don't want his name, do you?"

"He was right there, miss."

niss! There's as good fish-"

"Shall we throw it in now?"

comprehending nod.

"You wouldn't, miss."

into the river as she could.

was only my duty."

'Some of 'em do!"

-and get unhappy again?"

"I've got another ring, anyhow."

"Let me put it on once Late"

'Am I to keep it-and steal looks at

"You're right. It's better in the river.

She took it and put it on the third finger of her left hand again. After a

deliberately defiant look at the policeman, she kissed it. Then she drew it off and flung it after its case-as far out

"I don't suppose we shall ever speak to one another again," she said, "but you've been kind to me. I'm grateful."

"I didn't mean to intrude, miss. It

"I know. I never thought how odd it

She gave him her left hand. He

watched her as she sped swiftly across

the road and past the big buildings.

There were cabs at the foot of Northum-

"Lucky she didn't want to chuck her-

Next day the round of his varied and

interesting duties called him to the task

of regulating the "setting-down" and "taking-up" of carriages at the entrance

to St. Margaret's Church. The occasion

was one of interest. The church itself

was crowded; carriages and cars were

there in a swarm, and the policeman was kept busy in the exercise of his discreet omnipotence. So he missed the ingoing

of the bride, all veiled, on her father's arm, and had to take it on trust, from a

junior comrade, that she was a "spicy piece of goods!" It was a soldier's wed-

ding; he was an old soldier, and grew

warm at heart when he saw the uniforms

wedding to tell his wife about at supper;

Fate was kind to him and his domestic

reputation. He had marshalled his car-

riages and cars in the neatest order be-

fore the service in the church was over;

the carriage that was to receive the

newly married pair headed the line, and

he stood by it, hot, but satisfied. Music

pealed muffled from within; bride and

tween the rows of his comrades who held

the carriage. But he saw her directly

suffering him to see the fine, delicately

cut features which had been turned to

a much larger boy, threatened to slug

self in too!" reflected the policeman.

berland avenue, and she got into one.

policeman.

any more now."

"Not at present, at all events, miss."

"I got a letter from him-he told me

match for him-a girl very much richer

cur as he looked. And he asked me,

if I had ever cared for him at the not

to make it too hard for him, and to



RIVER AND RING.

An Episode of the London Embankment That Illustrated an Old and True Saying.

BY ANTHONY HOPE

(Copyright, 1914, by the Newspaper Enterprise Association.)

a dark and gusty night; rain lamps, and the policeman's waterproof cape flashed back as it were an answer-The few people about scurried hard for home or some makeshift shelter-no need to bid them "move on"! The policeman had his beat, and his

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nal Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited. 175



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TWO WOMEN SAVED FROM **OPERATIONS**

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound-Their Own Stories Here Told.

Edmonton, Alberta, Can. - "I think it is no more than right for me to thank you for what your kind advice and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound have

"When I wrote to you some time ago I was a very sick woman suffering from female troubles. I had organic inflammation and could not stand or walk any distance. At last I was confined to my bed, and the doctor said I would have to go through an operation, but this I refused to do. A friend advised Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and now, after using three bottles of it, I feel like a new woman. I most heartily recommend your medicine to all women who suffer with female troubles. I have also taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills, and think they are fine. I will never be without the medicine in the house."--Mrs. FRANK EMSLEY, 903 Columbia Avenue, Edmonton, Alberta.

The Other Case.

Beatrice, Neb .- "Just after my marriage my left side began to pain me and the pain got so severe at times that I suffered terribly with it. I visited three doctors and each one wanted to operate on me but I would not consent to an op-eration. I heard of the good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was doing for others and I used several botties of it with the result that I haven't been bothered with my side since then. I am in good health and I have two little girls."-Mrs. R. B. CHILD, Beatrice, Neb.

Our Saturday Night's Story

beat lay along the Embankment at the Westminster end; his thoughts were wholly set on wondering how long the hands of the clock in the tower up there would take to cover what was professedly only half an hour; the boom of ten o'clock from Big Ben would set him

He strolled along with the ponderous passivity that characterizes the policeman unemployed. Yet the next moment his eye-his human eye, not his professional-brightened somewhat at the sight of a graceful figure leaning against the parapet just under a lamp. He strolled more slowly, aiming at noiselessness—for he did not wish to disturb the girl; she was obviously engrossed in thought, gaz-ing across to the wharfs on the Surrey side, her hands clasped and elbows rest ing on the parapet. She was draped from neck to feet in a long cloak; to the pelt of the rain she seemed quite in-

When the policeman was some ten paces from her, he stopped suddenly; she had unclasped her hands, and by that action revealed a small object which had lain hidden between them. It was now drizzled and now whistled down; a little case; the next moment the pothe wet pavement gleamed under the liceman-her preoccupation allowed him to steal gradually up to her-saw her open it; with one hand she took out a ring; with the other she flung the case into the river. Then she put the ring on the third finger of her left hand and

pretty well to himself. His of spending your time, ain't it?" along the Embankment at the "What do you mean?" she asked, turning and facing him squarely. "The case-well, that's not so funny cases tell tales. But I was thinking that you might only have thought of throwing the ring after it quite latelysince you've seen me, in point of fact.

Anything in that ?" She looked at him a moment longer, and then smiled tentatively. "Oh!" she said slowly, in the tone of one who makes a discovery. "You're thinking-?" Her smile broadened a little, developing a dimple in her left cheek. "I suppose it must look curious!

"Well, it does a bit, miss." Her air and the quality of her voice extorted the "miss" from him in spite of his sus-

"Of course I thought nobody would see

The policeman's face remained gravely irresponsive to the hint of appeal in her words. An alarm-yet rather hamorous than serious-showed in her ex. "You really mustn't take no up!" she said. "That would be not awkward.

everything?" "Couldn't you beam by explaining a to make it too hard for him, and to bit now, miss? A so bit to go on with, keep his ring for the sake of old times. so to speak."

I-I suppose I should have to explain-

"Oh, why now she murmured, as though to herself. "It must have looked funny," she acknowledged again. "But I hadn't worn it for nearly three years. seemed to study the effect it made so | So I thought I'd put it on just once more

DCE

smiled again.

me say."

"It looks worth money.

she'd come honestly by it."

and see how it-how it used to look

"Not very much. The friend who gave

"I've got my duty to do, miss." A

keep it honestly. So"-she drew the

fter the case."

| ring off her finger—"it's best at the bothe, in some odd way seemed to be transformed by the case of the river."

"When she returned I was outdoors

walking barefoot in the snow. She ran

forward, took me in her arms, and with

tears streaming down her face, hurried

into the house. She dried and rubbed

my feet before the fire and, warming me all through, put me back in bed.

No harm came of that experience, let

A Rough Life.

the most part they are of the rough

Reference is made to an ancient Can-

She Kissed It and Flung It Far Out Into the River.

In an instant the policeman became And just then you came up!"



that he loved me best still, but that he that he knew sething about it which couldn't stand the pressure put on him nobody else in the church or square by the family. They had found a great knew, save only the girl who walked knew, save only the girl who walked there in bridal white. Something of a and greater than I am. Then he went on to ask me to forgive him and not Word she see him? He had a queer

think too badly of him. He said he knew longing the she should. But her eyes were orthodoxly downcast. He was grateful to a man in the crowd who "But if I understood how he was raised a cheer. It met with a kindly replaced, I shouldn't think him quite such Conse; the bridegroom was a wellknown and popular man. The cheer made her look up and smile and glance from side to side.

"Surely she must see me!" thought the He said that if I sent it bank he'd think policeman as he stood burly, motionless, I meant that he was the work kind of rooted to the place which discipline assigned him. Suddenly her lips parted, "I'd have sent it back," observed the as though in eagerness; then came the smile again-last night's smile, born of "I kept it as the one thing in the world I had left. But I can't keep it humor, not of happiness-and the faintest tinge of color in her cheeks. Her eyes rested on him for a moment, and "Got over your feelings? That's right, he heard her voice, though nobody else did: "You see now why it's better at the bottom of the river!" she said. As "I see, miss," said the policeman with she passed into the carriage, his hand flew to the salute. "Well, considering at hings, it is better there, ain't it, many

"She did speak to me again after all!" he was crying behind his stolid mask.
(THE END.)

NEW LEADER LOOMS UP IN MEXICO



[Special Correspondence.]

Tepic, Mexico, May 20. — While the powers have been watching Villa, Zapata, Carranza and wondering which would be the conqueror and successor of Huerta, a new figure has silently worked among the rebels—General Obregon. Obregon today has the finest troops in Mexico. There are 17,000 of them, well drilled and faithful. Obregon himself is warm at heart when he saw the uniforms passing in to ornament the scene. Moreover, he was always pleased to have a Vilia. He will not co-operate with Villa. wedding to tell his wife about at supper; that amused her. But even his tale of the wedding would be held a lame one if the could not so much as see the bride.

Fate was kind to him and his domestic.

Fate was kind to him and his domestic.

tract logger in New Brunswick. I went up the St. John River with fourteen men. We travelled in canoes. Fo began my personal work in the forest. "About that time, or a little later, I came to the notice of Jefferson Sinclair, the Napoleon of all lumbermen the world over, then and since. had been operating in Maine. I was an active boy. Sinclair took a fancy to me and I accompanied him to Bangor, which was his home, where I went to school for a year. Sinclair made me a member of his family and always

"Sinclair always wanted me to stay with him. I thought, however, that I would like to be a sailor. The old man didn't say much, but toward the close of the season he got me a place before the mast on a sailing-vessel on Lake Michigan. I have always believed that he had some private arrange-ments with the captain. At all events, I was kept on deck, well forward, and almost froze to death. The treatment was successful, though I didn't lose interest in ships, and not a great while afterward owned a vessel carrying lumber to Chicago and bringing merchandise back.

"I was trained by Sinclair, going with him into the woods, driving a sixox team, learning how to judge standing pine, and to sell it after it was cut down and run through the mill. Sinclair wanted to keep me. Maybe he was a little selfish in that respect. Went Into Logning.

"I realized, too, that my association with him did me a great deal of good. It gave me standing with other lumbermen. I had fifteen or twenty good offers to go into business before I came of age. In time I got into logging on my own account. Then I bought pine land. Little by little I expanded my

operations." doubtless be the death of any average

"Hard work outdoors is the best advice I know of. Work keeps people

in meat, is infinitely more easy to digest-consequently better for you. Ask for Kellogo

Meat May Be Injurious

and Is Expensive!

jury to their health, but it's hard on their pockets.

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eat it daily—these pay in both health and purse.

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with drastic drugs. dyspepsia, gastritis, and other stomach try it.

Keep this perfect stomach doctor in your home—keep it handy—get a large fifty-cent case from any drug store, and then if anyone should eat something which doesn't agree with them; You don't want a slow remedy when if what they eat lies like lead, feryour stomach is bad-or an uncertain ments and sours and forms gas;

one-or a harmful one-your stomach causes headache, dizziness and nausea; is too valuable; you mustn't injure it eructations of acid and undigested food-remember as soon as Pape's Pape's Diapepsin is noted for its Diapepsin comes in contact with the speed in giving relief; its harmless- stomach, all such distress vanishes. Its ness; its certain unfailing action in promptness, certainty and ease in regulating sick, sour, gassy stomachs, overcoming the worst stomach disorits millions of cures in indigestion, ders is a revelation to those who

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be economically consumed. I have used at the man's question, and writes him medicine with judgment. In my me-

moirs I will say that for twelve years at Marinette we were entirely with-out preachers, doctors, and lawyers, got along very well, although a preacher might have done us good and no harm.

"I used to go into the woods with sixty men or more and stay all winter. No one ever became sick. No one ever And so it went. Now his interests died. Now and then some one might are manifold and his wealth reaches get the stomachache from eating too into eight figures; but he has not heavily of beans. Bring the same men ceased to work, to love living, and to into town near doctors and drug-stores be human. His view of life is well and they will have to take medicine, shown in his advice to one who would Drug-stores with their colored lights (D. V.,) live to the age of eighty-five and their fancy fixings are intended to attract the attention of well men and scriptions of similar nature, it would to set them thinking about themselves. to set them thinking about themselves.
"A man with a bad taste in his

mouth, imagining that he is going to die, hurries away to a doctor's office, if there is one near by. If the doctor know of. Work keeps people if there is one near by. If the doctor soffice, if there is one near by. If the doctor around. Manifestly his unusuality is peen a steady eater. It is had been a steady eater in the steady eater. It is had been a steady eater in the steady eater. It is had been a steady eater in the steady eater in the steady eater. It is had been a steady eater in the steady eater in the steady eater in the steady eater. It is had been a steady eater in the steady eater in the steady eater in the steady eater. It is had been a steady eater in the steady eater in the steady eater in the steady eater.

a prescription that no one can read but the druggist, and even he has a hard job on his hands sometimes." Most characteristic of the man, finds the interviewer, was his manner during the interview. For over an hour he stood up as he talked.

Twice he took snuff from a round silver box which he caches in his breeches-pocket—a delicate pinch on each occasion, a surreptitious pinch, it might be said, which he inhaled almost unnoticeably.

Half way through the second hour,

the radiator near him having grown uncomfortably warm, Isaac Stephenson looked backward, saw a chair, and, as a matter of habit, sat down. His standing and his sitting in the manner here related are only interesting, because Isaac Stephenson is eighty-five years old. His generation is in lions, his political distinction, and his

when that gray-headed old fellow was His marvelous memory runs

roit Free Press the principal events

in the life of Senator Isaac Stephen-con, the richest man in Congress. Be-

ginning as chef of a lumber-camp,

never borrowing a dollar in his life, taking hard knocks as they came to

nim, and often inviting them when

they did not, this youth of eighty-five

professional. He was by her side.

in tint and with lage eyes.

you?" he asked.

"Seeing how it looks on you?" he

She turned to him with a start, show-

ing a small, delict Aly featured face, pale

"Didn't want to keep the case, didn't

"I didn't want to keep the case-and,

yes, I am seeing how it looks on me,"

she answered in a composed voice.

"And when I have in how it looks on

me, I'm going to the w it in the river,

rings into the Thames is a funny way

has reaped enough of the world's experiences to stock a half-dozen of average lives. He remarks, after being greeted by an acquaintance: "I had lived a long time and was ready to die back, clear and distinct, to that day and far beyond, over eighty years into the past.
"My memory of events begins when

was two years and ten months old.

U. S. TROOPER'S FATE MUST BE EXPLAINED



Samuel Parks OUNDERWOOD PUNDERWOOD

Washington, May 30.—The fate of Samuel Parks, of Funston's Fifth Brigade, who, while temporarily crazed by heat, rode into the Mexican lines and disappeared, will have to be explained by Huerta and Maas. Secretary Bryan has submitted an inquiry to Huerta, and Secretary Garrison has asked Maas to explain

us under the ear and knock us down if we didn't stand up and fight like How To Live To Be Four Score; men. Everybody fought in those days, old and young. Told By a Famous Lumberman "I used to drive forty or sixty miles Under the Caption "How to Live That is more than eighty-two years Eighty-five Years and Still Be Happy," ago. In April, 1832—I was three on the 18th of June—the four children in the 18th of June—the four children in four family were down with the meas-

it to me wasn't rich-when he gave it to bridegroom came out and passed be-

"My missus would call it pretty fine! back the spectators. He was farthest Folks down our street wouldn't think from the door on his side and nearest

"And you don't think I have?" She she came out; her veil thrown back

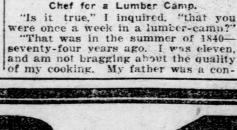
touch of apology softened his sturdiness. him under the Embankment lamp the "I came honestly by it, but I can't night before. This fashionable func-

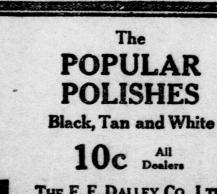
"Wait a bit, miss!" he said sharply, intimate side, of it. It was very possible

between logging-camps. Supplies were My hands were so numb with cold that I couldn't hold a pencil, let alone write. I had to remember item by item all that I was told-sled-bolts of various lengths and so on. For twenty-nine years I went My mother put a new log on the fishing up the Menominee River. There fire, tucked us snugly in our beds, and said she would go up the road a short were never more than forty-three perns in the party and never fewer than distance to see Mrs. Day, who was thirty-one-lovs and guests."

> "boys" were his sailors. "Boys' run his furnaces, works, and mil's. "Boys" cultivate his farms. The maids in his house are hired gir's. "I never use the word 'servant," he said. It's not American; I wince when I hear others say it.

"I gave an order offhand for the supplies we wanted on the first trip," he continued speaking of his fishing This memory of his earliest youth starts a flood of reminiscences. For xpedition. "I didn't overlook any trifles or necessities. Thought matches and the quantity, and fishhooks, of course. So it was from sea-son to season for twenty-nine years life of his lumbering-days, the period that seems to stand out clearest in his without a break, big or little, in the memory and to remain dearest to his heart. We read: record."





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