

# The Garden of Lies

By Justus Miles Forman

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### CHAPTER III.

The old convent garden by the Boulevard Raspail is a quaint still place of peace and order of damp black mold underfoot, mossy with age, of prim, orderly rows of trees and shrubs, of mellow sunshine splashed with shadows, of green isolation, of peace beyond belief, a walled quiet where the outer world never penetrates.

There are many such in old Paris, though few, perhaps so large. They lie asleep behind those high, blank stuccoed walls with spiked tops and a "Defense d'Afficher" printed black across them, that you pass in your walks or on top of your tooting tram. You may see the tops of the great trees peeping over the walls' coping, you may catch, if it be springtime, a great whiff of perfume, lilac or chestnut or acacia, borne out to you by some vagrant little puff of wind, but the mystery that lies behind that fifteen feet of stone and plaster you may not solve, save, once in a long time, as they postern door set peep in the high wall may be by accident left ajar. Then you shall see such old world quiet, such ordered peace, such guarded sweetness!

The big convent garden is—as has been said—a triangle, with its apex and a portion of one side filled by the former convent buildings. Its sides that follow the Boulevard Raspail and the Rue Denfert Rochereau are walled to great height. No eye may spy upon that green seclusion. Its base is the blank, rear wall of the long bank-like row of studio buildings, two stories high, that face in the rue Boissanode. A blank, rear wall it is. That is not quite true. There is—or was—once a window, a small one, set heaven knows why about ten feet from the ground of the garden below. It belongs to the studio at the end of the long row, at the inner end of the little street for the rue Boissanode is properly no rue at all, but an impasse. This studio was occupied, at the time of which I write, by young Denise Mallory, ex-soldier for one, present writer of descriptive articles for a London weekly paper.

A quaint still place of coolness and order, the garden comes blended from everywhere, from the black earth, stained green with moss here and there, and always damp—as in a cellar—from the rows of great lilacs and chestnuts standing along the high street walls when the lilacs are in flower the perfume is well-nigh stupefying—from the chestnuts and acacias that stand severely arched up and down the garden, their trunk-like rows of studio buildings, with years; from the myriads of little white flowers and red single roses that fill the round beds at the corners of the walls. There, in the little square, through the middle of all, with a border of little whitened stones, and another path that runs around the enclosure under the walls.

In the very center is the fountain, of marble. It was white, once, and fine with scrolls and ornamentation, but the marble is stained yellow and green with age, and the carved water breaks and the stone is broken. A living vine twists and clings triumphantly where the sculptor's challenged admiration so long ago. Doubtless the new vine is the better one, but that doesn't matter so much, for only a gurgling spout of water trickles down from the fountain nowadays.

Even the marble seats, that stand in a broken circle about the fountain, are stained and broken, and the pedestal, uplifted near by on its pedestal, is hidden in a mass of vines.

You might sit here all the day long, if you liked watching your watch, for the sunshine that seems always warm but never hot, or hiding under the cool green shade, breathing in a fragrance exquisite, aromatic, a blended essence of all delightful smells; and if you were a man of the world, as far away from its noise and hurry and strife as if you were alone in the Hesperides. It would be still, of a stillness unbelievable. No sounds would reach you from the street, for only the tinkle of a passing tram, the tinkle of its bell, the whistle of a street gamin, the bell from a near-by chapel; and these made somehow thin and far off, as if from a great distance, unreal and alien.

Ah, it's a good old place! A quaint old sweet old place, the great green convent garden by the Boulevard Raspail!

Sir Gavin and young Denise Mallory stood in the grey stone porch, a beautiful old crumbling Gothic porch, of what had been the refectory of the convent. Young Mallory was a bit haggard from the night before, a bit pale and drawn as to the cheeks, and black as to the eyes, but otherwise quite himself, an earlier self, one would have said. There was something of boyishness, a light in the eye; and his hand was not quite steady.

"You'll be careful, lad," warned MacKenzie. "Remember always that she's a nervous state, and that it's a high hysteria. You'll be cautious."

"Aye," said young Mallory, impatiently. "Aye, haven't I been coached for two hours? I'm not going to let her see I've strayed down the length of the garden below them."

MacKenzie heaved a great sigh. "God knows, she was sick and weakly head," God knows. Eh, well, be off with ye, an' have it over."

Young Mallory went down the gravel path between the great chestnut trees.

It was one of those unaccountably warm afternoons that come sometimes at the end of April, or early in May, a heat that forewarns the approaching summer, that makes the sunshine oppressive, drowsy, the young leaves from their twigs almost while one watches them.

It had brought the sticky buds of the chestnut into flower all in a day, so that their fragrance, heavy and tropical, mingled with that of the passing breeze.

"I induced the son of a friend to use Grape-Nuts; he was sick and weakly, caused mostly by indigestion and other troubles arising from a bad stomach. He then weighed 125 pounds. In a few weeks after using Grape-Nuts daily, he was so greatly improved that he entered the field-day contests and acquitted himself splendidly. He kept gradually increasing in weight until now he weighs 145 pounds, all hard muscle, and is playing on the local football team, a thing that a year ago any one would have laughed at."

If half the people who have weak stomachs or are about half weight, would stop eating poorly cooked food and use Grape-Nuts instead they would not only save money, but would soon be as healthy as the best. Name given by Fortnum & Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

leaved toward him, a little, on the old stone bench, and put up her two hands upon his shoulders. The great blue eyes searched him—as before, through and through.

"Never mind the other men, Karl," said she. "There's no other man that counts. Upon my faith, there isn't. I'm married to you and I shall be true to you every day of my life. I want you to know you better, to care for you as I ought before I come to Novodnia with you. You may see me, like this, every day and night, and I'll flirt with me, Karl, make love to me, make me care for you. I—I think I've never known any man who could make me care so much as you could. Ah, if only I could tell you how glad I am that you're what you are, big and strong and tender—the sort of man a girl loves. I've been hideously worried, and I've had that sort of thing come to me sooner. I—I thought they were keeping you from me. Oh, I'd all sorts of dreadful suspicions—'but you're here now, and I'm so glad to see you every day. You shall see how soon I'll be well and strong once more. Please don't look so solemn and sad over it. Smile at me again, Karl, you're the kindest creature I ever saw. It makes me so comfortable. It makes me see how tender and true you are and how utterly one may trust you."

Mallory shrugs his front and two clinging hands and the great blue eyes. His face was crimson.

"Ah, you make me feel a brute, Eleanor," he cried miserably. "A black-guard," he cried miserably.

But the girl laughed. "You a black-guard, Karl? Don't be silly—why of course I know that a man isn't—don't quite like a girl, you know. He has a rougher life to live. He has to see things and to know about things that a girl never hears of, and he has to be a black-guard's eyes. No, I think I can trust you. The only thing against the prisoner is prejudice, but from among the most unaccountable of all the things that men do."

"I dare say I look very much like other women—don't I?"

"No, you don't," said young Mallory. "You know quite well that you don't. You're the—you're the most go—no, I'm hanged if I'll tell you to-day—besides, I couldn't if I should try."

"Oh, very well," said the princess loftily. "If you want to be disagreeable about it, you may. Tell me why you didn't come to me sooner. I thought—Oh I thought all sorts of mad things. They kept putting me on every day, and I'd as hard as I could to keep from saying anything. I couldn't fancy what was the matter."

"Why you see," said he, "the country has been in a shocking state lately and I couldn't leave it. My accession brought up a row of old claims, and I'd as hard as I could to keep the throne under me. It's all the fault of those beasts of Pavlovitch. They're in a way, pretenders to the throne, you know, and they're not Slavians, but they're all ready to lick the czar's boots if he crooks his finger. What we want in Novodnia is independence, no Russian patronage nor Austrian influence, and always been and always must be independent like Roumania, or like Bulgaria was before they slaughtered old Stambolof. That's the policy of our house and that's what I've been struggling to maintain. It's no easy matter."

"Now that," he continued inwardly, "that is what I call a very excellent and patriotic little speech—for a chap who's never been near Novodnia than Belgrade."

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# Fire-Fighter's Story

## How the Strongest Man in the Philadelphia Fire Department—Once the Weakest—Gained His Strength and Health, by Using Swamp-Root, the Great Kidney and Bladder Remedy.

HERE'S the story of a man who was near death's door and was saved by using Swamp-Root. If he came to you and said: "My friend, do you suffer with kidney trouble? Does your back ache? Do you feel bad all over and can't tell exactly what's the matter? Have you tried medicines or doctors without benefit? Are you about discouraged? Then do as I did, and get well—Use Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root! I know it will cure you."

If he did this, would you believe him? Wouldn't you, if you were a sufferer, follow his advice, knowing that he bore living, sentient, vital testimony to the wonderful virtues of this great natural remedy?

WELL, that is just what Hugo Hutt, strongest man in the Philadelphia Fire Department, hero of a hundred battles with the flames, is doing now through the medium of this newspaper.

Hugo Hutt has been connected with the Philadelphia Fire Department for the past four years. He is stationed at the engine house at Nineteenth and Callowhill Streets. Mr. Hutt is known as the strongest man in the Fire Department and has taken many prizes at athletic tournaments for his prowess in the field of sports.

He is also an ex-sergeant of the United States Infantry, having for several years been stationed at Fort Niobrara, Neb. Mr. Hutt also served with the Sixth Pennsylvania Regiment during the Spanish-American war.



HUGO HUTT, PHILADELPHIA FIREMAN.

HERE is the story as he gave it to a special representative of Philadelphia's Great Newspaper, "The North American":

You will hardly believe it when I tell you there was a time when my body was in and friends would have, at no time, been surprised to learn of my death. It was all due to kidney trouble, for which I could secure no relief. I was under the care of my family physician for a number of years, but he was unable to do me any good. I also consulted two noted specialists on kidney diseases, but they were unable to give me more than temporary relief. I had already made application to join the army, but was turned down on account of my physical condition.

"I was advised to try that greatest of all remedies—SWAMP-ROOT. "I wrote to Dr. Kilmer & Co., at Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle, and its effect upon me was so noticeable that I went immediately and bought a supply from my druggist, with the result that in a comparatively short time I had entirely recovered and became the man you see me now."

"I served a number of years in the army, and for the past four years I have been connected with the Philadelphia Fire Department. My work, both in the army and fighting fires in Philadelphia, has been of the most arduous, and work that I could not do, did I not have a strong physique."

"I do not know what the words 'Kidney Trouble' mean now, and do not expect to. I cannot speak too highly of Swamp-Root. A few bottles of this great remedy did more for me than a dozen physicians could."

(Signed,) HUGO HUTT, 865 Stillman St., Philadelphia, Pa.

AND this is only one man's story, if the average reader of a newspaper could be persuaded to read the thousands of such testimonials which come to Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the kidney troubles which now afflict humanity would be cut down fifty per cent.

For these testimonials all prove beyond a doubt that the greatest cure for kidney, liver and bladder troubles is

# Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root

NATURE'S GREATEST AID TO THE SUFFERING.

SPECIAL NOTICE—Swamp-Root is so remarkably successful that a special arrangement has been made by which all of our readers who have not already tried it, may have a sample bottle sent absolutely free by mail, also a book that tells all about it and its wonderful cures. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. In writing, be sure to mention that you read this generous offer in The Minneapolis Daily "Journal." The regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles are sold by all druggists. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root—Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

### MONEY IS QUESTIONED.

Senators Foraker and Spooner Make Some Queries.

Washington, March 19.—Senator Money's speech this afternoon yesterday against the negro as an officeholder attracted much notice.

Mr. Foraker asked Money if his objection to the colored persons holding office extended to all offices of all kinds and also whether it would include the enlistment of colored men in the army. The reply was that he had no particular objection to colored men serving in the army, but declared that it would be better if no colored men held any official position whatever.

"Would you unauthorize the negro as to voting?" asked Senator Foraker, "and, if so, should that be taken into account, in fixing the representation in congress?" "That is another question," said Money. "The participation of the negro in the affairs of government, he thought, was dangerous."

"Is the demand of the south, to a colored man working, and none had been killed for so doing, as was the case in Illinois. The feeling which obtained in the south, he said, was that a white man did not think himself socially better than the negro he was not half as good."

In the matter of these appointments Mr. Money said the president should consider conditions in the south. Appointing negroes to office in the south was most objectionable and repugnant to that section. It was impossible, he declared, heretofore, have been to ease the breathing and keep the distressing symptoms under control, leaving the disease itself alive, but latent and asleep in the system. Under the Whetzel treatment the germ of the maldy is eradicated and the patient is exempt from further attacks.

FREE TRIAL FOR ALL APPLICANTS. Dr. Whetzel for a time send a test course of treatment free to all applicants who will give a short description of their case and aid in the humane work by sending the names of two other persons having asthma.

Ask for booklet of particulars in writing for free trial treatment. Address

DR. FRANK WHETZEL, Dept. V American Express Building, CHICAGO.

Every Woman

WOMAN'S GENTLE NATURE CALLS FOR GENTLE TREATMENT

Delicately formed and gently reared, women will find, in all the seasons of their lives, as maidens, wives, or mothers, that the one simple, wholesome remedy which acts gently and pleasantly and naturally, and which may be used with truly beneficial effects, under any conditions, when the system needs a laxative, is—Syrup of Figs. It is well known to be a simple combination of the laxative and carminative principles of plants with pleasant, aromatic liquids, which are agreeable and refreshing to the taste and acceptable to the system when its gentle cleansing is desired.

Many of the ills from which women suffer are of a transient nature and do not come from any organic trouble and it is pleasant to know that they yield so promptly to the beneficial effects of Syrup of Figs, but when anything more than a laxative is needed it is best to consult the family physician and to avoid the old-time cathartics and loudly advertised nostrums of the present day. When one needs only to remove the strain, the torpor, the congestion, or similar ills, which attend upon a constipated condition of the system, use the true and gentle remedy—Syrup of Figs—and enjoy freedom from the depression, the aches and pains, colds and headaches, which are due to inactivity of the bowels.

Only those who buy the genuine Syrup of Figs can hope to get its beneficial effects and as a guarantee of the excellence of the remedy the full name of the company—California Fig Syrup Co.—is printed on the front of every package and without any preparation offered as Syrup of Figs is fraudulent and should be declined. To those who know the quality of this excellent laxative, the offer of any substitute, when Syrup of Figs is called for, is always resented by a transfer of patronage to some first-class drug establishment, where they do not recommend, nor sell false brands, nor imitation remedies. The genuine article may be bought of all reliable druggists everywhere at 50 cents per bottle.

ALFONSO FIG SYRUP CO.

### REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

Porteous C. Deuing and wife to Annie S. Nordens; lot 15, block 3, Monroe Street addition, \$1,810.

Anna Hanson and husband to Tillie S. McGraw; lot 4, Maben, White & LeBron's addition, \$1,810.

Anna Hanson and husband to Tillie S. McGraw; lot 4, Maben, White & LeBron's addition, \$400.

Mary L. Armstrong and husband to George G. Davis; lot 11, block 11, Washington addition, \$5,000.

Edward W. Hutchins et al., executors, to August B. Drelling; lot 9, block 2, J. S. & W. Elliott's addition, \$1,200.

Francis C. Bailey of Albert J. Anderson; lot 12, Rust's subdivision, \$1,030.

Herman J. Dahn and wife to Jacob M. Bloom; lot 10, block 4, Maben, White & LeBron's addition, \$3,800.

Archambeau Heating Company to Timothy E. Burns and wife; lot 1, block 1, Maben, White & LeBron's addition, \$150.

Arvey E. Abel and wife to Emily Carpenter; lots 2 and 9, block 3, Auditor's subdivision, \$500.

Two minor deeds, \$2. Total, \$14,222.

BUILDING PERMITS. J. E. Kaaro, 2215 Pierce street NE; dwelling, \$1,500.

Four Brass Works, 244 Third avenue S; brick machine shop, \$3,000.

Patent Works, \$1,163. Total, \$7,665.

MARRIAGE LICENSES. Samuel M. Harrington and Sophia Weiland; Charles J. Dustrud and Anna C. Hanson.

Charles S. Johnson and Elizabeth M. Krall. Rufus F. Stevens and Louise Mattson.

Anton Rustad and Mrs. M. Carpenter. Alex Johnson and Sophia Kauppi.

George Foster, Jr. and Clara S. Genesmar.

BIRTHS. Johnson—Mr. and Mrs. Emil, 1621 Washington street NE; boy.

Loren—Mr. and Mrs. C. J., 1318 Johnson street NE; boy.

Grund—Mr. and Mrs. L. P., 1129 Washington street NE; girl.

Flisker—Mr. and Mrs. A., 217 Twenty-two and-a-half avenue S; girl.

Anderson—Mr. and Mrs. A., 1323 Second street NE; girl.

Kelly—Mr. and Mrs. Frank E., 651 E Eighth street NE; girl.

O'Dowd—Mr. and Mrs. M. J., 2439 Humboldt street NE; girl.

Edberg—Mr. and Mrs. Ole, 4051 Emerson avenue NE; girl.

Silva—Mr. and Mrs. E., 1614 Third street NE; boy.

Norman—Mr. and Mrs. Oscar, 408 Eighteenth avenue NE; boy.

Johnson—Mr. and Mrs. Nils, 2203 Lyndale avenue N; girl.

DEATHS. Melby—Mrs. Peter, city hospital.

Fransman—Mary, 125 Broadway.

Skilling—Mrs. Wm., 1801 Fifth avenue S.

Shepard—Clara S., 1350 Stevens avenue.

Moore—Ottie W., 1111 Grand street.

Pope—Jachob, 2023 James avenue S.

Lovely—Alfred, Thirtieth avenue S and Fifth street NE.

"Heaven never helps the man who will not act." Act now—to-day. Fortify your system with that gently laxative tonic Iron-Oxide Tonic Tablets. Vest pocket box, 25c.

Use the 'Phone. If you are too busy to bring your want ad to The Journal, call up No. 5, North Hill, and The Journal will accommodate you by taking your ad over the 'phone. If you will kindly call in and pay for same at your earliest convenience, it will greatly facilitate the handling of these small amounts.

The Signal of Distress. Whiten the eyes and skin. Yellow show liver trouble and jaundice. Dr. King's New Liver Pills cure or no pay. Only 25c.

FOOD LESSONS. What Proper Food Will Do.

"It was but a few months ago that I learned how to feed myself right," said a man from Washington, Ill. "Then I was but a part of what I am now. I was greatly troubled with my stomach, my muscles were weak and flabby, and I was completely tired out, faint and dizzy after a day's work."

"I commenced using Grape-Nuts, and in a short time noticed a marked change. The food gave just the kind of nourishment I needed, and agreed with my stomach so well that I soon forgot I had one. I gained rapidly in strength, my brain became clear and the worn out feeling at night entirely disappeared. Now I am in the best of health and weigh 150 pounds, which is more than I ever weighed before."

"I induced the son of a friend to use Grape-Nuts; he was sick and weakly, caused mostly by indigestion and other troubles arising from a bad stomach. He then weighed 125 pounds. In a few weeks after using Grape-Nuts daily, he was so greatly improved that he entered the field-day contests and acquitted himself splendidly. He kept gradually increasing in weight until now he weighs 145 pounds, all hard muscle, and is playing on the local football team, a thing that a year ago any one would have laughed at."

If half the people who have weak stomachs or are about half weight, would stop eating poorly cooked food and use Grape-Nuts instead they would not only save money, but would soon be as healthy as the best. Name given by Fortnum & Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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