

SUSAN'S LESSON.

'Self-willed and ill tempered! I'm much obliged to you for your good opinion of me, Mr. Arkright.'

If anything could have made Susan Rays pretty face positively ugly, it would have been the look which accompanied these words.

The small red lips had a most unbecoming pout, the deep violet eyes an angry and scornful flash, while the delicately pencilled brows were drawn so closely together that their arches almost met.

The individual addressed, to all appearance, took this outburst very coolly though inwardly very much annoyed.

'You need feel under no particular obligation to me,' he said quietly. 'It is my candid opinion. I am very sorry to say.'

'Indeed! Miss Agnes Ward is not ill-tempered in the least, I suppose?'

'Miss Agnes Ward is what you can be, when you choose—a very amiable young lady.'

'Why don't you ask her to marry you? I should think you would if she is such a paragon of perfection!'

'Because I don't love her, and I do love somebody else.'

'That somebody else ought to feel very much flattered. But if you mean me, let me tell you that the sooner you transfer your affections to her, or some other lady, the better I shall like it.'

'You don't mean what you say, Susan.'

'Yes I do mean what I say,' replied the young lady, her cheeks growing very red.

'And what is more, I am convinced we are not suited to each other, and that it is best that we should part.'

Mr. Arkright arose. He had turned slightly pale, and there was a look in his eyes that was full of significance in one habitually so calm and self-controlled.

He deliberately buttoned up his coat and drew on his gloves. Then taking his hat he said—

'You will be sorry for what you have said, by and-by,' and left the house.

Frank Ray, Susan's brother, had been sitting upon the piazza during this conversation, and the windows being open, had heard enough to understand its import.

Entering the hall, he pushed open the door of the room where his sister was sitting, in as thoroughly uncomfortable a state of mind as one could possibly conceive.

'You'll lose John if you are not careful, Sue,' he said.

'I wish you wouldn't meddle with my affairs, Frank,' retorted Susan petulantly. 'It would be no great loss, if I should.'

'You wouldn't care, I suppose, if he should enlist, as Laura Dean's betrothed has?'

The memory of Laura's sad face rose up before her, and she looked a little startled.

'Enlist? He has no thought of enlisting and he wouldn't be likely to leave his mother all alone.'

'Perhaps not, but one can never tell.'

Frank turned carelessly away as he said this, but his words had roused an unpleasant train of thought in Susan's mind, which she strove vainly to dispel.

'Nonsense!' she said to herself. 'Frank is only trying to tease me. He knows better. I wish I hadn't said what I did, but John is so provoking. If he would only get angry like other people, and not sit there so cool and calm, and say such disagreeable things! I wish he wasn't so perfect himself, or didn't expect me to be. One doesn't like to be always in the wrong.'

The hearts of John and Susan were drawn together by a strong bond of mutual sympathy and affection, and they both possessed many excellent qualities, yet scarcely a week passed without some such scene as the above, though Susan had never allowed herself to speak such bitter words before, and never had John parted from her in such an ungracious manner.

Truth compels us to acknowledge that Susan was the one at fault.

Together with a warm, loving heart, she had a quick impulsive temper, which often betrayed her into language she afterwards deeply regretted.

The only daughter among a host of sons an amount of petting was lavished upon her by both parents and brothers, that would have completely spoiled a less kind and ingenuous disposition, and possessing unusual personal beauty, when she reached the age of womanhood, she drew around her a circle of admirers, who vain would have persuaded her that her very faults were virtues.

She, however, showed her inherent good sense by passing them all by for John Arkright, who, though he took her to his generous heart as a most dear and precious girl—loving her as only such strong natures can love—not only saw that she was false to the trust reposed in him had he not done his best to make her conscious of them also.

Yet it was Susan who was most to blame, it is also true that John did not always make due allowance, either for her impulsive temperament, so different from his own, or her youth, for she was six years younger than himself.

Neither were his admonitions well timed and though kindly meant they sounded harshly to the ears accustomed to the language of affectionate approval.

'He said I should be sorry. I wonder what he meant?' was Susan's inward inquiry many times during the long afternoon.

At last, weary with combating the troubled, self-reproachful thoughts that she could not altogether silence, she threw down her work, and, sinking back upon the wide, easy lounge upon which she was sitting, fell asleep.

Her dreams took the colouring of her thoughts.

She was upon a vast extended plain, red with blood, and covered with heaps of the slain.

The fierce clash of arms and the shock of battle had given place to the groans of the wounded and the dying.

With trembling steps she moved here and there, seeking, yet dreading to find, the form that had not been absent one moment from her thoughts during all these terrible hours of suspense.

At last she found him, with stiffened limbs, pale lips, and ashy cheeks, his blue, sightless eyes turned up to the murky heavens.

The forehead of her upright one, and just, trod by the host of battle to the dust.

The sharp cry of agony with which she threw herself upon the dead body of her lover, aroused her.

She raised up her head, and looked, bewildered, upon the familiar objects around her.

'Thank Heaven it was only a dream!' she said, with a long sigh of relief.

She went out upon the piazza to get rid of the lassitude that oppressed her.

The sun was down, but the clouds upon the western horizon were tinged with crimson and gold.

John had promised to walk out with her in the cool of the evening.

Had he forgotten it, or was he still angry with her?

As these questions passed through her mind, she heard the gate open, and turned her eyes eagerly towards the path that led to it.

But it was only her little brother Arthur. He came running up the walk, nearly breathless with haste and excitement.

'Oh, Susan,' he exclaimed, as soon as he observed her, 'the soldiers are going to start in the morning. John Arkright has enlisted, and—'

But Susan was gone. With a face from which every vestige of color had fled, she reached her own room.

So he was going she said to herself, and she was the cause of it.

She recalled her dream, and felt that it was a prophecy, that she had seen him upon the field of battle as he would lie ere long.

Putting on her hat, and covering her light dress with a dark mantle, she stole out of the house.

She passed rapidly along the streets, until she came to the pleasant little cottage where John lived with his widowed mother.

She mounted the steps, and rang the bell.

Mrs. Arkright came to the door. Susan almost dreaded to look into her face, feeling that she might justly reproach her with being the cause of the loss she was about to sustain, the support and companionship of an only son.

But to her relief, her countenance wore the same kind and placid look that was its prevailing expression, though she seemed somewhat surprised at her unexpected appearance.

'Is John in?' inquired Susan falteringly.

'Yes. He complained of headache, and has been home nearly all afternoon. Come into the parlor, and I'll go and tell him you are here.'

Susan rose to her feet as she heard the sound of John's step along the hall, and a moment later the door opened and he entered.

The cold, stern look faded from his face and brow as he saw her pale, agitated countenance.

'What has happened, Susan?' he inquired, in a tone of concern.

'Oh, John!' she exclaimed; 'as though you did not know, and that it was the worst thing that could happen! Not that I mean to reproach you, for I know it is all my fault.'

Here poor Susan burst into tears.

John made no reply, but gently drew her down to a seat beside him on the sofa, evidently waiting for her to explain.

She misinterpreted this silence, for her cheeks flushed painfully.

'It may seem unmaidenly in me to come here unasked,' she continued, raising her head from his shoulder; 'but I felt as if I could not let you go away without telling you how sorry I am for what I said to you this morning. Wherever you go you will take my heart with you, and if you are killed I shall not care to live!'

Here her head again dropped upon his shoulder.

'So you really love me a little?' John said, making a vain effort to lift her forehead from his shoulder, so that he could look into her eyes.

'I love you very much, John. I never knew how much until now,' she replied, still keeping her face hid from him.

'And you don't want me to propose to Miss Ward?'

'Oh, John, please don't allude to those foolish words!' said Susan in such a tone of distress that John was instantly sobered.

'Well, I won't again,' he said in a very different tone. 'But when and how did you hear that I was going away?'

Susan told him.

'And did it never occur to you that I have a cousin with that name?'

Susan started, her eyes flashing with surprise and joy.

'Is it your cousin who is going?' she exclaimed.

'It isn't I,' said John, smiling.

'I am so glad! It seems as if I was never half so happy before!'

'I, too, am very happy. Shall I tell you why this mistake has made me happy?'

John, looking down earnestly into the eyes that were lifted to his.

Susan guessed something of his meaning for her lashes, still wet with tears, drooped, until they rested upon the flushed cheeks.

'It is because I was beginning to doubt, not my love for you, but yours for me. Because I was beginning to distrust my ability to make you as happy as I should wish my wife to be. Do you understand why, Susan?'

'I understand, John. And I will try never to give you reason to entertain any such fears again.'

John kissed the sweet lips that spoke the gentle words.

'Darling,' he said, 'you have such a kind, loving heart, and such an earnest desire to do right, that I am sure you will succeed; and as for me, I feel that I never fully understood you until now, and will, God helping me, be more patient with you than I have been.'

And they both kept their word.

Sources of Some Great Rivers.

There is usually more or less controversy as to the sources of important rivers until the region of their headwaters had been thoroughly explored. This has been the case with the Amazon but, today, geographers are in accord as to the place that may properly be called the ultimate source of that river.

A little to the northeast of Lima, the capital of Peru, about 115 miles from the Pacific ocean and just south of the tenth parallel of south latitude, is the small lake Lauricocha, about four miles long and three miles wide, which floods a circular plain that is surrounded by steep cliffs.

This is the birthplace of the Marañon river, whose waters, escaping from this basin, flow northward through narrow, winding gorges. The Marañon has come to be regarded as the main upper branch of the Amazon, not only because of its superior volume, but also because it prolongs farthest toward the Pacific the longitudinal axis of the Amazon valley.

Geographical considerations, therefore, properly fix upon Lake Lauricocha as the ultimate source of the Amazon river.

Scientific consideration also, based upon the most recent explorations in the upper Congo basin, have led this year to the satisfactory determination of the waters that may be regarded as the source of the Congo river.

In the past few years there has been considerable discussion of this question. If the theory were admitted that the origin of a river is that source which is farthest from its mouth, then the source of the Congo would be the headwaters of the Manguazizi, whose drainage basin extends far toward the Indian ocean and mingles the waters with Lake Tanganyika.

There is another theory that the source of a river is that which contributes the largest volume of water to it, and if this view were accepted, the Chambizi would be named as the ultimate source of the Congo.

But in these days of scientific geography, geological considerations decide the question of river sources. The Congo occupies the central and lowest part of an enormous area. On all sides the basin falls to the Congo trough by a series of terraces and the rivers that drain them are, of course, affluents and not parts of the main stream.

It has lately been discovered that the Lualaba River is the prolongation of the Congo trough, extending in the same general north and south direction as the upper Congo and hence is the master branch of the Congo, and still more recently it has been discovered that the Lubudi ranks first among the branches of the upper Lualaba, and hence is the source of the Lualaba and the Congo.

In the same way, the long-mooted question whether the Mississippi-Missouri should not bear the name Missouri below their confluence has probably been finally settled. Those who contended that the Mississippi should be known merely as a tributary of the Missouri lost sight of everything except distance from source to mouth which is a fact of subordinate importance. The Mississippi from Lake Itasca to the Gulf, flows in the median depression of the great central plain following the main continental axis. From source to mouth the Mississippi is the main artery. In it all the waters of the great central depression unite and its properly bears the name Mississippi from source to sea.

Some years ago Dr Baumann named the fountain head of a little river, rising near the northeast corner of Lake Tonganyika, as the source of the Nile. At that time, however, our knowledge of the waterways tributary to Victoria Nyanza was not sufficient to form any basis for an exact conclusion as to the ultimate source of the great river. For two and a half years past, Dr. Richard Kandt has been studying the rivers that empty into Victoria Nyanza. He has returned to Europe, but whether he has obtained any information that justifies fixing upon any one of these rivers as the main source of the Nile does not appear in that part of his report thus far published in Le Mouvement Géographique.

The facts given here show that neither volume of waters nor length of course is now regarded as matter of first importance in the classification of rivers. It is the facts of geology that determine the lay of the land and consequently the course of the main fluvial artery in any river system; and these arteries the world over have been the routes of human migration and the great channels of river transportation.

Two Tall Vermont Brothers.

Two of the tallest men in Vermont, is not in all New England, are residents of the place, and so far as known there are no

brothers in the entire country who can equal their weight and height.

Tallness is a family characteristic, inherited by Fred R. and Allie R. Smith. Their family history on the mother's side contains records of many tall men. Mrs. Smith herself is over 6 feet tall and weighs 250 pounds. Her husband is of ordinary height and weight.

Fred R. Smith, the eldest of the three sons, is 24 years old, weighs 200 pounds and is 6 feet 10 inches tall. His upward reach is 8 feet 8 inches, while his arm stretch is 6 feet 11 inches. He is of slender build and dressed as Uncle Sam was a prominent figure in the Republican campaign of four years ago. He headed parades at Keene, Clinton, Leominster, Worcester and other cities, and was one of the crew that manned the McKinley cruiser at Winchenden, a model warship built on electric car that attracted much attention throughout the country.

He is a lather by trade, and in only the larger houses, where the rooms are over the ordinary height, does he use a staging to lath overhead. He has had several flattering offers from museum managers to travel, but has refused them, preferring to remain in Vermont.

Allie R. Smith, the youngest brother, is perfectly proportioned. He is 19 years old, 6 feet 8½ inches tall, and weighs 225 pounds. He can reach 8 feet 4 inches and has an arm stretch of 6 feet 8 inches. His leg measure is 39 inches. He reached the 5-foot mark when 15 years old and has grown rapidly for the past year. He is employed in the Boston and Maine Railroad division office here. He is an all-round athlete and rides a 26-frame bicycle with the saddle a foot in the air. Efforts to get a machine suitable to his size failed, and he was obliged to have a special seat post made in order to bring the saddle to the required height.

Smallest of the Sex.

While we are accustomed to think of atoms as the smallest possible particles into which matter can be divided, recent experiments, particularly those of Dr. Gustave Le Bon, have indicated that, through electrical dissociation, atoms themselves are capable of subdivision into particles of amazing minuteness. Many years ago Lord Kelvin calculated the probable size of a molecule of air, and according to him about 25 000 000 such molecules laid in a row would measure an inch. There would be 600 air molecules in a wave length of ordinary light. Every molecule is composed of atoms smaller than itself. Now, Doctor Le Bon calculates that the particles dissociated by the electric energy which produces such phenomena as the Becquerel rays are so small that even atoms would appear to be "infinitely large" in comparison with them.

'What are we coming to? If this sort of things keeps on every social barrier will be swept away.'

BORN.

Halifax, Oct 31, to the wife of Fred Jones, a son.

Albert, Oct 28, to the wife of Walter Tarris, a son.

Lower Selma, to the wife of Herbert Sterling, a son.

Manus, Oct 20, to the wife of Wm Fader, a daughter.

Windsor, Oct 19, to the wife of Thomas Brothers, a son.

South Maitland, Oct 20, to the wife of A. W. Barr, a daughter.

Sydney, C. B. Oct 29, to the wife of Andrew McLeod, triplets (boys).

MARRIED.

Charlestown, Mass., Oct 4, Frank Wolfe to Annie De Ellis.

Cape Traverse, Oct 30, Jas H. Buxton to Eliza Howatt.

Upper Clements, Oct 17, Frank Ruggles to Mabel Howard.

Windsor, Oct 24, by Rev John Murray, Henry Etter to Olive Withrow.

Digby, Oct 24, by Rev J. C. Morse, Geo L. Marr to Coia Mary Nichols.

Mount Stewart, Oct 31, by Rev A. Craist, Ross Egoff to Ada Jay.

Truro, Nov 1, by Rev T. Davies, Joseph Miller, to Lucy Hennigar.

Digby, Oct 29, by A. M. Hill, Wm H. Parker to Elizabeth Ann Coss.

Halifax, Oct 23, by Rev Dr. Heartz, Ernest S. Davidson to Maude Bishop.

Halifax, Oct 31, by Rev Z. L. Fash, Chas A. Bentley to Edith McDonald.

Halifax, Oct 22, by Rev J. F. Dugan, Hugh McDonald to Annie Lade.

Calais, Oct 22, by Rev W. H. Sherwood, Frederic Mylin to Lizzie Boyle.

St. Stephen, Oct 19, by Rev Thos. Marshall, Sidney Alline to Olive Dunbar.

Halifax, Nov 8, by Rev Dr. McMillan, John Chandler to Amanda Drysdale.

Dover Hill, Oct 27, by Rev D. Fiske, Lemmie A. Larsen to William Baird.

Rustico, Oct 23, by Rev B. B. MacDonald, Geo L. Murphy to Teresa Croken.

Little Sands, Oct 17, by Rev F. Gillies, Donald Macrae to Flora Macneil.

Charlottetown, Oct 31, by Rev G. M. Young, George Chandler to Emma Webster.

Fox Creek, Oct 23, by Rev Father D. Legere, Josie T. LeBlanc to Jane LeBlanc.

Woodstock, Oct 24, by Rev J. W. Clarke, Andrew Mowat to Clara P. Thornton.

Oak Bay, Oct 24, by Rev H. S. Young, Lloyd Thompson to Ethelyn Clare Young.

Charlottetown, Oct 24, by Rev D. Maclean, John McLeod to Christy P. Macneil.

Barry's Bay, Oct 18, by Rev I. N. Thorne, William Barry to Ida Eden Douthwaite.

Little Pond, Oct 23, by Rev J. J. MacDonald, Wm F. MacDonald to Mary A. MacDonald.

Knoxford, Car. Co. Oct 17, by Rev E. W. Simonson, William H. Antworth, to Emily G. Longstaff.

DIED.

Tryon, Mrs L. and, 88.

Halifax, Oct 24, Geo A. Pike, 60.

Elmsdale, Oct 27, John Bell, 60.

Halifax, Oct 31, John Delaney, 62.

Calais, Oct 19, Howard Burrill, 36.

St. Croix, Oct 8, Mrs Wm. Dill, 68.

Gays River, Oct 27, J. B. Colter, 56.

Newton, Oct 30, Wm. McCabe, 55.

Halifax, Oct 31, John Delaney, 62.

Halifax, Oct 26, Leonard Parkman.

Maitland, Oct 16, Mrs Alex. Ross.

Windsor, Oct 23, Harland Baird, 20.

Alaska, Oct 11, Capt George Bell, 56.

Albert, Oct 27, Mrs Hugh Patterson.

Covehead, Oct 28, Jean Fullerton, 42.

West Point, Oct 19, Edward Batts, 19.

Halifax, Nov 1, Elizabeth Keating, 78.

Bideford, Nov 1, Edward England, 55.

Falmouth, Oct 22, Annie Wilson, 26.

Lequille, Oct 18, Marzie Thomson, 18.

Halifax, Nov 2, Mrs George Farmer, 53.

Charlisle, Oct 18, Mrs B. Dickinson, 44.

Lower Stewiacke, Mrs John Norris, 63.

Milltown, Oct 26, Mrs Luke Barry, 49.

Beaver Harbor, Oct 25, Nora Cross, 21.

Dorchester, Oct 31, Wm Backhouse, 69.

Wolfville, Nov 1, Mrs George Johnson.

Costa Rica, Oct 16, Henry S. De Blois, 45.

Charlottetown, Oct 28, Mrs Wm Batt, 87.

Irishtown, Oct 28, Mrs Kenneth Macleod.

Summerside, Oct 15, Mrs Benj. McKenna.

Milltown, Oct 29, Mrs Joseph Willett, 24.

Beaver Harbor, Oct 27, Mrs Wm Allen, 76.

Windsor, Oct 24, Mrs George Pollard, 32.

Campbellton, Oct 21, Penelope Ramsay, 71.

Charlottetown, Oct 30, Nelson Armour, 45.

Mill Cove, Oct 25, Mrs Patrick Warner, 87.

Dartmouth, Nov 1, Mrs Robert Warner, 45.

Uniacke Mines, Oct 18, Martin Fogarty, 61.

Katowitz, Germany, Oct 6, Bruno Siebels.

Greenville, Me., Oct 15, James Callaghan, 40.

Tower Hill, Oct 30, Elizabeth Thompson, 68.

Victoria, C. B., Oct 31, Catherine Ratchford, 80.

Summers