Good in Everything.

I see in nature's open book
  What goodly things to us are sent,
And in my neighbor's friendly look
  What soon dispels my discontent;
These all awake a sense of good
That weans my heart from solitude.

We're not alone in this wide sphere,
  We have companions who are just,
And friendly voices, far and near,
  Whose gentle words we still may trust,
Yes! Every flower and spreading tree
Doth whisper: "We are made for thee."

I see the good that lies around,
  I feel the joy that makes me free,
Heaven sendeth forth a happy sound,
  That fills my soul with melody;
Beauty is spread o'er earth and sky,
The air breathes naught but harmony.

There is no winter in the heart
  Of him who doth a useful deed;
Of what he gives he hath a part,
  And this supplieth all his need;
Like to the husbandman who knows
His wealth increases as he sows.

MASKS OF HUMAN FLESH.

Dried Heads Used for Gods—Papuan Medicine Dances.

The most remarkable masks known to the museum collectors are the masks of human flesh, says a St. Louis *Globe* writer. The preservation of human heads apart from the bodies has been a very widespread custom, both in savage ages and among half-civilized peoples. But the mask composed of the flesh of a human face is peculiar to the islands of the South Seas and to some parts of South and Central America. The New Zealanders had a practice of preserving the entire head, either as a trophy or as a fetich, or perhaps both. The bones of the skull were removed, and the flesh impregnated with some embalming substance that dried it to the consistency of tough leather. Thus preserved, the head of a man of ordinary size shrank until no larger than a good-sized orange, but still retained most of the characteristic features of the countenance. Much rarer, however, than those embalmed heads are the human masks from the South Seas. A very peculiar specimen of one of these is seen in the British Museum. It is composed of the flesh of a chieftain killed in war, and is remarkable not so much for the preservation, nor for the care with which the work of embalming was done, as for the fact that the mask is heavily jewelled. The eyes are formed of pyrites, the nose is set with the delicate and beautiful shells found in the South Seas, and a curious mosaic of black obsidian and green tortoise runs in bands across the face, while here and there, with no apparent regularity, are set separate beads of colored stone. It is a true mask, the back part of the skull and the bones of the face having been removed, and the best authorities express the opinion that this mask was used as an idol, or on the face of a Mexican priest during the ceremonies pertaining to human sacrifice. Among savages religious, festive and social occasions are synonymous, and on most such masks are used either to hide the face from the deity or to furnish mirth for those gathered to see the sport. Many dances among the Papuans were entirely private and of a religious character, no strangers nor women being allowed to enter. The Papuan masks are highly colored in red, white and black bands across the face, figures appearing also in other parts of the countenance. The frame work is of wood, built up with cocoanut shell. The beard of the nut is used for hair and whiskers. On each side of the mouth projects a long boar's tooth, the points recurving toward the eyes. Sometimes these Papuan masks have protruding tongues, and occasionally from the mouth projects an arrow or fish, while more rarely the head of an animal is used either for nose or chin, or both. The mask is also used for the dak dak, or medicine dance. When a chieftain or person high in authority among Papuans becomes sick a man is hired to do the dak dak. He dresses himself in palm leaves, puts on a mask, performs certain incantations in private, begs from door to door and from every person he meets any small gift they choose to bestow as a reward for his services; then performs other unknown incantations, winding up with a visit to the sick man, who, the Papuans naively state, either gets well or dies, according to the faith he has in the medicine man and the wonderful mask.

The Class in Scripture.

A lady asked one of the children in her Sunday School class, "What was the sin of the Pharisees?" "Eating camels, ma'am," was the reply. The little girl had read that the Pharisees "strained at gnats and swallowed camels." "In what condition was the patriarch Job at the end of his life?" questioned a teacher of the stolid-looking boy at the foot of the class. "Dead," was the quiet response. "What is the outward and visible sign in baptism?" asked a lady of her Sunday School class. There was silence for some seconds, and then a girl broke in triumphantly with, "The baby, please, ma'am." "Do you know, mamma, I don't believe Solomon was so rich after all!" observed a sharp boy to his mother who prided herself on her orthodoxy. "My child!" she exclaimed in pious horror, "what does the Bible say?" "That's just it," he answered. "It says that 'Solomon slept with his fathers.' Now, surely, if he had been rich he'd have had a bed to himself." A teacher in trying to explain to her scholars the meaning of repentance, used this illustration: "Suppose a bad boy were to steal an orange, and his good mother should catch him with it, and take him by the hand gently and tell him how wicked it is, and how very, very grieved she was; don't you think, now, that the little boy ought to feel sorry?" One of the scholars eagerly replied: "Yes, mum." "And why, Marmaduke?" "'Cause." "Because, why, Marmaduke?" "Because he hadn't et the orange befo' his ma cotch him and tuck it away from him!"—*Chambers' Journal.*

Nearly all the Washington churches were supplied yesterday by women. The International Council was opened at 3 o'clock by a sermon from Rev. Annie Shaw, which was a masterly effort. The Opera House would not hold the people who came to hear her, hundreds being turned away. Clara Hoffman addressed an overflow meeting in the Foundry Church.

The portraits of Chief Justices Armour and Galt are to be painted by Mr. Berthon and will shortly adorn the walls of Osgoode Hall.

NOVEL FEMININE FASHIONS.

(Cousin Kate's Contribution.)

In the spring a woman's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of clothes, and as Eastertide draws near she consults the calendar rather than the thermometer in arranging her wardrobe. It is sadly true that not infrequently, instead of Easter sunshine, a cold drizzle has effectually dampened the hopes of womankind in reference to appearing in spring freshness and finery on that day of days; and at other times "a frost, killing frost," has flushed pretty faces with disappointment (and, alas! pretty noses with cold). So that, instead of wearing the new raiment which blooms in the spring and naturally befits the feast of the resurrection, disgusted femininity has had to sing its Easter anthems clad in Christmas clothes.

But these disappointments fade out of recollection before another year rolls around. Hope springs eternal in woman's breast, and in spite of all prior discouragements she makes her preparations next time with as entire a confidence in the benevolent designs of the clerk of the weather, as if she'd positive knowledge that a special consignment of summer airs and sunshine had been shipped to her address, to arrive that day.

In all the fashions for this season of 1888—and their name is legion—there is but one inflexible rule, but one unalterable law, the law of loveliness. Therefore, let every woman make herself as beautiful as she can according to her lights and her pocketbook, and however this desirable result is reached, let her rest assured that so far as "being in the fashion" goes she's entirely safe from criticism.

The gowns which are being finished off for Easter Sunday are mostly of woollen material, either entirely or in part. And a truly marvellous variety of patterns are shown in this fabric.

The shops are literally full of these stuffs and the prices at which they are offered are notably reasonable.

Cashmeres seem to have taken a new lease of popularity. These plaid colors are combined either with a woollen striped, plaided or figured material, or with any kind of silk that the wearer fancies. The underskirt is made very plainly. No pleatings are required at the foot. Frequently a few broad, flat folds are laid from the waistband to the hem, to fill in a space left exposed by looping the drapery very high above peint. Polonaises of the plain goods look well over underskirts of the fancy stuff, which is then used for draperies or revers on waist and sleeves.

There are numerous pretty mixed cheviots. These are also double width, so that in buying them one need get only one-half the quantity required of single goods.

Very pretty checked and striped surahs have been offered this week at two New York shops. They are in black and white, blue and white, browns, darkest greens and mahogany and terra-cotta shades. These silks do not crease easily and are cool and light to wear. They combine very nicely with the plain cashmeres.

Where two colors are desired in a suit the following go well together: Gobelin blue and cream or suede; dark green and reseda (mignonette green); green and copper shades; brown looks well with chamois, and grays with white or cream.

Faintly shaded stripes and "invisible" checks are suitable for tailor-made dresses. Short cloth jackets will be in great favor. Many of these are in some dark color and are cut to hang open in front, showing a white or light colored cloth waistcoat underneath which buttons up to the throat and is trimmed with braid. White cloth jackets are likely to be as popular this season as red and suede have been in former times. But they are not a good investment for a woman who wants to get much wear out of her spring garment, as they soil quickly, besides being too conspicuous for most occasions in town. In the country they will look charming.

Very pretty little mantles are designed for spring. Some of them are shaped exactly like a dress body, cut with little tabs in front and a small coat-tail at the back. They are sleeveless and have epaulets. These may be made of silk, grenadine or net, and should be more or less covered with beads and fringe and dangling ornaments, with ribbons fastening them in front at throat and waist.

A Romantic Commercial Career.

A remarkable career was brought to a close by the death of Mr James Morton, in a private home in Glasgow, on Monday morning. He was closely connected with the disastrous failure of the City of Glasgow Bank in 1878. Commencing life as a farm boy, he afterwards sold milk from house to house in the streets of Glasgow, and subsequently opened a stationery shop in the same city. After failing, in 1847 he became associated with several gentlemen in the Australian trade, and went heavily into New Zealand land speculations. Immediately after the bank stopped payment, James Morton's failure was intimated with liabilities of £3,461,034. The City Bank had advanced him £2,173,000. For many years Mr. Morton had financed the affairs of the bank, and it was in return for this service that he exercised the privilege of drawing whatever money he needed for his own operations. After his disgrace in connection with the bank failure he returned for a time to his original occupation, and again drove a milk-cart through the streets of Glasgow. But misfortune continued to follow him, and before his death he was reduced to a condition of extreme poverty. The story of Mr. Morton's career is one of the most romantic chapters of modern commercial history.

Revolution in Leather Tanning.

A newly discovered process of tanning leather promises to revolutionize the business. By its manipulations hide can be tanned in two hours and a half, where it requires six to eight weeks by the old method. The leather tanned by the process is soft and pliable as it was previous to the soaking process. Another remarkable fact about the method is the small amount of room required to perform a large amount of work. As much work can be done by this method in a building twenty by twenty-five feet as can be done under the old process on a plot of several acres.

—The man who cries, "Let all arm!" may be called an all-armist.

THE WAYS OF BOYS.

M. Quad Believes in Letting Them Learn Some Things by Experience.

I can look back down the lane of the past and see where my father failed to hit the nail on the head in managing his boys, albeit no one can doubt he did what he thought for the best. There comes a day in every boy's life when he wants to be a pirate. It looks silly to us grown folks, but that boy is in dead earnest. It is no way to grab him by the collar and rush him to the woodshed and bang him around and growl:

"Want to be a pirate, do you? Want to go around cutting throats and scuttling ships, eh? Want to have a rendezvous up some lagoon and boss a band of Spanish cutthroats? Now, boy, I'm going to lick you within an inch of your life!"

If my boy caught the pirate fever I should call him in and kindly say:

"Now, James, I did want to make a lawyer of you, but pirating is the next thing to it and I am not going to scold. If you bend your energies to the task you will climb to the top and become a boss pirate. I should like to buy you a Cunarder and start you off in first-class shape, but, unfortunately for us both, I am poor. The best I can do is to give you a dollar in cash, and you may take along the butcher knife, my old pistol and most anything else you think will come handy. Write to us as often as you can, boy, letting us know how many treasure galloons you have captured to date, and how the general crops promise in your section, and when adversity overtakes you, and when you want $6 or $7 to pay your fare back to the old roof tree, don't hesitate to telegraph to me."

If the boy attempted to back out after this talk I should rather insist upon his going. If he could be induced to travel off about ten miles, and to put in a night in a fence corner or a hay stack, he would return next day so changed that you would have to look at him twice to know him. He'd find such a difference between commanding a pirate ship in his mind and crowding up to a rail fence to keep the shivers off that a new page in the book of life would be open to him.

If I had a boy who had read of green islands and wrecked sailors until he could shut his eyes and see parrots and monkeys and cocoanuts and waving palms—if he had firmly made up his mind that he never could be happy until cast away on an island and reduced to a goat skin overcoat, I should take him out behind the barn and say:

"My son, I see you are not happy; you evidently hunger for something which my limited means will not permit me to tote home. I think you want to be wrecked. Very well. There's the river and an old skiff, and you can find an island a few miles down. Get two or three pieces of tarred rope, a plug of navy tobacco and a fish hook and go on with the wrecking business. If you like it come home at the end of a week and I'll send you to the Pacific, where the mosquitoes are bigger and the cannibals more numerous."

If the boy went I should expect him back next morning—certainly at the end of two days, and when he got back the subject should be tabooed forever.

No father should be surprised if his boy develops a yearning to become a mighty nimrod. There is something highly fascinating in the idea of knocking over buffaloes, lions, tigers, elephants and giraffes, and of successful encounters with alligators and boa constrictors. It makes one's mouth water to think of juicy antelope steaks and buffalo sirloin, and the boy who doesn't want to be a hunter must be lame or blind. When signs begin to crop out the father should be ready. Take the boy out and sit down on a log with him and say:

"James, it's a burning shame for me to keep you around home here and spoil your whole future. I came across a bar of lead, half a pound of salt and a loaf of bread which you secreted in the oat bin as a starter for going west. There's no need of any slyness, my son. I want you to go. I shall be proud of you if you become a great hunter. I'll lend you the shotgun and two horse blankets and a frying pan and help you carry 'em to the nearest piece of woods. If you'll stay there three days and nights then I'll fit you out and send you to the Black Hills."

How long would he stay? He'd be almost certain to come sneaking into the back door before bed time, but if he put it off until morning so much the better. He'd have the whole night in which to turn pale, look about with wild eyes, shiver at every sound, hold his breath at the hoot of an owl, and to promise himself over and over again:

"Just let me live till morning and I hope to die if I ever leave home again!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Bishop's Matrimonial Motto.

Bishop Thomas, of Salisbury, was married four times, and on the last occasion he had this motto put inside the wedding ring:

If I survive
I'll make them five.

In one of his visitation charges he gave his clergy an account of his method of dealing with the various ladies, and said, "Why, should my present and fourth wife die, I will take another, and I have a presentiment that I shall outlive her. Perhaps you don't know the art of changing your wives. I'll tell you how I do, I am called a very good husband, and so I am, for I never contradict them. But, don't you know that the want of contradiction is fatal to women? If you contradict them, that circumstance alone is exercise and health to all women. But give them their own way, and they will languish, pine, and become lethargic for want of this exercise, and you will soon be quit of them."

Out of the Question.

Old lady—Where do you keep your unbleached cotton?

Parenthetical floor-walker—Walk this way, madame.

Old lady—Land sakes! I couldn't walk that way if he was to give me the whole store!

If Col. Ingersoll had been snow-bound in New Jersey and charged by a native $1 for a pie his belief that there is no future punishment would have suddenly undergone a a dical change.

The Republican State Committee met on Saturday in the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, and decided to hold their State convention at Buffalo on May 26th.

THE BANSHEE'S WARNING.

A Curious Creature that Told a Man of His Mother's Death.

Michael Phelan, the vigilant night watchman at the Planters' House, tells some queer stories of his experiences in Ireland before he decided to emigrate:

"Once I saw a banshee. It was many years ago, in King's County, Ireland, about forty miles from Dublin. During the summer months there the twilight is very long, and late one afternoon, when the sun had gone down, I happened to walk over to the farm of a man named Michael Burns. Well, as we stood and talked my friend suddenly said: 'Mike, do you want to see a banshee?' Of course I did, and when I looked where he pointed, sure enough, there in the lane, creeping along near the hedge was a wee bit of a thing not more than three feet high. It looked like a little girl, only its hair, which was long and yellow, fell down its back clear to the ground, and as it crept along it whimpered and moaned just like a child in pain. My friend looked very grave, saying: 'That's a family banshee, and I'm afraid some of my relations are going to be sick.'

"Pretty soon I left, but not before a neighbor had come riding up, and told my friend to make haste as his mother had been taken very ill. The next day I learned that the poor woman had died before her son reached her. Oh, the banshees are queer things, and they never let any one come near them. Another man I knew, came across one sitting in a cornfield, near the fence. When he suddenly appeared, it ran out of sight among the corn, but it dropped its comb from its yellow hair, and the man picked it up and put it in his pocket. That night the banshee came near the house and whined so piteously that the man dropped the comb out of the window. The banshee then left, and when a search was made next morning it was found that the comb had disappeared, too."—*St. Louis Post Dispatch.*

Latest Scottish News.

Sir George Trevelyan has been elected Hon. President of the Glasgow University Club.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, when visiting Glasgow on May 8th, will be Lord Hamilton's guests.

J. Campbell, fisherman, Lochmaddy, has got four months for passing off a polished farthing for a sovereign.

Rev. Dr. Wiliam Adamson, Buccleuch Evangelical Union Church, Edinburgh, has declined the invitation to be the ministerial colleague of Rev. Dr. Joseph Parker, City Temple, London.

Mr. John Dunlop, the solicitor, of Greenock, who recently disappeared, and for whose apprehension a warrant was granted, has committed suicide at Bath by cutting his throat with a razor.

Bailie Brice, Inverkeithing, recently said that "though his gray hairs ought to protect him, the meanest pig-sticker in Scotland would not have insulted him as Councillor Auld, butcher, had done."

Mr. James S. Gow, merchant, and lately bank agent in connection with the Commercial Bank, and estate factor, suddenly expired in Lybester on the 12th of March. He was widely-known over Caithness and the north of Scotland.

There were great rejoicings on the Wemyss estates on the 8th of March, over the birth of a son and heir. The young heir is the twenty-eighth in direct descent from Hugo, the son of Gilliemichael, third from Macduff, Maormor of Fife, in the reign of Malcolm Canmore.

The death is announced of Mr. John Sturrock, solicitor, Kilmarnock, in the 78th year of his age. Before his retirement, some years ago, Mr. Sturrock was Dean of Faculty, and one of the most successful and highly-esteemed of his profession in Ayrshire. In literary and other local institutions he had long taken a deep and public-spirited interest.

At Edinburgh, on March 15th, Robert Kerr, bank clerk, formerly employed by the British Linen Banking Company at Coldstream, was charged with stealing £1,100 in bank notes. He hid the notes in his father's haystack and next day confessed. It was alleged that he was weak in his mind and almost irresponsible. The Sheriff sent him to jail for 15 months.

Peace by Compulsion.

Fred. D——, 5 years old, had to learn a verse to recite at Sunday school. His verse was: "Blessed are the peacemakers." He did not exactly understand what it meant, and his mother explained it to him, telling him that whenever he saw two boys quarrelling or fighting he must be a little peacemaker and try to stop them. The next night as he was being undressed he said: "Mamma, I was a little peacemaker to-day." "Were you?" said his mother; "how?" "I saw two little boys fighting in the street and I stopped them." "That's a good boy," said the mother, giving him a kiss; "and did you part them?" "Why, I just ran up and fired stones at them till they stopped fighting and ran away."

Absent Minded United States Men.

They say that General Lew Wallace is so absent minded that he sugars his boiled eggs and salts and peppers his coffee. Rufus Choate, however, knew a man who was so absent minded that after declaring that he had left his watch home he deliberately took it out of his pocket to see whether he had time to go home and get it. Still the best case of this kind is where a bank cashier abstracts $10,000 without knowing it and then goes to Canada to find out what the directors are making a fuss about.—*New York Herald.*

Those Counter Lunches.

Young Slimley—Waitah, will you be kind enough to put a spoonful of my oyster stew in my mouth. I've been here half an hour and the smell is all I've got of it.—*Judge.*

Sir Alexander Galt and his two daughters will be passengers by the steamer Vancouver from Halifax for Liverpool.

Mr. J. Cook, the new governor of the Waterloo county jail, left New Hamburg yesterday to enter upon his duties at Berlin. On Tuesday evening he was entertained at an oyster supper by his many friends in and around New Hamburg and presented with a handsome leather-covered easy chair. The ladies of the English Church choir, of which he has been a most useful member for the past eight years, gave him a handsome prayer book and hymnal companion.

A WELL-GROOMED GIRL.

How a Clever Mamma Carried Her Delicate Daughter Through a Washington Season.

"There are few things in the world tougher for a woman than the Washington season," said a Senator. "You remember Miss Seabright, do you not?"

"The girl who married the Boston lawyer last year? Yes, I remember."

"Well, Miss Seabright was not tough. She was willowy and fragile—just the girl for Washington to kill off in one season. And her mother knew it and that knowledge is what saved Miss Seabright. She brought the young lady here to put her through a course of Washington society—to have her see it, and it see her, and maybe the old lady—not so very old either—had some idea of the Boston denouement; who knows? At any rate she took the girl—Chloe, I think she was called—and watched her all winter as an anxious nurse would watch a patient. She sent her aunt into society with her and she did the heavy work at home. She kept everybody still and compelled favorable and soothing conditions so that Chloe could sleep till 12. Then she lifted her up from bed and carried her to the bath and bathed her, permitting the girl to make no exertion herself. She rubbed her with dry towels, clothed her, fed her with nourishing food and in the afternoon made the grand rounds as her escort. At 5 o'clock she brought her charge home, fed her and put her carefully to bed, watching at her bedside. An hour before the time of setting out for the night's rounds she woke her, gave her a bath and prepared her for the exertion. She kept that girl alive that winter by grooming her constantly with exactly the same care that Sullivan's trainer bestows on him before a prize-fight, or a jockey gives a race-horse of Epsom Downs. And in the spring, when everybody else was jaded out and sick and ready to drop, Chloe was as spry as a cricket, though without strength enough to refuse Cartwright. That's just the way all mothers ought to manage their society girls."—*Washington Special to the New York Mail and Express.*

Easter Flowers of Fashion.

Easter bonnets and hats are generally of straw and usually trimmed with ribbons of silk or velvet and small clusters of spring flowers. A pretty fancy is to have a little bunch of violets tied loosely together, with green stems showing, caught among the loops. Other bonnets are made with a full ruching of lace, either black or colored, forming the front of the snug-fitting little capote, while the crown is of loosely folded silk; soft rosettes of the lace and a cluster of flowers trim the top. These bonnets, and all bonnets as well, are worn with or without strings, at the fancy of the wearer. And any kind of string that is becoming will be equally desirable. A plump and pleasing "moon-faced" girl will find that a trim little "bridle" of velvet, fastened with pretty pins, looks best under her round chin. A woman with an oval Madonna face will frame it in folds of soft lace, tied in a large loose bow; a bunch of little narrow ribbons fluttering out midway between her left ear and the dimple on her chin will best suit another style of beauty, and so on through an infinite variety.

A good way to insure having a dress body that fits perfectly is to either match your plain goods with a jersey waist, or, if that is not possible, buy a light-colored one and have it dyed, then use this for the foundation, which you can trim as you choose to correspond with the skirts of your gown. This plan is especially convenient for stout figures, that always present more difficulties to the unskilful or inexperienced dressmaker than those of slenderer proportions.

Gingham and lawn dresses for little 3-year-old girls are made with yokes, belted at the waist line and have full skirts of two and a half breadths.

Veils of grenadine or silk tissue, dotted with chenile, are worn. Corded pique comes in delicate blues, pinks and browns, as well as cream tints.

Transparent hats and bonnets will be worn by and bye made of black, white and colored figured and dotted lace. A novel hat of black straw has the entire top of the crown removed. The opening is wreathed with small roses and foliage, and two or three thorny stems cross from side to side. The wide brim of black fancy straw is lined with quiltings of lace and caught up on one side by a cluster of the flowers.

A Novel Ball.

As yet we haven't had a rose ball here, but undoubtedly after Easter will see one. You must know that a rose ball doesn't permit the presence of a man, and is intended for unmarried girls. Fifty is usually the number invited, and of the fifty twenty-five are selected to masquerade as gentlemen. The costume is quite proper, for a ball skirt is worn, the touch of masculinity being in the pink satin waistcoat and coat, the high collar and shirt front. The description sounds rather tame, but the reality is larky beyond everything. Fifty of the young women of to-day can make a livelier ball than a thousand of the men. The dancing is usually unique, especially after supper, and it is said the knowledge that some of the young dears display when they make love in the corner or the conservatory is like the jewels worn by Tom Moore's immaculate young women, "rich and rare." That there will be little left for the men to teach the roses is true; one knowing young woman can educate the other forty-nine, and so they cannot longer be called ingenue.—*Boston Letter in Chicago Tribune.*

A stained-glass window was recently set up in the parish church at Elstow, the birth-place of Bunyan. It forms the jubilee memorial for Elstow, and is the fifth window of stained glass that the church now possesses. Two of the others illustrate the "Pilgrim's Progress" and the "Holy War."

A heavy gas explosion occurred at Flowery Fields colliery, four miles from Pottsville, Pa., on Saturday night. The miners were charging the shaft when a spark from a lamp dropped into some scattered powder, igniting an accumulation of gas in a breast. James George, a miner, was fatally, and David Lewis, a pumpman, seriously injured. Several others were hurt.