

Parson Rusden's Fight

On his return he called upon the curate, who was looking far from handsome. In order that he might not hurt his feelings by looking him straight in the face, Mr. a Beckett took a chair by the window, and pretended to look into the street.

After inquiries as to Mr. Rusden's health had been duly answered, the Vicar quietly asked for some explanation of the event of the previous day. It was given in full, the curate interspersing his narrative with many expressions of self-condemnation.

"Of course I must go," he added; "and I shall never be able to make you understand how sorry I shall be to leave you."

For the moment the idea was welcome to Mr. a Beckett—but for the moment only.

"No," he said, kindly; "you need not go. I never thought of such a thing till now. Remain and live it down." "I should like to remain," said Mr. Rusden dubiously; "but ought I to do so? It is very good of you to offer to keep me. I am afraid if I went no one else would have me."

"Perhaps not," said the Vicar, with a smile, "so that settles the matter." But even as he spoke he remembered the shame he had felt that very morning as he crossed the marketplace.

"I can't show my face here," said the curate ruefully, "How can I get up in the pulpit and preach?"

"Take three weeks' holiday, starting off to-day, and you will feel better on your return."

"But my work," said Mr. Rusden, to whom this suggestion was extremely welcome.

"I will do your work." "Talk about heaping coals of fire," said the curate, "you are doing it indeed." He cleared his throat, and added nervously, "Perhaps you would not mind looking at that sketch now?"

"Of course I shouldn't," answered Mr. a Beckett.

The drawing—the dream of color—was produced. The Vicar held it in his hand and was silent, repressing a strong inclination to laugh, and in his effort to keep his countenance his face became actually stern. Mr. Rusden watched him anxiously, feeling the silence terrible. Then, by degrees, an awful suspicion dawned upon him.

"Is it a daub?" he asked at last. Mr. a Beckett considered that the time was come for telling the truth. "Yes," he said very gently; but had revenge been his object, he could not have attained it more completely.

The bells were ringing for service on the Sunday after Mr. Rusden's return. He had arrived late on Saturday night, and had not seen the Vicar until he met him in the vestry. It was arranged that the curate was to preach, although he felt serious misgivings as to facing the somewhat scanty congregation. His face was now as handsome as ever, and not a trace of the conflict remained on it. As he passed through the village he noted an unusual stir, and was surprised to see groups of miners all in their Sunday clothes.

"I suppose they are going off on some excursion," he said to himself, carefully avoiding them, whereas formerly he had always given them hearty greetings. In truth, he felt more ashamed of himself than ever. On nearing the church door, however, one man intercepted him, and said: "Be you a-going to preach this morning, Parson Rusden?" "Yes," returned the curate, hurriedly.

"Ah, we heard as much yesterday." Mr. a Beckett greeted him kindly and looked at him keenly for a moment, but made no remark.

The service had just begun when a tramping of feet was heard, and the entire body of miners marched up the aisle, and, after some difficulty, seated themselves. This amazing sight diverted the attention of the congregation, who had never seen one of the men in church before. They behaved however, very reverently, and listened to the sermon with marked interest. It was a very short discourse, and treated principally of the shortcomings of professing Christians, and the sorrow resulting from their errors.

The Vicar hurried out to the miners after the service, in order that he might express his gratification at their attendance. He would greatly have liked to ask why they came, but thought he would let well alone. Mr. Rusden remained in the vestry. The unusual addition to the congregation was soon explained.

"Tell Parson Rusden," said one of the men, "that he needn't be down in the mouth because of that fight. We are all right—down glad that bully Gibson found his match and had a licking; and we all came to church on purpose to show Parson Rusden we took his part."

"Will you come again?" asked the Vicar, genially.

"Yes," replied the man, after considering for a moment, "we will. A man what can fight like he did must have real grit in him, and we'll come again."

Mr. a Beckett went home and mused over the strange mysteries of human nature. Because a man could fight, these people would come to hear him preach forgiveness and forbearance!

The next day Mr. Rusden came to call at the vicarage. He seemed strangely silent and ill at ease.

"Rusden, my dear fellow," said the Vicar kindly, "I must tell you my

news. Since you went away I have become engaged to be married."

Mr. Rusden offered his hearty congratulations, and asked if there was any further news.

"Well, no," said Mr. a Beckett, who did not choose to say that scarcely a day had passed since Mr. Rusden had gone on which the great dignity of the Church had not come to call and urge him to get rid of his disreputable curate.

"The miners met me as I came out of church," said Mr. Rusden at length.

"Ah!" returned the Vicar.

"And I never felt so ashamed in my life as when they congratulated me on that dreadful success of mine, and told me they were coming to help me again. To think of all the work you have done amongst them being unacknowledged, and my disgraceful conduct bringing such unlooked-for results!"

"The moral is a bad one," said Mr. a Beckett, laughing, "so we will change the subject."

"No," said the curate, "not yet. It didn't seem right to me that I should not only get off scot-free—owing to your goodness—but be made a hero of into the bargain, when I ought by rights to have been turned out of the place; and so, seeing that my painting was at the root of the whole business—" He stopped.

"Well, what did you do?" asked Mr. a Beckett, kindly.

"It won't seem anything to you, but it was a sacrifice to me," said the curate, his face flushing. "I threw all my sketches into the fire, and vowed I would never touch a brush again." The Vicar shook hands with him; and from that time the influence of the Reverend Michael Rusden became paramount with the miners of Rodesley.

WONDERFUL "BLOW HOLE."

Australia Has a Natural Phenomenon That is Unique.

What is known as the "Grand Blow Hole" has recently attracted much attention among tourists. It is a singular rock formation of the Australian coast. This promises to become one of the most famous as well as one of the most pleasant resorts in New South Wales; it is situated on the coast some seventy miles south of Sydney.

The center of this district is Kiama, which is described as a picturesque and thriving town surrounded by a rich agricultural country, and which has been built upon an ingenious flow of basalt that has solidified and crystallized into huge columns of what is popularly called "blue stone." This formation is seen to perfection on the west coast of Scotland and north of Ireland at Fingal's Cave and other places, and those who are acquainted with the rugged appearance of the coast in these places can form a good idea of the appearance of the New South Wales coast at this point.

The famous "Blow Hole" here situated, in the middle of a rocky headland running out into the sea, forms a truly wondrous sight. With each successive breaker the ocean spray is sent shooting up into the air sometimes as high as 300 feet to 400 feet, descending in a drenching shower and a distant thunder which can be heard for many miles around.

This "Blow Hole" is a singular natural phenomenon, and consists of a perpendicular hole, nearly circular, with a diameter of about ten yards across, and has the appearance of being the crater of an extinct volcano. This is connected with the ocean by a cave about 1,000 yards in length, the seaward opening of which is in all respects similar to Fingal's Cave in the north of Ireland, the same perpendicular basaltic columns forming the side walls of each. Into this cave towering waves rush during stormy weather, and as the cave extends some distance further into the rock than the "Blow Hole," on the entrance of each wave this cavity becomes full of compressed air, which, when the tension becomes too great, blows the water with stupendous force up to the perpendicular.

SCENT DRINKING.

"Let me most fervently warn all your lady readers against the deadly habit of drinking or sipping scents" says a leading doctor, referring to the now prevalent vice.

"Generally, merely in order to do something daring, a young schoolgirl will take a sip at her mother's scent bottle. The habit grows. It is only natural it should, since when a woman is, as she thinks, innocently sipping the juice of some sweet flower, she is in reality drinking a form of alcohol much more deadly in its effects than her husband's most daring drink.

"Perhaps when I tell you that more than half the serious mental and physical breakdowns among society leaders which come under my notice can be traced to this secret scent drinking, your readers will take warning and stop now immediately. I would rather foster a love for cold gin in my own daughter than one for the finest scent over manufactured. The hold of the former over her would be comparatively easy to conquer; but once let the craving for scent clutch a woman, and only the grave can cure her."

DUNDEE'S PLUCKY POSTMASTER.

How He Worked the Telegraph Instruments Long After the British Had Retreated.

Mr. H. H. Paris, postmaster at Dundee, Natal, has written home a graphic account of his experiences. After describing the fighting at Glencoe, he proceeds:

"As you know, we lost over two hundred killed and wounded in storming the hill, and the Boers also lost more than we did. Unfortunately our own shells killed a number of our own men who were eagerly climbing the hill. I went over the battlefield and saw the dead and wounded.

"I saw Gen Penn Symons brought in mortally wounded in the stomach. He was suffering intense agony, and said, 'Oh, tell me, have they taken the hill yet?' That was at 10.20 a.m., and the hill was not taken for hours later. After the doctors had injected morphia, his pain was easier, and he said he would be with the column on the following day. Instead of that he is under the sod.

"On the following afternoon I went up the hill with the burial party and saw our dead. There were eight officers awaiting burial lying side by side in an outhouse on the farms including Lieut. Col. Gunning, Lieut.-Col. Sherston, Capt. Pechell and others; and in the next outhouse were twenty-two men exhibiting the most frightful wounds. In one house on the other side of the hill about eighty wounded Boers were lying with only one doctor to attend to them. They were very downhearted, and said they had no idea that our artillery fire was so terrible.

"On the evening of the 21st we received orders to leave the town and proceed to the SOUTH AFRICAN COLLIERIES.

My staff and I were about the last to leave, and we got off on a three miles' walk. It was a pitch-dark night and no lights were allowed. About halfway we were stopped by our outposts, who demanded the password. I replied that I did not know it, but that I was the postmaster. The password was given to us, and further on we were again stopped. Here I asked to see the officer in charge and was led into a dirty colliery store, where I found him with his head banded up, drying his trousers before a wood fire. It appeared that he had fallen down a well in the dark. I told him I was willing to go back and work the instruments, if they thought it was safe, but he advised me to go forward instead of back.

"Journeying through slush and a pitilessly cold rain, we came to the machinery shed of the collieries. We were ordered up a steep ladder to a room alone. Here we stumbled over sleeping bodies, because no lights were allowed, and, finally, we wedged ourselves in, lying on the bare floor on a night that seemed to wither one's marrow. At 3.30 a.m., we were again ordered to get up, and we made the best of our way to the new camp, which was at Rowan's farmhouse, about a mile away. When we arrived, there was nothing to eat, and we found hundreds of civilians huddled together, shivering. When daylight came they broke open the cupboards in search of food, and a little tinned fish was found.

"Major-Gen. Yule then took up his position in this house, and he sent for me, asking me to go to the office with a message, stating that the Boers had surrounded us. He required reinforcements from Ladysmith, and expected they were near at hand; in fact, he was going to Glencoe Junction to meet them.

"As I rode in the Boers were shelling the town with 40-pounders. The shells were whizzing over the office, and you may be certain I got the messages sent as soon as possible.

"I also ascertained that no reliefs were being sent, which surprised Gen. Yule very much. Previous to starting I was given a biscuit and some corned beef, which I ravenously ate as I rode along. Altogether we were at the office

FOUR DIFFERENT TIMES

during the day, having to travel the distance in full view of those 40-pounders.

"At 7 a.m., the General asked me to go in with another telegram, adding that he wished us to destroy all military messages that had been sent. I replied that my staff and myself would go in, but I pointed out that we did not desire to be abandoned, and I asked him if he could let us know when they were retreating to Ladysmith. He said that he quite understood the position, and that if they decided to leave Dundee he would send a mounted orderly to inform us.

"As we could not get horses we walked into the town, and we did as requested, whilst we also kept up telegraphic communication with Pietermaritzburg. The Postmaster-General wired congratulating us on sticking to our posts to the last. The camp field telegraph staff had bolted the day before.

"At 11.30 p.m., a friend, who is a guide to the military, rode up very excitedly, saying he had come to inform us that the troops had gone, and that their last wagon was then moving down the street. The General had forgotten about us.

"Needless to say, we soon had our lights out, and after cramming the registered letters into the safe, and carrying away what office cash and stamps we could, amounting to £200, we soon caught up the last wagon,



Healthy, Happy Girls.

Healthy, happy girls often become languid and despondent, from no apparent cause, in the early days of their womanhood. They drag along, always tired, never hungry, breathless and with palpitating hearts after slight exercise, so that to merely walk up stairs is exhausting. Sometimes a short, dry cough leads to the fear that they are going into consumption. Doctors tell them they are anæmic—which means that they have too little blood. Are you like that?

More pale and anæmic people have been made bright, active and strong by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills than any other medicine.

Mrs. M. N. Jonas, Berthier, Que., writes:—"My daughter aged fifteen has been restored to good health through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. She was very feeble, her blood was poor and watery, and she was troubled with headaches, poor appetite, dizziness, and always felt tired. After using four boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills she is enjoying as good health as any girl of her age, and we are glad to give the credit to your grand medicine. Mothers will make no mistake if they insist upon their young daughters taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Do not take anything that does not bear the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." It is an experiment and a hazardous one to use a substitute. Sold by all dealers or post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville.

and walked throughout the night, toiling through slush, mud, and rain, over a very bad, hilly road.

"We caught up the camp a mile and a half past Beith, where the artillery had drawn up into position, to cover us. Some of the men of the Royal Irish Fusiliers shared their rations with us, and we were very grateful to them. "We travelled mostly at dead of night, so that the Boers should not see us. They were endeavouring to cut us off, but this move was frustrated by a column from Ladysmith sent to our relief. We had little ammunition, and toward the end of the journey the men were put on half rations.

"I shall not dilate further on the miseries and discomforts of that jolting journey. Suffice it to say that I hope never to have such another experience; yet I would not have missed seeing the battle for anything."

STAIR CLIMBING.

Persons who live in top flats and who have to climb what seem to them endless stair-cases to reach their homes should not take the matter to heart, for a well-known physician declares that stair-climbing is the very best thing for health when performed in the proper manner.

Usually a person treads on the ball of his foot in taking each step. This is very tiresome and wearing, as it throws the entire suspended weight of the body on the muscles of the legs and the feet. In walking or climbing stairs the right method is to seek for the most equal distribution possible of the body's weight.

In walking upstairs the feet should be placed squarely down on each step, heel and all, and then the work should be performed slowly and deliberately. In this way there is no strain upon any particular muscle, but each is doing its duty in a natural manner.

Climbing stairs in this manner is an excellent form of exercise for the lower limbs, and, provided the chest is thrown well back and the climber does not get into the habit of bending half double when ascending stairs, it is excellent for the lungs and heart. The latter is excited to a more rapid action and the lungs get full play.

The doctor is in the habit of prescribing systematic stair-climbing for all his patients who are suffering from dyspepsia or lung trouble, and says that many a case of incipient consumption has been cured by the patient having to climb stairs.

PIN MONEY.

All ladies know what pin money is, but it may be interesting to them to learn the origin of the expression, and also to know that it is directly connected with New Year's day. Until the beginning of the sixteenth century the only pins used by the poorer classes were made of wood. In fact, they were no pins at all, but skewers, which for the use of the wealthy, were of boxwood, bone and silver. At the period above named the metal pins now in use were invented, and people of fashion were eager to possess them. They at once became the most popular and acceptable New Year's gift for ladies, but it soon grew customary to give, instead of the pins themselves, the money with which to purchase them, and this was called "pin money," a term which gradually came to be applied to all money given to ladies for dress and personal adornment.

QUEENS AND TYPEWRITERS.

The Queen of England has a great dislike to typewritten communications, and does not allow any documents that are supposed to emanate from the Sovereign to be sent out typewritten. The Czarina, on the other hand, has taken a great fancy to the typewriter, and is the owner of a machine with type-bars of gold and frame set with pearls.

FIGHT WITH BEES.

A Traveller's Experience in the Malay Peninsula.

Mr. Hugh Clifford gives a realistic account of a fight with bees. It was in the interior of the state of Penang, in the Malay Peninsula, and took place some nine years ago. Mr. Clifford was an old jungle traveler, but on this particular journey he met with a new experience.

The man who was leading the way stopped suddenly, and pointed to something ahead. They were standing by a narrow creek with steep banks, and on the opposite bank, about half a dozen yards distant was a patch of black and yellow peculiarly blended. It had a strange, furry appearance, with a sort of restless shimmer.

Suddenly the patch rose like a cheap black and yellow railway rug tossed upward by the wind. A humming sound accompanied its flight, and a second later it had precipitated itself upon the travelers, a furious flight of revengeful bees. The men turned and fled. Mr. Clifford says:

"I broke headlong through my frightened followers, tore out of the belt of jungle, and sprinted across a patch of short grass. For a moment I believed that I had given the enemy the slip, and I turned to watch my people, who, with burdens thrown down, came tumbling out of cover, beating the air and screaming lustily. "The next moment I was again in flight. I pulled my large felt hat from my head and thrashed around with it. Still the bees came on, settling upon my flannel shirt and my coarse jungle trousers, and stinging my face and hands and arms mercilessly.

"I was panting for breath, sweating at every pore, and beginning to feel something akin to real fear, when I saw the glistening waters of the Rongai River. I shouted to my howling men, 'Take to the water!' and plunged in.

"My Malays came helter-skelter, and with us came the army of bees, stinging as if for life. I was thoroughly winded when I took to the water, and it was impossible to dive for more than a few seconds. When I came to the surface they were there still, and I was driven back more than once with ranting, sobbing breath. My lungs were bursting, and my heart leaping like a wild thing. The possibility of having to choose between death by drowning and death by stinging seemed not remote.

"Then I heard my boatman call, 'Throw a bough for them to land on!' I saw to the shore, broke off a bough and threw it on the surface of the stream, my men doing the same. Then I dived again. When I came up, no more bees attacked me, and I saw half a dozen branches floating down the stream with a struggling mass of insects."

With hands like boxing-gloves, and heads like inflated footballs, the party limped across to the village. Half an hour later one of the number came in—uninjured. He had seen the bees coming, and had sat down to await the assault. They covered him from head to foot, but as he offered no opposition, they did not sting him.

"I felt," says Mr. Clifford, "uncommonly foolish as he told of his proceeding. It was anything but agreeable to think that we had had our run, our fight, our suffocation under water, and the pains we were enduring all for nothing—that we might have avoided them all by simply sitting still."

DAYS TO MARRY.

Saturday, Sunday, and Monday are the favorite days in the week for marriages. Sundays in rural districts and Saturdays in towns. Sunday weddings seem to be generally less numerous than they were, while the number which takes place on a Saturday are greatly on the increase.