### SANKEY'S DOUBLE HEADER

The oldest man in the train service didn't pretend to say how long Sankey had worked for the company. Pat Francis was a very old conductor, but old man Sankey was a veteran when Pat Francis began braking. Sankey ran a passenger train when Jim-mie Brady was running—and Jimmie

afterward enlisted and was killed in

the Custer fight. There was an old tradition about Sankey's name. He was a tall, swarthy fellow, and carried the blood of a Sloux chief in his veins. It was in the time of the Black Hills excitement, when railroad men, struck by the gold fever, were abandoning their trains even at way stations, and striking across the divide for Clark's Crossing. Men to run the trains were hard to get, and Tom Porter, trainmaster, was putting in every man he could pick up without reference to age or color. Porter-he died at Julesberg afterward-was a great jollier, and he

wasn't afraid of anybody on earth. One day a war party of Sioux clat-tered into town. They tore around like storm and threatened to scalp everything, even to the local tickets. head braves dashed in on Tom Porter, sitting in the dispatcher's office, upstairs. The dispatcher was hiding under a loose plank in the baggage-room floor; Tom, being bald as a sand-hill, considered himself exempt from the scalping parties. He was working a game of solitaire when they bore down him and interested them at once. led to a parley, which ended in er's hiring the whole band to brake reight trains. Old man Sankey is have been of that original war

Now this is merely a caboose story told on winter nights when trainmen get stalled in the snow drifting down from the Sioux country. But what follows is better attested.

Sankey, to start with, had a peculiar name. An unpronounceable, unspellable, unmanageable name. It was as hard to catch as an Indian cur, and that name made more trouble on the pay rolls than all the other names put together. Nobody at headquarters could handle it; it was never turned in twice alike, and they were always riting Tom Porter about the thing. Tom explained several times that it was Sitting Bull's ambassador who was drawing that money, and that he usually signed the payroll with a tomahawk. But nobody at Omaha ever how to take a joke.

The first time Tom went down he was c. led in very solemnly to explain again about the name; and being in hurry and very tired of the whole business, Tom spluttered:

"Hang it, don't bother me any more about that name. If you can't read it make it Sankey, and be done with it.' They took Tom at his word. They actually did make it Sankey; and that's how our oldest conductor came to bear the name of the famous singer. And more I may say, good name as it was-and is-the Sioux never disgraced it.

If you have ever gone over our line to the mountains or to the coast you may remember at McCloud, where they change engines and set the diner in or-put, the pretty little green park to the east of the depot, with a row of catalpa trees along the platform line. It looks like a glass of spring water.

If it happened to be Sankev's run and a regular west end day, sunny and delightful, you would be sure to see der the catalnas a shu dark-skinned girl of 14 or 15 years. silently watching the preparations for the departure of the Overland.

as your coach moved ahead, you might notice under the receding catalpas the little girl waving a parasol or a handkerchief at the outgoing train-that is, at Conductor Sanfor she was his daughter, Neeta Sankey. Her mother was Spanish, and died when Neeta was a wee bit. Neeta and the Limited were Sankey's whole

When Georgie Sinclair began pulling the Limited, running west opposite Foley, he struck up a great friendship with Sankey. Sankey, though he was hard to start, was full of early day stories. Georgie, it seemed, had the faculty of getting him to talk; perbecause when he was pulling Sankey's train he made extraordinary efforts to keep on time-time was a hobby with Sankey. Foley said he was so careful of it that when he was off duty he let his watch stop just to save

Sankey loved to breast the winds and the floods and the snows, and if he could get home pretty near on schedule with everybody else late, he was happy; and in respect of that, as Sankey used to say, Georgie Sinclair could come nearer gratifying Sankey's ambition than any runner we had.

Even the fireman used to observ that the young engineer, always neat looked still neater the days he took out Sankey's train. By and bye there was an introduction under the catalpas; after that it was noticed that Georgie began wearing gloves on the engine-not kid gloves, but yellow dogskin-and black silk shirts; he bought them in Denver.

Then-an odd way engineers have of aying compliments—when Georgie ulled into town on No. 2, if it was Sankey's train, the big sky-scraper would give a short, hoarse scream, a most peculiar note, just as they drew past Sankey's house, which stood on the brow of the hill west of the yards. Then Neeta would know that No. 2 and her father, and naturally Mr. Sinclair. were in again, and all safe and

When the railway trainmen their division fair at McCloud there was a lantern to be voted to the most conductor-a gold-plated lantern with a green curtain in the globe Cal Stewart and Ben Doton, who were very swell conductors, and great riv als, were the favorites, and had the town divided over their chances for

winning it. But during the last moments Georsie Sinclair stepped up to the booth and cast a storm of votes for old man Doton's friends and Stewart laughed at first but Sankev's veles ken pouring in amazingly. The favorites grew frightened: they pooled their issues by throwing Stewart's votes to wouldn't do. Georgle Sinclair, with a crowd of engineers - Cameron. Moore, Foley, Bat Mullen and Burns - came back at them with such a swing that in the final round they fairly swamped Doton. Sankey took the lantern by 1,000 votes. but I understood it cost Georgie and friends a not of money. Sankey said all the time he didn't

Messrs, C. C. Richards & Co.: Gentlemen,—My daughter, 13 years old, was thrown from a sleigh and injured her elbow so badly it remained stiff and very painful for three years. Four bottles of MINARD'S LINIMENT completely cured two years. Yours truly,

J. B. LEVESQUE. St. Joseph, P. Q., Aug. 18, 1900.

want the lantern, but just the same he always carried that particular lan-tern, with his full name, Sylvester Sankey, ground into the glass just below the green mantle. Pretty soon-Neeta being then 18-it was rumored that Sinclair was engaged to Miss Sankey-was going to marry her. And marry her he did; though that was not until after the wreck in the Black-wood gorge, the time of the big snow. It goes yet by just that name on the West End; for never was such a winter and such a snow known on the plains and in the mountains. One on the Northern division was train

kindling wood. Freight we didn't pretend to move local passenger business had to be abandoned. Coal, to keep our engines and our towns supplied, we were obliged to carry, and after that all the brains and the muscle and the motive power were centered on keeping 1 and , our through passenger trains, run-

stalled six weeks that winter, and one

whole coach was chopped up for

Not until April did it begin to look as if we should win out. A dozen times the line was all but choked on us. And then, when snow-plows were disabled and train crews desperate, there came a storm that dis-counted the worst blizzard of the winter. As the reports rolled in on the morning of the 5th, growing worse as they grew thicker, Neighbor, dragged out. played out, mentally and physically, threw up his hands. The 6th it snowed all day, and on Saturda morning the section men reported at feet in the Blackwood Canon.

was 6 o'clock when he got the word, and daylight before we got the rotary against it. They bucked away till noon with discouraging results and came in with their gear smashed and a driving wheel fractured. It looked as if we were beaten.

No. 1 got into McCloud 18 hours late; it was Sankey's and Sinclair's run

west. There was a long council in the roundhouse. The rotary was knocked out; coal was running low in the chutes. If the line wasn't kept open for the coal from the mountains it was plain we should be tied until we could from Iowa or Missouri. of Medicine Pole there was another big rotary working east, with plenty of coal behind her, but she was reported stuck fast in the Chevenne

Foley made suggestions and Dad Sinclair made suggestions. Everybody had a suggestion left; the trouble was, Neighbor said, they didn't amount to anything, or were impossible.

"It's a dead block, boys," announced Neighbor, sullenly, after everybody had done. "We are beaten unless we can get No. I through today. Look there; by the holy poker it's snowing again!"

The air was dark in a minute with whirling clouds. Men turned to the windows and quit talking; every fellow felt the same—at least, all but one. Sankey, sitting back of the stove, was making tracings on his overalls with a piece of chalk.

"You might as well unload your passengers, Sankey," said Neighbor. "You'll never get 'em through this win-

And it was then that Sankey proposed his Double Header. He devised a snow plow which comthe good material we had left and submitted it to Neighbor. Neighbor studied it and hacked at it all he could, and brought it over to the office. It was staking everything on the last cast of the dice, but we were in the state of mind which precedes a desperate venture. It was talked over for an hour, and orders were finally given superintendent to rig up the Double Header and get against the snow as quick as it could be made

All that day and most of the night Neighbor worked 20 men on Sankey's device. By Sunday morning it was in such shape that we began to take

heart. "If she don't get through she'll get back again, and that's what most of 'em don't do," growled Neighbor, as he and Sankey showed the new ram

to the engineers. They had taken the 566 (George Sinclair's engine) for one head, and Burns' (497) for the other. Behind these were Kennedy with the 314 and Cameron with the 296. The engines were set in pairs, headed each way, and buckled up like pack mules. Over the pilots and stacks of the head engines rose tremendous plows which were to tackle the toughest drifts ever recorded, before or since, on the West The ram was designed to work both ways. Under the coal each tender was loaded with pig iron.

The beleaguered passengers on No. 1, side-tracked in the yards, watched the preparation Sankey was making to clear the line. Every amateur on the train had his camera snapping at the ram. The town, gathered in a single great mob, looked silently on, and listened to the frosty notes of the skyscrapers as they went through their preliminary maneuvers. Just as the inal word was given by Sankey, in charge, the sun burst through the fleecy clouds, and a wild cheer followed the ram out of the western yard -it was good luck to see the sun again. Little Neeta, up on the hill, must have seen them as they pulled out; surely she heard the choppy, ice-bitten screech of the 566; that was forgotten whether the service was special or regular. Besides, the read cab of the ram carried this time only Georgie Sinclair, but father as well. Sankey could handle a slice bar as well as a punch, and rode on the head engine, where, if anywhere, the big chances hovered. What he was not capable of in the train service we never knew, because

he was stronger than any emergency that ever confronted him. Bucking snow is principally brute force; there is little coaxing. Just west of the bluffs, like code signals between a fleet of cruisers, there was a volley of sharp tooting, and in a minute the four ponderous engines two of them in the back motion, fires white and throats bursting, steamed

wildly into the canvon. Six hundred feet from the first cut Sinclair's whistle signaled again; Burns and Cameron and Kennedy answered, and then, literally turning the monster ram loose against the dazzling mountain, the crews settled

themselves for the shock. At such a moment there is nothing to be done. If anything goes wrong eternity is too close to consider. There comes a muffled drumming on the steam chests-a stagger and a terrific impact-and then the recoil like the stroke of a trip hammer. The snow into the air 50 feet, and the wind carried a cloud of fleecy confusion over the ram and out of the cut. The cabs were buried in white, and the great steel frames of the engines sprung like knitting needles un-

der the frightful blow. Pausing for hardly a breath, the signaling again began. Then the backing, up and up the line, and again the

massive machines were hurled screaming into the cut.

"You're getting there, Georgie," exclaimed Sankey, when the rolling and lurching had stopped. No once else could tell a thing about it, for it was snow and snow and snow; above and behind, and ahead and beneath. Sin-clair coughed the flakes out of his eyes and nose and mouth like a baffled collie. He looked doubtful of the claim until the mist had blown clear and the quivering monsters were again recalled for a dash. Then it was plain that Sankey's instinct was right; they were gaining.

Again they went in, lifting a very valanche over the stacks, packing the banks of the cut with walls hard as ice. Again as the drivers stuck they raced in a frenzy, and into the shrick of the wind went the unearthly scrape of the overloaded safties. Slowly and sullently the machines

were backed again: "She's doing the work, Georgie," cried Sankey. "For that kind of a cut she's as good as a rotary. Look every-thing over now while I go back and see how the boys are standing it. Then we'll give her one more, and give it

the hardest kind." And they did give her one moreand another. Men at Santiago put up no stouter fight than that made that Sunday morning in the canyon of the Blackwood. Once and twice more they went in. And the second time the dumping drummed more deeply; the drivers held, pushed, panted, and gained against the white wall—heaved and stumbled ahead—and with a yell from Sinclair and Sankey and fireman the Double Header shot her nose into the clear over the Blackwood gorge. As engine after engine flew past the divided walls, each cab took up the cry-it was the wildest shout that ever crowned victory

"The thing is done," declared Sankey. Then they got into position up the line for a final shot to clean the eastern cut and to get the head for a dash across the bridge into the west end of the canyon, where lay another mountain of snow to split.

"Look the machines over close, boys," said Sankey to the engineer. 'If nothing's sprung we'll take a full' head across the gorge—the bridge will carry anything-and buck the west cut. Then after we get No. 1 through this afternoon, Neighbor can get his baby cabs in here and keep 'em chasing all night; but it's done snowing. he added, looking into the leaden sky. He had everything figured out for the master mechanic-the shrewd old man. There's no man on earth like a good Indian; and for that matter none like a bad one. Sankey knew by a military instinct just what had to be done and how to do it. If he had lived he was to have been assistant superintendent. That was the word which leaked from headquarters

after he got killed. And with a volley of jokes between the cabs, and a laughing and a yelling between toots, down went Sankey's Double Header again into the Blackwood gorge.

At the same moment, by an awful misunderstanding of orders, down came the big rotary from the West End with a dozen cars of coal behind Mile after mile it had wormed east Sankey's ram, burrowed through the western cut of the Black-wood, crashed through the drift Sankey was aiming for, and whirled then out into the open, dead against him, at 40 miles an hour. Each train, in order to make the grade and the block-

ade, was straining the cylinders.

Through the swirling snow which half hid the bridge and swept between the rushing plows, Sinclair saw them coming-he yelled. Sankey saw them a fraction of a second later, and while Sinclair struggled with the throttle and the air, Sankey gave the alarm through the whistle to the poor fellows in the blind pockets behind. But the track was at the worst. Where there was no snow there were whiskers: oil itself couldn't have been worse to stop It was the old and deadly peril fighting blockade from both ends a single track.

The great rams of steel and fire had done their work, and with their comenemy overcome they dashed each other frenzied across the Blackwood gorge.

The fireman at the first cry shot out the side. Sankey yelled at Sinclair to jump. But George shook his head; he never would jump. Without hesitating an instant. Sankey caught him in his arms, tore him from the levers, planted a mighty foot, and hurled Sinclair like a block of coal through the gangway out into the gorge. other cabs were already emptied; but the instant's delay in front cost Sankey's life. Before he could turn the rotary crashed into the 566. They reared like mountain lions, and pitched headlong into the gorge; Sankey went

under them. He could have saved himself; he chose to save George. There wasn't time to do both; he had to choose and he chose instinctively. maybe, think in that flash of Neeta. and of whom she needed most-of a young and stalwart protector better than an old and a failing one? I do not know; I know only what he did. Every one who jumped got clear. Sinclair lit in 20 feet of snow, and they pulled him out with a rope; he wasn't scratched; even the bridge was not badly strained. No. 1 pulled over it next day. Sankey was right; there was no more snow; not enough to hide the dead engines on the rocks; the

line was open. There never was a funeral in Mc-Cloud like Sankey's. George Sinclair and Neeta followed together; and of mourners there were as many as there were people. Every engine on the division carried black for 30 days. His contrivance for fighting snow has never yet been beaten on the high

line. It is perilous to go against a drift behind it—something has to give. But it gets there—as Sankey got there-always; and in time of blockade and desperation on the West End they still send out Sankev's Double Header: though Sankey-so the conductors tell the children, traveling east of traveling west-Sankey isn't running any more.

-Frank H. Spearman. One of the great centers of chemical industry is Hamburg. The census of 1900 showed 148 establishments and a otal of 4,669 persons employed—a gain eleven years of 22 establishments and 253 employes. Including the factories several adjoining towns the district has a total of 256 chemical establishments, employing 9,635 hands. There are eight factories for refining nitrate, for making borax and eight for making sulphuric hydrogen.

## PAIN OVER

HEADACHE AND CATARRH RELIEVED IN 10 MINUTES.

That dull, wretched pain in the head just over the eyes is one of the surest signs that the seeds of catarrh have been sown, and it's your warning to administer the quickest and surest treatment to revent the seating of this dreaded mal-dy. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder will stop all pain in ten minutes, and cure.

Agnew's Ointment soothes all skin diseases. 35 cents. Sold by C. McCallum & Co.

#### THE SPEEDWAY OF NEW YORK

li Is a Magnificent Equestrian Circus-Bill to the Fublic.

Splendid Weekly Spectacle of Wealth and Prominence at American Metropolis.

Imperial Rome gave its populace "bread and circuses"-New York town, more than imperial, as yet provides only the circuses. But it is more than an open question if Rome ever spent as much upon its amphitheater New York has put into the speedway and its approaches.

Directly, the Speedway is an out-growth on panic—the sad days folowing '93. Indirectly, it is the response to a rising demand. The city has bred and fostered a swiftly growing class of rich reinsmen, either survivors or spiritual descendants of the old Bloomingdale road brigade. their many thousands invested in fast horse flesh, there was general and increasing discontent over having to go a Sabbath Day's journey to find any place where the flyers could step best-and, incidentally, outstep their each other.

The first plan that was offered raised a roar of indignation. The gentlemen drivers had it in mind to take a stretch down the west side of Central Park. Lively protests from all sorts and conditions of folk inclined them to go further-with the result of faring better. The Sweedway, as an assomplished fact interferes with nobody. Contrariwise, it turns to the excellent use of diversion a strip of unsightly waste. Incidentally, the turning put many dollars into honest, horny hands that otherwise would have been empty, or filled by galling charity. Altogether the course is well worth its cost, if for no more than an object lesson as to how the fanciful desires of rich men supply the necessities of poor ones.

Manhattan's face is full of choice topographical surprises. Not one of them can compare fully with the speedway site. The course is easily among the most picturesque in the world. That however, is less amazing than its adoption to the ends of spectacle. Rome's coliseum was less majestic than the rocks that frown above it all along one side; no canal in all Venice can show more vagrant charm of waters than sparkles up from the breast of the Harlem. Now it is all sullen gray, now of a jealous green opacity, now limpid as a rain-washed morning sky, now full of softly-lapping satiny ripples, streaked with wakes of swiftly passing craft.

The water show, indeed, draws some part of the crowd-not so great a moiety as the road show, but worth reckoning. Speedway builders took account of it—wherefore the waterside walk is twice or thrice the amplitude of that underneath the rocks, and beset plentifully throughout

with light, easily movable benches. The driveway proper begins somewhat before the beginning at the commencement of St. Nicholas avenue, on the uppermost verge of Central Park. It is something like two miles from the park verge to the head of the speeday at One Hundred and Fifty-fifth street-thus there is a parade course about four miles long. Still St. Nicholas avenue is not the sole, nor even the favorite, route of speedway drivers who live roundabout the park or below it. Upper Seventh avenue and the viaduct spanning the Harlem Valley at the Speedway are chosen somewhat oftener. Another for those who like ong drives and coming into the middle of things is the new Boulevard Lafayette, which has been cut in the elge the Hudson River hillside and makes into the course proper through Dyckmen street, which is its upper boundary. Then, too, there are the suburban roads and their contingent folk from White Plains, Mt. Vernon, Yonkers, ever so many places, who have the chance of some pretty speeding on their own account along the arkways that are spreading all about through the region where New York town is still, in large part, country.

All roads, indeed, lead to the Speed way-even Brooklyn and Jersey folk wander in sometimes, although they have fine driveways of their Howsoever gathered, the show of horses and horsemen is well worth seeing. A great many people evidently are of that mind, for upon any Sunday which promises good footing 10,000 are likely to gather and stand and gaze. Special events, match races, matinees, the annual road drivers' parade, bring out from 30,000 to 50,000 spectators. The knowing ones and the sports cluster as thick as bees about the half mile post, which is the finish mark in the brushes. If there is betting, it is strictly private, or rather individual, although, no doubt, good money often changes hands on the result of the events. Indeed, tips are given and received quite as eagerly and as solemnly as on the full fledged courses. But the mass of those on the road and the sidewalks are there to see and to be seen, rather than from sordid

lones of profit or loss. The mounted police who enforce the egulations, keep all but the racing division moving steadily in two linesgoing down next to the river, coming up next the rocks. Thus the middle stretch is clear. The roadway is wide enough for five or six teams abreast. Speeding begins whenever there is a fairly dry course at the Dyckman street end, the speeders driving south. This makes the first half mile post the Of course, there are mile finish. brushes, but the most part of gentlemen drivers prefer half miles, or even

quarter miles. A pessimistic mounted policeman who knows horses and likewise human nature, said with something of a curled lip: "Horses! Oh, yes, they love the Speedway; the soft track's good to hoofs that have been pounding rocks and hard floors. But the drivers and the riders don't love ridin' and drivin': it's all show-off with them. Why, if they did really care for their horses and usin' 'em, there are fifty places within range that would give 'em more pleasure than this. City Island, up in Westchester, out in Jersey, or Long Island, or 'cross the ferry down Staten Island way, horses and traps and drivers can go, any o' them, where's all right, all right; but they can't take the crowd with 'em, so here they stay. Sunday after Sunday, rain and shine, you see the same men, and all their joy is to get a new horse, or some sort of new contraption in ridin' toggery or wagons, or boots or brides. or some such matter. But them that drives do get a few runs for their money—thing that feazes me most is the folk down the edges. It's all show with them, and if one of 'em gets her name in the papers, or his turnout the crowd buzzin'-Lord! think they're made I've been up here pretty much ever since the show bean-you may take my word for it if it wasn't a show, if nobody came to

look on and stare, and most likely no eye can follow it; the sulky wheels spheres back and forth. He was envy, in six months the Speedway would be given up to trainers, exercisin' rich men's trotters, and some few rich men themselves that know enough about horses and other things to get at the real o' drivin'."

Possibly the policeman was soured. Centainly the Speedway at its best helps to put one in love with life and things. For instance, on a fine autumn Sunday morning, when blotches of red and yellow have shown themselves lightly through the overhanging foliage of Washington Hights, High bridge and Washington bridge, springing alertly from the bold ramp of the heights, span the green, clear breadth of the valley and etch themselves on the wind-blown blue of the sky. Coming in from the viaduct, far and away the most impressive approach, one sees high on the hill the historic mass of Hamilton Grange, once the home of Betsy Bowen Jumel. There is a fiag in the yard of it—a flag streaming straight out upon a tricksy west wind. Behind the wooden background is the site of historic Fort George, now given over to beer drinking and the speech of the vaterland. But one need think of that—there is enough right at hand to fill eyes and mind and perception. The road drops in a long incline,

macadam for ten blocks, after that a broad reddish-yellow earthen ribbon. The sidewalks edge it like lengths of silver lace. There is a line of green grass between the yellow ribbon and the silver lace, but one must go early to get a full view of it. By 11 o'clock the walkways are so full they are no more than blurs and blotches of color At least half the onlookers are wo-men, tricked out in holiday bravery. Children likewise abound-the most part in gay coats, some few in somber black ones. But even the black coats have redeeming fripperies of lace and color in head and neckgear. The sur-prising thing about the whole assemblage indeed is that it is a dress parade no less for the spectator than the performers. Beyond a doubt going to the Speedway stands to many uptown residents very much for what going to church did to their rural or village

However that may be, the crowd is in excellent humor with itself and the world at large, with no greater present ambition than to be reckoned the know" as regards the speeding and the speeders. It chats and preens itself, and ruffles into gentle ripples of interest at the daring of cunning small girls tugging at the reins out in the road. It moves gently up and down and back and forth, or turns to view critically some racing shell upon the waters, gently curling the lip as it hears the coxswain roar out orders evidently intended to reach its ears. Showing off on the water, it has not come out to see or hear. The shells are indeed but incidents—incidents which some of the overnice among the women incline to resent. Bare arms and chests and legs seem to them out of place in the face of daylight; notwithstanding, other women applaud the display, and talk knowingly with their escorts of feathering, reaches, body swings and strokes.

Momently some star of the Speedway flashes down the line. Murmurs go all about "Nathan Strau has Cobwebs out this morning. Pshaw was sure he'd drive Alves instead. 'Hello, Fred Gerken in the side lines! It can't be he's going to quit the game!" "There comes Claus Bohling! Now look out, somebody. He told my cousin's uncle yesterday he had the heels of everything likely to show to-day!" "Albert Bostwick's trainer has got knee boots on Johnny Agan. Yes, stwick is automobile crazy, still, he has not quite given up horses."

A lean, brownish bay, with fair head, good legs and light middlepiece One spectator grins at flashes past. the sight, saying sagely: "David B. looks as though he'd run just about to match his namesake this mornin'. Instantly somebody retorts: "Wait till you see him finish! It's my belief he has never been quite all out here-no more than the man he's named for.' "Maybe so," says a judicial third person; "but say, did you hear about old Cobwebs? One day a while back Straus got two friends to hold watches on the old fellow while he stepped a quarter after he got going for all he was worth, and he made it in 29 seconds flat What do you think of that? A 1:56 gait for a horse 13 years oldand a faster quarter than ever Cresceus trotted in a race!"

"He's a wonder—no mistake," say the onlookers; then huddle to the curb, saying all together in a breath: here he comes now! Hurrah! He's having it out with Dave Lamar and

Sally Simpson." Down course two little dust clouds have resolved themselves into flying harnessed racers, with drivers sitting and close behind. The wagons look cobwebby-hardly stout enough to endure the impact of rapid air. But nobody thinks of that; all hang breathless on the race. The man in front has a strong Hebraic face, bearded, shrewd eyed, kindly. The lips are set, the eyes tense, the whole pose full of power to claim and keep. The whip held upright, the reins tightly clutched-now and again he speaks a low word too low to be heard by the sidewalk throng, though evidently reaching the ears of his horse. webs may know intuitively what his master asks-he goes, goes, with the mighty stroke of a machine. His stride is low and stealing, his ears are flat thousands of other cases among ailagainst his beautiful chestnut head. his eyeballs flare, but not with temper—he has the stay and the spirit resulting from poor, watery blood who which, joined with speed, makes the will give these pills a fair trial will horse which does or dies. On, on, he bit of fire, faultless rhythm, his quickening hoof-beats sounding a march of triumph, as his white nose goes past the post half a length to the good. battle is not won. Dave Lamar wheels as soon as he can pull up, asks a question, mainly with his eyes, is answered with a nod, then, almost wing

and wing, the pair race away to the back stretch, and again set sail. This time the mare lies at Cobwebs' wheel -in the first brush she fought for each foot of the way. She is a bay, big and siny, in the very pink of condition, a credit alike to her trainer and her sire, the world famous Electioneer She goes high, so high it almost seems she scorns the earth, but her reaching plunges devour space incredibly. But for keeping in place so steadily a casual onlooker would say the horse went ten yards to her nine and covered ground with much more care to him-But do what he will, strain, quicken, he cannot shake her off. She hangs like a bulldog till 50 yards from the wire; then the man in the white hat, who has been sitting statutelike, leans far forward, swishes whip mightily, calls in whistling tones lets out the least bit of a wrap, and the race is over- Cobwebs has lost though by a narrow margin. A third heat is, of course, in evitable. People forget to gossip, and stand still, save when they crowd for better seeing places. This time the fivers come in view neck and neck, each doing a desperate best from start to finish. How the big, gallent chest-

show now only as motionless, shining rims, magically impelled along the course. And gamely the bulldog mare keeps at his throatlatch, lurching so high she seems to be fencing all the way. Neck and neck, stride for stride, they keep it up until the very last; but the bay will not be denied; she gets her nose in front by at least six inches. There is applause all up and down the line as she jogs back toward the starting point, but not so loud nor so hearty as the clapping which followed Cobwebs all the way to the cooling-out

sheds.

The brushes have been typical-every Sunday, every matinee, with sound footing, sees them duplicated a hundred times over. Even the least considerate horse master hesitates to risk his flyers upon slippery or sloppy going, or in stiff, holding mud. Not a few horse owners have stables close at hand. E. H. Harriman, who owns the famous John R. Gentry, for example, has, right at the speedway, what is said to be the best appointed stable for harness horses anywhere in the world. A dozen others might be named. Indeed, no man can hope for fame upon the Speedway without a considerable string which includes both blood and speed. A few of them keep only trotters; the most part have at least one pacer, and in not a few instances the pacers are the true stars. Brushes between trotters and pacers are not rare; neither are matches between double teams to road wagons with two persons instead of the ordinary trotting rig.

J. R. Cockeril, now president of the Road Drivers' Association, has a fancy for driving double, often hooking up such fancy performers as Swift and Phoebe Childress or Honor Bright, E. E. Smathers has a big string, bright particular star is Queen Wilkes, at her best the admitted queen of the speedway.

The famous Monk was last year's speedway champion. The King, an exstar of the grand circuit, is owned by David Lamar, along with at least a dozen others. Mr. Lamar himself is among the most constant speedwayites, ready for any sort of brushing in almost any sort of going, and never willing to admit himself beaten until he has tried again and again.

Possibly the most picturesque and ertainly the most interesting speedway personality is Frank Work, sole survivor of the old time road brigade that included Robert Bonner, W. H. Vanderbilt and their compeers. Although living as far down as Madison Square, Mr. Work keeps five flyers-Stirling, Mahalla, Pilot Boy Peter Merle Moore and Sea Girl. He permits no clipping, nor pulling of foretops, and drives without boots or overdraw checkreins. The fact that he holds his own with all comers is full of encourent for those of us who believe giving horses a chance unhampered track sophistications .- Washington

Often Leads to a Breakdown in Health.

Severe Headache. Loss of Appetite, Dizziness, Palpitation of the Heart and Other Distressing Symptoms Follow.

Woman's cares about the household

many give way under the strain. To were spent in careful study and in weak, everywhere, the story of Mrs. Geo. the next Sunday. L. Horton, the wife of a well known am quite willing to give my testimony to the great good Dr. Williams' perience may help some other sufferer. A couple of years ago my health began to give way, and I suffered from anaemia, with most of the depressing symptoms of that trouble. I became much emaciated, had distressing headaches, and a very poor appetite. first I thought the trouble would pass away, but in this I was mistaken, as I continued to grow worse. My heart began to palpitate violently at the least exertion; my rest at night was broken and finally a bad cough set in, and I was scarcely able to do a bit of work about the house. An aunt in England who had been ill had written me that Dr. Williams Pink Pills had restored her to health and I determined to give the pills a trial. After the use of a few boxes I noticed a distinct improvement in my condition, and after using the pills for a few weeks more the trouble had completely left me. I could sleep well at night, the cough left me; the headaches that had made me so misvanished, my appetite returned, and I could again perform my housework with ease. I shall always feel grateful for what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for me and strongly recommend them to other ailing women."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have ac complished just such good results in ing men and women, and sufferers from any of the numerous ailments soon be on the high road to health thunders, his head nodding the least and strength. Imitations are sometimes offered by unscrupulous dealers, who care more for their own profit than for their customers' health. sure that the full name. "Dr. liams' Pink Pills for Pale People," is found on the wrapper around every box you buy. If your dealer does not keep these pills send to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and they will be mailed post paid at 50 cents per box or six boxes for

#### His Way of Work.

Peter McArthur (formerly of Lobo Township), talking about a novelist who was arranging for the dramatization of a novel that he had not yet completed, remarked: "He is a good deal like a Canadian

friend of mine who went hunting with a dog. The trip was all right for a but there came a sudden end when the dog undertook to jump over a deep well at two jumps." -N. Y.

#### Ping Pong.

Wu Ting Fang, the Chinese diplomat, whose delay in leaving the United States to undertake important work in China is a cause of genuine pleasure to his American friends, doesn't like ping-pong. When the game first invaded Washington he often was invited to play, but invariably refused. One evening he called at a certain house, and found several young men nut strains. His motion is so swift actively engaged in batting celluloid

This signature is on every box of the genuine

This signature is on every box of the genuine Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets the remedy that cures a cold in one day.

pressed to join them, but would not, whereupon a callow chap rather impertinently insinuated that Mr. Wu did not care to expose his ignorance

of the sport. "Oh, I know the game," said Mr. Wu. "Everyone in China knows it. It was invented many thousand years ago in my country by a bonze, or priest, named Ping Pang. Your name for the game is a corruption of his cognomen. He was a great philosopher, and spent his time in inventing work for all classes of people. Finally he had all classes but two supplied with suitable occupations. To these two he determined to assign an amusement, as they were not fitted for work, so he evolved this game for them." "And what classes were they?" asked the impertinent youth. "Children and imbeciles," replied Mr.

#### A GROWING DANGER

Wu.-N. Y. Times.

Dyspepsia the Father of Many Illa Unless Promptly Checked and Permanently Cured by Dodd's Dyspopsia Tablets.

It is impossible to overestimate the danger of allowing Dyspepsia to go from bad to worse. At first it is simply an uncomfortable feeling, then it grows into a pain, from that to a misery accompanied by the gravest dan-

It should be treated right from the start with that one sure cure, Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets. Other medicines may give temperary relief. Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets both give relief and cure permanently. Maurice Best, of Southern Harbor, Nfid., relates an experience that demonstrates its effects on the most severe cases.
"I suffered from Dyspensia for eight

years," says Mrs. Best. "I was in continual misery. Sometimes I would go off in a faint and for ten or fifteen minutes I would be more dead than alive. The doctors could not cure me

and gave me but little help.
"Hearing of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets I gave them a trial. The first two boxes I used gave me new life. "I am using them now and feel myself a new man. I confess I owe my life to Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets. I am like a great many others, I cannot speak enough in their favor.
"If anyone doubts that Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets will cure Dyspepsia in its worst form let them write me."

#### Extemporaneousness.

Col. W. J. Bryan, while in camp with his regiment in Jacksonvil Fla., had a call from the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church. While discussing the relative value of written and extemporaneous speech Bryan asked his visitor if he had ever heard the best definition of extemporaneousness. Answered in the negative, he told this story:

"In a little Western town dwelt two ministers. One had been preaching there for 25 years, the other, though but recently come, had begun to draw large congregations. The older minister was a 'paper preacher,' younger was bumptious and possessed of some native eloquence. Meeting one day, the older minister asked his brother how it was that he, who had had the fullest training for his work, and who gave himself faithfully to the preparation of his sermons, should fail to hold his young people and fill his church.

"Asked by the young man to state his methods of pulpit preparation, he' are many and often worrying, and it answered that all the study hours of is no wonder that the health of so the week from Monday to Saturday tired-out, depressed women writing out fully his two sermons for

"'I tell you where the trouble lies. farmer living near Fenwick, Ont., will said the young preacher. 'You start to come as a message of hope. To a write your sermons Monday morning reporter who interviewed her on the and seldom finish until Saturday night subject, Mrs. Fenwick said: "Yes, I and you forget that the old devil is all the while looking over your shoulder to take note of what you are going to Pink Pills have done me, as my ex- say and steels the hearts of your people against your message. So the devil gets ahead of you. I always get ahead of the devil, for when I go into my pulpit Sunday morning the devil himself don't know what I am going to say."

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