

NEW GOODS

In looking for something suitable to give your Lady Friends call and look over the stock of Mrs. F. L. Mooers where you will find goods that will please you in all kinds of Ladies, Childrens and Infants wear.

MRS. F. L. MOOERS

Maid St

WOOD OF THE RED GUM.

Valuable Cabinet Timber Furnished by Humboldt Neglected Trees.

The lumber industry of the country has been provided with much valuable information by the investigations which have been made through the scientific study of many species of trees against the use of which there has been a prejudice for one reason or other, and from an economic viewpoint this is one of the most important phases of the forest work of the government.

The lumber discoveries of valuable qualities in a former neglected species resulted after an investigation of the red gum, sometimes commercially called *cedrus waldati*, which finds its home in the hardwood bottom lands and drier swamps of the south in mixture with oak, cottonwood and oak. This tree is one of the commonest timber trees of the south, reaching its best development in the deep, rich soil of the bottoms, where it often attains a height of 150 feet and a diameter of five feet.

Were red gum imported from a distance and obtainable only at a high price it probably would be used extensively in the manufacture of furniture, cabinet work and interior finishing, but being a native wood and low in price it has been discriminated against. Gradually this objection is being done away with, and the demand for red gum has increased rapidly in the last few years.

The best grades of red gum, clear heart, find a market almost exclusively in the export trade, though a small amount is used in the United States for inside finishing. Practically 75 per cent of the clear heart gum lumber cut in this country is exported for use in England, France and Germany for the manufacture of furniture, inside trimmings, newel posts and stair railings. The commoner grades of red gum are used in the United States for cheap furniture, desks, the better grades of boxes and a number of novelties. The poorest grade goes into boxes, barrels and other articles for which short, narrow boards can be used.—New York Herald.

State of Ohio City of Toledo,

Lucas County,

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(Seal) A. W. GLEASON,

Notary Public

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free

F. J. CHENEY, & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Take Halls Family Pills for constipation.

An Unlucky Sneeze.

Tom—'Ave yer 'eard Bill's landed for three years 'ard?
Harry—Wot for?
Tom—Sneezin'!
Harry—Sneezin'! Wot yer givin' us?
Tom—Well, 'e was crackin' a crib, an' woke the bloke up.

End of the Honeymoon.

As a general thing a bride can always tell when the honeymoon is over by the way her husband begins to take an interest in what is going on downtown in the evening after supper.

THE BISHOP'S NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS

(By Anna Brabham Osbon)

The Bishops were a temperamental family. Its various members could display more vagaries and moods from the rising bell to the last good-night than an April day. Pere Bishop set the example in moods by exhibiting alternately the testy and the jocose. When he had been up late juggling with figures that would not show the results the time and effort they represented should have produced, the next morning things in general presented the same agent. The coffee was black his wife's collar was unbecoming the twins' table manners were execrable, the whole world was jaundiced and out of joint. But when stocks took a rise his spirits went up like a kite escaping from a perspiring schoolboy. The flowers he had ordered for his wife reached home before he did. He brought Hilda a new piece of music, rallied the twins out of the sulks, inquired with a sportsman's interest after Charlotte's latest achievement in basketball, and was also together the sunny, breezy centre around which the Bishopsphere revolved.

Hilda thought the twins' temperaments were the most trying of all. The were either lachrymose or garrulous. Their elder sister found their 'goo humor' with its accompanying incessant clatter' as hard to bear as their tears, that flowed readily whenever the interests of their twinning clashed.

Hilda, despite her nineteen years, had not outgrown moods. Her spirits were either set to a maestoso measure or ran in a minor strain. Homer, with the carcase and boyish scorn that marked his prevailing temperament, spoke of the former state as 'Hilda's high horse.'

Charlotte's moods were the most irrepresible; she was distinctively volatile, and was always possessed by the very antipodes of the moods prevailing around her. If Homer and Hilda settled down in the window seat fraternally, Charlotte sulked—nobody cared for her. If Nathan was taciturn, his besetting mood, Charlotte showered him with questions and poured over his unresponsive head glowing accounts of basketball and class scrap, until her brother's other mood, the combative, was aroused and Charlotte would flee with a taunting laugh and a last wordy volley from the safe vantage ground of the stairs.

It is not to be wondered that amid all this free expression of such a complexity of temperaments Mrs. Bishop developed the nervous type, verging sometimes unto the querulous.

Yet, paradoxical as it may seem, the Bishops were a singularly affectmate and united family. However ready they might be to point out the mote in each other's eyes, it was a privilege they reserved to themselves exclusively. Nathan's combativeness, Homer's sarcasm, and Charlotte's drastic fire blazed to some purpose if a base outsider presumed to 'be role of critic of a Bishop or mentioned the beams that sometimes obtruded themselves before the public eye.

Then Cousin Marcia came to visit them. She brought a new type into the family circle. There was just one word to describe Cousin Marcia's a temperament—even. If she had cares or discouragements, the world never knew it. Her brown eyes always looked it full in the face with the same unalterable calm. Her nerves lay quiet in their sheaths. Great joys excited her to no intemperance and sorrows were met with a courage that took away half their sting.

At first Cousin Marcia was appalled at the lightning flashes that played over and among the Bishop's teacups, and she lived in hourly fear of spontaneous combustion. But when she came to know it was not electricity at all, but a seemingly harmless ignis fatuus, her merry brown eyes viewed the phosphoric display with their usual calm.

But Cousin Marcia was serious-minded. When she saw Hilda wince under Homer's unchivalrous bluntness and withdraw to her room to brood for hours over the world's and her own family's inability to appreciate her; and Charlotte's pretty lips come out in an adorable but still character-defacing pout, under some pretty rebuff; or Nathan fling himself out of the house in high dudgeon to go no one knew where, Cousin Marcia's serene brow grew troubled.

She parried these moods and humors with consummate skill, and the Bishops

enjoyed a month of unprecedented freedom from storms. Still, she knew the elements were there and only slept, hypnotized by her sunny presence.

It was New Year's Eve. The family were gathered in the large living-room. Good humor prevailed for the nonce. Homer turned Hilda's music, affection and pride in the movement. The twins popped corn at the open fire in great amity. Nathan listened interestedly to Charlotte's spirited account of the seniors' latest triumph. Pere Bishop radiated geniality from every square inch of his one-hundred-and-eighty-odd pounds avoirdupois. Mrs. Bishop was placidly happy.

Cousin Marcia's heart yearned over this singularly loving, lovable family, that could plunge itself, on such slight provocation into such a seething vortex of unhappiness.

Now let us make our New Year resolutions', proposed Cousin Marcia, as the hour of midnight drew near and they gathered in a closer circle about the fire.

The Bishops flushed guiltily. They had a penchant for turning over new leaves. They had gazed on the virgin whiteness of many a fresh page, only to see it become smirched and blackened like its predecessors.

'Let us make a list of the virtues the Bishops should cultivate in the coming year'—Cousin Marcia was a Bishop.

Better put the twins down for a drought in the zone of calms,' suggested Nathan.

'Guess you might as well—' began Bertram, vindictively, the Bishop spirit of retaliation up and in arms at a touch, but Cousin Marcia's pencil held aloft, stopped him.

'The twins do have their troubles,' she assented, but they must learn to bear them a little more heroically. Suppose we put down fortitude for them. Who next?

'I wish I could lock my business cares in the office,' quoth Pere Bishop, and not trouble till trouble troubles me. The things that cause me most anxiety are the ones that never happen.'

'Worry has more victims than work. Let us include in our list for general benefit cheerful hopefulness,' Cousin Marcia was writing busily.

'And quietness-of-spirit for me,' sighed Mrs. Bishop, 'if I could be as even tempered as you are, Marcia.'

'And me, too,' put in Charlotte. I'm either up in the clouds or down in the slough.'

'We wouldn't rob our Charlotte of her piquancy, but I opine a little equanimity would add to her happiness.'

'Whew! wot I have a blissful year with Lot turned vituous,' chuckled Nathan.

And for you, Mr. Nathan Bishop, I would recommend a come-out-of-your-shellitiveness, a general companionableness., Cousin Marcia shook her pencil at him menacingly, while her eyes took a his fine forehead, well-poised head, splendidly set-up young figure. 'Let us write it responsiveness.'

'And Sis needs a little-come-out-of-the-dump-itiveness,' suggested Homer, pinching Hilda's pretty flushed cheek.

'And you Sir Homer, a little cultivation of gallantry,' quickly added Cousin Marcia, before the flash that struck from Hilda's eye could reach her tongue and frame a quick retort.

Light-heartedness and a gallantry went down on the list.

'And for myself,' went on Cousin Marcia, still writing, 'unselfishness.' There was a merry, uproarious protest at this.

'As well call the sun cold or the lily dingy,' came from Homer, surprising his family into speechiness at this early practise of his prescribed virtue.

'Yes, I am,' stoutly maintained Cousin Marcia, 'from my reluctance to get up in the morning in time to enjoy Armand's cakes at their prime, to the awful lurch it takes to tear me away from the evening fireside on an errand of mercy.'

The resolutions were drawn up in due form and each Bishop affixed his or her signature thereto. The next day a fine poster was made in which everybody took a hand. The twins were dispatched to purchase a sheet of the whitest cardboard, on which Charlotte illumined in her prettiest lettering the text of the resolutions, and Hilda painted a dainty border around it. Nathan turned two rods

A Revelation in Tea Goodness



is a delicious and fragrant blend of the finest Ceylon Tea. Get a package from your grocer and enjoy its excellent qualities.

upon which it was mounted. Homer selected the place where it was to hang and drove the two brass tacks from which it was suspended.

For a few days such an unusual quiet and peace pervaded the Bishop house hold than Charlotte feared it was the calm before the storm, and prophesied that when it did break it would be nothing short of a cyclone.

Then Cousin Marcia left. Almost immediately the sky began to overcast. A cloud as a man's hand hung over the mountain top. Tiny spits of flame flashed now from one creator, now from another, but they drew back quickly, as if ashamed of breaking a peace so profound.

Then came the morning when Pere Bishop stalked into the breakfast room—the figures had been unusually bothersome the night before.

'Nathan,' he demanded, sternly, 'didn't I tell you to get that wot out of the alley last Saturday?'

'Yes, sir, but the skating—'

'Skating!' roared his father, 'when will you learn that business comes before pleasure. Grandpa Harris fell into that woodpile and might have broken a limb.'

And so the day began, Mrs. Bishop sought the couch to nurse a headache. The twins went sniffing to school, their wrongs unrighted. Charlotte's pretty lips pouted their wish for Cousin Marcia. Altogether the barometer was low and the storm signals were out.

In the afternoon, soon after the attendants at the public school had reached home, there was a jingling of bells outside and Pere Bishop, stamping off the snow in the entry, appeared in the hall. Stock had taken an upward slide and Pere Bishop's ill humer had quickly slipped off the other end of the teeter-board and he was there, after the fashion of the Bishops, to make amends for his crustiness of the morning.

'To boots, everybody,'—he called, cheerily, 'we're off for a ride.'

'I don't think I'm well enough,' moaned Mrs. Bishop wearily.

Hilda's plaintive minor strain at the piano did not change its dreary wail.

'I'm going with the fellows, growled Nathan buckling together his skates.

Pere Bishop surveyed his family disgustedly. Bertram was scowling in one corner and Beatrice was sobbing in another. Upstairs, Homer could be heard charging about, wrenching at drawers and slamming doors. Pere Bishop was about to turn on his heel and leave his family to the enjoyment of their miseries when Homer came plunging down the stairs, getting into his coat as he came.

'Where are you going, young man?' queried the elder Bishop.

Homer would be twenty-one in six weeks. He had already begun to question any man's authority over him. His shoulders rose stiff and square at his father's question.

Pere Bishop's jaw was full squarer. 'I forbid your going with those Tolliver boys, if that is your plan.'

Charlotte caught her breath. The cyclone's awful funnel poised above, about to dip with its terrible spiral and shatter the peace of the Bishop household forever. She dreaded above all things an open break between her father and Homer. She knew how hardly would such a breach heal, corroded by Bishop stubbornness.

Catching up Hilda's tightly rolled silk umbrella from the hall rack, she strode tragically to the New Year poster.

'Be it resolved,' she began, in sepulchral tones, using the umbrella for a pointer.

Her father's jaw relaxed infinitesimally. Homer's shoulders lowered the fraction of an inch. When she reached 'light-heartedness' Hilda's hand strayed into the light, bright treble notes. At the mention of 'fortitude' the twins cast sheepish glances at each other. When 'unselfishness' was reached Mrs. Bishop arose saying:

'Maybe a ride in the open air would do my head good.'

'Homer,' said Hilda, gliding to his side and putting a white hand on his sleeve—she could be wondrous win some—'won't you stay at home to night and take me to the Mannerings? You know Jack is out of town, and I can't go tagging along de trop with Harry and Millicent.'

'Hurrah for the New Year resolutions! cried Nathan, throwing up his cap, the exertion quite breaking up the bearishness, that was getting possession of him. 'Ho, everybody for a sligh ride!'

And everybody went! When they returned, laughing and rollicking, the storm clouds had all blown away.---
'lassmates.'

SIMPLE QUEEN MARY.

Her Majesty Has Dispensed With Her Maid of Honor.

Some surprise has been felt because the Queen has dispensed with the attendance of a maid of honor while at Sandringham, contenting herself with the attendance of a single woman of the bedchamber.

But Queen Mary is not particularly fond of a crowd about her and at York Cottage always has as few people in residence as possible. Then, too, owing to the illness of Miss Mabel Gye, the other two maids of honor have had to take longer periods of waiting than usual, and Her Majesty is exceedingly considerate on these points.

Lady Bertha Dawkins, who was at Sandringham with the Queen, is a widow who has had rather a sad life. She married when she was thirty-seven, Major Arthur Dawkins, various things having kept them apart for many years, and he lived to enjoy the fulfilment of his early romance only two years. Lady Lathom, who is to marry Gen. Lawson, is her sister-in-law, and the present Earl Lathom, who is now seventeen, is her nephew.

The King and Queen, when they visit Paris next March, will make their headquarters in the British Embassy, which is one of the most stately buildings along the whole of the Rue of St. Honore. Sir Francis Bertie is one of the most popular ambassadors Paris has known since the day of Lord Lyons. The house is filled with treasures of every description, including many relics of past ambassadors. The King is, of course, no stranger there, but, curiously enough, the Queen has never stayed there. Indeed, Her Majesty has no great liking for Paris and knows little of the city.

Princess Mary is, it appears, to go to Florence to pursue her studies in art and languages. It will be remembered that Queen Mary spent a year of her girlhood in the City of Flowers, and her constant attendance at the Pitti and other galleries gave her that rare insight into paintings which she possesses. The princess, when she goes, will, of course, be accompanied by a governess and a maid of honor.

Mrs. Adair will be missed from England this winter, although it is some years since she was much in London during the closing months of the year. This time she has really sold her house in Curzon street and has gone to California, where she has a ranch, and delights in entertaining those of her friends, who are enterprising enough to journey out there.

However, she is not to be lost as a hostess to London, as she has already practically taken a house in Portman square for next season, and means to acquire new and original ideas for dances while she is in America. No one who was there will ever forget her fancy dress ball in Curzon street, given before the craze for these entertainments had revived.

December.

'Nobody is worried nowadays by the fact that the twelfth month of the year is called the tenth, December,' says a writer, 'and no doubt even the ancient Romans soon got use to the anomaly when the new year was shifted back from March to January, though the old names of the months were retained. But there was one of them who made ingenious use of it—Licinius, a rascally procurator at Lyons under Augustus. He insisted on having certain monthly payments made fourteen times a year, arguing, when December came round, that as it was the tenth month of the year and there ought to be twelve there must be two more to be accounted for.'