say to each other, but von Aldorf had come on to Paris from Vienna on a private mission of the emperor whom he served, and I had run across from London to meet him.

It was good to see him, to clasp his hand once more, to talk long and fully of those matters that neither of us may ever forget, but I turned with a certain relief to the matter of the present, and I found that I am glad to meet. There was a difference, a certain something of restraint, a failure to see things quite from the same point of view. Von Aldorf's mind was full of his present business, of the secrets and policies of the Court of Vienna. The present and the future pressed insistently upon him, and I found that I was certain of a stiffness, to look backward.

As for me, why I suppose I was most keenly occupied with my own little affairs and my own future. The two years had carried us apart, I found, the windows of memory, deadened ever so slightly the keenness of those passions that once were all our life.

And so it has occurred to me since I had farewell to von Aldorf and saw him off again to his work in the east, to set down as faithfully as I may, yet my memory is not the most accurate, the story of the man who won our love and admiration against such odds, and beside whom all other men seem to me dwarfed and petty.

There can be nothing in writing of these matters now. Denis Mallory, who far away beyond the stir and murmur of this western world of ours, and she is far away too, I find, in the quiet of London. He has an office in Harley Street, where you may consult him at certain hours—for a certain number of guineas.

I see him now and then but we never talk of the past. Von Aldorf is as busy as I, busy in Vienna, and the prince is with his father—God rest his soul!

To no one beyond these few could the telling of my tale be of consequence. The things that stirred us all so deeply never reached the great public, though heaven knows they came near enough to reaching it. The very reason of which we plotted and schemed and fought has been quietly erased from the map of Europe by that swift and noiseless hand outstretched from the north in the morning which will, some day, as quietly erase the names of all the remaining little states that we call the Balkans and of whose inner history we know so little.

But let me come to my tale without further parley, save in the matter of this.

I mind that I had been dining that spring evening over on the proper side of the river in the Avenue Kleber, and that it was some time after the hour of things waking to life, of the little sticky chestnut buds that were just pushing out from branch to twig—they would be great cones in the morning in the twilight, of starting leaves and quickened sod, and everywhere the heavy fragrance of lilacs newly in flower. It stirred the blood, sent it mounting the wine to one's head, set one's heart to jumping, filled one with a vague unrest.

"The world's too tame," said I, taking a long breath and throwing out my arms. "There's no romance left in it—not even here in romantic Paris. Who could be romantic in an opera hat and a dress coat? One needs silk breeches and shoe-buckles and a wig and a sword! One needs my stick and regarded it with disfavor. "Fancy carrying about a silly little bit of wood like that!" said I morosely. "What's the good of it? It's not a sword, and I've no impediment in my gut. Romance is dead. I'd like to fight a duel or overthrow a kingdom or run off with somebody's beautiful bride who had fallen in love with me at sight; but I can't. Just because it's the nineteenth century and because this thing's a stick and not a sword." And I shook the cane again disgustedly.

"It's not fair," I complained to the night at large. "It's not fair to stir up a chap so, to put the spring in his blood—all those lilacs and all that things. If you're not going to give him some little outlet. Jove, what air! It's atmospheric poetry."

"Cocher," said I. The cocher pulled up. "Je m'ennuie de ce monde-ci, Cocher," I explained.

"There's nothing of the romantic in it—except me. There is nothing of—poet—poet, a nonsense that seemed to take me somewhere where I can find romance?"

The cocher smiled affably and made a beautiful gesture with both hands and his eyes, as if to say, "I know, but you know it. It's only about and sound and mercenary. Romantic? Great heaven! Here, set me down at a cafe, with an old cafe, the d'Alencon. I tell you there's no more romance to be had."

I got down early at the Cafe d'Alencon in the Place de Rennes. The dial high

over the big facade of the Gare Montparnasse said 11:15. The terrace of the cafe, brilliant under its spattering lights, was noisy and full. The air was warm and comfortable, beamed a presiding deity from the background. He said that M. Livingston and M. Rogers had been in Paris, and had come to the cafe. They were drunk out of their wits. Angliis still within; for example, the grand Monsieur who had come with Monsieur hier soir, Mac-Kenzie. "A Mac-Kenzie, together with another stranger, non, pas Angliis, Italian, peut être, but certainly, he would have a certain difficulty in saying."

I went inside, made my bow to Madame the Dame du Comptoir, exalted upon her throne, and looked about the room. There were few at the little tables, nearly every one had chosen the soft scented air outside under the awning, but Sir Gavin was sitting over in the far corner behind a glass of whisky and water. No French concoctions for Mac-Kenzie. And with him was the other stranger, Italian, peut être, Austrian, one would have a certain difficulty in saying.

"No, not Italian," said I to myself. "Austrian, possibly. Yes, one would have a certain difficulty in saying. He would be about forty, from an appearance, though his head and Mac-Kenzie's were of an equal greenness, and Mac-Kenzie was of a good fifty or more. But the other man's skin looked younger than his hair would warrant. There were none of the creases that age furrows in the neck, under the ears, or across the forehead or in the cheeks. To be sure, his face was not so strongly, but with vicissitude, one would say, not years. He had great dark eyes under extraordinarily bushy and prominent eyebrows, and a mouth that shut to a firm, hard line over a jaw which said danger. His cheeks were sunken and showed a bit under the bone, and across one there was a sabbre scar. He wore a small grizzled mustache, and his hair, gray as I have said, was scant about the temples. His nose, above medium height, but he had a most singular breadth of shoulders. He made a curious contrast to Mac-Kenzie's square Scotch bulk and almost closely cropped mutton chop whisker."

I hesitated a moment over joining the two in their corner, but turned away with a little relief, and I found from Sir Gavin a curt and most ungenial nod.

"Mac-Kenzie's something on his mind," said I, setting my credit in the table. "It's not so unusual, you know, and so is the other chap—Oh, anything—I don't care what—Grand Marnier, I think," to the waiter.

I saw Mac-Kenzie's eyes, when Sir Gavin who turned and favored me with the keenest glance of scrutiny I remember ever to have received.

"Oh, I'm quite harmless, my friend," said I, over my little glass of Grand Marnier. "I wouldn't hurt a cat and I've committed no crimes that I can recall at the moment."

The two cornered an instant, heads together, and then Mac-Kenzie raised a beckoning finger. I told the waiter to bring over my glass and crossed to the corner.

"Crichton," said Sir Gavin, "allow me to present you to Colonel von Aldorf. The colonel rose and made a ceremonious little bow, heels together. I tried to look at the man, but when I saw that even seated, no one seemed inclined to say anything. The settled gloom upon the faces of Mac-Kenzie and Colonel von Aldorf remained upon them when they were anything, it seemed to grow more deep.

"Beautiful evening," said I firmly, after a silence that bade fair to last the night out.

"Yes, yes—shocking," said Mac-Kenzie, absently.

"But it's all wasted," I grieved with a sigh. "What's the good of springing these coming party on me? Nobody cares any more. It just stirs your blood up a bit, but you don't do anything. I was thinking, on my way up just now, that spring's a mere exasperation. Nobody cares any more. There's no more romance in the world."

Colonel von Aldorf gave a short laugh. "Oh, isn't there?" said he.

"I looked from his face to Mac-Kenzie's. There had been a certain significance in the tone.

Mac-Kenzie clinked the bit of ice in his high glass, and frowned upon me thoughtfully. Then he drew a long breath and met my eyes.

"Crichton," said he, smiling a little. "You did me a good turn once, and now you're saying 'as for that, it wasn't any'—but Mac-Kenzie raised his hand.

"An' you did it," he proceeded, "by suggestin' a way out of a difficulty. I may say a brilliant way," he added.

"Have your wife about you to-night, man? For there's a difficulty ready for your solvin' that's too much for my brain—an' too much for von Aldorf's, here, into the bargain, diplomatist though he is."

"Why," said I, "I'm no barrister, and I'm no writer of melodramas either, that I should be able to solve difficulties at the drop of the handkerchief; but what's your trouble, Sir Gavin? At least let's hear it."

Mac-Kenzie shook his head and made a little helpless gesture with his two hands.

"It's no trouble o' mine," said he, "but it is, in a way of speakin'. Indirectly it's bound to be, a trouble to all of us who're concerned." He nodded to Colonel von Aldorf.

"Tell him, man," said he.

Von Aldorf rested his elbows upon the edge of the little table, hands clasped, set eyes upon mine. When he spoke it was in excellent English, but with an accent, a dwelling upon syllabets, an alien value of dentals and gutturals too slight to be reproducible.

"Do you know here Novodnia is, Mr. Crichton?" said he.

"I do," said I. "It's on the lower Danube all mixed up with Roumania and Servia and Bulgaria and the rest. It's the littlest one, isn't it? Poor dear! Russia will gobble it some day."

"Precisely," said Colonel von Aldorf, unsmiling. "Precisely! Russia will gobble it some day, but Russia hasn't got it yet, my friend. The one perhaps has been better for certain people if she had. Very well, if you know that much you may possibly know that a certain prince of the domain of Novodnia has recently, through a most extraordinary and improbable series of deaths, come to the throne."

"Carol III," said I.

"Precisely," agreed Von Aldorf again. "Carol III, sits upon the seat of his fathers. May he long sit there! But the point is that he has said that he came to the throne through an extraordinary series of deaths. Indeed, so improbable was his succession considered that it was never thought of as possible. He was allowed to marry outside of royal circles."

"The duke!" said I. "You begin to complicate matters."

TILLMAN ON THE NEGRO

Great Interest Manifested in His Lecture Here Next Friday Night.

children by her could not succeed to the throne. "There remained then," said I, "but one course. The marriage had to be regarded as a morganatic one, and a princess of the proper extraction provided."

Colonel von Aldorf smiled. "We get on," said he with a little inclination of the head. "But right at this point—if I may continue the tale—arose an amazing and most unlooked for obstacle in the path of what might have been considered an embarrassing, but surely not an unarmountable difficulty. The prince, if you like, refused point blank either to divorce his wife or to marry again in his own rank."

"The devil!" said I.

"My sentiments exactly," observed Colonel von Aldorf. "But there is more to come, if I mistake not?"

"It is a matter of gratification to me," he said, "that you happened into the Cafe d'Alencon this evening. You have not a slow mind; yes, there is more to come. Fate, my friend, when she takes it into her head to play a momentous trick, plays it most thoroughly to the end. I have seen her play strange games. Aye, and I've taken a hand with her at times, but I've never seen her yet in so wholly wanton a mood as this."

(To Be Continued To-morrow.)

Much interest has been aroused in Senator Tillman's coming to deliver a lecture here in the First Baptist church next Friday evening on "The Race Question from a Southern Standpoint." Some persons have expressed surprise that the senator should come to Minneapolis to state the southern view of the question, the view that the race question must be settled on line of recognition of the superiority of the white race, a point of view that can only be understood by listening to an exposition of it by a southerner.

The race question, in consequence of President Roosevelt's course, has come to the front lately with amazing rapidity. The papers are full of it. It has crept into the magazines and it is talked from the pulpit. Senator Tillman frankly comes to Minneapolis to state the southern view of the question, the view that the race question must be settled on line of recognition of the superiority of the white race, a point of view that can only be understood by listening to an exposition of it by a southerner.

The sale of seats begins to-morrow at the Metropolitan music store.

It's So Easy Now To stop Headache, Neuralgia, All pains, colds, "Grip," with Orangeine powders.

Soo Line Homeseekers' Rates To Wisconsin, Michigan, the Dakotas and Canadian Northwest, first and third Tuesdays, March to October inclusive. Ask for particulars at ticket office, 119 Third street S.

SUGAR ON THE RISE

Supply of Beet Sugar on Market Is Exhausted and Prices Are Boosted.

Beet sugar has been cleaned out of the market, so that cane sugar has gone skyrocketing. Sugar went up half a cent in a single day on the coast. At from \$19.00 to \$20.00 the car, this made heavy profits for some investors.

As the filling of jobbers' orders for the fruit season is now on, a decline in cane sugar is not probable. Sugar has gone up in the local market about one-fourth cent, which makes cane at the factory cost \$5.20 and beet \$5.10.

THE GOLDEN RULE

The Subject of a Talk by "Golden Rule" Jones at Lowry Hill Congregational Church.

Mayor Samuel M. Jones of Toledo occupied the pulpit of the Lowry Hill Congregational church yesterday morning. He received undivided attention and his effort was generally commended. He applied the old and much abused command, "Whatever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them" to daily life. He found that this injunction was not obeyed. Business could not be done on the basis of the golden rule under modern conditions. Minnesota was criticized for retaining capital punishment on the penal code, for the golden rule teaches that man should love his enemies.

Soo Line Homeseekers' Rates To Wisconsin, Michigan, the Dakotas and Canadian Northwest, first and third Tuesdays, March to October inclusive. Ask for particulars at ticket office, 119 Third street S.

MINNEAPOLIS DRY GOODS CO. Special Sale of Wash Goods

When we say "special" it means something. In this case it means that we propose, right now, to supply a large number of our patrons with the new Wash Goods and White Goods they need before a sudden change of weather brings them all here in a rush. We shall not use monstrous head-lines to draw you in, for the magnet of our special prices will be stronger. Some goods in our list will be sold you at cost, some at less than cost; and all the rest will be reduced to the smallest possible margin of profit. We're in dead earnest about it, and you'll be the same when you see what bargains you can get.

- | MAIN FLOOR WASH GOODS. | | BASEMENT WASH GOODS | | White Goods. | |
|---|---------|---|--------|---|---------|
| Egyptian Tissues. A big new stock of staple checks, fancy plaids, and all kinds of stripes, always sold at 25c a yard; this sale..... | 15c | Cotton Challies and Shirting Prints, 8c and 6c kinds, this sale..... | 3 3/4c | India Linens will be at these special prices for the rest of the week: | |
| Irish Dimities. A hundred pretty styles, the real imported goods, always 17 1/2c 25c and 35c a yard; this sale..... | 17 1/2c | Zephyr Ginghams, all plain colors, checks, plaids and stripes, 8c and 10c goods, this sale..... | 5c | 10c quality at a yard..... | 6 1/2c |
| Grenadines and Linen Batiste. Fancy stripes in lace and ribbon effects on black and linen grounds, and dainty black and whites, all are 50c cloths..... | 19c | Dimities, sheer ones, new and pretty, of the 12 1/2c grade, yard..... | 6 3/4c | 12 1/2c quality at a yard..... | 8 1/2c |
| Imported Embroidered Swisses, 30-inch and 40-inch cloths worth \$1.75, \$1.89 and \$2 a yard, all at..... | 1.00 | Batistes, plain and corded, dark and light effects, yard..... | 7 1/2c | 15c quality at a yard..... | 10 1/2c |
| | | Dotted Swisses, Scotch Lappets, fine Dimities and Batistes, a large lot of these at..... | 9c | 20c quality at a yard..... | 14c |
| | | | | 25c quality at a yard..... | 16c |
| | | | | 30c quality at a yard..... | 18c |
| | | | | 35c quality at a yard..... | 21c |
| | | | | 36-inch English Long Cloth in 12-yard pieces, on sale down stairs; the kind that sells at \$1.25 for a yard, the 12-yard piece, at..... | 89c |

Left-Out Silk Bargains.

These items should have been included in our last general Silk Sale. Hard to tell how they came to be overlooked: As money-savers they are equal to the best. Better late than never, so here they go.

- About 200 yards of a 44-inch Black Taffeta, a handsome silk, highly finished, and one that will wear; to close out this lot we reduce the price from \$1.50 to..... **1.25**
- 27-inch Colored Pongee, imported goods, Lyons dye, the correct thing for waists; in red, green, pink, navy, beige and blue; this lot of..... **1.00**
- Pongee Robes, in natural color and white, a lot of \$20.00 and \$25.00 values to close out at this sale..... **15.00**

Suits Constantly Changing.

A timely hint: We buy only a few suits of a kind—just enough to give a range of sizes. Sometimes a design will disappear in a day or two. Others keep coming but they are different—this gives practical exclusiveness to every suit we sell and leaves an ever-changing variety for the ladies who come next. Nothing gets mussed, nothing gets dusty. All is bright and new. We would like to describe a certain dainty suit, at \$15; but we're afraid it will be gone before you get here. And so it goes, from the lowest priced outfits clear up to the \$75 ones. It pays to be on the watch.

There are now a hundred new dress skirts, good value at \$6.50, some at..... **\$5.00**

Enough winter coats left to give you one more excellent chance. They are all at **HALF PRICE.**

Carpets--Oriental Rugs

Does that heading give you a mild twinge of conscience? Does it remind you of something you ought to have gotten about before? Never mind, there is time enough if you start now and start right. The right start is made by going to the oldest, largest and best equipped carpet store in the Northwest. That is ours; to say so is simply a reminder of a comfortable fact. And we are now ready for any amount of spring business.

The new Ingrains, Brussels, Wilton Velvets, Axminsters, etc., are here in force. They are easily and effectively shown, and every taste and purse will find what it desires. See, for instance, the handsome Body Brussels, in oriental designs with borders at **\$1.00 to \$1.50** a yard.

The Fiber Carpets are favorites of ours because they are so cheap and our patrons like them so well. Handsome, durable and sanitary—nothing like them for sleeping rooms; **35c, 50c and 60c** a yard.

By the way, there are fifty Hassocks to be sold at **15c** each.

See the collection of Antique and modern Brasses. They are close by the elevators.

Bedding Basement.

Comfortables for spring and summer, made of fine figured silkoline on both sides, tied with zephyr and filled with fine white cotton; light, soft and fluffy; 72x84-in. **\$1.75**; 72x78-in. **\$1.50**.

Mattress Pads—White cheese cloth coverings, not quilted pads but filled and tied like a comfortable, filled with fine white cotton; 72-in. square, each. **1.00**

The Shur-On

This new mounting for eye glasses was a radically new idea and we did not push the sale of it until its mechanical success was certain. It is now shown to be the best mounting on the market. It is the nearest in appearance and stays on firmly with less pressure than any other. Step into the balcony and try one on; at the same time we'll give you one of our Magic Eyeglass Cleaners.

Where to Find Curtains.

Your curtains are always right before your eyes and so is the name of the best place to buy them. In these days of stiff prices in the wholesale market, it is a boon to any householder to have such values as these where he can find them. We'll offer them as long as we can, but a rise is coming sooner or later.

Scotch Net Curtains in five designs, at prices of cheap curtains: Worth 75c pair, at..... **49c**

Worth \$1.00 pair, at..... **75c**

Worth \$2.00 pair, at..... **1.29**

Worth \$3.00 pair, at..... **1.79**

Worth \$4.00 pair, at..... **2.58**

Worth \$5.00 pair, at..... **3.98**

Worth \$6.00 pair, at..... **4.98**

Worth \$7.50 pair, at..... **5.98**

Worth \$8.00 pair, at..... **6.98**

Worth \$10.00 pair, at..... **7.98**

For the present we will make and hang free of charge, all lace curtains of the value of \$3.00 or more.

Extension Curtain Rods, good enough for any lace curtains, each..... **5c**

DRAPERIES. \$1.19 to \$29.00 is the range of prices and a world of beautiful curtains it includes.

\$5 Tapestry Draperies at **\$3.75** a pair.

85 values at **\$2.29** a pair.

\$3 values at **\$2.29** a pair.

New Taffetas, Art Muslins, Silk-olines and Denims, **12c, 18c and 25c** a yard.

Window shades of hand-made oil opaque, ready to hang..... **10c**

Curtain Poles, 4 to 6 feet long, each..... **1c**

Sale at 15c

This collection of 25c to 35c values on bargain tables, foot of main stairway:

Nickel-plated Grumb Tray and Scraper..... 15c

Nickel-plated Water Trays..... 15c

Three-string Brooms..... 15c

Polished Brooms, extra large..... 15c

Picture Dusters, long-handled..... 15c

Wash Boards, good family size..... 15c

Shaker Flour Sifters..... 15c

Round Graters, large ones..... 15c

Finger Canisters, imported, for tea or coffee..... 15c

Galvanized Iron Water Pails..... 15c

Tin Water Pails..... 15c

Hardwood Bushel Baskets..... 15c

Galvanized Iron Dust Pans, extra strong..... 15c

Japanned Sink Strainers..... 15c

Beauty leads to Marriage

Womanly beauty when yielded by the pure in heart is felt in the manly breast, and his days and nights are haunted by dreams of holy love that leads to marriage.

Mme. Yale's Remedies

CREATE BEAUTY. They are the standard toilet and health preparations of the world. Their purity is guaranteed.

YALE BEAUTY PRICES.

- Mme. Yale's Skin Food removes wrinkles, \$1.50 and \$3, two sizes. Our cut price, \$1.25 and \$2.50.
- Mme. Yale's Complexion Cream makes rough skin smooth, \$1 per jar. Our cut price, 75c.
- Mme. Yale's Hair Tonic restores health and natural color to hair, \$1 per bottle. Our cut price, 75c.
- Mme. Yale's Complexion Bleach clears the complexion of all blemishes, \$2 per bottle. Our cut price, \$1.50.
- Mme. Yale's Hand Whitener makes ugly hands soft, white and pretty, \$1 per bottle. Our cut price, 75c.
- Mme. Yale's Special Lotion No. 1 cures pimples and blackheads, \$1 per bottle. Our cut price, 75c.
- Mme. Yale's Special Ointment No. 2 cures skin diseases, \$1 per bottle. Our special price, 75c.
- Mme. Yale's Bust Food develops the bust, makes neck plump, \$1.50 and \$3, two sizes. Our cut price, \$1.25 and \$2.50.
- Mme. Yale's Ocre Cure cures permanently soft cornea, hazy cornea, and restores normal vision out of cornea in half hour; 25 cents; guaranteed to cure. Our cut price, 21c.
- Mme. Yale's Fruit-sars, a tonic for curing women's complaints, restoring tone and vitality to the system, \$1 per bottle. Our cut price, 75c.

All of Mme. Yale's other preparations at equally low prices.

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