## THE QUEEN'S SECRET.

CHAPTER XX .- Continued.

And now, as the clouds of fortune began to lower a little, another secret had come to his knowledge-the encounter at the gate with Leicester and the lady removing the Infant under her cloak. He had taken both time and trouble to sift this strange affair to the bottom, and having atpertained that the Countess of Harrington was not to be found at a certain hour that night, when a messerger arrived at court to announce the death of her sister, the Lady Granby, and certain that the tall man wrapped in the cloak could be no other than the Earl of Leicester, his suspicious were excited; and once excited, he found circumstantial evidence enough to confirm them. But now the difficulty was, how to communicate his knowledge of this secret to the queen, without the necessity of an explanation; and on the other hand, might not his knowledge prove fatal to him as it did to Maraski, the physician, whose imprisonment in the Tower he had little trouble to account for? These reflections passed rapidly through his mind and left him doubtful and unessy. Yet on the success of Murray his hopes of future advancement were as much dependent as on the favor of the queen; so that, should Elizabeth withdraw her countenance and support from the arch rebel, the latter must inevitably fall, and his own hopes, from the ruin of Mary Stuart, fall with him. He resolved, therefore, to press the consideration of his friend's claim,-though at some hazard to himself,and reserve any allusion he might make to the night adventure for some more favorable eccesion. .And please your majesty," resumed

Plimpton, " my Lord Murray hath doubtless fancied he could find no shelter so sure, and so welcome, with your grace's favor, as bemind the throne for whose weal he risked his life."

"Our throne, sir, requires no foreign arm to protect it," said the queen proudly, " and, by as he saitb, can dis God's good help, it never shall; and if this his good pressure." Lord Murray turn his sword against his rightful sovereign, on pretence of his zeal for God's truth, and love for our royal person and throne, why, God's mercy, sir, he must not tumble in here, after his routing, and make our palace a sanctuary—sy, sir, a sanctuary for traitors and rebels !"

"But your majesty's connection with " With what, sir ?"

"I fear me, gracious madam, that your majesty's letters of encouragement to the

"Letters of encouragement!' cried Elizabeth, rising, and pushing back the table before her, in a burst of anger. "Now, by our royal patience, Sir Fellow, thou must be demented, or just come hither from the michouse. What! speak to us of letters of security, and the consciousness of which encouragement-of completting with rebel subjects of our good sister and cousin! Away, sir-quit the presence." And she bearing and manner, even in her presence, pointed to the door as she spoke. "Bight | had become less courteous and respectful; well we deserve this reward, for having taken | and she had learnt from report, that his besuch a blundering, base-bear churl into our secret service. Begone, sir."

But Plimpton would not be dismissed so easily. He had some matters of grave personal interest still to submit to her majesty, which could not well be postponed.

"Pardon, most gracious madam," he said, clasping his hands and falling on his knee before her; "I humbly entreat your mejesty to bear with me. "Ay, that thou mayst have leisure to insult

zs, Sir Knave." " Nay, if I've been over-hold, madam, it

cometh of my zeal for your mej ""nor." " Our honor, varlet! our ho an! and

Thy honor, and thy glory, which are ever safe | blood in her veins had descended to her he Heaven's good keeping, are the source of through fiery channels. my breath and of my life."

"Ah, sir, wouldst parley," said Elizabeth semewhat softened, "and tarry here despite

our command?" "I beg but for my life," replied Plimpton, letting his long arms fall by nis side, and his

an attitude of abject abandonment. "Thy life! pugb, eir, we grudge thee not thy life. Why, man, thou wouldst make but poor quarry for our talous. God's mercy, fellow, we fly not at corncrakes and cormo-IBLES.

"Nay, I fear not so much the death that cometh from the axe of the headsman, as that from the displeasure of my gracious and right royal mistress," replied Plimpton, in the accents of a slave before his sultan.

Elizabeth smiled contemptuously at the crouching form before her, and turned away a step in disgust; and yet, strange to say she felt her pride gratified by the fears and fulsome adulation of even so mean a sycophant.

"If her gracious majesty frown upon her poor servant he dies," continued Pilmpton, his hands still clasped before him in an attitude of supplication, "and his royal mis-Frees loses a faithful and devoted servant,but alas! alas! one whose blunt zeal and uncombed speech are ill besuited to the eti-

quette of a royal palace.' The queen relaxed her brows, and paced the room for a minute or two, deliberating whether she would send him out of the way, till she had exculpated herself before the foreign ambassadors of all share in Murray's conspiracy, or still use him as a tool to help her in the difficulty. At length the stopped before him, and tapping him on the head with

less angry tone .-"Hark thee, Master Pilmpton; we fear us much thy memory is over-good for thy place your sacred majesty," replied Leicester, look-

"My memory, please your grace?"

"Ay, verily, thy memory, man; it may lose thee thy head, mayhap. Court dependants should be like Popish priests, who betray not even to the penitents themselves the knowledge the indiscretion so warmlyof their secrets told in the confessional. Didst not say, just now, something of letters and gold thous't whilem conveyed to these Scotch insurgents?"

"Letters, my liege?" repeated Plimpton, with well-affected embarrassment.

« Ay, air, letters and money, or something like-nay, perhaps thou didst 'but fancy it." doubtless confused my poor senses," respond.

æd Plimpton. Eayest, the fear of our sovereign displeasure | Tower or the block." hath made away with thy wite. Well, well, get thee up. We pardon thy indiscretion for this bout, but would have thee to know, the bold, measured tones in which he nevertheless, that should report ever touch addr ssed her; but when he had conour ears of letters or encouragement to these cluded, and his terrible words left her no ungracious lords, written by thee in our room to doubt his meaning, she staggered name, (ay, thou muttered'st something, back a step, and the blood ruched from her but murmur such vagaries even in thy dreams, stood there for an instant, pale and speechso that itching ears might catch the meaning less, before a crowd of courtiers, each waiting from the mumping, by our royal self, we shall | with breathless anxiety to hear her order for wend thee to babble thy tales to stone walls the ear,'s arrest for they attributed her sudfor the rest of thy life. And bark thee, sir; den paleness to excessive rage at his bold

of it, and may prevail on our forbearance to chamber, seeing he may come not so much to seek our protection (the which God forefend we should e'er refuse to the truly repentant, or to the sufferer in a good cause) as to beg our intercession with our good sister, and to exonerate us before the French and Spanish ambassadors, of charges in respect to this wicked and traitorous brawl. These, peradventure, may be the purposes of this Scotchman journeying in such haste towards us; and if so, we must see to it that we requite him accordingly. But we will have him know, Master Pilmpton, that it suits not our pleasure to grant him a private audience, and shall see him only in our council chamber, before our faithful friends and right trusty councillors, so that no malicious tongue may have cause to slaver its suspicions on our royal house. And if thou'rt concerned for his welfare, see to him presently, and caution him that he trip not-for an he trips, he fails. As to thyself, Sir Thomas, learn to shorten thy memory on occasion, or it may run away with thy head. So now get thee gone, master," she concluded, and waiving

him off resumed her seat and rang her bell. "Who waits?" she inquired, as Bouyer, the gentleman of the black rod, made his ap-Dearance.

"The noble Earl of Murray and the Abbot Killwilling, please your majesay." "What, sir, renegade traitors so bold as to crave a private audience! Send them to the council chamber, sir; we shall there deal

with them presently-away with them." When Bouyer disappeared, Elizabeth's which she knew well the meaning, and wavquick ear caught the sound of angy voices in the ante-chamber, and again ringing her bell, sharply demanded who were so bold as thus to raise their voices in her hearing.

"My Lord of Leicester, please your majesty," responded Bouyer, his voice coming soort and thick, like one much excited, He would force an entrance against the royal order." "Ay, sir, my Lord of Leicester, brawling at our chamber doors!"

"And I pray your gracious majesty to decide," continued Bouyer, " whether the noble earl is master in your majesty's palace, and, as he saith, can dismiss all court officers at

Elizabeth rose suddenly, ere Bouyer had done speaking, and crossing the spartment, threw open the door, and confronted the disputants.

The instant the queen appeared, every eye was bent and every voice hushed. The Duke of Sassex and Sir John Harrington, who stood at the recess of one of the windows, looking on and laughing at the fray, suddenly checked their mirth, and even Loicester himself seemed to quall before her angry frown, though he well knew he possessed a secret charm, by which he could obviate the consequences of her displeasure, did he but choose to employ it. Perhaps Elizabeth herself at this moment suspected there was some hidden mystery on which he relied for made him thus bold to set her orders at defiance. Ever since her recent illness his havior towards the members of her council, and especially to Cecil himself, was marked by greater hauteur than usual. As these reflections crossed her mind, she felt, or rather feared she was in the ears's power, and that he might use it to tie her hands and seal her lips in future, it she did not at once crush his efforts and his bopes. It seemed to her this attempt to force an entrance into her private cabinet, in direct opposition to her express orders, was his first trial of strength between the secret and the sceptre. Had Elizabeth's bloobeen of a lower temperature, she would have promptly rebuked and dimissed the disputants, and then taken an early occasion to a:thou presumest to speak of the pattry seal certain the cause of Leicester's extraordinary and our royal honor in the same breath!" | conduct, and adopt the best means to correct conduct, and adopt the best means to correct

> "How now, my Lord of Leicester, she de manded: "bath our royal favor made thee so bold as to contravene our orders in our very hearing?"

"Please your gracious majesty," began the earl, bowing profoundly, and then drawing cropped, over-grown head upon his breast, in himself up again to his full height, like one about to enter on a long explanation; but Elizabeth stopped bim ere he had well begun.

"Peace, my lord-peace with thy stale apologies, they're flat as small beer. We have wished thee well, Sir Earl, but our favor was not so locked up in thee that we care not for others. Gad's death's, my lord, if thou thinkest to rule here, we shall see thee forthcom-

ing." " Most gracious mistress," persisted the earl, again bowing almost to his shoe buckles. and yet with little show of concern for her displeaeure, "your gracs's gentiemen ushers have become so malapert under your majesty's favor, that the nobles of the court must stand aside as they pass."

"Nay, my lord, hadst thou been less coufident of our forbearance, thou'd have thought our servants more courteous. Thy audacious pride, my lord, is a stumbling stone in thy way, and may one day break thy nook if thou cast it not aside."

"I have already measured my steps, please our grace, and learnt to tread without danger itripping," responded Leicester, in a tone of such mock humility and assurance as to

provoke the queen still more. "My lord, we shall repress thy presump tion," she cried, stamping on the floor, and forgetting at once the modesty of the woman and the dignity of the queen. "We shall have but one mistress here, and no master; and look ye well that no ill happen to our the end of her fan, said, in a still severe, but trusty servant, lest it be severely required at

thy hands." "I meant the good gentleman no ill, pleaso ing over at Bouyer, and smiling as be would on a froward child who had just raised a staff to strike him, "but had merely thought of pulling his ears for his impertinence. Had I known, however, that your grace would resent

"And what art thou, my Lord of Leicester interrupted the queen, cut to the quick by the significant sneer with which the earl accompanied the last sentence, "that we should fear to assert our authority against thy good

" Verliy, a man of small account," replied Leicester, again making a humble obsisance "Fear of your grace's displeasure hath to the queen, ere he turned to leave; "but one, nevertheless. Whose claim on your ma. jesty's forbearance this disgrace cannot reach, "Ab, thou didst but fancy, then, or, as thou and which must still survive were I sent to the

As Leicester spoke, the queen gazed in his face, completely astonished at think, thatwise,) nay, if thou face to her near, freezing as it went. She

came. The Countess of Harrington, who mitted to her confidence more than any receive him an hour hence in our council had entered the antechamber shortly after her majesty, and stood close to her person, took her hand as she staggered back, and squeezed her fingers hard to nerve her against a weakness that might defeat all her precautions.

" It lives,' whispered Elizabeth in a voice only intended for the ear of the countess; "there's no longer doubt, and, therefore, I must submit to this indignity.'

"May it please your majesty," said the Duke of Sussex, approaching the queen, now that her color had returned, without bringing back to her features, however, any sign of anger or resentment, and speaking in his usual brusque manner-" may it please your majesty, I think it would be well if your grace appointed his lordship director at once of the black rod, the stole and the bed chamber."

" How so, my lord duke?" said the queen, turning an angry glance on the enemy of her favorite.

"Why, under your majesty's favor," replied Sussex, " since the noble earl holds all offices of trust at home and abroad, he should, methinks, hold those also of your majesty's household."

"My lord duke," responded Elizabeth, with strong irony, " we doubt not your grace would elevate my Lord of Leicester to a yet higher place than even our bounty could bestow, wei't but in your grace's power."

The earl, having made his last obeisance to her majesty with a peculiar smile on his lip which he intended for her alone, and of ing his plumed hat in acieu to the courtiers present, turned to leave, when he found himself directly in front of the Dake of Sussex, then on the act of addressing the queen. Leicester halted on his step, and gazed insolently in his rival's face, whilst the latter uttered his biting sarcasm, and then, bowing low, touched the hilt of his rapier significantly with his fore finger, again glanced at he duke, and strede from the room, the crowd falling back respectfully as he passed.

The queen, whose eye though turned on Sassex, tollowed every motion of the earl, and detected the secret movement of his finger, and the duke's nod of acquiescence, said, as the door closed behind the former,

"Now, my lord duke, we would have thee see to it that no court broil grow out of this affair."

"Nay, but the noble earl, please your majesty," laughed Sussex, "is willing to suffer chastisement for his insolence, and hath but signified his wish to receive it at my hands. By my certie, it's a right charitable deed, and methinks your majesty should not bar it."

"Gadzooks, man," said Sir John Harrington, taking advantage of the fool's privilege which her majesty always seemed to accord him-" gadzookr, man, let the earl be; what business is's o' thine? Let him who spoiled the broth sup the broth, an they like it;" and taking the duke by the arm, led him to the door of the spartment. As it opened, however, the queen saw the Earl of Leicester anding in the passage without, awaiting the sit of Sussex, his arms crossed on his breast, and his face flushed with anger.

"Hark thee, my lord duke," said Elizabeth, motioning his grase to return; thou'it pleasure us more to pass through this door on the right,"—and she spoke in a voice of stern severity,-" and confine thyself to thy apartments till our further pleasure be known." "I crave your majesty's pardor," replied

Sussex, somewhat sulkily, " but-" Hush, hush, man,' whispered Harrington; art mad? Another word, and she'll send thee to the Tower."

The queen stamped on the floor, and without delgning another syllable, pointed with her extended arm to the door, and kept it in that position till the duke and Sir John Barrington had quitted the chamber. As the door closed benind them, she cast a single "And how could it be otherwise, madam? it. But she was a Tudor Plantagenet, and the glance at the statue-like form of Leicester in the passage, and motioning to the crowd of courtiers around her, withdrew, leaning on the arm of the Counters of Harrington.

## CHAPTER XXI.

When the queen re-entered the privy chamber, tollowed by Lady Harrington, she clasped her hands in a paroxysm of despair, and throwing herself into her fauteuil, motioned the counters to a seat beside her.

"O my God, it lives! it lives!" she ejaculated, in a voice broken and husky from the terror which the threat of the Earl of Lolosater had inspired, and looking as pale as if she had just risen from the grave. "It lives! it lives! and the thought crushes my soul; it makes me cower like a child with fear.

"Fear!" repeated the counters, drawing the chair closer, and taking the queen's trembling hand in hers. "I little thought the dauntless Elizabeth could thus experience fear. What fearest thou, madam?" "Leicester; didst not hear him?"

"Nay, my lord is an honest and right noble

gentleman," affirmed the countess. " But it lives ! it lives !" repeated Elizabeth, "and he will rule me as a slave. Woman, woman, thou knowest not the man. How sayest thou he is honest? Hath he not broken his promise? Did he not swear to me it should die. Ay, hath he not pledged his faith, knelt at my feet?"

" And what proof hast thou, madam, that he broke it ?" said the countess.

"Proof?" repeated the queen -"proof? Ab, but I had forgotten thou hast not studied his words, his looks, as I have. Proof, alas! I've proof enough. I read it in his bearingin his eyes-ere his lips avowed it. Did he not say his claim on our forbearance should survive the gallows or the block."

"Ay, truly, your majesty," said the countess; "but the noble lord referred, doubtless, to his great devotion to you. majesty's person and throne. Nay, I dare be sworn my lord Is right honest, and that fear under your grace's favor bath crazed thy wit. Nerve thyself, my royal mistress, and shake off this dread, so unbefitting a queen."

"Verily I was once a queen," she replied, covering her face with her hands. "Ay, but an hour gone, and I was a queen, and felt like a sovereign who had learnt to rule and be obeyed; but now, my God, I've lost—lost my soul, my heart, my sceptre, and my crown, by a single cast! He bath robbed me, like a thief, of all that I valued most."

"Hoot, tut! madam! and what boots it now to sorrow at the mischance?" interrupted the countess. "Thou'rt not the first royal malden who hath stumbled from momentary woakneeb."

" Weakness! pugh! thou'rt a fool," said Elizabeth, impatiently, jerking her head away. "I mean not that-I mean the consciousness of possessing a supreme will. It was that nerved my arm to fling princes and nobles at my test. Now, I'm nothing, nothing-conquered-lost, lost, lost," she cried, letting her head fall on the table before her, to utter abandonment- masteredconquered-crushed-powerless as a broken reed.

The countess never remembered to have she was now, under the threst which Lei- thou fearest him so much?" as for my Lord Murray, we've thought better language and haughty bearing; but no order cester's words conveyed. She had been ad-

other lady of the court; was privy to most of her intrigues since her coronation, and before; and often had cause to palace." wonder at her recklessness of those dangers and to admire the undaunted energy with which she rose up to meet them. But now she seemed to abandon herseif to despairto lose all her wonted self-possession, and to relinquish every hope of extricating herself from the toils in which Leicester had insnared her. The countess well knew, from long experience of her royal mistress, it was no remorse for the past, nor dread of the future, nor the loss of honor, nor the sense of self-debasement, that bowed her head upon the table: it was the terrible consciousness that she was no longer supreme-that there was one in the state who could bridle her tongue and tie her hands. It was this barrowing thought that paralyzed every faculty of her being. Elizabeth remained thus motionless for a time, her face buried in her hands, when the countess, hardly knowing what she said, in her auxiety to console her, muttered in a tone between regret and reproach,--

"By my good troth this is more than I expected—the great Elizabeth crushed thus by a misfortune so trifling."

"Trifling!" ejaculated the queen, raising her head for an instant to look at the countess in surprise at her using such a term, and then burying it sgain in her hands-"trifling! Ha ha! Thou forgettest I'm the virgin queen." And she uttered an hysterical laugh, so low and hollow that it seemed to come from the boards beneath her feet.

"And art still, for aught the world knows," replied the countess confidently.

Ay, but how long, should we venture to punish this audacious man?"

"Nay, my gracious madam, I know not yet that his lordship deserveth punishment; and even if he do, your majesty, methinks, hath safe prisons and prompt headsmen."

"But the proofs, woman, the proofs—would they die with him? The axe might silence his tongue, but the train of evidence he hath prepared against such an event-the suspicions already circulated abroad and at home the claim on our for bearance, which we cannot reach, and which he boldly avers shall survive him! Ay! my poor Harrington, thou little dreamest to what lengths he hath gone, to bring us into this dreadful strait. O my God," she continued, as the conviction fell heavy upon her heart, that she must now choose between the loss of her reputation and submission to the will and power of another-"my God, what have I done? The head of the the reformer of morals, the scourge of adulterous Rome, the denouncer of Rizzio. Ah! demon of hell, thou'st caught me at last-caught me in the guise of the angelic Leicester."

"Hush! soitly, my gracious madam; there be long ears at court," said the countess looking about her, alarmed at the reckless tone to which her majesty was beginning to elevate her voice, from the cautious whisper in which she had hitherto spoken; and, tripping quickly across the apartment, to see if there was any one within ear shot, beheld, to her astonishment, Sir Thomas Plimpton, looking out at a window in an adjoining room, near the private stairway. The place where he stood was some twenty paces from where the queen sat, and hidden by a fire screen completely from her view, as she entered the privy chamber after dismissing the disputants. Whether it was that taking it for granted Plimpton had left, she omitted the necessary precautions against being overheard, or that her fears had entirely obliterated the recollection of his interview, -certain it is, she started with a sudden spring from her recumbent position to her feet, as the countess announced the presence of a

"How now, sir?" demanded the queen. leaning on the arm of Lady Harrington, and speaking with some difficulty of utterauce, as Plimpton knelt before her. "Why art thou still here?' And she glanced at the fire screen, and seemed to measure the distance between it and the chair she had just quitted.

Plimpton, who had heard enough of the convergation to satisfy himself of the truth of his former suspicious, knowing well the keen eye of Elizabeth would search every feature of his face the moment he raised his head, remained still on his knee before her.

"What, sir. have we not already dismissed thee?" she sgain demanded. "Your gracious majesty has been pleased

to do so: but ----

"Bat! but me no bute, sir. How is it we find thee here, having spoken our royal pleasure? Stand up, Sir Plimpton, and fear not to look us in the face, an thy purpose hath been honest."

Plimpton rose at the royal command, but risen from prayer, and expressive only of concern for her majesty's displeasure. The latter scanned every line of his face and every motion of his eye, and seemed not a little relieved to find nothing there to alarm her.

" May it please your majesty," said Plimpton, in his usual drawling tone, " I had a poor boon to beg, and ventured to wait your majesty's return from the antecham-

"Ay, sir, but we have returned full ten minutes gone."

" An it please your majesty," he responded. "I feared to submit my petition till your grace's vexation with the noble earl of Leices. ter had passed."

"And how knowest thou it hath passed sir," demanded Elizabeth, "and that we send him not to play the malapert in the Tower, where every presumptuous and intrusive meddler should be sent, to learn respect for his sovereign ?"

Plimpton's bold answer to this searching question removed all doubts from her mind as to his possession of the secret.

"Nay, were he sent there, please your majesty, he doubtless had lost your majesty's favor, the which he averreth to be impos-Bible."

"Impossible !"

"Ay, truly, madam, and therefore he presumeth to play the braggart, where and when it likes him best, little recking whether in the laced jerkin of the court, or the long cloak and slouched hat of the night walker.

The queen glanced a significant look at the counters, and then turning her indignant eye on the tall knight, (for she would have no lips but her own speak slightingly of Leicester,) said to him in a somewhat scorniul tone, 'Take ye heed, take ye heed, Master Plimptor, thou slanderest not the earl, for by our royal taits, he might cut thy tongue out, ere thou hadst time to cry him mercy; but of my lord's night walking, what doth it concern thee, man?" pursued Elisabeth, again restored to her wonled solf-possession; "or hath he carried his rapier 'neath his long seen Elizabeth so completely prostrated as cloak to run it through thy lank tody, that

"Nay, please your graces mejesty, he

maketh better use o't than to frighten churls like me; sy, even for the escorting of willing queans and puling babies from the royal

If a single doubt remained on the queen's wonder at her recklessness of those cangers in a single down to recklessness of the which more than once perilled her life mind as to Plimpton's possession of her and to admire the undaunted energy with scoret, this reply completely removed it; she felt, the instant he pronounced the words, that he knew nothing beyond the bare fact. of the infant's removal from the court; otherwise, he was too prudent a man to allude to

Plimpton himself felt he must play a bold game for his life, a life which he now held on a precarious tenure. Did he betray but a suspicion of the infant's true mater. nity, either by look or word, he knew well his head would fall ere the sun had gone down. And therefore it was that, completely to deceive and blindfold Elizabeth, he trenched so closely on the very subject of her apprehension. Indeed, so closely did he shave the truth (if one may venture to speak so), that the mispronunciation of a single letter had cost him his life.

"Well, well," she replied, resuming her seat, "we must not take cognizance of those matters, since we cannot prevent them; and we'd have thee, Master Plimpton, to guard thy slippery tongue from babbling on such delicate themes, lest thou dost scandal, mayhap, to our royal palace. And now, sir, what of this boon thou'd beg of us? Hast caught the flying damesel yet? and what hath become of the hero of the tartan bonnet and the green doublet?" And the queen turned a smile upon the countess as she spoke.

"It's on this very matter I have made bold to await your majesty's leisure and crave your royal commands. This Scot, it seems, hath more weighty business on hand than the rescue of a silly wench from your majesty's pursulvants." And he drew forth a packet from his pocket, and respectfully presented it to the queen.

"Ab, what may this be?" she said, running her eye down to the signature: "from our good cousin of Scotland; no loss! and accre diting her faltnful servant, Master Rodger O'Brien, to Sir Geoffrey Wentworth, of Brockton, counselling him to send his daughter Alice to Holyrood, forthwith, under the bearer's honorable escort, and himself to fly to France and escape the impending danger."

"So this is thy lady love, our good sleter would filch thee of. Ab, by our royal honor, we shall take good care the silly wench cross not the borders in such company; it would but ill become us, the sovereign and guardian of our subjects, to suffer this errant lady to fly our protection under single escort of such a springald; and an Irishman too, if we can judge by the name. Ah, but what is this, man?" she ejaculated, as she opened a small packet carefully enclosed in the other, and read a few lines-" To her right trusty friends, DeFoys and the Marquis of Quadra, French and Spanish ambassadors at our court; hah! she complaineth of our plotting with her enemies in Scotland, and prays the interference of Charles and Philip to save her from our machinations: excellent well, good sister and cousin! and let's see; ay, and so thou hast sent a right trusty messenger, Master Rodger O'Brien : ah, by the mass, this is too serious a joke. How camest thou by these letters, Sir

Thomas?" she demanded. "My sergeant of the troop, please your majesty, found them lying on the road between an alchouse called the 'White Hart' and 'Brockton Hall, whither this O'Brien was journeying, when we came up with

him"Thou'rt certified they're in the handwriting of the Scotch queen?" inquired Elizabeth.

"Nay, please your majesty, I would be slow to sfirm that, seeing I'm but an indif. doctor. ferent judge of chirography; but your majesty hath doubtless authentic letters of the standing and influence to commend a pro-Queen of Scots, and can best judge by com-

"The ink on this second one," said Eilzabeth, locking furtively at Pilmpton, "is somewhat paler, and the letters of the signature is to curs the sick, and for that work we use large; and more scattered, than in the first; anything we know to be valuable. Because I but the difference is trifling, and might be caused by hurry or agitation of mind. Nay, preparation, I commend it. As its power is as to comparison, we are so well versed with her majesty's handwriting, that we need it not."

"So here cometh an emissary from Holyrood in the tracks of Master Hay, 'she contioned. " and ere the latter be well rested after his journey, to appoint spies in our very palace : ab, sir, this must be seen to !" and, ringing the bell, she ordered the usher to dirict Sir William Cecil to present himself without delay. "And where is this O'Brien and the weach to be found?' she inquired.

" Report saith, please your majesty, she is seen sometimes at the Peacock Tavern, and oftener at a place called Whinstone Hollow, in the forest.

" Dost mean the spaewlfe's cavern?'

"The same, please your majesty." "They call her Nell Gower, if we mistake

"Nell Gower, of Whinstone " llow, the Scotch sorceress," replied Plimpto . "Know you aught of this woman, Sir Thomas?"

"I saw her but three times, please your majesty-once in the company of this Alice Wentworth, on her excape from Brockton; again on the night of the rescue, in an old house near the alley way through which the Scotch or Irish fellow fled with the captive; and lastly, conveying an infant under her cleak from your ma. jesty's royal palace at Hampton, through the woods at midnight. More of her I know

not.' " Dost think thou couldst procure us speech of this woman?" said Elizabeth, with her osnal composure.

" Bring her to court, madam?" "Ay, at a late hour, and in our private ca-binet; we would make trial of her fortune telling."

"It might prove a difficult task, please your majesty : those creatures who hold communions and interchanges with the nether world are oft intractable to human hands. But if your majesty wills it, I shall make the trial without delay.'

When Sir William Cecil entered the privy chamber, the Countess of Harrington asked permission to withdraw, and Plimpton, who stood directly before the table at which her majesty sat, moved back and gave way to the scoretary as he approached.

Elizabeth handed him, without remark, the letters of the Queen of Scots, and turning to Plimpton, reminded him of her wishes regarding the conduct of the Earl of Murray before the council, which would open in a very few minutes, and then dismissed him with a promise of warrants under the seal of the scoretary for the arrest of Rodger O'Brien and Alice Wentworth.

(To be continued).

Answer THI.-Is there a person living who ever saw a case of ague, billousness, nor vousness, or neuralgla, or any disease of the stomach liver or \*kidneys that Hop Bitters will not ours?

There are many complaints of drought throughout lower Georgia and Florida.

HIS OWN EXECUTOR. Well-knewn Gentleman's Philapthro-phy and the Commotion Caused by one of Als Letters.

(Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.) We published in our local columns yesterday morning a significant letter from a gentleman known personally or by reputation to nearly every person in the land. We have received a number of letters protesting against the use of our columns for such "palpable frauds and misrepresentations;" therefere, to confirm beyond a doubt the authenticity of the letter, and the genuineness of its sentiments, a reporter of this paper was commissioned to ascertain all the possible facts in the matter. Accordingly he visited Olifton Springs, saw the author of the letter, and with the following result:

Dr. Henry Foster, the gentleman in question, is 63 or 64 years of age, and has an extremely cordial manner. He presides as superintendent over the celebrated sanitarium which accommodates over 500 guests and is unquestionably the leading health resort of the country. Several years ago this benevolent man wisely determined to be his own executor; and, therefore, turned over this magnificent property, worth \$300,000, as a free gift to a board of trustees, representing the principal evangelical denominations. Among the trustees are Blehop A. O. Coxe Protestant Episcopal, Buffalo; Bishop Mathew Simpson, Philadelphia, Methodist Episcopal; President M. B. Anderson, of the University of Rochester; Rev. Dr. Clark, Secretary of the A. B. C. F. M., Boston. The benevolent purpose of the institution is the care: lst,-of evangelical missionaries and their families whose health has been broken in their work. 2nd-of ministers, of any dencmination, in good standing. 3rd-of members of any church : who otherwise would be unable to secure such care and treatment. The current expenses of the institution are met by the receipts from the hundreds of distinguished and wealthy people who every year crowd its utmost capacity. Here come men and women who were once in perfect health, but neglected the first symptoms of disease. The uncertain pains they felt at first were overlooked until their health became impaired. They little realized the danger before them, nor how alarming even trifling allments might prove. They constitute all classes, including ministers, and bishops, lawyers, judges, statesmen, millionaires, journalists, college professors and officials from all parts of the land.

Drawing the morning Democrat and Chron. icle from his pocket, the reporter remarked, Doctor, that letter of yours has created a good deal of talk, and many of our readers have questioned its authenticity."

"To what do you refer?" remarked the doctor. "Have you not seen the paper?" "Yes, but I have not had time to read it

The reporter thereupon showed him the letter, which was as follows :--

CLIFTON SPRINGS SANITARIUM CO., CLIFTON SPRINGS, N.Y., Oct. 11, 1883. Dear Sir,-I am using Warner's Safe Oure, and I regard it as the best remedy for some forms of kidney disease that we have. I am watching with great care some cases I am

now treating with it, and I hope for favorable results. I wish you might come down yourself, as I would like very much to talk with you about your sterling remedy and show you over our institution.

Yours truly [Signed] HENRY FOSTER, M.D. " I do not see why anybody should be skeptical concerning that letter," remarked the

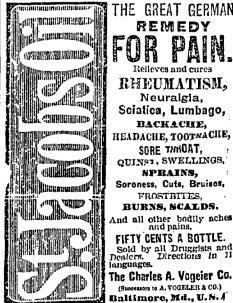
"Isn't it unusual for a physician of your prietary preparation?"

"I don't know how it may be with others, but in this institution we allow no person to dictate to us what we shall use. Our purpose know Warner's Safe Cure is a very valuable manifested under my use, so shall I add to the completeness of my commendation."

" Have you ever analyzed it, doctor?" "We always analyze before we try any preparation of which we do not know the constituents. But analysis, you know, only gives the elements, it does not give the all important proportions. The remarkable power of Warner's Safe Care undoubtedly consists in the proportions according to which its elements are mixed. While there may be a thousand remedies made of the same elements, unless they are put together in proper proportions, they are worthless as kidney

and liver preparations. "I hope some day to meet Mr. Warner pergonally, and extend fuller congratulations to him on the excellence of his preparations. I have heard much of him as the founder of the Warner Observatory, and as a man of large benevolence. The reputed high charactor of the man himself gave assurance to me in the first place that he would not put a remedy upon the market that was not trustworthy; and it was a source of a good deal of gratification to me to find out by actual experiment that the remedy itself sustained my

impressions." The conclusion reached by Dr. Foster is precisely the same found by Dr. Dio Lewis, Dr. Bobert A. Gunn, Ex-Surgeon-General Gallagher and others, and proves beyond a doubt the great efficacy of the remedy which has awakened so much attention in the land and rescued so many men, women and children from disease and death.



REMEDY RHEUMATISM, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago,

BACKACHE. HEADACHE, TOOTWACHE, SORE TAMOAT, QUINST, SWELLINGS. SPRAINS. Soroness, Cuts, Bruisos,

FROSTBITES. BURNS, SCALDS, And all other bodily ache and pains. FIFTY CENTS A BOTTLE. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. Directions in 11 anguages.

(Successors to A. VOGELER & CO.) Baltimore, Md., U.S. 4

## R. C. S. S. TEACHERS WANTED

One Male Teacher, holding a First or Second Class Certificate; one Female Teacher, holding a Second or Third Class Certificate; and one Female Teacher, holding a Third Class Certificate. Application to be made to P. P. LYNCH, Belleville, Ont., Sec. Treas'r, up to 15th December next, stating salary required, and producing Testimonials, &c. 14 8