Newspaper Laws.

We call the special attention of Postmasters and subscribers to the following synopsis of the newspaper laws:

1. If any person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount whether it be taken from the office or not. There can be no legal discontinuance until payment is made.

2. Any person who takes a paper from the post office, whether directed to his name or another, or whether he has subscribed or not is responsible for the pay.

3. If a subscriber orders his paper to be stopped at a certain time, and the publisher continues to send, the subscriber is bound to pay for it if he takes it out of the post office. This proceeds upon the ground that a man must pay for what he uses.

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A first-class lot of

Hand-made Waggons

for sale cheap.

Jobbing of all kinds promptly attended to.

ALLAN McFARLANE, Proprietor.

About the House.

TO A DAFFODIL.

Long to her bosom prest,
Sucking at Nature's breast,
Fed were your lips by her generous food;
Fresh from a dwelling dark,
Yet but a golden spark,
Here have you come as a lamp for the wood.

Daylight's inheritance
Won by that tender lance,
Now is your weapon a blossoming rod!
Fast through the glebe you came,
Bearing at heart a flame,
Sent on your lovely adventure by God.

Now with the journey done,
Quaff a bright fill of sun,
Feasting with mosses and hyacinths tall;
While for your minstrelsy,
Bubbling from bush and tree,
Birds of the woodland melodiously call.

May my soul's errand be
Straight on to purity,
Swift as your passage to beauty hath been!
So shall I live my lease
Under the sky of peace,
Cool as a flower and heavenly clean.

ABOUT PRUNING ROSES.

A great many persons miss having fine roses in their gardens from not knowing how to prune them. It is often a sorrowful sight to pass a place in which are handsome shrubs and roses and see the ruin and disfigurement caused by lack of knowledge of what pruning is for. It is not always the proprietor who is at fault altogether. It is sometimes the case that one looking for work comes along and professing a knowledge of pruning is set to work to prune the roses and shrubs. It is strange that in nearly every case of this kind the pruner's idea of what is the proper way to prune is that all young shoots of the previous season's growth should be lopped off. This is sometimes done, leaving the shrub ball-shaped, at other times with a flat top. These notes are on the pruning of the rose, but it may be said here that most shrubs must not have the young shoots of last season's making cut away, or there will be no flowers the coming summer.

As to roses, the pruning must depend entirely on what class they belong to. What are known as daily roses, which are those that flower all through the season, and embrace Teas, Bourbons, Chinas and Noisettes, and some hybrids, need close pruning. The flowers come from young shoots of the same season. Cut down almost to the ground, strong shoots will succeed, which will bear flowers on their ends. Not that they need such close cutting down as that, if the branches are cut down to half their length it will be found to answer very well. Few other roses need cutting back as much as these do, so that after determining whether a certain bush is an everblooming one or not, the question of how to prune it can soon be settled. It may be added here that these roses are the least hardy of any.

The next important class consists of what are called Hybrid Perpetuals, or June roses. They are so named because they flower freely in June, but hardly at all after that, excepting a stray bloom or two. The flowering is quite different from that of the others. They are like almost all flowering shrubs, producing their blossoms from the shoots made the previous season; therefore these shoots must be well looked after. The character of this rose is to make a few strong shoots, of a length perhaps three to four feet. These shoots should be cut back to leave about two-thirds of what there were. Leave two feet of what was a three-foot shoot. From these pruned stems there should come an abundance of flowers. If cut down as low as the everbloomers should be there will be no flowers. What are called climbing roses should be pruned in the same way as June roses. A little cutting back of strong shoots, and a close cutting of weak ones, is the rule. Such old sorts as the Prairie rose and its seedlings, climbing Teas and Noisettes come into this class.

Of late years the Russian roses, known as Rugosa, have become well known. These are very hardy, and have given a desirable lot of seedlings of different colors. They do not need very much pruning, but should have a little. Very often a bush may be unshapely, and a pruning, to give it good shape, may be a great help to it. The old sweetbrier rose and the Austrian brier are valued in every garden. They need little pruning; neither does the beautiful hardy yellow one, called Persian Yellow. There are a few wild roses bearing single pink flowers, which are often found in gardens, both because of their flowers and their having numerous red berries on in the fall, which last all winter. These, too, need but little pruning.

As a rule, roses are pruned in spring. It is thought that as hard winters are apt to injure the shoots, it is better to wait until freezing weather is over to see what injury, if any, has been done, and then cut away the injured part. In the case of those mentioned as better for a good cutting back of the branches, some practice the pruning back early in the winter, and then cover up completely all that is left of the bush. On the other hand, a rose or any other bush pruned in the fall pushes into growth earlier than a spring-pruned one, and this early growth is not desirable where late freezings sometimes occur.

FOUR POTATO DAINTIES.

Champlain Potatoes.—Cut a pint of cold-boiled potatoes in rather thick slices, put in a saucepan a piece of butter half the size of an egg and a small teaspoon of flour, stir till smooth and well mixed, then add one cup of soup stock or gravy. When this boils put in the potatoes and season with a couple of large pinches of salt and three dashes of pepper, and let all stew together a few minutes; take from the fire, and when it stops boiling add the yolk of an egg, beaten up with one teaspoon lemon juice and a little cold water. Stir for a minute in a warm place, then pour into a hot dish.

Potatoes a la Marie.—Peel eight raw potatoes, then cut them around as an apple is peeled; let the paring be as near the same thickness as possible, and the longer they are the better; put them in a frying basket and plunge into boiling lard. When they are a golden brown drain them in front of the fire; dish on a very hot plate, sprinkle with salt and serve immediately.

Potato Balls.—One pint of hot mashed potatoes, seasoned with a half teaspoonful salt, quarter teaspoonful of white pepper, half teaspoonful of celery salt, some chopped parsley and butter; moisten, if needed, with a little hot milk or cream. Beat one egg light and add part of it to the potatoes; shape into smooth, round balls, brush over with the remainder of the egg and bake on buttered tins until brown. Be careful to not get them too moist.

Turnips and Potatoes au Gratin.—Mix thoroughly together a pint of hot mashed turnips and an equal amount of mashed potatoes; add two tablespoonfuls of butter, a teaspoonful of salt and teacup of milk. Put into a baking pan; stew with bread crumbs, dot with bits of butter and bake to a delicate brown.

THE STOCKING BAG.

Below we give directions for making a handy bag to hold the stockings that may need mending. It also provides a place for all the articles necessary to use in the mending:

Get a large horseshoe and draw the outline on thick pasteboard; cut out four and cover with the material you are going to make a bag of; now cut three leaves for the needlebook of any desired material and shade, a half-inch smaller all around than the horseshoes and make a cover of the bag material for the outside of the needlebook, fasten these at the tops of the large horseshoe and put two together; take a piece of the material one yard long and half a yard wide; gather lengthwise on each edge and fasten onto the two horseshoes formed of the four pieces of pasteboard; now you should have a large bag shaped like a pocket.

On the opposite side from the needlebook fasten a little puffy pocket for the yarn. Both this pocket and the cover of the needlebook may have a monogram worked in colors. Now hem the edges of the material between the horseshoes, fasten on eight little rings and run braid through to hang up by. When complete the bag should measure about half a yard across.

SAVE THE PIECES.

Always save the pieces of good silk, no matter what color, or if new or not provided it is strong. Even a two-inch strip of silk is a boon at times, and larger pieces have many uses, so will never stand by long, in the hands of a thrifty workwoman. When ripping a silk garment, cut out the good pieces sponge out all spots, iron on the wrong side and store for use. The better pieces will sometimes come in for trimming a dress, lining sleeves, etc., and save buying new.

CLOTH OF BARK.

A very curious tree grows on one of the islands of the Southern Pacific. The inner bark, which strips off after maceration, forms a kind of cloth. The fibres of this inner bark are simply placed side by side, and several layers are put one on another, and beaten out flat, till the material becomes as thin as muslin. After bleaching it is ready to be made up into clothing.

A GHOST STORY.

The Death of the Dissipated Lord Lyttleton a Century Ago.

Lord Lyttleton, in the winter of the year 1778, had retired from the metropolis, with a party of his dissipated companions, to profane the Christmas at his country house, Pit Place, near Epsom, in Surrey. They had not long abandoned themselves to the indulgence of their dissolute orgies, when a sudden and unexpected gloom was cast over the party by the extraordinary depression of spirits and dejection of countenance which were observed to take possession of their host. It was in vain that he attempted to silence the inquiries of the guests on the subject of his dejection. They were convinced that he was ill, or had met with loss at play, or was crossed in love; and his denial of all these imputations only excited a more eager curiosity to be informed of the origin of his depression. Thus urged, he at last determined to reveal the secret that so painfully depressed him.

The night before, on his retiring to bed, after his servant was dismissed, and his light extinguished, he had heard a noise resembling the fluttering of a dove at his chamber window. This attracted his attention, to the spot, when, looking in the direction of the sound, he saw the figure of an unhappy female, whom he had seduced and deserted, and who, when deserted, had put a violent end to her own existence; she was standing in the aperture of the window from which the fluttering sound had proceeded. The form approached the foot of the bed—the room was supernaturally light, the objects of the chamber were distinctly visible. Raising her hand and pointing to a dial which stood on the mantelpiece of the chimney, the figure, with severe solemnity of voice and manner, announced to the appalled and conscience-stricken man that at that very hour on the third day after the visitation his life and his sins would be concluded and nothing but their punishment remain, if he availed himself not of the warning to repentance which he had received.

The eye of his lordship glanced on the dial, the hand was on the stroke of 12. Again the apartment was involved in total darkness, the warning spirit disappeared, and bore away at its departure all the lightness of heart and buoyancy of spirit which had formerly distinguished the unhappy being to whom the tremendous summons had been delivered.

On the succeeding day his lordship's guests, with the contrivance of his attendants, had provided that the clocks throughout the house should be advanced an hour, without the imposture being discovered. Ten o'clock struck—the nobleman was silent and depressed. Eleven struck—the depression deepened, and now not even a smile indicated him to be conscious of the efforts of his associates, as they attempted to dispel his gloom. Twelve struck. He returned to his chamber, convinced of his security, and believing that the hour of peril was now past.

Lord Lyttleton's guests remained together to await the completion of the time so ominously designated by the vision. A quarter of an hour had elapsed—they heard the valet descend from his master's room; it was just 12. His lordship's bell rang violently; the company ran in a body to the apartment; the clock struck 1 at their entrance, and the unhappy lord lay extended on the bed before them, pale and lifeless, and his countenance terribly convulsed.

SOME FOLKS ARE MEAN.

Hopkins—I bought a donkey for my boy a week or so ago, and the animal's been a revelation to me. Why, do you know, sir, it sometimes seems to me if the donkey actually knew more than the boy.

Bagley—Oh, well I wouldn't blame the boy for that. Maybe the donkey inherits its intelligence.

BEGINNING OF HOSTILITIES.

Mr. Perkly—Oh, if you could only learn to cook as my first wife did!

Mrs. Perkly—If you were as smart as my dear first husband was you'd be rich enough to hire the best cook in the land.

ISLAND OF CEUTA, WHICH MAY BE ADMIRAL WATSON'S BASE OF OPERATIONS.

Ceuta, Spain's pet island colony for convicts, which commands the approach to Gibraltar and the Mediterranean, is destined to become a base of supplies for Commodore John C. Watson and the squadron with which he is to attack the seacoast of Spain. The Canaries are all there is between him and this grim island, where, under the cover of forbidding walls and mountains, Spain has tortured her exiled prisoners for centuries past. Commodore Watson has been ordered to command a detachment of Admiral Sampson's fleet and to make of them a transatlantic squadron. The Canaries subjugated and the American flag hoisted over the islands, he is to proceed direct to the Island of Ceuta and establish a base of supplies. Once in possession of the self-fortified island and town of Ceuta, Commodore Watson should be able to run back for supplies of coal and ammunition almost as easily as though he were off the coast of Florida. Ceuta is a rock-ribbed, rock-bound island off the northeast coast of Fez, Morocco, and is twelve hours' sail from the entrance to the Straits of Gibraltar. It might as well be called the island of the seven hills, for from these it derives its name. Of these most conspicuous is Monte del Hacho, which looks out toward Spain like a signal point set up to say, "All's well." Stretching back from the mountain a narrow peninsula connects the Island with the main land of Africa. On this neck of land the town of Ceuta is built. All around are fortifications, the high hills put up their by nature and the prison walls had moats built in succession by conquerors and remodeled and rebuilt by their successors and strengthened again by the Spaniards when they made of it a prison hell. The seven walls coiled about the town itself are thick and impassable, save here and there where arched bridges have been cut through. Between each wall there is a deep moat of sea water, set down like a seductive trap to catch any unfortunate convict who might escape the vigilant guards stationed all around the walls. Every one of the seven hills is fortified now. Up high on Monte del Hacho there is a strong citadel garrisoned by Spanish soldiers. Here and there the walls are pierced by the noses of cannon, but there is no evidence that they have ever been used except for signaling, and it is doubtful if they could be brought to much better use, owing to their immovability.

WOMEN IN JAPAN.

The marvelous development and advancement of Japan within the last quarter century has been marked by most radical changes in the treatment and social status of women. The opponents of woman suffrage, will find Japan a fruitful field for their missionary labor, for in no part of the world is woman to-day making more rapid advancement toward equality of the sexes.

Visitors to Japan comparatively a few years ago found the gentlewomen of the island empire popularly regarded as mere toys, willing to be sold into virtual slavery for about $6 a month. No stigma attached to this custom, and the daughter sold into slavery for the support of her parents often returned afterward to her grade of society and contracted an honorable marriage. At that time Japanese women of the higher grade, led gay and easy lives, and were taught that woman's chief jewel was ignorance, and a writer in the Criterion has fittingly described them as "mere glorified toys."

The magician's wand which is rapidly transferring a half-savage, semi-barbaric race into one of the most enlightened nations of the earth is also elevating the status of Japanese womanhood. No better evidence of that fact is needed than is shown by the announcement that a university for the higher education of women is shortly to be opened in Tokio. This institution which will cost $200,000, has the enthusiastic indorsement of the nobility and the heads of government, from the emperor and empress down to the petty officials of state. That Japanese sunrise seems destined to usher in a perfect day.

HOUSE OF COMMONS BAR.

A barkeeper at the House of Commons restaurant has been summoned before a London Police Magistrate for "illegally supplying intoxicating liquor to the public." The temperance people are fighting to force the House of Commons restaurant has been summoned its bar or to stop the sale of liquor.

HEARD IN THE WILDS.

Tourist (inquiring of hostler about boarding places)—Well, is the table at Mrs. Trefry's equal to that at the Digby house?

Hostler—Oh, yes, sir; it's fully as equal, if not equaler!

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A POINT AGAINST HIM.

He's free even from a breath of suspicion, declared she who is his best girl.

Oh, I don't know, replied the jealous friend. He never took me to the theater yet that cloves did not give him a breath of suspicion.

THE EYES OF THE WORLD

Are Fixed Upon South American Nervine.

Beyond Doubt the Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

WHEN EVERY OTHER HELPER HAS FAILED IT CURES

A Discovery, Based on Scientific Principles, that Renders Failure Impossible.

In the matter of good health temporizing measures, while possibly successful for the moment, can never be lasting. Those in poor health soon know whether the remedy they are using is simply a passing incident in their experience, bracing them up for the day, or something that is getting at the seat of the disease and is surely and permanently restoring.

The eyes of the world are literally fixed on South American Nervine. They are not viewing it as a nine-days' wonder, but critical and experienced men have been studying this medicine for years, with the one result—they have found that its claim of perfect curative qualities cannot be gainsaid.

The great discoverer of this medicine was possessed of the knowledge that the seat of all disease is the nerve centres, situated at the base of the brain. In this belief he had the best scientists and medical men of the world occupying exactly the same premises. Indeed, the ordinary layman recognized this principle long ago. Everyone knows that let disease or injury affect this part of the human system and death is almost certain. Injure the spinal cord, which is the medium of these nerve centres, and paralysis is sure to follow.

Here is the first principle. The trouble with medical treatment usually, and with nearly all medicines, is that they aim simply to treat the organ that may be diseased. South American Nervine passes by the organs, and immediately applies its curative powers to the nerve centres, from which the organs of the body receive their supply of nerve fluid. The nerve centres healed, and of necessity the organ which has shown the outward evidence only of derangement is healed. Indigestion, nervousness, impoverished blood, liver complaint, all owe their origin to a derangement of the nerve centres. Thousands bear testimony that they have been cured of these troubles, even when they have become so desperate as to baffle the skill of the most eminent physicians, because South American Nervine has gone to headquarters and cured there.

The eyes of the world have not been disappointed in the inquiry into the success of South American Nervine. People marvel, it is true, at its wonderful medical qualities, but they know beyond all question that it does everything that is claimed for it. It stands alone as the one great certain curing remedy of the nineteenth century. Why should anyone suffer distress and sickness while this remedy is practically at their hands?

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