



Boys' Easter Clothing

Our Entire Second Floor devoted to Boys' Clothing and filled with the most exclusive line of Wearing Apparel for boys ever shown in Minneapolis.

CONFIRMATION suits—sailors, norfolks, reefers—everything the boys will want Easter morning is here in a variety that makes choosing a pleasure.

Every garment comes up to the most strict standard of excellence in style and wear. Many of the nobbiest are exclusive to Browning, King & Co.

Boys' confirmation suits, ages 8 to 16 years, "Browning, King & Co. Special," the best suit ever shown for the price—trousers are re-enforced and all seams taped—materials are blue serges, black and blue unfinished worsteds and fancy mixtures—double-breasted and Norfolk styles—special at \$5.

Boys' long-pants confirmation suits, ages 14 to 20, of carefully selected fabrics—are both fine and coarse weaves, in serges, black and blue unfinished worsteds and a variety of fancy patterns—\$7.50 to \$15.00.

Sailor and Russian and sail-or-collar Norfolks, in navy, royal, brown, red, tan and fancy mixtures, beautifully trimmed and extra well made—prices range from \$5 to \$8.50.

Boys' tams and auto caps at 50c and \$1.00.
Boys' wide brim soft hats, in black and steel \$1 to \$1.50.
Boys' white shirts at \$1.00.
Boys' white Star waists at 85c.

Browning-King & Co

415 to 419 Nicollet Ave.

C. J. GUTGESELL, Manager.

THE P. O. SCANDALS

Investigation May Show Petty Rascality

Washington, April 9.—The charge of collusion preferred against Mr. Louis, chief of the supply division of the postoffice department, is said to be the beginning of outside complaints from business men who have sought to have bids considered by various divisions of that department. It will necessitate a much more extensive investigation than was at first considered necessary by Postmaster General Payne. In fact, it may surprise Mr. Payne to find that the investigation has already gone beyond the outline of his directions.

There are reports from different parts of the country showing that there have been postoffice contracts sublet in a way to in-

dicte that profits were earned by two or three parties. This indicates extravagance in the purchase of supplies and the letting of contracts.

The investigation may show petty rascality and that is just what the officials desire to get rid of. It will not, so far as any one can now see, reveal scandals affecting high officials.

Sunday Train to the Lake.
Leaves Minneapolis 9:45 a. m. via the Minneapolis & St. Louis railroad, returning leave Tonka Bay 4:50 p. m., commencing April 5th. Stops at all Lake points. Summer Rates.

Will be found an excellent remedy for sick headache, Carter's Little Liver Pills. Thousands of letters from people who have used them prove this fact. Try them.

SAVED FROM SUICIDE



In the case shown by above photographs, the sufferer, Mr. Henry Kensler of Pittsfield, Ill., was in a desperate state from eczema which had continued for over ten years, becoming steadily worse and worse each year in spite of all doctoring possible. Life seemed hopeless and suicide was often thought of.

Seeing an account in a newspaper a short time ago of a remarkable case of eczema cured by D. D. D., Mr. Kensler tried it. He wrote in to the D. D. D. Company offering to be photographed and to permit publication of his photo if they would guarantee the remedy to cure him as completely as in the case he had read of. From the first use of it he states that all itching and distress disappeared. And in three weeks the skin healed over in every spot where affected. In a short time (it was a matter of only a very few days) the proper, white, natural, smooth state of skin was restored, and there has never since been any recurring sign of the disease anywhere on his body.

Started In Few Small Spots.

The persistent spreading and tenacity of this disease are seen in this case. First one and then another small spot showed. Nothing could drive them away. Slowly the limbs became covered and the neck and back. He fought hard to save the face, but that next was covered and told the story of his misery to the world. Then the hair became encrusted with it. Small beginnings were showing almost everywhere else on the body, hardly a square inch being free from it. In a few years more the man would undoubtedly be one wretched, writhing scab had D. D. D. not conquered the disease. With his tortures already experienced and with this future staring him in the face, what wonder is it that suicide seemed inviting.

A wonderful particular of this case (as seen in all cases more or less) is that the worst big sores were the first to give way to the treatment, while the disease lurking under the skin held on longest. Twenty-one days, however, cleared out the whole affection—every germ of it.

We Vouch for Above.

The facts in this case of Mr. Henry Kensler of Pittsfield, Ill., have been laid before me in all details with proofs that are unmistakable. Every particular in the history of this remarkable cure more than bears out the above statement of the case. From the proofs submitted, I feel that this announcement comes far from doing full justice to the remarkable merit of a medicine which accomplishes results so important to humanity.

Since I have handled the preparation in this city, a great number of people have used it for various skin affections. Its results have been invariably satisfactory. I am therefore willing to guarantee any purchaser full return of his \$1.00, if satisfactory results are not experienced from a trial of a bottle in any case of skin affection.

Voegeli's Drug Store,

Corner Hennepin and Washington Aves., Minneapolis, Minn.

The Garden of Lies

By Justus Miles Forman

Copyright 1903 by Frederick A. Stokes Company.

CHAPTER XIX.—Continued.

I jerked quickly back and withdrew the blade, but Baron von Steinbrucke lurched forward upon me, and rolling partly over lay still and inert. "By the saints," cried von Altdorf in a hoarse whisper, "you've done for him lad. He's done for himself. There's an end of von Steinbrucke. He's dead as a dog. Ah, well, it can't be helped. Now what's to do? We can't leave all these swine lying about unattended. They'll all die."

"Bring one of 'em to his senses," said I, "and let him care for the others. Who's the least hurt? Curse von Steinbrucke, I meant to try him and see what he was able to do. Ah, well, who's the least injured of them, I wonder?"

"Mine, I fancy," said von Altdorf; "I barely scratched the fool with his sword and fright and fatigue did the rest. Fetch some water."

I brought a jug of water from the further room—the room whom Denis had picked there was sitting up, by the way, though very shaky and white about the chops—and we dashed it liberally in the fellow's face. He gasped and shivered and opened his eyes, little the worse for his hurt, but much the worse for his fright.

"Seeing that he was well able to care for his wounded friends, we slipped quickly out of the place, down the stairs and thru the little outer door which Denis had left ajar, and we slipped out the way we far up the Boulevard Edgar Quinet under the cheerless walls of the cemetery.

Denis, meanwhile, had made all possible speed down thru the court and out the carriage, into which he half lifted the princess, and told the cocher to drive to the Place du Lion de Belfort, for he would not risk driving thru the streets in view of the possibility of further trouble. Then he sprang in himself and closed the door.

The galerie rocked and leaped and jolted over the uneven stone pavement, and the princess, who had fallen back half fainting into a corner, was thrown roughly about her waist and drew her close to him.

"Try, madame," he said in her ear, "try to forget who I am. Try to think that I'm Jessica—or any one else—but myself, for I must make you comfortable. Must save your strength till we are safe at home."

He drew her close into his arms till her head dropped weakly back upon his shoulder. Her brow touched his cheek, her hair was against his eyes, and she so rested upon him, that he forgot his body against the plunges of the carriage. He brought her to the end of the line and laid upon a pillow.

At the Place du Lion they left the volture and went down the Boulevard de Belfort, and he turned into the rue Denfert Rochereau.

"They had but a little way to go, but this little way Denis was forced almost to carry the Princess, who hung upon the verge of faintness. And he confessed to me, long afterward, that he was as nearly fagged out as a man may be, when they stood at last before the entrance of the convent and the door opened upon eager waiting faces, warmth and safety, MacKenzie towering anxiously over the heads of the servants, the Prince half mad with fear and long waiting."

But Denis, holding the Princess upon her feet by main strength, raised a whip and turned them, calling, "Jessica, Jessica, stop!" and Miss Maniering's party with the group with a cry of joy and held out her arms to him.

Then the princess roused herself for an instant and turned from Denis to her cousin. She took a little faltering, but certain step as if with the very last of her strength.

"Jess, Jess, I'm so tired, so—" and she fell forward with a sob into the outstretched arms and laid her head in the hollow of Miss Maniering's neck and fainted quite away.

CHAPTER XX.

"Yes, it's a pity you had to kill him," said Denis as we sat the next day talking over the night's work. "I mean it's a pity the beast had to kill himself, for that seems to have been the way of it. It may stir up an awkward row with the police. A dead man is a serious matter in these times. I suppose there's no doubt that he was quite finished, eh?"

"Oh, the man was dead, right enough," said I disgustedly. "Lord bless you, the blade went into his gullet a matter of four inches or so; I was just about to disable him neatly too. Hard luck it call."

"It's the end of a blackleg and scoundrel," broke in von Altdorf. "There's a list of people in high places, had a list as long as your arm who'll break the alibi of relief when they hear the news—if ever they do hear it."

"Ah, well," said Denis, "the man's dead, and it's poor business abusing him now. Death wipes things out, rather, doesn't it? One feels a bit low railing at a dead man for sins that he can't sin again. Still, he added regretfully, "I've the reason had to die I'd like to have been the one to finish him. I should have felt a glow of Christian virtue so long as I lived. I should have felt that I was doing good—amongst a sad heap of bad ones. Has any one heard of the princess since morning?"

"She's fit as can be," said I. "What she went through seems to have harmed her not a bit. She'll keep to her bed for a day or two for prudence's sake, and then be about again."

Denis sighed and his eyes took on their old look of pain and hopelessness. He rose from his chair, and went over to the window where he stood staring out over the glass and staring out over the garden.

MacKenzie and the prince came in together having walked around by way of the boulevard from the house. The prince handed a dispatch to Colonel von Altdorf.

"This just arrived," said he. "I suppose it's from Novodni, eh? Vienna?" Then he went over to the window to join Denis and overwhelm that young man anew with repetitions of his never-to-be-settled obligation to him. Denis, the prince's gratitude to Denis as the leader in the rescue of the princess Eleanor, was the rescue of the princess Eleanor, was the rescue of the princess Eleanor, was a source of painful embarrassment to the young Irishman.

"Ah, it's from Novodni," said von Altdorf, unfolding the sheets. "And a long one too. I must tell Czerowitz that he's all right again and that he needn't worry? Here, wait, wait!" His face grew closer over the sheets that he was translating from the cypher.

His manner drew us all to our feet in a circle about him, the prince foremost, and when he had finished writing out in fair language the strange looking jumble of words upon the dispatch sheets he sat so long, staring wide eyed before him, that the prince touched him upon the shoulder anxiously, impatiently.

"Well, Colonel?" he demanded, "well, what is it? What's the matter?" Then Colonel von Altdorf, turning up and faced his master, the written sheets crushed in his outstretched hand.

had but stayed in Novodni! George has seized his chance, curse him, and Steinbrucke won after all, despite our work last night, for he had you here in Paris, as he knew he could, by stealing the princess, till George should be strong enough to make his move—Listen to this! It's from Czerowitz, telegraphed from Novodni to his man in Vienna, and thence to me here.

"Georgias," reported moving toward Novodni, Minister already taken, used as base of supplies, great excitement in Novodni. Ministry resigned this morning. Premier alone faithful to Prince Karl. Populace divided in sentiment, but Pavlovitch element in numbers. Prince loudly denounced for prolonged absence. Life guards faithful but army uncertain. Rioting in streets. Marshal Shoblin shot while driving from palace."

"There's the country that your father beguiled you, sir, and this is what you've made it! Aye, you sir, I've served you faithfully, Prince Karl, and I shall serve you till you or I die, but I'll tell you the truth, by Heaven. You have brought this upon Novodni and you'll answer for it at God's throne. Had you stayed where your duty lay, Georgias would be hiding in the mountains now, not marching toward Novodni—Great God, and can nothing rouse you? nothing? And von Altdorf's voice broke so that he was forced to pause. He was terribly excited, and his hands shook as he stretched them appealingly toward the prince.

"Listen, sir!" he cried, after a moment, "there's just a chance, a desperate chance, that may save your country if you leave at once for Novodni, and travel night and day till you are there. Your mere presence would be better than an army. I will telegraph at once that you'll be here, and I'll return to you, returning to punish presumptuous rebels and to save his land from war and loot. You must start to-night, sir. You can't stay here in these three days. Meanwhile the news that you are coming may hold the situation as it is."

"The Prince was very pale. He seemed dazed, bewildered, as if he had dreamed of this possibility, as if the calamity had fallen upon him from a clear sky.

"But—but, Colonel," he faltered, "but, Colonel, the Princess, I must see her first. We haven't come as yet to any understanding! I must—"

"Aye, the Princess!" cried Colonel von Altdorf bitterly. "Always the Princess and never the trust God has given you! Are you a prince, sir, or a lover of women? Tell me that! By my faith, I do not recognize you father in you! Duty, honor, faith, bravery! Those were his watch-words—God rest his noble soul!—He thought first of all of his country and his people. He thought last and least—if at all—of himself. Many a night, sir, I've seen him go from his chamber to the Palace chapel and kneel there the night long, praying for guidance in some difficult matter of state. Aye, I've waited and watched outside the Princess's doors while he prayed, guarding him from harm. No mobs rioted in the streets, then, Prince Karl, no Russian boot-clinkers marched upon Novodni with the connivance of the very ministry and half the population. The ruler of Novodni sat on his throne, he made no love quests to the other end of Europe—Ah, well, sir—his voice was breaking, and he was weeping, and his eyes of honor and independence are over. She'll be Russian, sure soon, a stable-yard, for sale, very likely, to the highest bidder—Sir, he said, I've given up my resignation from your service. I have a small possession called my honor which I hold indifferent, dear."

He turned away from me as all his white face drawn and working, and went down upon his knees, the table dropping his head into his arms.

But Prince Karl went over to him at once and laid a hand upon his shoulder.

"Nay, nay, Colonel," said he in a low, gentle voice. "I won't accept your resignation. There was a certain pathetic dignity about the man, a certain humility which he wore with a sad pride.

"I will go to Novodni at once, old friend," he went on, stroking and patting the bowed shoulder as a woman might have done. "I will go to-night and make all possible speed. And when I am there why will you punish presumptuous rebels, as you say, Colonel, and we'll save our land from war and loot, for I think it may still be done—I am not the man my father was—wait!—I will go, and you've spoken no more than the truth. I've been a poor ruler, Colonel, a weak prince—I was never born to rule—but what can I do, I will do. I shall save Novodni or die fighting for her—more than that no man can promise. Come, old friend, your hand! Let there be no talk of resignations, still—Georgias is dead or back to his hills with a price upon his head and the white bear has turned north once more—And no man shall say of me again that Novodni and her honor come second in my thoughts."

He turned to where old MacKenzie sat smoking and brooding in the corner.

"Will it be possible, Sir Gavin," he asked, for me to see the Princess Eleanor for ten minutes before I leave this evening?"

"But sir, she's in bed!" cried MacKenzie. "I've forbidden her to leave it before the week's end!"

"Still," insisted the prince, "in a case of emergency like this, Sir?—It would do no harm." "No, then will you be so good as to request the princess to give me a short interview this afternoon? Come, it is nearly 4 o'clock, and there is much to do before leaving. We will go to the house now, thru the garden—I shall return in half an hour, gentlemen."

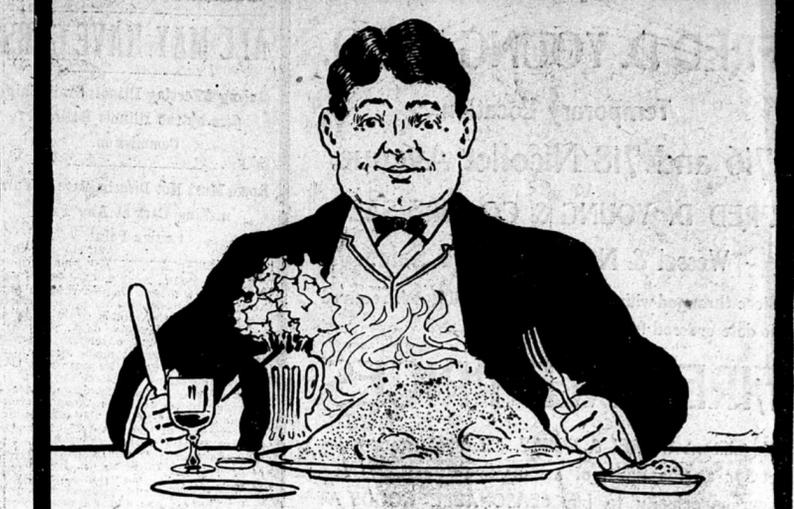
He moved toward the little window that gave upon the garden and old MacKenzie followed, shaking his head in unwillingness, but Denis Mallory stopped them.

To be continued to-morrow.

BUILDING PERMITS.
Harry Wall, 3145 Humboldt avenue S, dwelling and barn, \$4,700.
Three minor permits, \$2,545.
Total, \$7,245.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.
Elmer E. Kelly and wife to Warren S. Schmitz, part of lots 11, 12 and 13, block 12, B. S. Wright, \$2,500.
Henry Horstkoetter and wife to John Samos, lot 19, block 14, Rollins' second addition, \$112.
George F. Getty and wife to Margaret A. Russell, lots 1, 2 and 3, block 5, Bennett, Gould & Denton, \$1,000.
Frank H. Carter and wife to Betty Tumanaky et al., lot 3, block 3, Gale's second addition, \$2,500.
Thomas H. Canfield, administrator, to August Lindblad, lot 24, block 4, Fair-Grounds addition, \$300.

**Board of Church Extension of M. E. church to James B. Scott, lot 6, block 16, Motor Line addition, \$500.
M. Becker to Julius K. Martin, in section 35-117-25, \$2,500.
Percius C. Deering and wife to Augusta C. Bennett, part of lot 1, block 38, East Side addition, \$200.
E. A. Metcreek and husband to F. J. Blake, lot 1, block 1, Sixth Avenue N addition, \$2,000.
W. D. Metcreek and wife to F. J. Blake, part of lots 3 and 9, block 14, Town of Minneapolis, \$2,500.
Olivia Smith and husband to F. J. Blake, part of lot 5, block 120, Town of Minneapolis, \$2,500.
W. D. Metcreek et al. to F. J. Blake, lots 1, 2 and 4, block 2, R. D. Beede's second addition, \$2,000.
Charles W. Peterson and wife to Fred Johnson and wife, lot 16, block 4, Butler & Kalkhoff's addition, \$1,000.
Leonora A. Beverley and husband to Robert C. Norman, lots 16, 17 and 18, block 2, Lawndale, \$100.
Meritt Russell, executor, to Frank Stodola, lot 13, block 4, \$1,000.
Olivia Smith and husband to F. J. Blake, part of lot 5, block 1, Town of Long Lake, \$2,500.
Sarah S. White to James G. Reid, in section 18, \$2,500.
Charles Thayer and wife to Henry Horstkoetter,**



Company, Attention!

"For recreation you will now listen to a story from headquarters."
Captain Rexall, Adjutant.

The Human Locomotive.

A certain man, because he was so strong and hearty, imagined he was a locomotive. There was, he thought, no limit to his vitality.

He regarded his stomach as the fire-box. All he had to do was to keep up steam, and not let the box become empty.

He followed the Mississippi steam-boat plan, and crowded anything and every old thing into his stomach.

One day when he was pulling a heavy load the firebox didn't burn right, so the Human Locomotive stopped to investigate.

He found the flues choked, the fire-box full of clinkers, and so stuffed with fuel that it couldn't even show a red glimmer.

Somebody told him to keep a clean fire with a good draught, and feed it regularly, with only a certain quantity at a time.

He was further advised to use Rexall Dyspepsia Tablets for the purpose of putting himself in first-class shape.

He did as he was told, and was soon able to pull and haul as well as ever. Besides he puffed less under a heavy load.

Moral: If you want to keep your digestive machine moving, use Rexall Dyspepsia Tablets.

Rexall Dyspepsia Tablets are absolutely guaranteed to cure all the distressing forms of Dyspepsia and Indigestion, or we'll pay for all the medicine you take.

Price, 25 cents per bottle or by mail.

Voegeli Bros. Drug Co

Cor. Hennepin and Wash. Aves.



lots 13 and 14, block 3, V. G. Hush's addition, \$1,000.
Minnesota Debenture company to Charles J. Frelander, lots 1 and 2, block 15, Walton Park, \$200.
Emma B. Marshall to Betty Tumanaky et al., lot 4, block 22, Gale's second addition, \$2,500.
Manchester Savings Bank to Sarah E. Gale, undivided half of lot 18, Auditor's subdivision 39, \$25,000.
L. L. Loucks and wife to Sarah C. Henderson, lot 17, block 21, Cottage City, \$450.
Sven Levander and wife to Diana D. Miller, lot 14, block 8, Williams' addition, \$1,800.
Nine minor and unimproved deeds, \$1,142.
Total, \$22 deeds, \$67,534.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.
Carl O. Anderson and Angelina Bergh.
Gall B. Mower and Atta M. Harris.
Oscar Sastere and Agnes Michan.
John W. Mills and Ida Heigstedt.
George W. McGuire and Susie Dinger.
John Olson and Emma Hixby.

BIRTHS.
McCroskey—Mr. and Mrs. Frank, 114 Colfax avenue N, girl.
Zimms—Mr. and Mrs. Vincent, 711 Sibley street NE, girl.
Rexall—Mr. and Mrs. Fred, 2308 Seventh avenue S, boy.

Rice—Mr. and Mrs. J. 901 Cedar avenue, boy.
Barber—Mr. and Mrs. Albert, 2918 Harvard avenue, girl.
Mitchell—Mr. and Mrs. Fred, 2611 Girard avenue N, boy.
Britton—Mr. and Mrs. Williams R., 227 Twelfth avenue S, girl.

DEATHS.
McConley—Jeremiah, 189 Western avenue.
Dug—John, 2306 Sixth avenue N.
Donlin—Mrs. John, city hospital.
Newport—Mrs. Thomas J., 1522 Tenth avenue S.

FUNERAL OF MRS. PORTER
An Impressive Tribute to the Ambassador's Wife.

Paris, April 9.—The funeral of Mrs. Porter, wife of the United States ambassador, held at 11 o'clock this morning at the American church in the Rue de Valenciennes, was an impressive tribute, the heads of the French government, the members of the diplomatic corps and many representatives of the American colony partici-

cipating. The front of the church was draped in black and the walls and pillars of the interior were also hung with black draperies.

The Rev. Dr. Thurber conducted the simple service. The choir sang Mrs. Porter's favorite hymns, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," and "Lead, Kindly Light."

At the conclusion of the ceremony, following the established official custom, Mme. Loubet and various members of the ministry addressed a few words of personal sympathy to the ambassador and his daughter.

After the public service the casket was borne to the mortuary chapel adjoining the church, where it will remain until its removal to America.

A man's wife should always be the same, especially to her husband; but if she is weak and nervous, and uses Carter's Iron Pills, she cannot be, for they make her "feel like a different person," so they all say, and their husbands say, so, too.