

A HAPPY MISTAKE.

"We are going on the river next Tuesday. Will you join our party, Mr. Robinson? I will send you a line giving full instructions." 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 refresh me after the jading work of the season. "I shall be charmed," I replied, "and will bring my new canoe."

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 chum who could keep a secret, and he might, with his legal mind—Smith was a solicitor—be able to throw some light upon the situation. At an early hour a fleet hansom deposited me at Smith's chambers in Gray's Inn Square. I found him in his office and alone. "I want your advice, old chap, on a matter of frantic importance," I said, as soon as I was seated; and then I told him all. "It is too 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 already?" "I should not be able to keep it up," I rejoined. "Propose to another girl?" "That might do, but—" and I thought of the athletic brother and groaned. "Say you were entrapped into an unsuitable marriage when a boy, and that at the moment you forgot?" "Once again the vision of young Cradock and his engaged pale rose before me, and I shook my head. "Well, go on with the thing, and when it comes to the settlements, plead poverty, but that you were carried away by the ardour of your feelings, that you bitterly regret, etc., etc."

a man named Thomas Watson, who was very wealthy, and an extensive dealer in negroes. Not satisfied with the traffic on shore he resolved to send a vessel, himself, to the coast of Africa to obtain a fresh supply of the blacks and smuggle them into the country. This was a risky piece of business, as the men-of-war of all civilized nations were continually on the watch for the slavers, and the laws of the United States had long forbidden the importation of any male Ethiopians. 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 builders 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 at in the "run." 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 hundred negroes, all stalwart, healthy fellows, who were at once confined within the dark damp sub-hold of the novel and notorious vessel. The captain went in search of camels, which he claimed were wanted in America as beasts of burden, but in reality these creatures were to be used as a blind, to disguise the true errand of the craft. Fifteen of the animals were procured which, with their feed and water, comfortably filled the bark's hold. The passage across the Atlantic was made without special incident, and the slaves entered Galveston with her valuable human cargo undisturbed. The camels were publicly landed, and for several days remained tethered upon the wharf, but the poor blacks were stealthily smuggled ashore and at once sent to northern Texas, where they were disposed of at a great profit by Mrs. Watson, who was now widowed. This was in the winter of '57-'58. The charming Creole, whose husband had been a United States senator, prevailed upon the government to purchase the camels, but not until the animals had been taken to several different places. At one time they were in Algiers, at another in 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 United States they were transferred to Mobile, thence to Brazil and put to work upon the fortification then being built along the Rio Grande River. While they were in Galveston the animals, or rather one of them called Lord Nelson, made themselves particularly obnoxious to many of the good citizens of the place. One day a young American officer of a large ship then lying in port, had occasion to pass close by the wharf. Without warning Lord Nelson reached forth his ungainly shaped head and seized the unwary seaman by the arm, sinking his teeth so deep as to completely shatter the bone. At this moment a constable named William Poouse, who has since served as sheriff of Galveston, rode down the wharf, and with the butt of his heavily loaded riding whip beat the animal until he was forced to release his victim, but Captain David H. Smith, the one injured, carries the marks of his encounter with the camel to this day, and any one visiting Boston may call upon the retired shipmaster at 36 Atlantic avenue and hear from his own lips a verification of the above facts. Captain Smith brought suit against Mrs. Watson for his injuries and was awarded judgment in the sum of \$1,000 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 unpleasantness 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 was 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 plains of Texas, and into the wilds of Arizona. The climate and food 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 165 lbs. 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 "pounded" for a week after. Yet in lifting his body that height his legs 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 throbbled 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 thinking the pain was in the heart itself, as the heart is a dull thing as to feeling, having but few nerves. Still, she felt pain enough, in the keen nerves of sensation that surround the heart. The important question is, What caused all this alarming com-

motion? We may conjecture after having heard her account, which runs as follows:—"In March, 1884," she says, "it seemed as if I had no life or energy left in me. I was weary, languid, tired, without being able to tell why. I had a sour taste in the mouth, and spit up a bitter fluid. I had a poor appetite, rain after eating, and a constant sense of being sick and faint. My head was dizzy and whirled round until I could not see. Then there was a sensation at the pit of the stomach that I cannot that describe; it was like that of a weight or burden bearing me down." 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 little sleep at night, sometimes none at all, and in the morning I would wake up more tired than when I went to bed. As time went on I got weaker and weaker, until I could barely walk about. For over five years I was in this way, and what I suffered I past description. During this time I lived in London, and consulted three doctors in Islington, but was none the better for what they did for me. I also attended as an out-patient at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, but never derived any benefit from their treatment. "In July, 1889, I first heard of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and I began to take it. In two weeks I could eat better, and I got some refreshment from sleep. As my food digested I felt lighter, and the heart trouble was less severe. After that I kept taking the Syrup and gradually gained strength. Inasmuch as I had been running down for five years it took me some time to get back to where I was when I first began to fail. I am in good health now, and whenever I feel any sign of my old complaint I take a dose of the Syrup, which soon sets me right. In hope of being of use to other sufferers I give you the permission to publish this statement. Yours truly (Signed) Mrs. Lizzie Evans, 1, Cambria Square, Albert Road, Oswestry, January 25, 1893." By way of comment on Mrs. Evans' interesting letter we have only to say that palpitation is very rarely a sign of disease of the heart. The cause is an irritation of the nerves brought about by impurity of the blood. In her case it was uric acid—the same poison that produces gout and rheumatism—arising from acute indigestion and dyspepsia. When Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup has corrected the digestion and expelled the poison from the blood, the heart, like other organs, did its work quietly. 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 TALE. 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 from an English paper: During Mascagni's recent visit to London, while in his room at a hotel, he heard an organ grinder play the intermezzo from "Cavallaria Rusticana." The man, playing the piece entirely too fast, exasperated Mascagni, and descending into the street, the composer addressed the organist, saying: "You play this entirely too fast. Let me show you how it ought to be played." "And who are you?" asked the wandering minstrel. "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 front of his house with a placard on the organ, on which was inscribed, in large letters, "Pupil of Mascagni."

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