## BAKING POWDER BRIBERY

### The Mystery of Bob Lee's $1,000 Check Explained—It Was for His Brother.

St. Louis, April 10.—The St. Louis April grand jury has taken up the St. Louis end of the alum bill bribery investigation. City Attorney James W. Folk and Attorney General Edward C. Crowe regard as significant the facts brought out that R. E. Lee was personally given the now famous $1,000 check intended for his brother, Lieutenant Governor John A. Lee. Daniel J. Kelley, according to Lieutenant Governor Lee, called his brother to his apartments at the Planters hotel and handed him the check.

"It is for your brother John," said the baking powder trust emissary, as quoted. "He will understand what it is for."

The check was dated March 20, and as far as can be learned Bob Lee has had it in his posession ever since.

By his own statement, Lieutenant Governor John A. Lee admits that Kelley had told him that he had some $20,000 to distribute, and that to himself $1,000 had been offered by Kelley on several occasions. Lieutenant Governor Lee says he refused all Kelley's offers, but knowing this offer had been made, the prosecutors, it is said, consider it strange that he should wait until the grand jury investigation was a week old to acquaint them with such important information.

Kelley, for whom Detective James Tracy is now speeding to New York to bring to St. Louis, has been set at liberty by the New York police, and Tracy may experience some difficulty in locating him.

**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.

## OUR FLOUR IN SIBERIA

### Some American Companies Who Have Not Been Straightforward in Their Dealings.

Special to The Journal.

Washington, April 10.—American flour trade in Siberia could be increased, according to Consular Agent R. T. Greener, in a report to the state department, if the methods of dealing were changed. Mr. Greener says:

"The fear of competition from native sources with our flour trade in Siberia has frequently been expressed. The price of flour, American and Manchurian, is advancing in Vladivostock. American flour, in my brief experience, has always been able to hold its own. As much again could have been sold if certain American flour companies had been straightforward in their dealings with Siberian merchants. In one case, coming under my immediate notice, several hundred sacks of corn meal were substituted for a choice brand of flour. But for instances of simliar character, our flour could have found a far more extensive market in Siberia.

"Notwithstanding the cheapness of Manchurian wheat at Harbin—10 to 12 cents gold per pood (36.112 pounds)—and the establishment of several mills of considerable size, Manchurian flour has not yet driven out American flour from Vladivostock, despite the greater cost and added duty, nor is there any visible diminution in the demand for our staple.

"Two days ago the steamship Lyra of the new Seattle-Vladivostock line, brought 84,000 poods (3,033,408 pounds) of American flour from Portland, and several smaller orders have been placed within the month."

—H. C. Stevens.

**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.

## CUPID'S MIRROR.

### The Secret of Woman's Beauty.

"The secret of a woman's beauty is not to be found in her dressing room or in the use of cosmetics, as cynics might intimate," says Max O'Rell, "but lies in resplendent health and a cheerful mind."

"The beauty of a woman's face or figure is but the external sign of the good health within," says Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, the specialist in women's diseases. Further, to be happy and beautiful one must naturally have good health. Now, if a woman has dragging-down feelings, together with constantly returning pains and aches, a too great drain upon her vitality and strength, she will never look beautiful. The feelings of nervousness, the befogged mind, the ill-temper, the pale and wrinkled face, all result from those disorders peculiar to women, and the only way to effect their cure is to strike at the source of the difficulty. In the first place a woman should know thoroughly her own system, and this is easily acquired knowledge, for there are a number of good doctor books on the market. 'The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser,' has perhaps been read more largely than any other, for it is now in its sixty-first edition, having printed nearly two million volumes.

Anyone can obtain this book by sending twenty-one cents in one-cent stamps for the paper-bound book, or thirty-one cents for the cloth-bound book, to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

WHY WOMEN SHOULD CONFIDE IN A MAN.

It is much easier for a woman to confide in the average man than in the average woman. She knows that the man will respect her confidences and keep them to himself. It is said that loyalty is usually lacking in the feminine make-up. Without a perfect understanding there can be no helpful advice, and not one woman in ten places implicit confidence in her own sex. The consciousness of her own weakness puts her on guard against the failings of all other women. In the same way a woman hardly feels like confiding her womanly troubles—her weakness due to diseases essentially feminine—to a woman. That is probably why women do not usually succeed as physicians. There is every reason why women should not trust their delicate constitutions in the hands of unskilled persons. It requires a thorough medical education to appreciate and understand the womanly organism. When a woman has ills and pains that she cannot bear—when life seems dark for any woman, she should confide her troubles to a physician of standing in the community or one who has a national reputation. Certainly it would not be the part of wisdom to confide in an ignorant person without medical education simply because she *was a woman*. There is every reason why she should write some great specialist, one who has made the diseases of women a specialty for a third of a century like Dr. R. V. Pierce, founder of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute of Buffalo, N. Y. All correspondence is held sacredly confidential, and he gives his advice free and without charge.

SINGLE AND MARRIED WOMEN

Very often find that it is repugnant to their feelings to consult their family physician. In such a case they can put perfect confidence in Dr. Pierce, who has made such a success in the treatment of women's diseases, for he will give the very best advice possible and without cost. To grow beautiful, healthy and happy should be the desire of every woman. It is then possible to hold a husband and to make home happy and bring contentment to it. In most cases Dr. R. V. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will fit the needs and put the body in healthy condition.

So sure of it is the World's Dispensary Medical Association, of Buffalo, N. Y., proprietors of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, that they offer

A $500 REWARD

For women who cannot be cured of Leucorrhea, Female Weakness, Prolapsus, or Falling of womb. All they ask is a fair and reasonable trial of their means of cure.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription restores weak and sick women to sound health, by curing the local womanly diseases which are generally responsible for the failure of the general health. A woman's entire being is centered in her womanly nature. When the delicate womanly organism is attacked by disease; when there is irregularity or a disagreeable drain; when inflammation burns and ulcers gnaw, the general health will reflect the progress of disease, in increasing weakness, nervousness, backache, headache, loss of appetite and sleeplessness.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures all these ailments, and cures them perfectly and permanently. It wipes out the record of suffering as a child wipes a sum from a slate. It makes the woman *feel* like a new woman, and *look* like one, because it rounds out the form and restores the healthy color to the face.

BIRTHS.

Diegel—Mr. and Mrs. John M., 1808 Seventh street S, boy.
Stanley—Mr. and Mrs. Charles, 400 Fourth street NE, boy.
McClay—Mr. and Mrs. Percy, 2625 First avenue S, boy.
Peterson—Mr. and Mrs. Swan J., 2942 Pillsbury avenue, girl.
Donovan—Mr. and Mrs. E. F., 2313 Dupont avenue N, girl.
Buchholz—Mr. and Mrs. Frank, 1317 Bryant avenue N, boy.
Magnuson—Mr. and Mrs. John, 1121 Fillmore street NE, boy.
Anderson—Mr. and Mrs. A. G., 2219 Nineteenth avenue S, girl.
Worrall—Mr. and Mrs. J. E., 3729 Stevens avenue, girl.

DEATHS.

Kanter—Bernhard, 511 Eleventh avenue S.
Sun—Antonio, 1614 University avenue.
Wheeler—Edward Charles, 123 W Twenty-ninth street.
Berg—F. R., 212 Second street SE.
Bellen—George, 1300 Sixth street S.
Aaker—Emma B., 906 Twenty-first avenue S.
Nickodym—Frank, Milwaukee tracks.
Stevens—John W., 3002 Harriet avenue.
Finson—Evaline J., 401 Logan avenue N.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

Irving Glynn and Freida Breitenstein.
Ludovic E. Peterson and Clara W. Lundquist.
Lawson W. Dymond and Grace L. Munger.
Gust Anderson and Jose W. Fredricksen.

# The Garden of Lies

By Justus Miles Forman

Copyright 1902 by Frederick A. Stokes Company.

CHAPTER XX.—Continued.

"Just a—moment, sir," he begged. "May I speak to you?"

The prince turned to him with a smile and laid his two hands upon Mallory's shoulders.

"Ah, good friend!" said he, "it cuts me deep to leave you here and to feel that I sha'n't see you again. You have given me so much, and I—why I've given you nothing at all save work and pain. It cuts me deep to leave you!"

"Why, sir," cried Denis, with a little embarrassed laugh, "why, sir, you've hit upon the very point; I don't want to be left."

"Yet I must go," said the prince. "You would not have me stay?"

"No, ah no, of course not," cried Denis. "You must go, sir, there's no doubt of that, but—I hardly know how to put it—you've been talking about how much you owe me, and—and all that rot, you know. Pay me out, sir. Take me with you to Novodnia! Let me fight for you down there."

I think every one of us held his breath for sheer astonishment. I know I cried out, "Denis, Denis! You're mad! What are you thinking of?" But he would not turn his head.

"Take you with me, Mr. Mallory?" said the prince in amusement, "take you with me? But—but your life here—your friends—your ties? Why our quarrel, la bas, is no quarrel of yours! Do you mean that you wish actually to take service in the Novodnian army? Are you quite serious?"

"Quite, sir!" declared Denis smiling into the other's puzzled eyes. His own eyes softened for a moment. "Why—why yes, sir, I've some friends to think of, have I not? 2 Aye three as good pals as ever a man boasted—— And there's a miracle, for friends have not just flocked about me of late years. They've been scarce, damned scarce!—Still, my friends wouldn't say me nay to going with you. Would you, Teddy lad? Would you, von Altdorf? Would you, MacKenzie? No, they'd say I couldn't do better—— Fighting's my trade, sir. I was bred to it and I've done little else—and that little badly. I've served under five flags and I'd like to serve under the Novodnian banner for the sixth. They'd tell you good of me, sir, should you ask where I might mention. They might speak ill of my living, but they'd tell you good tales of my fighting. Faith, I commanded an army, in the field once! To be sure," he added with that whimsical touch that never left him in a serious moment, "to be sure it wasn't just a first-class army, and I blush to admit that it was roundly defeated, but it was an experience for all that. Nay, sir, let me go with you, serve you, fight for you, help to seat you firm again on your throne. I've nothing to hold me here. Let me be about a useful business. I've served you and—and the—princess here, let me serve you and—the princess in the field."

"You go into the keenest danger, Mr. Mallory," warned the prince, looking steadily upon him. "Our lives must be held cheap when once we've entered Novodnia."

"I have no love for my life, sir," he said quietly. And I think the prince understood.

He reached for Denis' hand and took it between his own and wrung it warmly.

"Then you shall go!" he cried, "and I thank heaven for it! I wish I had more gentlemen in my service in which I could place such faith and to whom I could intrust such difficulties. We leave at midnight, Mr. Mallory."

He was turning away when von Altdorf spoke.

"And I, sir? I go, of course?" He spoke a bit anxiously, for I think he feared lest the prince might leave him to guard the Princess Eleanor.

The prince laid a hand upon his arm, and gave a little laugh, a sad, little wistful laugh.

"Alas, my mentor!" said he. "Must we come to odds again? I go to my post of duty as you bid me—indeed, I needed not the bidding, once the need of me was made evident—but it was in my mind that you should stay. Ah, colonel, I leave you to guard what is dearer to—what is next dearest to me after the welfare of my state and people. I leave the princess in your care as I might leave her in the care of no other. Your trust is the highest of any—— Still, I do not command, colonel, I do not insist. I beg. It is my dearest wish that you stay."

Colonel von Altdorf turned away with a little sigh.

"As you will, sir!" said he. "I had hoped for some fighting, but if I can serve you better here, I'll stay. So that you go yourself, and as speedily as possible, I have nothing more to ask."

MacKenzie had meanwhile gone on ahead, so that when the prince came up through the garden, and entered the house, a servant was waiting to say that if his highness would be so good as to make himself comfortable in the music-room, Madam would be down soon.

He had not long to wait till his wife appeared. She had clad herself in a loose house gown that hung about her in long, straight folds, and a little whim of woman's coquetry had led her to fasten at her bosom two or three pink roses fresh and fragrant and beautiful. She looked tired about the eyes, and she was paler than her wont, but she seemed not at all ill or weak. She gave the prince her hand and sat down near him by a window.

"Sir Gavin has been telling me all about it—Karl,' said she, "that the country is in the gravest danger, and that you must go there at once. I understand, quite. You mustn't be away from your post of duty, must you? Alas, you shouldn't have left it at all, Karl!"

The prince threw out his hands with a little gesture of helplessness.

"There is something stronger than duty, Eleanor," said he. "No, I shouldn't have come away. It was wrong, selfish, criminal if you like, but—there's something stronger than duty. At least there has been something. Duty must be first, now."

"Ah, I know, I know!" cried the princess, softly. "You came for me, Karl. I shouldn't be the one to reproach you, should I? And I've brought you nothing but rouble and grief and danger. I should think you'd hate me, Karl, dread hearing my very name. I think I must be something of a witch—are there witches now? there used to be when I was little—I seem to carry calamity with me. But I am not quite like the witches, after all, for the heaviest of the calamity I suffer myself. It would have been a very good thing, I think, if I could have died when I was so terribly ill. Think what every one would have been saved."

"Oh, Eleanor, Eleanor!" cried Prince Karl, "you wring my heart! You must not talk so. You're tired still, my queen, despondent. When you are quite strong and rested once more you will be glad to live for the very joy of living. You are too beautiful to be unhappy."

The princess gave a weary little smile. "Is beauty then a source of happiness?" she asked. "I hadn't noticed—— Ah, Karl, all this is beside the question! The question is, what's to become of us? What are we to do? I've been thinking of it deeply. I used to sit and think of it—to keep myself from going mad, I fancy—while I was in the hands of those—those men. And I came to the conclusion that if ever I was rescued, if ever I got safely away, I'd do as you wish me to. I shall come to you when you want me. No, wait! Hear me out! You mustn't misunderstand me. You mustn't think that I've come to—love you, you know, or anything like that. I think"—she turned her head and looked out through the window to the trees that swayed in the warm breeze—"I think that all the love has gone out of me forever. Perhaps I'm wrong. Perhaps it is only paralyzed for a time, but I think it's quite dead. I seem not to be able to feel that—that sort of thing for anyone now—— Ah, it was a cruel, cruel trick they played upon me, wasn't it? Well meant though it may have been.

"No, I don't love you, Karl, not in that way, but I've brought you so much trouble and grief that the least I can do is to give you the rest of my life, if you want it. I shall be a faithful wife to you and—if it shall seem best, later, to raise me to sit beside you, I shall try to be a good princess and a kind one. I shall try to make your—our people love me. Is that enough, Karl? Do you want me on such terms? It isn't the way a wife should come to her husband, is it, offering him the remainder of a crippled life for which she has no love; finding in herself none of the thing that makes life beautiful, to offer him? But such as I am, such as I can bring you, you may take me when you will. It mustn't be now, must it? We must wait till this danger is over, till the country is at peace again. It would but give your enemies a fresh grievance. No, you must go alone, this time, but when you're ready, Karl, send for me, and I'll come. You have my promise."

The Prince of Novodnia dropped upon one knee and took his wife's hand in both his and kissed it. His own hands trembled a little under hers and his eyes were moist.

"You are the noblest woman in the world, Eleanor," said he, "as you are the most beautiful. You promise me a life so near to Heaven that I tremble to think of it. You do not love me now —— Nay, let us be honest, you never really loved me, even long ago before—before that dreadful veil fell. But I pray that you may come to love me in the future. It seems to me that no love so great as mine could fail, in time, to win a love in return. I shall be an abler general, Eleanor, a brave soldier, a beter ruler for what you've promised me just now. Old von Altdorf shall have a better word to say for me before the next month is over."

He rose to his feet and stood before her, heels together, at attention.

"Have I your leave to go, Princess?" he asked. He was holding his lips in a thin, firm line, and he frowned a little in his effort to remain calm. It tore him sadly, poor gentleman, to leave her as he must, for what might be the last time. He knew well enough the peril that lay before him.

But the Princess Eleanor bent her head with a little, kind, tender smile and watched him while he marched stiffly out of the room, turning at the door to bow again and go through it backward, bowing still, as one leaves the presence of royalty.

Then the princess turned her head upon the high stuffed back of the chair, and laid her cheek against it with a little moan of utter hopeless dreariness.

Her cousin Jessica Mannering happening into the room an hour later, found her so, and dropped upon her knees beside the chair holding the princess' hand against her cheek.

"He's gone, Eleanor?" she whispered. "The prince has gone."

"Yes, oh yes, he's gone," said the princess. "I have promised to follow him when he sends for me, when the troubles and fighting are over."

"Eleanor, Eleanor," cried Miss Mannering into her cousin's face. "You—you're going to him?—to the prince? After—everything? Oh, Eleanor. Why," she went on presently, in a shocked, amazed voice, "why, it's wicked—it's, it's—almost immoral. You don't love him. You can never love him after—what has—happened. Oh, say, you're not going, dear."

"Why, yes," said the princess, quietly, "I'm going. Love him? Oh, no. I shall never love any one again. You don't seem to understand. That part of me is quite dead. But I shall make him happy. What does my happiness matter?"

"And you'll go," said Miss Jessica Mannering, slowly. "You'll go to this simple, faithful gentleman, as his wife, when you love another man—will love him as long as you live? Ah, surely, you're not the Eleanor I've known."

"I don't love the other man," cried the princess, in a hoarse, shaking voice. "I don't love him. I tell you I hate him. I can't think of him without a shudder. Oh, Jess, Jess, help me not to think of him, dream mad, sweet dreams of him, see his face, night and day, before me. Don't talk of him, Jess darling. Help me to forget him. Help me to hate him as I must hate him, Jessica. I'm another man's wife; I'm the prince's wife, and I'm going to him soon. Jess, help me to hate the man I—love. God forgive me; the man I must love till I—die. Oh, Jess, Jess, do you know what love is? It's the bitterest agony in all God's bitter world."

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

Elise Scherf and husband to Crown Sidewalk company, lot 5, block 1, Forest Place addition, $200.

John W. Sterling to William Cranak et al., lots 8 and 9, block 15, B. S. Wright's addition, $700.

Edmund B. Vandewater to Thomas Gorny, lot 24, block 9, Cutter's addition, $2,000.

Olaus Thorp and wife to George H. Elwell; lot 10, block 30, East Side addition, $500.

Bardwell-Robinson company to Michael Grindl, lot 12, block 29, Fairmount Park, $500.

Fred M. Youngerman and wife to A. G. Holindale, lot 29, block 2, Penn Avenue addition, $900.

Nellie E. McClatchie and husband to Clara E. Isham, lot 5, block 2, Crum's addition, $1,800.

Garfield Meyer to William S. Kneeland, lots 15 and 16, Maywood addition, $825.

Hattie I. Wederath to Carl G. Larson and wife, lot 17, block 5, Fair Grounds addition, $350.

Erick Lund and wife et al to Watson D. Merrick et al., lots 1, 2 and 19, block 3, Sunnyside addition, $140,000.

Coursen M. Heard and wife to Michael McAndrews, lots 15 and 16, block 7, Williams' addition, $300.

Fred R. Webster to E. D. De Pue, lot 27, block 3, Lauderdale's subdivision, $300.

Walter Gregory and wife to John W. Runberg, lot 23, block 10, Whitcomb's subdivision, $400.

James S. Nolan and wife to Ole C. Sather and wife, lot 4, block 24, Fairmount Park, $750.

Upton Land and Improvement company to Charles Schneider, lots 13 and 14, block 61, West Minneapolis, $150.

William M. Crawford and wife to James E. Smith, lot 9, block 1, Baker's addition, $2,800.

George C. Merrill and wife to Mary Stepanek, lots 16 to 22, block 99, West Minneapolis, second division, $160.

Francis M. Fiegle and wife to Rose E. Thomsen, lots 6 to 15, block 2, Dean Park, $3,000.

George Anderson to Rose E. Thomsen, lots 1 to 5, and 16 to 20, block 2, Dean Park, $3,000.

Rose E. Thomsen to Herbert A. Vrooman, lots 1 to 20, block 2, Dean Park, $6,000.

Trustees of Diocese of Vermont to Hattie I. Wederath, lot 17, block 5, Fair Ground addition, $300.

Henry L. Doutney et al. to Charles E. Yeoman, west half of lots 15 and 16, block 26, Jackson, Daniels & Whitney's addition, $3,475.

Lovina White to City of Minneapolis, in section 15-28-24, $800.

Francis M. Fiegle and wife to Mary L. Black, lot 3, block 4, Harrison's second addition, $1,500.

James W. Wright to Bertha Bertleson et al., lot 8, block 2, Gale's First addition, $1,500.

Otto Reich and wife to Henry Aive, in section 11-119-24, $4,000.

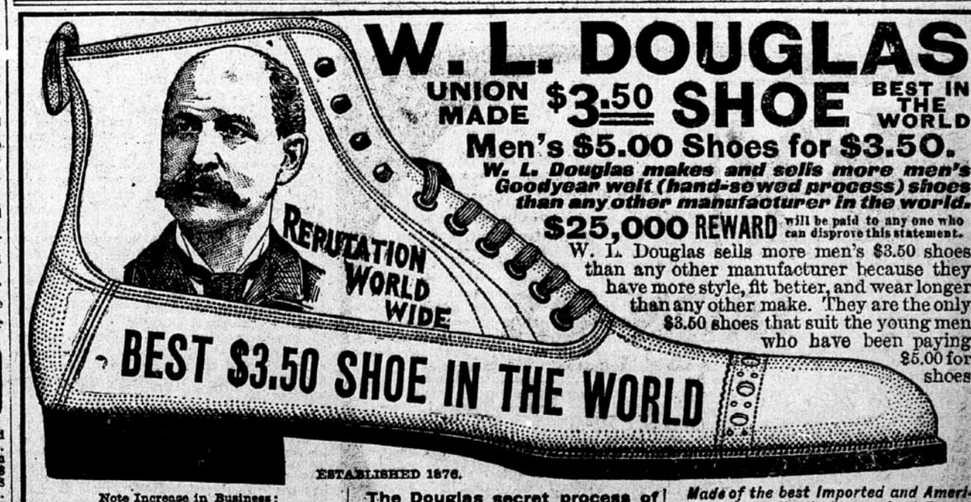
Twenty-two minor and unpublished deeds, $426.

Total, 48 deeds, $172,536.

Edwardsville, Ill.—The spectacle of a young lady clad only in her night raiment traced across the country by bloodhounds was presented at Edwardsville. Miss Lulu Huertig of Worden has been ill for a week with lung fever and yesterday became delirious. While in this condition she left her bed at 4 a. m. and made her escape out of a window.

## RUPTURE CURED

Our readers troubled with rupture will be glad to learn of the existence of a perfect truss. After thorough investigation on our part, we can highly recommend the F. Buchstein Co., 608 First av S, Minneapolis, makers of the FAMOUS RADICAL CURE TRUSS, as a reliable firm. Those who have had dealings with them are convinced of the superiority of their R. C. Truss. The following letter is conclusive evidence of the merit of their truss.

My Good Friends: I am an old preacher, a member of the Little Rock conference, 80 years old. I have been severely ruptured on my right side 20 years. During that time I used eight different trusses, from which I received no aid—all failed. I bought your Radical Cure Truss, wore it according to your directions, and my old 20-year rupture entirely disappeared, and I am sound and well. Your said truss was a great boon to me. It was a real godsend. For that truss I owe you a debt of gratitude greater than I shall ever be able to pay. Ever your true friend, (Rev.) James M. Cline.

Fenton, Ark.