

Home Rule Compromise Not Yet Announced.

London, July 30.—Although the conferences adjourned with the dead-lock over the territorial limits of the Ulster exclusion unbroken, it is understood that a means of compromise was subsequently found, and therefore King George is given great credit for the settlement.

Deafness Cannot be Cured.

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucus surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

If the dahlia stalks are cut back now you will have much better blooms later.

Horse "Sense."

The phrase "horse sense" was discussed in class and the teacher told one of the boys to write a sentence containing that phrase. The boy labored for ten minutes and produced this: "My father didn't lock the barn door, and he ain't seen the horse sense."

When the ship Anna Camp, of Bath, Me., was being remantled in New York, it was found that she had been struck by a swordfish whose sword penetrated the side of the ship nearly two feet, breaking off in the planking.

Capt. John A. Lord, of Ellsworth, Me., aged 78, is planning to take a trip around the world the coming winter. He says as he will never be any younger he has decided to take it now.

A rural mail carrier in Missouri has driven the same horse 57,600 miles in the last eight years. This is equal to more than two complete trips around the world.

Laugh merrily while life is here
For death cuts short all laughter;
Laugh all thy life, and let the tear
Come if it will hereafter.

More laughter in the world would
Bring the "touch of nature" nearer;
Good-will would flourish neath
it wing.

And man to man be dearer.
So let thy laughs outweigh the sighs,
A darkened road before us;

So let thy laughs outweigh the sighs,
And merry be thy chorus.

We know that man is prone to tears,
And born an heir to sorrow,
But what's the use of doubts and
fears

If what may be the morrow?
The evil of the day we need
Sufficient is for keeping,
So laugh away, let naught impede,
And give a trace to weeping.

—Bret Harte.

Hymoei

The Breatheable Remedy for Catarrh

The rational way to combat Catarrh is the Hymoei way, viz: by breathing. Scientists for years have been agreed on this point but failed to get an antiseptic strong enough to kill catarrh germs and not destroy the tissues of the membrane at the same time, until the discovery of Hymoei (pronounced High-lo-me).

Hymoei is the most powerful yet healing antiseptic known. Breathe it through the inhaler over the inflamed and germ-ridden membrane four or five times a day, and in a few days the germs will disappear.

A complete Hymoei outfit, including the inhaler, costs \$1.00 and extra bottles, if afterwards needed, cost but 50 cents. Obtainable from your druggist or postpaid from The R. T. Booth Co., Ltd., Fort Erie, Ont. Hymoei is guaranteed to cure asthma, croup, sore throat, coughs, colds or grip or refund your money back. Sold and guaranteed by E. W. Mair.

The Girl From The Mountains

(By Harriet Lummis Smith, in the "C. E. World")

"Do you all do your own stretching?"

The judge's wife turned her puzzled eyes on the girl who was looking for work. In a long experience as a house-keeper she had been asked many questions. Most of them pertained to wages, to "evenings out," and other privileges. This was new.

"Our own stretching?" repeated the judge's wife with a puzzled little frown, "I'm afraid I do not understand." Mary Ann flashed uncomfortably.

"At the table, ma'am, I mean. I don't know about handing things round the way I've heard folks do in town. In the mountain," Mary Ann explained, "we all do our own stretching."

"O, I see what you mean," Mrs. Little turned her face aside for a moment, skilfully concealing a smile. She did not wish to hurt the feelings of this earnest-eyed girl, who, it seemed, had ambitions.

The judge's wife leaned back in her chair, and pondered. Mary Ann had come down from the mountains because she had been told that in town a girl could go to school, and by assisting in housework in her spare hours earn a home at least, and possibly a little extra for books.

"I kin work," Mary Ann had said in describing her qualifications "and I was always good at doing as I was told." Further claims she had not made. Her question in regard to waiting on the table proved conclusively that she was what is termed a "green girl."

Nevertheless, Mrs. Little felt a strong impulse to try her. "The judge will laugh at me," she told herself. "And Judith will scold." She smiled indulgently at the thought of Judith's mock severity. This girl standing so awkwardly before her, awaiting her decision, could not be far from Judith's age. The smile faded from the mother's face. Something sweet looked out from her eyes, and Mary Ann saw it.

"I am going to give you a trial," said the judge's wife. "If you can do as you are told, as you say, it does not make so much difference that you are unfamiliar with housework. A girl who is careful to follow directions learns very rapidly. And now when can you come?"

"I'd like to come now," said Mary Ann. "My things are in a bundle out by the gate." And so she was installed, and her education began.

The education of Mary Ann was not intermittent. It had nothing to do with school hours, though her teachers were pleasantly surprised when they found that this ungainly girl, of uncouth speech, was capable of clear thinking. The new world into which Mary Ann had come was full of revelations, surprises. She was a little taken aback to find that there was so much to be learned, but she never doubted that she could learn it all, and she utilized every moment and every energy.

Judith, the judge's pretty daughter, little guessed that she served as a text-book on deportment to the angular girl who seemed so painfully absorbed in the

task of carrying her tray without upsetting it. As a matter of fact Mary Ann was watching to see just how Judith held her knife and fork, how she managed her napkin and what was the mysterious something which made it a pleasure to watch her satisfying her appetite. Mary Ann noticed how the tip of Judith's little finger curled up as she lifted her coffee-cup, and she mentally resolved to practise that later.

That year Mary Ann's education increased rapidly. She did not go home for the summer vacation, but stayed in town, working, reading and making rosy plans. She had mastered the art of waiting on the table so that Judith, instead of scolding about her awkwardness, referred to her as "mamma's find." She had won the approval of the irascible old cook, who declared that she had "as steady a hand as if she were a settled woman, instead of a slip of a girl. Her dress showed the influence of the new environment. She had dropped the uncouth phrases which marred her speech.

The judge himself had become interested in her, dating from the time when he found her standing in front of one of his bookcases, duster in hand, saying in awed tones, "I did not know there were so many in all the world." He had asked her some questions, and had ended the interview by loaning her a classic which Judith pronounced dull. Mary Ann read it through in two days, and brought it back with her eyes shining. After that the judge saw that she was supplied with reading matter.

But Mary Ann had still more to learn, and the harder lessons began one night when she was alone in the house. The family had gone out to dinner, and the cook had improved the opportunity to pay a visit to an acquaintance in the other part of town. Mary Ann had spread her books out on the kitchen table, and was bending over them in a happy absorption that made her oblivious to the flight of time, when a rap on the door demanded her attention.

Mary Ann sighed as she pushed back her chair. But, when she had opened the kitchen door, the half-veiled impatience of her face gave way to incredulous pleasure. "Why it's Uncle Sid," she cried. "Uncle Sid, how did you ever come here?"

Apparently her pleasure was not reciprocated. Her uncle pushed past her, glancing about him with angry eyes. "What are you doing here?" he demanded, turning suddenly upon her as he realized that they were alone. "What kind of a place is this for you?"

Mary Ann stared at him. She saw that his usually good-humored face was inflamed with anger and something more. "He's been drinking," thought Mary Ann with a sigh. Aloud she said, "Why don't you like this kitchen, Uncle Sid?"

He lifted his hand with an angry gesture; then his arm dropped to his side. "This ain't a fit place for you—the home of this man," he said. "Get your things, and go home with me."

Mary Ann almost laughed. Go home! Leave the opportunity that

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Black or Mixed—Sealed Packets only 25c. to 60c. per lb. net weight

had made life a new thing to her! Go back to her mountain cabin, to pick up the threads of the old existence again! She looked at her uncle pityingly. Of course he could not understand.

"Uncle Sid, you shouldn't talk that way about Judge Little," she reproved him gently, as one would a child. "He's a good man. I've lived here a year, and I ought to know."

The big mountainer leaned forward, his large hands spread out on his knees. "A good man," he repeated. "The girl's crazy, or else she don't know. Don't you know?" he demanded.

"Know what?" asked Mary Ann drawing back. She was beginning to feel frightened. She had seen her uncle before when he had been drinking, but never when he was like this.

"Why, about the sentences this good judge of yours gave the moonshiners. Barnes Carter, your old neighbor, he's gone up to the pen, and his baby's six weeks old. He'll be quite a boy when he sees his daddy again. That's what your good judge has done."

Mary Ann sat aghast. Up in the mountain cabin the illicit stills and the periodical raids of government officials had been matters of common knowledge. But they seemed alien and unreal in this new life. She had known that there were judges who pronounced sentence on these law breakers. But that the man who had loaned her 'Ivanhoe' was the judge who had sentenced her old neighbor seemed incredible and terrible. Dully she heard herself defending him. "He's a judge. He has to, whether he wants to or not."

"He's down on the mountain folks," cried her uncle. "He gave Barnes the longest sentence he could." Then his manner changed. "He's had his turn. Pretty soon the mountain folks will have theirs."

"What do you mean, Uncle Sid?"

asked the girl. A vague fear stirred at her heart. Of course it might be only a drunken man's idle boast. But Mary Ann knew the mountain people. She had seen their reckless generosity, and she knew, too, to what lengths resentment might lead them. "What do you mean?" she persisted, but he did not answer. Instead, he resumed his entreaties that she should return home with him, and reproached her with disloyalty.

"A pretty mountain girl you are," he taunted her, "living under the roof of the man who sentenced your old neighbor! When he went away at last, mumbling to himself, her steady young nerves were completely unstrung, and she closed her books after a vain attempt to interest herself in her lessons.

Two weeks passed. Judge Little was planning to leave in a few days on an official trip, when one morning, Mary Ann received a letter. Mary Ann's correspondents were few, and so irregular in their communications that the handwriting gave her no clue to the sender. Nor did the contents make her wiser. Printed out laboriously on a rough piece of paper were the words, 'A friend's warning. Don't let him take that train Wednesday afternoon.'

The mountain-bred girl understood. The friends of the convicted moonshiners were to take revenge on the judge who had imposed long sentences by wrecking his train. Once before she had known such a thing to be done. She was a child then, but the horror of what had occurred came over her so vividly that she felt faint.

With the slip of paper in her hand she moved toward the door. Then she halted. If she gave the judge warning, he would not let it stop there. The matter would be investigated. Some one, perhaps her Uncle Sid, perhaps her father, would be arrested, and probably imprisoned for a term of years

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Apple Orchards Are Sure Money!

But we must plant the native grown trees. I have a few trees, all the hardy, reliable varieties, 3 to 5 years old—must positively clear out in May, the last chance to get them. Send list of what you want. POTATO MEN! Arsenate of Lead is cheaper than Paris Green. Does not wash off. Does not burn the plant. I am agent for the famous Grasselli Arsenate of Lead, and Grasselli Bordeaux Mixture.



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TAPPAN ADNEY, Upper Woodstock