A HAPPY MISTAKE.

"We are going on the river next Tuesday. Will you join our party, Mr. Robin-

The speaker was a certain Mrs. Cradock, whose acquaintance I had made some time ago; the place, the Park; the time, afternoon in mid July. London was hot and dusty; a day on the river would be the one thing to retresh me after the jiding work of the season.

"I shall be charmed," I replied, "and will bring my new canoe."

"That will be delightful." turning to her daughter, who followed behind. "Maud, Mr. Robinson will come with us on Tuesday, and will bring his canoe."

She passed on with her son, an athletic young giant, while I dropped behind with Miss Cradock.

Miss Cradock was a red-haired girl, rather shy, and, although I had known her some time, the impression she had made on me was entirely negitive. She was rather quiet, and not at all amusing; her appearance also left little impression on me-that is, I did not know the color of her eyes, or shape ot her nose or chir; everything about her was very ordinary (except her hair, which was red). She was not pretty, neither was she ugly.

"You are fond of canoeing, Miss Cradock, are you not?"

"I adore it !" she cried with enthusiasm. "Well, you shall come in mine. I have quite made up my mind to paddle my own canoe in solitude no longer," I said confidentially.

She looked up in my face for a moment, then turned away her head, saying rather

"You must get someone to help you pad-

"I want you to do that," I said kindly, seeing that she was shy and embarrassed. "That is, if your mother will let me take "Oh! mamma won,t-can't object, she

likes you so much," she exclaimed, her eyes flishing and her whole face beaming with animation. She looked quite pretty and bright. Strange that I should have never noticed

before what fine eyes she had. "And you, Miss Cradock, you will say

'yes,' too, won't you?" She again looked in my face, and answered almost in a whispered .-

"Yes." At this moment our party were effusively greeted by some friends. Mrs., the two Misses Binkes, and young Mr. Binkes, all talking loudly and affectionately. This reemed a good opportunity for escape. I therefore turned to go, merely whispering

to Miss Cradock-"I'll say good-bye now. Mind you don't forget you are engaged."

"I forget?" she answered. "Is it likely? I wil! tell mamma directly we are alone.'

I hurried from the Park, thinking Miss Cradock was greatly improved, and looked so wonderfu'ly bright and happy. Very likely she is in love with young Mr. Binkes that would account for his excitement. I soon forgot Miss Cradcek and young Binkes; I being engaged to dine in a dist. ant part of South Kensington, and having to dress against time. Later in the even-I went to a dance; it was, therefore, pretty late, or, I should say, rather early,

when I let myself in with my latch-key. Having changed my coat I entered the sitting-room and turned up the lamp, intending to have my usual smoke before going to bed. A little pink note was lying on the table. Having lit my pipe and ensconed myself in the arm-chair, I opened the note and read as follows-

"-.LOWER SLOANE STREET, S. W. "Thursday Evening."
"My Darling Algy.—You made me feel so very, very happy by what you said to me this afternoon. Of course I teld mamma. She is so pleased, and said she 'saw it comming on!' I am so glac to think you really do love me, and wonder what I can have done to get such great happiness. You may fancy how provoked I was with those stupid Binke's coming bothering just when I wanted to hear you say more, and to tell you how thoroughly and heartily I love you. I am scrawling this while waiting for mamma. We are going to dine with the Priestley's in Lowndes Street. Come tomorrow early; I shall be in all day.

"Your own

"MAUD.

"P. S.—Dearest Algy, the Park is a tantalizing place to propose in—don't you agree?"

"By Jingo! was my involuntary exclamation. "What does this mean? There must be a mistake somewhere?" No; the envelope was correctly addres-

sed, in a sprawling, girlish hand, to

"Algernon Robinson, Esq., "-, Ebury Street, S- W." I was dumbfounded, nonplussed, knocked iall of a heap. I looked at the letter again; t came from ---, Lower Sloane Street. But who lived there? And who lived there? And who was Maud? I tore upon the "Red Rock" and turned hurriedly to Lower Sloane Street Street. Yes, here it was. No. -, Richard Cradock. "Maud"

was evidently Miss Cradock. Had she gone mad? Why, I saw her in the Park this evening; she seemed all right then. I am an absent-minded man; had I said anything about love to her in a fit of abstraction? No; yet we had talked about going on the river. I remembered saying something about considering herself engaged. Could she have been under the delusion that I meant another kind of en-

The hideous thought now presented itselt in all its terrible reality—Miss Cradock believed herself to be engaged to be mar-ried to me. My hair stood upright on my in the Park. head, my knees smote one against the other, my mouth felt dry and parched. Without doubt the position was awful; visions of A Stranger Story Than That of the Sable breach of promise cases, of encounters with an athletic and irate Cradock brother, flitted before my mind's eye. With shaking hands I unlocked the spirit-case, mixed a

strong whisky and soda. and having gulped it down, I fe t calmer. Having mixed another whisky and soda, I sat down with my pipe to think it out. coming on." The deuce she did! "Mamma," it seemed to me, saw a good deal too much. Should I fly the country? But she would never believe me. Accept the situation? No, a thousand times no; and yet she loved me, poor girl; but no, I was not in love with her, and, besides, my fin-

ances would not permit. At length I retired to bed without coming to any decision, hoping that the morning would throw some fresh light on the sub-

I awoke next morning tired and jaded. I had resolved, however, on my plan of action, which was to take my friend Smith into my confidence. Smith was an old son? I will send you a line giving full in- chum who could keep a secret, and he might with his legal mind-Smith was a the situation.

At an early hour a fleet hansom despoited me at Smith's chambers in Gray's Inn Square. I tound him in his office and

matter of frantic importance," I said, as soon as I was seated; and then I told him all. Smith roared with laughter. "It is to rich," he said, as soon as he

could speak. "Confound you, you ass," I shouted. I come to ask your advice, and all you do is to scream with laughter, and say it is too rich!" and I glared at him. With an apparent effort Smith composed

his features and said-"Why not tell them you are married

"I should not be able to keep it up,"

Propose to another girl?" "That might do, but-" and I thought of the athletic brother and groaned. "Say you were entrapped into an un-

suitable marriage when a boy, and that at the moment you forgot?" Once again the vision of young Cradock and his enraged papa rose before me, and

I shook my head. "Well, go on with the thing, and, when it comes to the seitlements, plead poverty, but that you were carried away by the ardour of your feelings, that you bitterly regret, etc., etc. ?"

"By Jove, Smith, I believe that would do!" I cried. "Yes," said be, with a grin; "and I,

acting as your solicitor, would tell any lie you like about your affairs." "But it is true, man. I'm as poor as

"May I see the letter?" said be. I handed it in silence. Having read it

through with a good deal of suppressed merriment, he looked up, saying as he returned me the note-

"Lo you think she does? Well, peraps you are right; but one does not like having one's hand forced," said I.

"True. But her name, my boy, her "Miss Cradock. "What, the red-hair, Miss Cradock,

daughter of old Richard Cradock, of Lower

Sloane Street!" "The same." "Let me congratulate you, my boy; you're the luckiest dog in England,"

"Contound you! If you think so, take her yourself," said I angrily. "I only wish I had the chance," he replied, then went on. "Why, man, don't you know she has three thousand pounds a year left her by her uncle, old John Cradock, whose death is in this morning's

"Three thousand pounds a year-Miss Cradock-Maud!" I faltered. "How do

"Our firm were the late A.r. John Cradock's solicitors. He must have died just about the time you were proposing to the "This cuts the gordian knot completely!

I exclaimed. "So it does, my boy." "You are sure about the three thou-

"Quite certain." "He didn't make a newer will, did he?" "This was the last. Why, it was only a few months ago that he increased Miss

said Smith. "You will not be such a duffer as to let this slip?" The room whirled round with me, Miss Cradock loved me. Maud had three thousand pounds a year. Dear Maud! What fine eyes she had; and what a pretty figure, too-funny my never remarking it before. Then what a beautiful auburn hair

she had; I always did admire auburn hair!

What pretty paper she writes on, too; and I placed her letter in my bosom. I ielt sure now that I had really liked her all along-liked! nay loved her all along. "Of course I must go and see Maud-I mean Miss Cradock, at once," I said, and continued, "Fact is, Smith, I drew the long bow a bit about the situation. I .always have esteemed Miss Cradockindeed, I may say have liked her much. And now, poor girl, having lost her uncle,

I teel full of sympathy tor her in her bereavement. In fact I feel | er — in love with her. You won't mention our talk · Ot coure not. And any settlements you may be making-

"Will be done through you." "Thanks." "Why, it is twelve o'clock. I must be off to Lower Sloane Street," I said, pulling

out my watch. "Good-bye." A fast-trotting horse and a pair of big wheels conveyed me quickly to No .where I found Maud so sweet and so nice that I felt indeed a lucky man, and so well did I play my part that I felt snre she sus-

We are married now, and very happy. The only secrets I have from Maud are my visit to Smith and the misunderstand-

CAMELS IN ARIZONA. Island Ponies.

The statement that a herd of camels was roaming at large over the plains of Southern Arizona has excited considerable comment among newspaper writers throughout the continent, and many are inclined to I re-read the letter, but got no comfort scoff at the assertion that these beasts, from that. "Mamma is so pleased." Oh, which are indigenous to the Orient, are to indeed, very kind of her! "She saw it be met with in a wild state anywhere on the Western continent; nevertheless, there is a drove of these animals, numbering bewhere the dickens was I to fly to? Write tween three and four hundred, wandering to Mrs. Cradock and explain? Impossible; at will over a certain section of the Southwest. How they came to find a home upon American soil or the reason for which they were imported is something which is | ing the pain was in the heart itself, as the

a man named Thomas Watson, who was very wealthy, and an extensive dealer in

Not satisfied with the traffic on shore he resolved to send a vessel, himself, to solicitor-be able to throw some light upon | the coast of Africa to obtain a fresh supply of the blacks and smuggle them into the

This was a risky piece of business, as the men-of-war of all civilized nations were "I want your advice, old chap, on a continually on the watch for the slavers, and the laws of the United States bad long forbade the importation of any male Ethiop-

But Watson was a man of many resources, and he, in company with his wife, a beautiful Creole, devised a scheme by which it was possible to hoodwink the authorities.

They modeled a bark of some three hundred tons burden, which was practically one vessel within another. To look down the main hatch she appeared to be a shallow craft, having no "between decks"; the keelson was about fifteen feet below the "deck car-lines," and no one but the huilders knew that beneath this, and between it and the true keelson, was a dark hole about five feet deep, to reach which a small hatchway was cut well att in the

The bark was loaded and despatched to the west coast of Africa, ostensibly as a legitimate trader, but upon reaching the slave country the captain bartered for five lundred negroes, all stalwart, healthy teldark damp sub-hold of the novel and netar- able to tell why. I had a sour taste in the ions vessel.

Then the captain went in search of camels, which he claimed were wanted in America as beasts of burden, but in reality head was mazy and whirled round until I can be. Why, it will be all plain sailing to disguise the true errand of the craft. at the pit of the stomach that I cannot that -at least, I hope so," I added, rather Fitteen of the animals were procured which. describe; it was like that of a weight or with their feed and water, comfortably fil- burden bearing me down. led the bark's hold.

The passage across the Atlantic was made without special incident, and the but not until the animals had been taken fron their treatment. to several different places. At one time they were in Algiers opposite the city of New Orleans. From there they were taken back to Galveston by the sidewheel steamer Fashion.

When they became the property of the head and seized the unwary seaman by the ry, January 25, 1893. arm, sinking his teeth so deep as to comhis heavily loaded riding whip beat the | the blood. In her case it was uric acidand hear from his own lips a verification | quietly. of the above facts.

Captain Smith brought suit against Mrs. Watson for his injuries and was awarded judgment in the sum of \$1:00 which, however, was never paid, for the case was held so long in court that it was not decided until after the breaking out of the late unpleasentness between the Northern and Southern states, and Captain Smith, whose home was in Massachusetts, was obliged to leave Galveston.

At one time Mrs. Watson's wealth wns enormous, but reverses of fortune came; all her property was swept from her, she fled to the Island of Saint Thomas, where she died in abject poverty.

During the stirring times of the war, the camels were allowed to shift for themselves; they wandered away over the from an English paper: plains of Texas, and into the wilds of Arizona. The climate and tood have agreed with them and, having been but little disturbed, they have greatly increased in number, until now we find nearly 400 of the progeny of the fifteen camels originally brought to Galveston in the false-bottomed bark built by an ex-United States senator, to convey slaves from Africa to the States.

THE CONCEALED WORKMAN.

First, imagine a hill or mountain 3,000 feet high. Next, imagine a man 165lbs. in weight climbing to the top in one day. You will say he would be pretty well fagged out by the time he reached the summit. How his back and legs would ache, and he would be lucky if he didn't feel sore and "pound-ed" for a week after.

Yet in lifting his body that height his os would only have done the same amount of work his heart does every day in pumping his blood, and that without the least sign of fatigue. It sends out about three gallons a minute, and keeps going night and day from birth to death. Still, we seldom feel it or think of it. What a workman it is, down there in your breast

in the dark. It is only when something interferes with it that this faithful servant asserts itself, and makes us anxious. As, for example, in the case of Mrs. Lizzie Evans, who says that at one time her heart thumped and throbbod until she could scarcely bear it. "On one occasion." she says, "the pain was so bad that I screamed for three hours." Probably Mrs. Evans is mistaken in thinkknown to but very few persons now living. heart is a dull thing as to feeling, having but few nerves. Still, she felt pain enough, Along in the fifties, when slavery was in the keen nerves of sensation that surcountenanced in some portions of the round the heart. The important question States, there resided in Galveston, Tex., is, What caused all this alarming com-



motion? We may conjecture after having heard ber account, which runs as follows :-"In March, 1884," she says, "it seemed as if I had no life or energy left in me. I lows, who were at once confined within the was weary, languid, tired, without being mouth, and spit up a bitter fluid. I had a poor appetite, rain aft reating, and a canstant sense of b ing sick and faint. My these creatures were to be used as a blind, | could not see. Then there was a sensation

Here she speaks of her heart: we have quoted her words on that point already. After that she goes on to say, "I got a slaver entered Galveston with her valuable little sleep at night, sometimes none at all, human cargo undisturbed. The camels | and in the morning I would wake up more "Tell me the girl's name; she writes very | were publicly landed, and for several days | tired than when I went to bed. As time remained tethered upon the whart, but the went on I got weaker and weaker, until I poor blacks were stealthily smuggled ashore | could barely walk about. For over five and at once sent to northern Texas, where | years I was in this way, and what I suffered they were disposed of at a great profit by is past description. During this time I Mrs. Watson, who was now widowed. lived in London, and consulted three doc-This was in the winter of '57-'58. The tors in Islington, but was none the better charming Creole, whose husband had been | for what they did for me. I a'so attended a United States senator, prevailed upon as an out-patient at St. Bartholomew's the government to purchise the camels, Hospital, but never derived any benefit

"In July, 1889, I first heard of Moth-Seigel's Curative Syrup, and began to the it. In two weeks I could eat better. a . ! got some refreshment from sleep. As my food digested I felt lighter, and the hear trouble was less severe. After that I kept United States they were transferred to taking the Syrup and gradually gained Mobile, thence to Brazil and put to work strength. Inasmuch as I had been run upon the fortification then being built along | ning down for five years it took me some the Rio Grande River. While they were time to get back to where I was when I in Galveston the animals, or rather one first began to fail. I am in good health of them cailed Lord Nelson, made them- now, and whenever I feel any sign of my selves particularly obnoxious to many of old complaint I take a dose of the Syrup, the good citizens of the place. One day a which soon sets me right. In hope of beyoung American officer of a large ship ing of use to other sufferers I give you the then lying in port, had occasion to pass permission to publish this statement. close by the herd. Without warning Lord Yours truly (Signed) Mrs. Lizzie Evans, Nelson reached forth his ungainly shaped 1, Camberia Square, Albert Road, Oswest-

By way of comment on Mrs. Evan's pletely shatter the bone. At this moment | interesting letter we have only to say that a constable named William Poouse, who palpitation is very rarely a sign of disease has since served as sheriff of Galveston, of the heart. The cause is an irritation of rod: down the wharf, and with the butt of the nerves brought about by impurity of animal until he was forced to release his the same poison that produces gout and victin, but Captain David H. Smith, the rheumatism-arising from acute indigestion Cradock's legacy up to its present amount," one injured, carries the marks of his en- and dyspepsia. When Mother Seigel's counter with the camel to this day, and Curative Syrup has corrected the digestion any one visiting Boston may call upon the and expelled the poi on from the blood, retired shipmaster at 36 Atlantic avenue | the heart, 1 ke other organs, did its work

But what a wonder is the human body. and how well the old German (Mother Seigel) nurse knew its secrets, both in health and disease.

ANOTHER MASCAGNI TAEL

Which Well Supplements One Before Told in "Progress."

A story which was printed in Progress not long since tells how "Mascagni-or else the devil"—showed a musical director how to play the intermezzo from "Cavallaria," to the surprise of a vast audience. This tale was written by a Canadian author. Here is a good one to supplement it, taken

During Mascagni's recent visit to London, while is his room at a hotel, he heard an organ grinder play the intermezzo from Cavalleria Rusticanni." The man, playing the piece entirely too fast, exasperated Mascagni, and descending into the street, the composer addressed the organist, say-You play this entirely too fast. Let

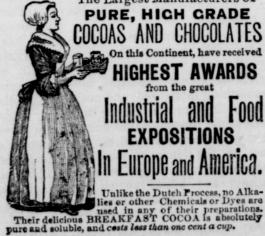
me show you how it ought to be played." "And who are you?" asked the wander-

"I happen to be the composer of the piece," replied Mascagni, and then he played the intermezzo for the astonished organ grinder in the correct tempo.

Imagine Mascagni's surprise when, on the following day, he saw the same organ grinder in tront or his house with a placard

on the organ, on which was inscribed, in large letters. "Pupil of Mascagni."

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