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Catarrh for years,
Chase's Catarrh
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it is successful.

truly,
BRY STONE,
Ham Centre, Ont.

Y ON HEARTS.

Answers.)

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WON BY WHISTLING.

(From Tid-Bits.)

Hartley, or rather his wife, had been giving a musical "At Home," and a performance of stifferers had proved the hit of the evening's entertainment. An hour or so later, the "crowd" having dispersed, "Birdy" Jackson, Hartley and I were idly discussing the events of the affair in the smoking room. Jackson and I were stopping overnight with our host, being old chums of his, and living some distance out of town.

"No idea you could give us such a ripping performance," remarked Hartley; "and when your wife joined in I was perfectly astounded."

Jackson laughed softly. "No, she doesn't do it at all badly," he admitted. "You know, Dick, there's a bit of romance attached to that whistle of hers; in fact, it was the means of bringing our matrimonial desires to an abrupt point at an extremely critical period in our courtship."

Hartley gave me a gentle kick. "Then your union and the whole of romance about it," he said.

"Rather! Unique in the annals of love-making, I should say. But folks are so confoundingly incredulous nowadays, I've never attempted to tell the ram but once, and then I swore I'd never do it again."

But he had to on this occasion, and soon began to interest us as follows:

"First of all you must know, Mr. King—addressing me—I'm called Birdy, on account of being practised from early infancy a chum, and to some people, nasty form of musical recreation. Though cuffed as a boy, severely reprimanded for warbling in slack business hours, and soundly executed by the neighbors, I nevertheless persevered."

"A year this last summer I came in for a sum of money which rendered me a practically wealthy and independent man, and to celebrate my good fortune I threw up my business berth and went into the city to spend a few weeks with a professional bachelor friend and to idle generally."

"Whilst there I was introduced to a Colonel Alton and his daughter Evelyn, aged twenty-two, who lived at The Chase, and were intimate friends of my chum. New girl she was; plenty of 'go' without being the least 'fast.' In less than a fortnight I was over head and ears in love with her."

The subsequent afternoons at The Chase were too hot for tennis. Colonel Alton spent the forenoon in his study; Evelyn's elderly companion and her father's housekeeper—for Mrs. Alton had been dead some years—nodded in the shade of her favorite elms, and my friend invariably left to leave for an important case before the sea came out. Very nice of him, I thought.

"Thus thrown together, Evelyn and I monopolized the arbour, and I used to amuse her by thrilling selections from the operas, latest airs (comic and serious), and she would occasionally join in a kind of flip to my performance. Through a woman in every other respect, she could whistle. In most of the well-known tunes, up-to-date or pathetically aged, she excelled, owing to the fact that during the winter months for some years past she had always officiated at the piano for the village popular concerts, when the vocal and instrumental items were naturally of an amusing and light order—at times scarcely high-class, perhaps."

"Then came the time when the colonel had to be approached. The old man gave me a prompt and curt refusal. He had other views for his child. I tried remonstrances, then dogged persistence, but with no avail. Evelyn stood out like a brick. This burst of independence resulted in her immediate banishment to regions unknown to me, under the surveillance of a relative of mature age and experience, and all communication between us strenuously denied and forestalled. All chances of elopement even were reduced to nil."

"A few days later I left my friends for Bournemouth, there to recruit my shattered health and hopes, and think things over quietly. I was crushed for the time being. As I alighted from my cab at the entrance to the North Cliff, where I had taken rooms, an elderly lady came down the steps. Her face seemed somewhat familiar to me, though I could not at the time recall to mind when and where I had seen it before. When she started as she saw me, and somewhat hurriedly re-entered the hotel, I was further mystified. A thought struck me as I was signing my name in the hotel register of visitors some time later. Two pages back I found an entry, 'Miss Alton and Miss E. Alton, 45-46.' I tumbled to it in a second then. The elderly lady I encountered was undoubtedly Colonel Alton's sister, who had been staying at The Chase and left two days after my arrival in the village, and before I knew anything of Evelyn. I had once passed her walking with the colonel, and she must have recognized me again."

"I remarked on the entry to the clerk in a casual way, and he volunteered the information that Miss Alton had, but a few minutes previously, given notice of her intention to vacate the thirteenth apartment the next morning. The news staggered me. Then Miss Alton certainly did know 'all,' and had decided on flight as the only safe remedy under the circumstances."

"Not a glimpse could I catch of Evelyn. After dinner, from a search on the pier I returned to the North Cliff, and as I walked in the dusk, I discovered that I was growing dusk. Almost unconsciously I lapsed into melody, and appropriately commenced to warble, 'Alone Where Art Thou?'"

A slight movement on the balcony above mine, and one window of the left, caused me to look up. A figure in white met my gaze, with one of its hands, as if demanding silence, pointing warningly to the window behind her. Yes, it was Evelyn, but her attendant dragon of an aunt was evidently close at hand. Verbal communication, as well as writing, was out of the question. It was already too dark for the deaf and dumb manipulation, even provided she knew its working. An idea suddenly flashed upon me. Why not try? No sooner thought of than done. Softly I whistled the last lines of 'Whisper and I Shall Hear' refrain. A slight shake of the head and then the ren-

dering of 'Good-bye, Sweetheart, Good-bye,' floated down. Then they were really going away.

"Evelyn, I don't think it's quite proper for you to be standing there, came a voice from within, and which, by straining my ears, I could just overhear. My heart beat wildly, and the girl turned to address her aunt without leaving the balcony."

"It's almost dark now, and I can't stay cooped up indoors all the evening—our last one, too! What does papa want us back in such a hurry for?"

"Because he wishes it, my dear; that's all the reason I can give you. You really must help me to finish the packing in a few minutes."

"Then her aunt had revealed nothing, and believed her yet to be in ignorance of my presence at the hotel. Lucky, but the case was a desperate one. Evelyn returned to her former position and leaned over again."

"Where Are You Going To, My Pretty Maid?" began. There was a momentary pause, and then the answer came in a line of Home, Sweet Home, from my darling's lips. "Oh, I wish you would drop that vulgar habit of whistling, again came the voice inside the window."

"But, auntie, there's no piano to sing to," was the somewhat lame excuse. "I want to sing, and I can't possibly shock anyone up here." Then there was silence once more.

"Back to Yorkshire again. No chance there. Anyhow, she still cared for me, and I must put her affections to a severe test. It was our only chance of securing happiness. 'Oh, Nannie, Will You Gang With Me?' I piped."

"Where Are You Going To?" was again utilized in reply.

"I was stumped for a minute, but a bar or two of 'Big Ben,' a favorite song of mine, came as a hasty rescue. She understood, bless her! but a lengthy pause intervened before her answer. Love and duty had a hard struggle. Then 'No, sir; No, Sir; No, Sir; No!' was repeated four times in succession. She refused, then! But why so emphatically? What a silly idiot I was! The fourth time the girl in the song said 'No' she meant 'Yes.' I breathed again."

"But about our departure. The morning train via Bath left at 9.45. The earliest Waterloo was 7.45, and we should be easily tracked and our intentions frustrated in consequence. If we left it till then, I consulted my watch. It was 9.15. The night train up left at 10.30. 'Oh, Why Should We Wait Till Tomorrow?' went up without delay. 'All right, then, from above soon settled that question satisfactorily, but was followed immediately by a few bars of 'Bradshaw's Guide' ditty. I knew what she wanted, so, after a slight hesitation, I warbled 'Come Into The Garden, Maud,' and chirped ten times. 'Hope on, dear loved one, we shall meet again,' from 'Dream Faces,' proved that I was clearly understood, and then she turned to address Miss Alton in louder tones than before."

"I declare, you're nearly asleep again, auntie. I'm tired and have a headache, too. We've a long journey before us, so I think I'll go to my room now. Don't disturb me, there's a dear; the packing won't take long in the morning. You'd better do the same."

"The proposal evidently suited Miss Alton down to the ground, for she left her chair inside and came a little way out on the balcony. 'A good idea, Evy, so we will,' she answered. I crept back, and a minute or two later good night was said and the subsequent slam of a door notified that Evelyn had left for her apartment."

"By a quarter to ten I had settled up and left instructions that my heavy baggage, forsooth not unpacked, would be called or sent for in the course of a week or less, dragging an old telegram form in my hand as I did so, to give color to my hasty departure. At ten prompt I picked up Evelyn under the pines in the hotel garden, and, with a dressing bag and a small Gladstone between us, walked to the station and eventually reached London safely, early in the morning. I put her in one hotel, where I knew she would be safe, with strict injunctions not to venture out till I had fixed everything up for the ceremony, and went myself to my room."

"The long and the short of it was, that before we were anything like tracked, the deed had been done by special license, and the colonel defeated for once in his life."

"A round, did he? Yes, when he afterwards reached his room, he found he had been engaged for two years, and got married shortly after we did. Even I could have told the old fellow that, had he been more communicative and explicit in the first instance, for my rival turned out to be none other than the friend I was visiting."

He actually admits now he couldn't have wished her a better match, but anyhow he—"

And tidy broke off into "Can't Change It."

"He rose quietly from his seat and gently opened the smoking door. 'Listen,' he said; 'if you can't quite swallow the yarn, you will at least not fall to take this in.'"

"Then he went through 'Oh, Come, My Lady Fair,' from the 'Gaiety Girl' song. Scarcely had he concluded than away came the concluding chorus of 'I'm Coming,' from the negro melody, 'Poor Old Joe.' Half a minute later in strolled Mrs. Jackson and Hartley's wife."

"Bardly winked knowingly at us. 'I've just been telling them how you were practically wooed and won by whistling, my dear,' he remarked to his wife, 'and they want another tune before we turn in.'"

Evelyn blushed. "No, Sir," etc., she warbled three times."

Then Jackson took up his candle and marched upstairs with the strains of the National Anthem on his lips."

STAMINA OF TROTTERS.

Races that Stand as Landmarks for Well-Sustained Speed.

Strong Finishes by Alix in the Fastest Three Heats on Record—Director's Recuperative Powers—Pat L. A Great Four-Year-Old and Bouncer After—Blood of the Winners.

(New York Sun.)

Kentucky horsemen have taken sides in a spirited argument around the above winter respecting the relative stamina of the trotting horse and the thoroughbred. This set-to was brought on by the veteran trainer, Crit Davis of Harrodsburg, who had to give up driving trotters two years ago on account of increasing weight, and who now has a stable of runners. Davis said that the thoroughbred race horse of today has not half the endurance of the trotter and attributed the alleged lack of stamina to the modern system of short-distance racing. Gil Curry, who has trained both trotters and runners, agreed with Davis. This set-to is in his opinion "the work which a good trotting-bred colt is called upon to do in the course of training would kill any thoroughbred alive." Sam Wilson, W. T. Crosthwaite and some other Davis breeders who have handled horses of both breeds also share the views of Davis. Major Foxhall A. Deane, field, formerly owner of Sam Purdy, 2,201-2, and now the manager of James R. Keane's thoroughbred stud in Kentucky, is reported as saying in his opinion the American trotter is the best horse in point of endurance that has ever been evolved, and that if he had to go a hundred miles in a day he would choose a trotting horse in preference to any other for the journey.

On the other side of the controversy is John B. Madden, who recently sold Hamburg to Marcus Daly. Madden began to speculate in thoroughbreds he followed the same business with marked success among trotters. A few men have seen more of the hidden of both kinds of racing, and a few who judge the judgment of a trotting horse carries more weight when money is to be put up either at the pool box or in the sale ring. Madden claims that in point of stamina or ability to maintain a high rate of speed the thoroughbred horse has no equal. His case is under no dispute, but because the trotting horse of the present day is not often asked to go a distance he would be unable to go so far called upon. According to his opinion, there are a dozen or more horses in training that could, with the proper preparation, beat the time on record at all distances from two to four miles. He will say, however, that until the harness horse learns to go a mile in 1:40 it is useless to compare the types, owing to the radical difference in "the pace that kills" and the extreme wear which they are trained and raced.

It is a recognized fact that the three-in-five system of harness racing, which has remained practically unchanged ever since 2:30 was the limit of speed, has developed the endurance and staying capacity of the trotting-bred horse in a remarkable degree. With the horses now racing along at a clip well down below 2:10, the test under this system has come to be a severe one, and the stamina of trotting and pacing colts is shown strikingly in a remarkable way. There are few better examples in the books than the fastest races at three, four, five, six, seven and eight heats, and these performances are noted by turf statisticians with as much care as the single dashes against time in which records are lowered.

One of the best examples of ability to maintain a high rate of speed is found in the fastest three-heat race on record. This stands to the credit of Alix, a four-year-old, who, in 1895, won a fourth heat in the fastest race in 2:08.3-4. The black colt was then only four years old. Horsemen who saw the performance said that when Fidelity beat him to the wire in the second heat, making her record of 2:08.1-4, Director was apparently very tired, but such was the recuperative powers of the great son of Director that he got his second wind before the bell rang for the third round, and beat the mare back. Those who believe that the best trotters get their stamina from the thoroughbred find proof of their claim in Director, who was bred by Venture, a horse that was virtually thoroughbred. It is worthy of note that Fidelity, who was second to Alix at Terre Haute, was also the controlling horse against Director in his last race at Lexington. The stout old daughter of Venture, who is now driven on the road here by W. M. V. Hoffman. Below is the summary of Director's race:

Lexington, Ky., Oct. 11, 1895; purse \$2,000; free-for-all; Director, 4 years, by Director, bred by Venture, 2:11.1-1; Fidelity, 4 years, by Venture, 2:11.1-1; Walter E., 3 years, by Venture, 2:11.1-1; Time—2:08.3-4, 2:08.3-4, 2:08.3-4.

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