

KNOWS NO SUPERIOR.

As a Driver of Trotters Millard Sanders Reigns Supreme.

Remarkable Turf History of the Man Who Drove Lou Dillon When She Made the Record of a Mile in Two Minutes.

Millard F. Sanders, who drove Lou Dillon in her recent race at Readville, Mass., when the sensational trotting mare stepped a mile in 2:00, not only establishing a world's record, but turning a trick which has been the ambition of the trotting horse world to reach since Maud S. brought the mark within hailing distance, is a St. Louisian born and bred.

Though he has not visited the Mound City in 25 years, he is well known to the older residents of that staid and venerable town.

His success with harness horses during the last few years has been nothing short of phenomenal, notable among his achievements being his campaign with the great mare Anzella, 2:06 1/2, during the 1902 season.

Mr. Sanders is a pupil of the old-time noted reinsman, R. S. Carr, who, in the '60s, enjoyed the distinction of owning two of the greatest trotters of the day—Dixie, 2:30, and Tackey, 2:26.

At that time Mr. Sanders was just branching out as a successful driver. The black horse, Guy, which won a free-for-all, beating Rosaline Wilkes and White Stockings, among others, was the first horse he drove.

Mr. Sanders went from St. Louis to Cleveland, O., and secured employment with W. J. Gordon. Mr. Gordon owned a large stock farm and Mr. Sanders was commissioned to do the purchasing.

He was told to "buy the horse of the century," Clingstone, 2:14, was Mr. Sanders' purchase, and that horse, driven to a high-wheel sulky, was one of the stars of his time.

Clemma L, 2:15; Mambrino-Sparole, 2:17; Nobby, 2:17; and William H., 2:18, were among Clingstone's associates at the Gordon farm the years Mr. Sanders was in charge.

Mr. Sanders left Gordon's employ after having worked for the Ohioan for 15



MILLARD F. SANDERS. (The Man Who Drove Lou Dillon to Two-Minute Victory.)

years. He then started a public training stable in New York. He gave it up in two years' time and was signed by Count Valensin to go to California and take charge of his stable.

In one year Mr. Sanders developed two world's champions. They were Frou Frou, 2:25 1/4, a time made as a yearling, driven to a high-wheel sulky, and Fosto, 2:23 1/4, a pacer, also a yearling.

The veteran reinsman has to his credit five yearlings with records better than 2:30 and one with a mark of 2:32.

Sydney was the star of Count Valensin's stable. Mr. John Turner, of Philadelphia, offered \$100,000 for Sydney after the death of the count.

Mr. Sanders then went to work for the management of the Oakwood stock farm. He again had great luck, winning many races and giving the colt J. F. B. a record of 2:25 as a yearling.

In 1901 he came east again and had two good money winners in Dollie Dillon, 2:07, and Janice, 2:08 1/4. Janice held the world's trotting record for a mile and an eighth until a year ago.

During the 1902 season Mr. Sanders campaigned Anzella with great success. She started 12 times against the greatest trotters in America, including Lord Derby, Maj. Delmar, Susie J., Rhythmic, Nut-bearer and Monte Carlo, and won eight sets of brackets. In Anzella's four other starts she was second.

Dollie Dillon was in poor form during the 1902 season and Anzella was Mr. Sanders' chief bread winner. Sir Albert V., another speed marvel which he drove, hung up a record of 2:03 1/2. In his match race with Prince Alert he was beaten after pacing the first quarter in 28 1/4. In this race Prince Alert went the half mile in :57 1/4, which is a world's record.

Mr. Sanders is now in charge of the Santa Rosa stock farm of California. He is 47 years of age and easily one of America's premier drivers.

Bridal Couple in Ox Cart. In an old-fashioned ox cart, the wheels and body of which were be- decked with flowers and with the oxen bearing streamers of gay ribbons and a yoke of blossoms, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Cassidy rode from the railway station at Southford, Conn., to Oxford on the second stage of their honeymoon journey.

They were married in Waterbury and went by train to Southford, intending to visit Mrs. Kate Frazer, of Oxford, an aunt of the bride. Friends met them with the ox cart. For two miles over hill and dale the gay party rode. Along the road farmers in the field stopped to cheer the young couple, for many old shoes dangling from the cart advertised the significance of the occasion.

Where Duelling is Popular. France has about 4,000 duels a year, and Italy 2,800 on an average.

DOG SWALLOWED PURSE.

The Leather Agreed with Him, But He Could Not Digest a \$20 Gold Piece.

That the appetite for indigestible articles is not confined to the goat has been proven by a valuable bulldog owned by Thomas J. Hamlin, editor of the Minneapolis Union.

The dog, which is about two years old, has been in the habit of playing about the house, frequently getting hold of ornaments, books, fancy work and other articles usually within reach. At one time Mr. Hamlin noticed that the dog seemed to be in pain. He whined continually, would eat nothing and was restless. An investigation revealed the fact that the dog had swallowed a small atomizer and a rubber ball.

Saturday morning, before starting for town, Mr. Hamlin went to a table on which he had placed a chamois-



DOG LOOKED DEPRESSED. (Eating \$20 Gold Piece Did Not Agree With His Digestion.)

skin purse containing \$52 in gold and bills the night before. Much to his surprise the purse was not there, and an extensive search failed to reveal it.

Shortly afterward the dog came into the room, apparently much depressed and lifeless. Recognizing the symptoms as identical with those which had appeared when the dog had swallowed the atomizer and knowing his appetite for articles of all kinds, Mr. Hamlin's suspicions were at once aroused. He watched the dog closely all day, vainly coaxing it to eat, but the animal refused to do so.

In the morning the dog was taken to a veterinary surgeon for an examination. Bismuth was injected into the stomach to darken its walls, and the animal was then subjected to an examination under the strongest test of the X-rays. To the astonishment of the surgeon, the purse was located in the dog's stomach and the \$20 gold piece which was in the purse was plainly visible. A successful operation was performed and the purse recovered.

STICKS TO INSURANCE.

John A. McCall Not Carried Away by the Fleeting Honors of Political Office.

Shortly before President Roosevelt tendered the war portfolio to Judge Taft it was rumored in New York and Boston that the post, soon to be made vacant by the retirement of Secretary Root, had been tendered to John A. McCall, president of the New York Life Insurance company, and famous the world over as a business executive without a peer. At the age of 54 Mr. McCall has the mental and physical activity of men half his years. He entered the insurance business



JOHN A. MCCALL. (Insurance Man Who is Said to Have Declined Cabinet Position.)

as a bookkeeper, and so progressed that in 1892, at the age of 43, he was made president of the New York Life. With him in the cabinet the administration would have been in close touch with the great financial interests of New York. But plausible as the political part of the rumor of Mr. McCall's appointment was, it was not credited in insurance circles, because insurance men did not for a moment believe that he could afford to give up his magnificent salary as president of the New York Life for the fleeting honors of a political place.

American Street Railways. The street railway companies of the United States, 987 in number, make returns showing an investment of \$2,308,000,000.

AN ITALIAN REPRISAL

By HELEN M. GIVINS

WHEN Willis ran into St. Peter's to escape one of the sudden downpours so prevalent in Rome during the summer months, he was still possessed by the sense of injury that had been his ever since he had hurried down the slope of the Janiculum an hour before, and had failed to see little Rosetta leaning over the wall near Tasso's oak.

At their last meeting, as she told him, between the bursts of weeping, of her father's determination to have her wedding take place within a month, Willis had understood the necessity of putting an end to the romance an idle spring day and a peasant's fête had been responsible for.

It had all been idyllic and innocent enough. Being a good fellow in the main, and moreover, not wildly in love, Willis was capable of a sharp twinge of conscience when he realized the child's distaste for a marriage about which she had at first prattled happily enough. But Rosetta was so pretty, so full of distress! Who could resist the temptation of seeing her once more? Besides, had he not promised himself to speak wisely and firmly, as became mature 23 when advising inexperienced 17?

Such, however, is man's inconsistency, that when the trysting-place appeared, void of the trusting maiden, he experienced none of the satisfaction popularly supposed to reward the virtuous. It is one thing to confront a pair of beseeching black eyes, in the role of a stern representative of duty, and quite another to be anticipated; to find the play played out and the curtain rung down, without any of the plaudits so dear to self-sacrifice.

Now, avoiding a procession of damp pilgrims, in whom the odor of humanity predominated over that of sanctity, the young man strolled down the great nave with lowered head and thoughts bitterly intent upon the inconstancy of woman. Thus he did not notice a bucket dangling from the end of a rope until he struck sharply against it. As he recoiled it rose in the air and he saw it was a rude device for carrying water to some workmen who were repairing the mosaics ornamenting the dome. Willis' lip curled with English intolerance of such methods—his glance following the unwieldy contrivance until it reached a haven under a board stretched from side to side of the railing surrounding the dome.

"The signore might perhaps like to see the work nearer. It is very interesting," said a low-toned voice at his elbow, in Italian.

The young man turned quickly, encountering a pair of brilliant, shifty eyes, set in a handsome face of the better type of peasant.

"It is forbidden to enter the dome during repairs," he replied curtly in the same tongue.

"But I have a brother among the workmen. See, I am taking him the macaroni," holding up a small basket, as he spoke. Then, as Willis shook his head impatiently, he added: "The old sacristan is also my uncle, so, if the signore pleases, I will gladly conduct him to the dome."

Willis looked at the speaker with more interest. Rosetta had once pointed out the sacristan, speaking of his great age and of his relationship to her. Could this young man be the cousin lover against whom the girl rebelled? His good looks deserved a stronger hold upon her fancy.

"How do you know I understand Italian?" Willis demanded abruptly.

"I heard the signore speak to a beggar at the door."

Evidently the fellow had been following him. That he should wish to conduct him to the dome was a singular coincidence; but he dismissed as improbable the idea of any stronger motive than the hope of a possible fee, and, moved by an unexplainable impulse, he determined to accept the offer he had been on the point of declining.

Ten minutes later, stepping through the doorway opening upon the narrow platform surrounding the dome, he heard a sharp click behind him, and turned to see his companion coolly pocket the key he had just removed from the lock.

"The signore appears surprised," he said, regarding Willis with a smile of triumphant malice. "He has perhaps never seen a rat caught in a trap. To understand, he must first regard the scaffolding closing the platform on the left."

The other had mechanically turned to the point indicated. Certainly the left was completely blocked by the scaffolding; but no matter—they could pass to the right.

Still that smile of triumphant malice. Willis made a step forward, but recognizing rather late the value of discretion, paused before the steely glint of a stiletto. Nevertheless he returned the Italian's gaze without flinching, leaning against the wall, and thrusting his hands nonchalantly into his pockets.

The signore will remain without stirring—or—" The gesture was significant.

"I understand. No need to illustrate," said Willis. "Besides there's nothing in my pockets, but the small change I keep for your compatriots. Now, if you will be good enough to explain—"

"There is nothing to explain, signore. I am Giuseppe Montanari, who was to marry Rosetta Nicoll."

"You have taken too much trouble, Signore—er—Montanari," Willis said, insolently civil. "Still, I am as yet in the dark. Is this perhaps part of the ceremony of announcement?"

"Montanari's eyes gleamed. "I care nothing for the signore's words," he said; "it is with what he has done that I have to deal. Three months ago Rosetta and I were happy in the thought of passing our lives together. She danced and sang the whole day through. Now she weeps—she turns from me—she will hear nothing of marriage. This I owe to the signore. The debt is heavy."

Willis now moved uneasily. The pathos of this statement, simply made, planted a certain sting, and his mind engaged in a rapid reconstruction of the past, accused him of cutting a poorer figure than he cared to admit.

"Montanari," he said, "upon my honor there has been no—wrong—only—"

"I know that," interrupted the other with passion, "else the signore would not be standing there—alive. Yet, he mistakes—there has been wrong. Rosetta is spoiled for her own people—her simple home. She has become a dreamer of dreams. The Mother of God knows how it will all end."

"Well, what are you going to do?" Willis cried. "What's the use of bandying words?" He had opened the little penknife in his pocket, resolved that his adversary should not go unmarked.

"The signore is at least a brave man. For one chance of life would he swear to leave Rome?"

"And the chance?"

"To cross, by the plank, to the other side of the dome."

In spite of himself the young man drew back. A sudden paralyzing fear came over him. Two boards had been tied together by the workmen and fixed across the opening in the dome. They spanned an aperture nearly three hundred feet from the marble floor of the church; and this was the bridge he had been invited to traverse. To even contemplate such a passage seemed suicidal.

Willis glanced down at the lights glimmering on an altar far below. As he looked, a procession of priests crossed the nave, their chanting mellowed by distance. The sound recalled him to the necessity of action; restored his self-command. Turning, he measured his antagonist with his eye. There was no reassurance in the sight of the tigerish play of those splendid muscles, evident under the light, loose clothing. A hand to hand struggle with no weapon but a penknife, against that armed and supple strength, could end in only one way. To appeal to the workmen would be equally useless. Montanari would be upon him at the first call for help.

"This—chance," he said at length, with sarcastic emphasis. "Why do you give it?"

Montanari shrugged his shoulders. "There may be many reasons. If I killed the signore he would not suffer; but to cross the dome so—even if one arrives safely at the other side—"

The pause was sufficiently eloquent. Then he continued: "Perhaps it is my fancy; perhaps I may not wish to commit murder."

Willis laughed unpleasantly in appreciation of the other's possible irony.

Would you consider your hands clean if I should take a header off that board?"

Montanari ignored the question. "Let me urge the signore to hasten," he said. "It grows late. Every moment the passage becomes more difficult."

"What guarantee have I that you won't stick your knife under my ribs the moment I turn my back?"

"That is as the signore pleases to think. He has his choice, and he must take it—now."

"I suppose it makes no difference to you whether I leave Rome by the regular route or by the gate of the Protestant cemetery?"

"That also is as the signore pleases." Willis fingered the knife in his pocket. After all—why not die like a man and not like a monkey capering on a tight rope. Yet—he hesitated; life is dear at 23—and there was a chance. So, summoning all his resolution, he made his choice, setting his feet cautiously upon the narrow pathway where return was impossible. Stepping carefully, yet firmly, he was surprised at the clearness of his head, the evenness of his heart beats. He could not have been more at ease crossing the floor below. Thus he advanced nearly to the middle of the planks. Together they were roughly wired to gether, and with the weight of his body they began to sag. Feeling the support give under his feet, he involuntarily looked downward. There was an instant singing in his ears; a cloud of blackness—then of fire, spread before his eyes; an icy sweat started from every pore; his very soul seemed wrenching itself from his body. By an effort of will almost superhuman, he stopped, closing his eyes and striving to master the vertigo threatening him.

He heard the chant of the returning priests. It surged into his ears, deafening him. Reason departed from his racked brain, and imagination, no longer held in check, raged. For measureless time he reeled through space on a thread suspended from world to world, the sport of infinity. Then at last, from the darkness surrounding him, started the affrighted faces of the workmen, looming vague—monstrous through the gloom. Powerful hands seized him as he tottered at the edge of the railing—a creature from whose haunted face even little Rosetta would have shrunk, crossing herself.

\$500 REWARD FOR WOMEN WHO CANNOT BE CURED.

Backed up by over a third of a century of remarkable and uniform cures, a record such as no other remedy for the diseases and weaknesses peculiar to women ever attained, the proprietors and makers of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription now feel fully warranted in offering to pay \$500 in legal money of the United States, for any case of Leucorrhoea, Female Weakness, Protoplasm, or Falling of Womb which they cannot cure. All they ask is a fair and reasonable trial of their means of cure.

They have the most remarkable record of cures made by this world-famed remedy ever placed to the credit of any preparation especially designed for the cure of woman's peculiar ailments. A beautiful Georgia lady, Vice-President of the East End Palmist Club, of Savannah, and prominent socially there, relates the following experience: "You certainly have produced the finest medicine for suffering women that is to be had in the country. I want to recommend it especially to mothers. I was seventeen years old when my darling boy was born. Felt very exhausted and weak for a long time, and it seemed I could not get my strength back. My sister-in-law bought me a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription (after I had tried several of the other remedies which are so much advertised, and found no relief). I had little faith in the medicine at the time and was so weak and sick that I felt discouraged, but within a week after I had commenced taking your 'Prescription' I was like a different woman. New life and vitality seemed to come with each succeeding day, until, in a few weeks, I was in fine health and a happy, hearty woman. My boy is now two years old, thanks to your splendid medicine. I am enjoying perfect health. If at any time I feel tired or in need of a tonic, a few doses of your 'Favorite Prescription' re-creates me at once. My address is No. 514 Jones Street, East, Savannah, Ga.

Accept no substitute for "Golden Medical Discovery." There is nothing just as good for diseases of the stomach, blood and lungs.

The Common Sense Medical Adviser, 1008 large pages in paper covers, is sent free on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay expenses of mailing out. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are a ladies' laxative. No other medicine equals them for gentleness and thoroughness.

RAILROAD NOTES.

Of Interest to Our Many Readers and the Public in General.

EQUALLED SELDOM. SURPASSED never. Niagara Falls Nature's Wonderwork. Every section of the United States can claim some special exhibition of Nature's Wonders, as the Yosemite Valley and "Big Trees" of California, The Yellowstone Park, The Torrid Luxuriance of Florida, The Adirondacks, White Mountains etc., etc., but Niagara Falls is fully equal if not superior to all others of Nature's scenic beauties and in addition is easier of access and at cheaper rates from the Middle States than any other.

The best way to reach Niagara Falls from this vicinity at a low rate is to take advantage of one of the Philadelphia & Reading's Ten Dollar—Ten Day personally conducted excursions via the Reading—Lehigh Valley Route. The dates for the balance of the season are Sept. 26th, and Oct. 8th.

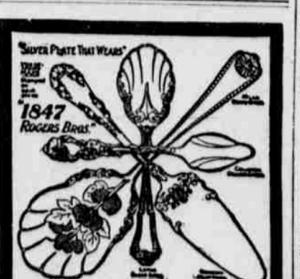
The participants in these trips leaving Reading Terminal 8.30 a. m. have a pleasant ride through the scenic Lehigh and Wyoming Valleys and arrive at Niagara Falls in the early evening. A Dining Car attached to train furnishes meals Table d'Hote at 50 cents per capita.

Opportunities are afforded for several side trips and for stop off on return trip. Tickets are good going only on special train and good to return within ten days on all regular trains. Round trip \$10.00.

Full information as to Side Trips, fares and time of connecting trains from other points, etc., can be procured from any P. & R. Ticket Agent or addressing Edson J. Weeks, General Passenger Agent, Philadelphia.

TOUR TO THE PACIFIC COAST VIA Pennsylvania Railroad, Account Meeting National Bankers' Association. On account of the meeting of the National Bankers' Association, to be held at San Francisco, Cal., October 20 to 23, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company offers a personally-conducted tour to the Pacific Coast at remarkably low rates.

This tour will leave Philadelphia, and other points on the Pennsylvania Railroad east of Pittsburg, Wednesday, October 14, by special train of



Correct Silverware. Correct in character, design and workmanship—is as necessary as dainty china or fine linen if you would have everything in good taste and harmony. Knives, forks, spoons and fancy pieces for table use will be correct if selected from goods stamped "1847 Rogers Bros." Remember "1847" as there are imitations "Rogers" For Catalogue No. 8 address the makers International Silver Co., Meriden, Conn.

the highest grade Pullman equipment. A quick run westward to San Francisco will be made, via Chicago, Omaha, Cheyenne, and Ogden.

Five days will be devoted to San Francisco, all-wing, ample opportunity to visit the near-by coast resorts. Returning stops will be made at Salt Lake City, Colorado Springs, Denver, and St. Louis. The party will reach New York on the evening of October 31.

Round trip rate, covering all expenses for eighteen days, except five days spent in San Francisco, \$190. Rates from Pittsburg will be \$5.00 less.

For full information apply to Ticket Agents, or Geo. W. Boyd, General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, Pa. 9-10-31.

REDUCED RATES TO BALTIMORE. Via Pennsylvania Railroad Account Meeting of the Sovereign Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows. For the benefit of those desiring to attend the annual session of the Sovereign Grand Lodge of I. O. O. F. at Baltimore, Md., September 21 to 26, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell round trip tickets to Baltimore on September 19, 20, and 21, good for return passage until September 28, inclusive, at rate of single fare for the round trip, plus one dollar.

For conditions, and stop-over at Philadelphia on tickets reading through that point, consult ticket agents. Sept. 10-21.

Senator Bailey's Friend.

The \$200,000 fee said to have been earned in Wall street by Senator Bailey, of Texas, gives point to a story told in New Orleans Time-Democrat by a man from Texas upon the manner in which Bailey got his start.

"Bailey," said the Texas man, "was a struggling young lawyer in the new section into which he had moved. Time had rolled around to nominate a Democratic candidate for Congress. The day of the convention had been set. It was conceded that a certain old man in Congress would be given the nomination again.

"Having much leisure and but little money, he thought he would walk to the convention. After he had been on the road for some time a farmer drove up behind him. 'Wanter git in an' ride?' he said to the young lawyer, and Bailey accepted gladly.

"Going to the convention?" asked Bailey, after awhile. "Yep," said the farmer. "Ever hear of a young lawyer named Bailey around here?" asked Bailey. "Nope," said the farmer. "Good speaker, bright fellow, I understand," suggested Bailey. "S'poseso," said the farmer. "Yes," continued Bailey, "and he will be over there to-day, and I tell you what we'll do. We'll call on him to make a speech. You see all your friends, tell them about Bailey, and we'll call on him."

"The farmer said all right. No more was said about the matter until there was a lapse in the convention during the preliminary movements of the body. Suddenly the old farmer got up and suggested that the convention hear from Mr. Bailey. A risin' young lawyer of these diggin's, he said, an' a feller who talks like puttin' out fire. 'Bailey! Bailey! Bailey!' more than a dozen yells went up, and Bailey came forth. Joe Bailey made one of the hottest speeches of his life, and the upshot of the whole thing was that the risin' young lawyer of these diggin's got the nomination for Congress, and is now Senator Bailey, of Texas."—Boston Post.

A. M. E. Church Appeal.

A. M. E. Church appeals through the stewards to the public. We are still indebted to the Pastor in the sum of ninety-five dollars, and we are working hard to pay him, so that he can pay those that he owes. He is a man that wants to owe no man anything but love. Will you please help us out? Any amount will be thankfully received.

GLASCO CAMERON, Treas. C. M. WEST, Sec.

Grossly Libeled.

"Schuylkill county and the entire anthracite region have been grossly libeled in articles appearing in some Philadelphia and New York newspapers to the effect that a reign of terror exists here." This is Judge W. A. Marr's opinion of the stories circulated about the prevalence of murder in Schuylkill.

HAVE YOU EATEN "Z"?

There are so many "ready to eat" foods on the market now that one hardly knows how to distinguish between them. "Z" should not be classed with the others. There is no other that compares with "Z" as one trial will convince you. "Z" is more healthful, strengthening and tastes better. Made by a new process and ready to eat by adding milk. Get package to-day at your grocers. 2-12 1/2