

THE WONDERFUL FLOWER OF WOXINDON.

An Historical Romance of the Times of Queen Elizabeth.

BY REV. JOSEPH SPILLMAN, S. J.

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CHAPTER XXXVII.—(Continued)

How happy I then felt! I thought I should be content to spend the remainder of my days in the dungeon of the Tower. What was earthly suffering to one who was a child of God, and heir of the kingdom of heaven?

About a week later, as it was getting dark one evening, I heard shouts of joy in the direction of Tower Hill, and saw the red glare of a great fire. I raised myself by laying hold of the iron bars of the grating before the window sufficiently to see a multitude of citizens dancing around a bonfire as if intoxicated with delight; they gave cheers for Elizabeth, the valiant Judith, who had beheaded the female Holopernes. I guessed at once what this rejoicing meant, for I had been told that in the foregoing October Mary Stuart was condemned to death by the Star Chamber at Westminster. I will give a brief account of the unjust iniquitous proceedings against this guiltless Queen.

When she was brought back to Charley, the chair of state and canopy had been removed from her apartments, and Sir Amias Paulet, that stern Puritan, began to treat her like a common criminal. She bore this with truly regal dignity. She was subsequently conveyed to Fotheringay, because there was no hall at Charley of sufficient dimensions for the Court of Delegates before whom she was to be brought. At first she refused, in virtue of her privilege as a Queen, to appear before the thirty-six judges who were to find her guilty of participation in the plot to murder Elizabeth; but Sir Christopher Hatton overcame her scruples, on the ground that she refused to plead, the world would attribute her obstinacy to consciousness of guilt. With her usual composure she finally appeared before the tribunal, composed of her deadly enemies. The whole question turned upon the authenticity of the letter to Babington which Walsingham had before the tribunal. She had I said been there, and had I been able to produce the document my uncle had the means to destroy, the whole charge would have fallen to the ground. She could do nothing but declare the letter to be a forgery, and refer to the original draft in her own hand, which was among her papers. She was told that this could not be found, and that the Secretary Curle had asserted that it had been burnt by her orders. She demanded to be confronted with the witnesses, but this was not permitted to her. Turning to Walsingham, she observed that it was an easy matter to counterfeit it, and Walsingham could only call God to witness that in his private capacity he had done nothing to bring an honest man, and as a minister, he had done nothing unworthy of his place.

This happened in the castle of Fotheringay. The court was afterwards removed to Westminster, where, in defiance of all judicial rule, the proceedings were carried on without the presence of the accused, and finally on the 29th of October, the judge, with the honorable exception of Lord Zouch, passed sentence of death on the Queen of Scots. This judgment was confirmed by both Houses of Parliament, who petitioned the Queen that it might immediately be carried into execution. On the 6th of December it was proclaimed by sound of trumpet in London; the ringing of bells and bonfires announced it to me in my prison, then, just as now the shouting on Tower Hill acquainted me with its execution. That same evening when Bill came in, he told me Mary Stuart had been beheaded at Fotheringay on the 8th February. Three days later another surprise was prepared for me. The Lieutenant of the Tower appeared, conducting my uncle, Sir Francis, into my wretched dungeon. Hopton was about to withdraw, but Walsingham, who looked pale and tired, after casting a glance round the inhospitable apartment, requested him to show him some more habitable chamber where he could converse with his nephew. Accordingly the Lieutenant led the way to a room adjoining the Council Chamber, where after kindling some logs upon the hearth he left us alone.

I was astonished to perceive the change that had come over my uncle during the last five months. The poor man had aged greatly, his features were sunken and haggard, and his dress, richly embroidered with gold, hung about his emaciated form. He seated himself before the fire, and held out his hands to the grateful warmth. For some time he neither looked at nor spoke to me. At length I said: "Are you ill, uncle?"

"Slightly indisposed, not exactly ill," he replied, adding with a bitter laugh: "Such treatment as I have received from our most gracious (he emphasized the words) Sovereign, after all the victims I have laid upon her altar, is enough to turn one's blood to gall! Yes, I shall have to lay by awhile, unless she spares me the pains, by sending her physician in ordinary with axe and block, or with rope and knife to cure me. She is quite capable of it, and would do it if she thought my blood would wash away the stain which the death of her rival has left on her reputation for sanctity! As for Davison, I should not wonder if the poor devil lost his head!"

"I scarcely knew what answer to make. 'You are reaping what you sowed.' I thought within myself, 'and you deserve a worse punishment.' But he was my uncle, who had done a great deal for me, and had really been fond of me; and as I saw him sitting there looking so wretched and broken down, compassion stirred in my heart, and I sought to comfort him with the hope that the Queen would take him again into favor.

But he mentioned to me to be silent, and continued: "She is quite right. She is only acting in accordance with the principles upon which I acted. If political interests require my head to fall, she will send me to the block as ruthlessly as I sent Mary Stuart. If for reasons of state policy it is advisable that I should rot in the Tower, as many others have been made to do, I will vanish into one of these vaults. Or if it is preferable that I should perish by the hand of the executioner, as was the case with Northumberland, the dagger or poison will end my days. That would be nothing new in the annals of this country. But in duplicity and hypocrisy 'Good Queen Bess' does all her predecessors. At the outset she urged and pressed us to pass the sentence of death, and meanwhile she wrote to the Queen of Scots saying she hoped that her innocence, of which both she and I were firmly convinced, would be made clearly apparent. And when the sentence was declared guilty, it was by her Majesty's wish that Parliament postponed for the execution of the sentence. Nevertheless she refused to let me go to my cell, and she demanded, and asked for the papers of both houses, that in this momentous matter she might act in accordance with the Spirit of God. At the same time she more than once made us write to Paulet and Drury (he additional keeper) to intimate to them her wish, that they should find some means privately to cut off the life of their prisoner. Paulet, a stern and unfeeling bigot, hated Mary because she was a Catholic, yet he refused in emphatic terms to send her blood without a warrant. And it was well that he did so, for how would Elizabeth have shown her gratitude! Thereupon she became quite sad, and bewailed her lack of trusty friends and servants,

RUTS

The walking sick, what a crowd of them there are: Persons who are thin and weak but not sick enough to go to bed. "Chronic cases" that's what the doctors call them, which in common English means—long sickness.

To stop the continued loss of flesh they need Scott's Emulsion. For the feeling of weakness they need Scott's Emulsion.

It makes new flesh and gives new life to the weak system.

Scott's Emulsion gets thin and weak persons out of the rut. It makes new, rich blood, strengthens the nerves and gives appetite for ordinary food.

Scott's Emulsion can be taken as long as sickness lasts and do good all the time.

There's new strength and flesh in every dose.



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since none would carry out her injunctions. Then she signed the death warrant, and delivered it to her private secretary Davison to append the Great Seal, and to trouble her no more about it. That was plain enough. And yet, when official intelligence came from Fotheringay that the head of England's greatest enemy had fallen, and for 24 hours there were public rejoicings in the city, she made as if she did not know the cause, and gave way to an outburst of grief that consternated her attendants. She declared she had been deceived by her ministers, that she never intended the warrant to be executed, caused Davison to be arrested and cast into the Tower for violating his duty, and drove Burghley and others, who had grown gray in her services and without whom she would never have won the crown, from her presence with a volley of abuse."

My uncle sat for a short time by the fire in silence; then he resumed in a calmer tone: Let us say no more on that subject, for I did not come hither to complain of a woman, from whom nothing better could be expected. My purpose was to bring you a passport to enable you to leave England, while I am still able to grant it. You must choose some other career than that of a diplomat, since for she won't get an office in the coming election."

Dear Sirs,—I have been a great sufferer from rheumatism, and lately have been confined to my bed. Seeing your MINARD'S LINIMENT advertised, I tried it and got immediate relief. I ascribed my restoration to health to the wonderful power of your medicine. LEWIS S. BUTLER. Burin, N.H. "Oh, doctor," said Mrs. Bilker, stopping the physician on the street. "I'm completely exhausted—can scarcely walk. What should I take?" "Um—well, you might take a back."

There is no form of kidney trouble from a backache down to Bright's disease, that Doan's Kidney Pills will not relieve or cure. If you are troubled with any kind of kidney complaint, give Doan's Kidney Pills a trial. She—How's the motor-car getting on Charles? He—Well, fact is, I've seen' very little of it. You see, I've only had it three months, and when it isn't in the hospital I am!

Wherever there are sickly people with weak hearts and deranged nerves, Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills will be found an effectual medicine. They restore enfeebled, enervated, exhausted, debilitated or over-worked men and women to vigorous health. Little George is an embryonic philosopher. He said the other day at table, "Now when I sit in my chair my feet won't touch the floor, but when I walk around they touch the floor just as well as anybody's."

It's not the weather that's at fault. It's your system, clogged with poisonous materials, that makes you feel dull, drowsy, weak and miserable. Let Burdock Blood Bitters clear away all the poisons, purify and enrich your blood, make you feel bright and vigorous.

"Don't you find that it hurts your lawn to let your children play on it?" "Yes," answered the gentleman addressed, "but it doesn't hurt the children."

Minard's Liniment Cures LaGrippe. Get Rid of that Cough. Before the Summer comes. Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup cures Coughs, Colds, Sore Throats, Hoarseness, Bronchitis, and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs.

Tourist (after unusually long stoppage at small border station).—I say guard, why aren't we going on? Anything wrong? Guard (who is peacefully taking his lunch).—There's nothing wrong, sir, but I canna whistle the noo; ma mouth's fu' o' biscuits!

Minard's Liniment the best Hair Restorer. Why don't you regulate that variable appetite, and condition the digestive organs so that it will not be necessary to starve the stomach to avoid distress after eating?

The first step is to regulate the bowels. For this purpose Burdock Blood Bitters Has No Equal. It acts promptly and effectually and permanently cures all derangements of digestion.

Minard's Liniment relieves neuralgia. (To be continued.)

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Keep Minard's Liniment in the House.

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Willing the spirit but weak the flesh,— Word as the Gospel old, yet new; Each of us clothes it with import fresh Oft as we strive for the good and true.

Stumbling still where we fain would rue, Fallen from heights whereon late we stood,— How shall the summit at last be won? Scourge we the flesh for the spirit's good.

Hostile forever are Virtue and Ease,— Nature and Grace must be foes for aye; Futile our efforts the two to please: Soul or senses will carry the day, Combat incessant that none can shirk.

How may we win in all likelihood? Cometh the night when no man can work— Scourge we the flesh for the spirit's good.

—Ave Maria.

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The Life Guards are two regiments of cavalry forming part of the British household troops. They are gallant soldiers, and every loyal British heart is proud of them. Not only the King's household, but yours, ours, everybody's should have its life guards. The need of them is especially great when the greatest foes of life, diseases, find allies in the very elements, as colds, influenza, asthria, the grip and pneumonia do in the stormy month of March. The best way that we know of to guard against these diseases is to strengthen the system with Hood's Sarsaparilla—the greatest of all life guards. It removes the conditions in which these diseases make their most successful attack, gives vigor and tone to all the vital organs and functions, and imparts a genial warmth to the blood. Remember the weaker the system the greater the exposure to disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes the system strong.

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