

USE AND ABUSE OF A WOMAN'S TONGUE.

A Scottish Writer's Dictum on the Old, Old Story.

The following is self explanatory. It is from a first prize paper in the Dundee People's Journal.

Surely that lady lecturer on the rights of women rights deserves a hearing. Her voice is of the loud, aggressive order, a potent weapon to be used in denouncing that mere atom of humanity, man. Put it to the vote. Is this specimen of woman's tongue to top the poll? The "Noes" have it by a huge majority.

Then list to this story, told by a husband of many years' standing. A tale of many years' ceaseless waggling. Candie lectures, nagging and perpetual strife. Ah! how many homes have been wrecked, how much misery created by this species of that most formidable weapon, "a woman's tongue."

Make room for the remainder, the voice of the mistress, as she scolds the unfortunate little slave, or drives a hard bargain with her tradespeople, of the wife as she speaks of her relation-in-law, of the girl's scornful refusal of the romantic, the coy, faltering acceptance of the successful one, of the mother as she orates to her little child, or pours words of sweet counsel into the ears of her grown up sons and daughters.

What a power behind the human frame, but right 's greater than might," and by common assent the verdict is in favor and not against.

ANOTHER SIDE.

Dig a grave deep and wide enough to bury all the nasty bits, the malice envy, slander, scorn, untruthfulness, etc., and what remains? Is the good bankrupt? Not by any means. In this case the assets will more than cover the liabilities. The scene is changed, the stage cleared, and we are brought face to face with the tongue as a messenger of peace, love, hope, a consolator in sorrow, a mainstay in disappointment, a messenger of pity and sympathy to the weak and erring. It can pour forth a volley of inspiring words,

incite to great deeds, uplift from despair, scatter the deeds of pessimism, and wave triumphantly the banner of peace.

It is not the use, but the abuse that is the defect. Arise ye daughters of the west, and proclaim against this evil. Lay a penalty on inaccuracy, exaggeration, unworthy slander and "a woman's tongue" will in this wise be able to shake off the stigma that at present surrounds it, and don for all time the garment of supremacy and exaltation.

A woman's tongue is subject to various moods, but hardly ever to fatigue. It recounts whole volumes of romances, tragedies, and comedies without an appreciable pause. Of course, in the various walks of life, it acquires its own peculiar style. In one respect, at least, its influence may be said to be of a leading nature. To the Scot that has wandered to a strange land the remembrance of his "mother's tongue" will ever be a link binding him to the old country. It will help him to remember life's early scenes. It will make him more firm in his resolve to be a credit to the "dear old homeland."

When we come to the realities of life, the influence of a woman's tongue is unbounded. Her hand may make the material home, but her voice makes the restful atmosphere. When temptation besets, and feet turn the wrong way, a sister's ear end? "Where will it all end?" has been a brother's turning point. There is almost joy in the sorrow that her tongue soothes. From home the influence of a woman's tongue spreads to the church and to the world. "In her tongue is the law of kindness."

We do not want woman's tongue, however inaccurate, to be cured, we want it to be like Tomson's brook, and "go on forever," sweet music in the ears of men. Woman is the sunshine on the earth, and like man, has weaknesses doubtless. A slightly inadequate control of her tongue may be one of them. If so, it is a most lovable one.

SHORT STORIES FOR SUMMER READING.

For several days the policeman on the beat had observed a small boy who spent most of his time lounging near a down town street crossing, and seemed to have nothing to do. One morning he accosted him.

"Tommy," he said, "for whatever your name is, you do entirely too much loafing around here. Hadn't you better be at home?"

"I ain't loafing," indignantly replied the boy. "I got a reg'lar job here."

"You've got a job. What is it?" "De guy wot owns this store pays me a dollar a week for keepin' his crossin' swept clean."

"But I never see you doing any work," said the policeman. "Course not," replied the boy. "I takes the money and lets out the job fur fifty cents a week to the kid wot's out dere sweepin' the crossin' now. He gets his pay reg'lar, and don't have to do no hard work huntin' jobs."—Exchange.

Judge Sewall and Joseph Story were dining together at an inn, when a jolly son of Erin appeared at the door and called for dinner. The landlord told him that he could eat when the gentlemen had finished.

"Let him dine with us," whispered Judge Sewall, "and we will have some fun with him."

The Irishman took his seat at the table. "You were not born in this country?" asked Story.

"No. I was born in Ireland."

"Is your father living?"

"No, sir."

"What was his occupation?"

"Trading horses, sir."

"Did he ever cheat any one?"

"I suppose he did, sir."

"Where do you suppose he went to?"

"To heaven, sir."

"Has he ever cheated any one there?"

"He has cheated one man, I believe."

"Was he prosecuted?"

"He was not, sir."

"Why not?"

"Because they searched the kingdom of heaven for a lawyer to take the case and couldn't find one."—Exchange.

The man on board the car looked around at his new acquaintance. "I've just been reading," he said, "that yawning is good for the health. Some German doctor said so. He claims that a generous sized yawn fills the lungs and expands the chest, and is an old around good exercise."

"I'm glad to hear that," said the new acquaintance. "It's quite a relief to me. The fact is, I've been a good deal prejudiced against the habit."

"May I ask your business?" the other man inquired.

"I'm a preacher," replied the new acquaintance.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Children are said to be good, although unconscious judges of human nature; and most of them do at least recognize sincerity and detect pretense.

"Come here, my little darling," said the book agent. She had a face which belied her words, but she was trying to cultivate the little daughter of the woman that had not yet come down stairs. "I do so love children," she added in a clear tone, as she heard footsteps on the stairs.

"But you seem to like the kitty bet-

ter than me. Why are you so fond of her?"

"Cause she purrs as if she meant it," said the little girl calmly.—Exchange.

When James Russell Lowell was the representative of United States at the court of St. James, he, as a matter of course, received much attention. After his return, while residing in Cambridge, he often extended the hospitality of his home to visiting Englishmen.

Once, when his house was undergoing repairs, it happened that Mrs. Lowell was without a servant. Expecting that she and Mr. Lowell would take their evening meal alone, Mrs. Lowell prepared a New England dish, of which she was very fond, and which was known as "picked fish and cream."

To her surprise when Mr. Lowell returned from London he was accompanied by an English nobleman, whom "I simply had to ask, my dear," he explained.

It was too late to make any change in the bill of fare, and as Mr. Lowell said that he had explained to their guest the situation, they proceeded to the dining room.

The sympathies of the housekeepers will, I am sure, be with Mrs. Lowell when the guest, with a dubious look said:

"If Mrs. Lowell will excuse me, I think that I will omit the fish course."—Exchange.

George W. Perkins is credited with this story:

A certain banker with whom he is well acquainted was sitting at his desk the other day when a well known broker came in on business. The broker was carrying a little handbag, and he seemed in a great hurry.

"I want to borrow a million," he said before he had taken a chair.

The banker, although a man of long experience with many men, was a bit taken by surprise.

"A million dollar loan is not such a small matter," he replied. "Sit down and we will talk it over. Let me take your bag."

"Not on your life," replied the broker. "I already have a million in it," and he opened the bag to convince the banker, who made no further delay in granting the loan.—New York Times.

An American soldier who served in the Spanish war, tells in the Portland Oregonian several stories of the Irishman as a soldier. Some of them illustrate the Irish ready wit.

A number of American officers at Cavite were watching the arrival of a body of Spanish prisoners of war, tattered and hungry looking. One man suddenly stepped out of the ranks of the Spaniards, and saluting an American officer, said in the strongest brogue:

"Any chance of getting a job in your army? I think that it is all up with this one."

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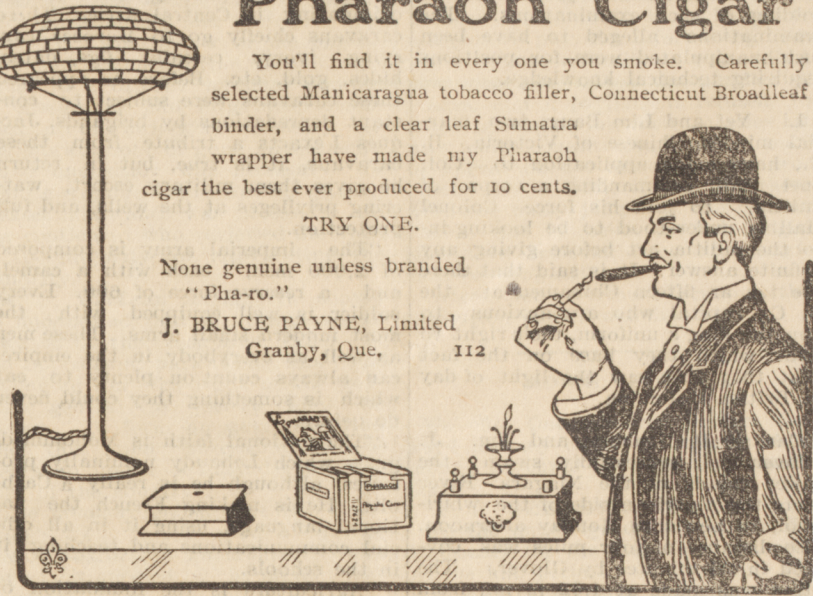
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CLERGYMAN HAS TO LEAVE CHARGE.

Anglican Figures in Uncommon Case.

Windsor, Ont., July 17.—Rev. Dr. Maurice Duff Gordon formerly of the Gloucester Episcopal Church has been driven from his charge at Hudson, Mich., and has left the town unable to face the obliquity which common report placed upon his name. His disappearance followed a statement that he was going to Chicago, but instead he came to Detroit today. The standing committee of Detroit diocese has decided to dispense with the reverend gentleman's services entirely, and he has been so informed.

Rev. Duff Gordon's story as related by himself is to the effect that after graduating from Dublin and Cambridge he occupied a small benefice, in England, then because he delivered a serious of lectures on the Irish question, he was arrested under an old act of George Fox for vagrancy. He then came to Canada and in order to foil his enemies at home changed his name from Maurice Otis Fitzmaurice to Rev. Fitzmaurice Duff Gordon taking his mother's name. Possibly the most interesting chapter in the career of the clergyman was his experiences in

Gloucester, during his nine months pastorate there. His family in England belonged to the land owner's class, and his first ambition on arriving at Gloucester was to buy a large farm. He brought his old family servant a man named Howarth and wife, from England to work the farm. They didn't understand farming as done in Canada and soon he lost nearly everything. From Gloucester came the report that he suddenly disappeared from that town and that only very recently his whereabouts became known. Howarth died lately at Gloucester, and the widow was destitute.

When Rev. Duff Gordon organized a strong auxiliary club in Hudson, Mich., he sent for Mrs. Howarth. It is considered strange that when the vestrymen started to investigate regarding his alleged relations with Mrs. Howarth, she suddenly left town after an interview with the clergyman. She bought a ticket to Hudson but didn't get off the train there and it is thought she is either in Glendora or Detroit. Her trunks are in Hudson.

The son couldn't deny his picture. As to what followed I wasn't informed.—New York Mail.

IT'S WHAT IT LEADS TO.

That makes catarrh such a dreaded disease. If you have Catarrh taint, dropping in the throat, if you hawk and spit and have a stuffed up feeling in your nostrils you should use fragrant healing Catarrhzone at once and get cured. Thousands have been saved from Consumption and completely cured by Catarrhzone, so there is no reason why you shouldn't stamp out your Catarrh also. Catarrhzone will really cure you and prevent the disease from returning. It's very pleasant, just balsamic medicated vapor, no nauseous drugs. Absolute cure guaranteed to users of Catarrhzone. It can't fail, try it. Complete outfit \$1.00; trial size 25c. 25c. for large bottle.

NOTED THIEF NOW AN AUTHOR.

He Has Amassed a Great Fortune.

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Born in Roumania of well-to-do parents in 1871, he was given chances of obtaining a good education. Showing himself incorrigibly idle, he was sent to sea, but deserted at Constantinople, and after an adventurous life there and in Athens proceeded to Paris, where he arrived at the age of 19 with \$60 in his possession.

With nothing but magnificent self-confidence to help him, he took an expensive suite of rooms in a hotel, and lived by his wits and his fingers. He kept a diary of his transactions, which showed that in eighteen months he stole jewels worth \$108,000 from jewelers shops. In 1890 he was caught, and underwent five years imprisonment.

WEDS NOBLEWOMAN.

On his release he turned to London, but finding his calling unproductive there went to the Riviera, where he wedded a German woman of high birth, who afterward divorced him.

Finally he brought off a clever coup which gained him \$100,000, and which strikingly illustrated the contemptuous Turkish proverb, "Set a Jew to catch a thief and a Greek to catch a Jew, but a Roumanian will deceive them all." Calling on a New York Jew, a receiver of stolen goods, he introduced him to smoke a drugged cigar, and escaped to Europe with an immense booty. After a desperate illness in Genoa, he returned to his parents, swearing to reform his mode of living. His memoirs showed that he had cleared \$1,400,000 during his career as a thief.

An English edition of his book is to be issued in a few months' time.

Lifeboat soap—disinfectant—is strongly recommended by the medical profession as a safeguard against infectious diseases.

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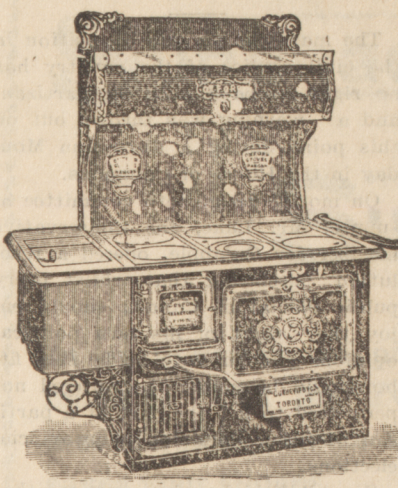
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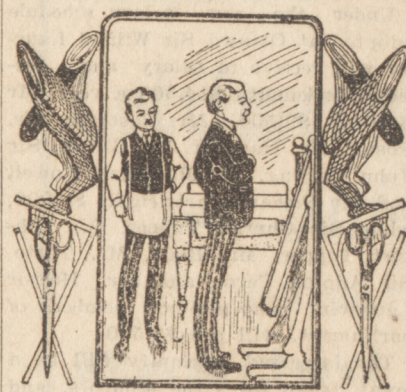
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