

contains a bitter principle obnoxious to worms and barnacles. The woods suitable for furniture, of which there are about a hundred different kinds, will, no doubt, be appreciated in many other parts of the world when known a little better than at present. The native cedar (*cedrela*), which is quite different from the timber of the pine family, is very useful for wardrobes and cabinets, its scent tending to keep away insects. Mahogany is not native to the colony; but the wood called Guiana mahogany is that of the carapa, commonly known as crab wood. It is not as dark in colour or as hard in texture as mahogany, and being more easily worked, is used for all kinds of furniture. Letterwood is, perhaps, one of the prettiest, but as the peculiar dark marks are only found in the heart, only small logs can be obtained, rarely exceeding six inches in diameter. Purpleheart is unique in being of a pretty violet colour when fresh or new, which, however, turns to a dark brown after being worked up. If it were possible to prevent this change, it would be a most beautiful wood, but even as it is the furniture made from it exactly resembles that from rosewood. Every colour known is represented in the Guiana woods, from almost black, through browns and reds to deep and pale yellow, and almost to white. They are curiously free from irregular veining and knots, the marks being uniform and in parallel lines; nevertheless they are by no means wanting in beauty. For panelling nothing can excel the nearly black wamara, contrasted with the pale green heart or the lighter and more easily worked white simarupa. At present the demand is so limited that many of the fancy woods are difficult to procure, the woodcutters looking only for such timber as they know will command a market. If, however, a market were opened, these could be

collected as easily as green-heart, mora, and wallaba are at present.—*The Imperial Post.*

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HER SPECIALTY.—“An how’s your little Cely gettin’ along wid her school-in’, Mrs. Flaherty, dear?” inquired an interested neighbor. “Foine!” replied Mrs. Flaherty, laconically. “An’ is she the head av her class in shpellin’?” “Naw!” said Mrs. Flaherty, with a scornful sniff. “There niver was a Flaherty yet could stop to shak’ hands wid the shpellin’-book; they’ve no taste for that kind av work.”

“Mebbe it’s ’rithmetic that she loiks best,” suggested the neighbor. “‘Rithmetic, is it?” said Mrs. Flaherty. “Shure, an’ if Cely knows a noine from a siven it’s more nor I’m countin’ on. She has no heart for noomers, that Cely.”

When reading and writing had been mentioned by the neighbor, and geography had been hinted at, only to be met with instant disdain, Mrs. Flaherty herself was asked to name the study in which Cely was making such rapid progress.

“I had me doubts,” said Mrs. Flaherty, placing her hands on her hips in an easy attitude, “an’ so had Tim, when Cely first wint to school, av her iver makin’ a scholar; an’ her cards that she brought home wid her av a Saturday wasn’t rale encouragin’, as fur as Tim an’ me could mak’ out.

“But the other day when I had Cely out gettin’ her a new hat, who should I see but the school-teacher, shtandin’ right forninst us. He put his hand on Cely’s head—there aint a sowl could hilp loikin’ the choild, wid the winnin’ ways av her—an’ says he, ‘Mrs. Flaherty,’ says he, ‘Cely has got a great talent for prōcras-ti-na-tin’.’

“Wasn’t I the proud woman thin? I couldn’t shpake for j’y, but I just