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I write you to say
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decided to try Bur-
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and after taking
two bottles I found
I was quite another
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B. B. B. CURED ME.
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I have every pleasure in strongly recom-
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I write you because I think that it
should be generally known what B. B. B.
can accomplish in cases of indigestion.

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FLORENCE O'NEILL,
The Rose of St. Germain's;
OR,
THE SIEGE OF LIMERICK.

By AGNES M. STEWART,
Author of "Life in the Cloister," "Grace
O'Halloran," etc.

CHAPTER XX.

THE QUEEN'S ESCAPE.
Through possessing some strength of
mind and courage in no small degree
at the same time, I do not want it to be
inferred that the heiress of the O'Neills
was what the world terms a strong-
minded woman. For instance, she
could not resist the wish of seeing poor
Ashton once more, though at the same
time she incurred the chance of putting
her own head in the halter by so doing.

She sat up in her bed, and bent for-
wards in the attitude of one who listens
intently; and, at the same moment, a
small Blenheim spaniel, which always
slept on her hearth rug, leaped on the
bed, howling piteously.
"Ah, gracious heaven," she said to
herself, "I am right; that noise is the
crackling of wood, and the sagacious
little animal warns me of danger."
The next moment, Florence had
leaped from her bed, the air was
already hot, the oaken flooring on
which she stood felt warm, and had,
doubtless, alarmed the instinct of the
dog.

She hastily threw on a dressing-
gown, put her feet in her slippers,
snatched some valuable trinkets which
lay on the table, and rushed from her
room, closely followed by her dog.
Her chamber was on the same side
of the palace as the queen's apart-
ments; she had no thought but to save
her life. A thrilling shriek burst from
her lips, for she was aware now she
was in the gallery, that the next suite
of apartments was in flames, and with
the speed of an affrighted fawn, she
fled to the queen's room, giving the
alarm as she hurried onwards.

Mary was buried in a heavy sleep as
Florence entered her room. This was
no time for idle ceremony, the devour-
ing element was within a few paces of
the queen's chamber.
"Awake, madam, awake," shrieked
the affrighted girl. "Here, lean on
me," she added, dragging the queen,
still half asleep, from her bed.
"Hasten for your life, we may not yet
be in time, for we must go back the
way I came."

The queen, still scarcely conscious,
was thus half through the gallery, be-
fore a knot of ladies and servants had
found their way to her chamber, and
the fire had made such progress that it
was with difficulty they escaped with
their lives.

In her night dress only, the queen
was hurried into St. James' Park, still
leaning heavily on the arm of her
young maid of honor, the whole Park
lighted up by the bright red glare
from the burning palace.

Accompanied by the ladies attached
to her person, the distressed queen
made her way hastily along in the
direction of St. James' Palace in this
pitiable condition. But she was
doomed to suffer still more mortification
in this memorable night.

An immense throng of persons had,
by this time, assembled, and a cry of
"The queen, the queen," was raised,
as Mary crossed the Park on her way
to the Palace of St. James.

Amongst these persons were two
gentlemen, Sir John Fenwick and
Colonel Oglethorpe; they were both
warmly attached to the interests of her
father.

The bright red glow from the burn-
ing palace revealed to them the pale
features of Her Majesty, who was
speechless with fear, and the sudden-
ness with which she had been dragged
from her bed. For naturally a very
heavy sleeper, she had not been
aroused by the shrieks of Florence, or
the speedy alarm that had followed
them. Indeed, she was, so to speak,
but half asleep when hurried out of
her chamber.

Sir John and the Colonel followed
her through the Park, on her way to
the Palace; it was too good an oppor-
tunity for these steady adherents of
her father to let slip by without telling
the queen the truth. Accordingly they
revelled her with many hard
words, they bade her remember that
her filial sins would come home to her,
sooner or later "and notoriously in-
sulted her," says another manuscript
authority.

Doubtless, her savagely unfeeling
conduct when she took possession of
this very palace, the principal portion
of which was consumed on that night,
was still fresh in their minds, together
with her shameful refusal to let her
father have his personal wardrobe, or
to restore to her unfortunate step-mother
the cabinet of silver filigree which she
had asked for.

The long gallery was burnt, together
with most of the royal apartments,
with those of the king's officers and
servants, and many invaluable por-
traits and treasures.

At length, overcome with terror,
shame and vexation, the queen reached
the palace, and rooms were immedi-
ately prepared for her and her ladies,
but to think of sleep again, during
that terrible night, was out of the ques-
tion.

The reproaches levelled at her in the
Park, in the presence of others, were
the more painful on account of their
truthfulness. She was much dismayed,
too, by the loss occasioned by this dis-
astrous fire, as well as really ill from
fright and exposure to the night air.

In a cold perspiration, and she glanced
half in fear around her spacious cham-
ber, almost trembling lest she should
be confronted by some spectral vision
of Ashton's pale, thin face, which had
haunted her ever since she had seen
him in prison.

But, no; the silvery moon-beams
light up the room, and though there is
nothing extraordinary to be seen, still
another sense, that of hearing, is now
painfully on the alert, for she hears a
noise from which was doubtless born
that which had haunted her troubled
slumbers.

She sat up in her bed, and bent for-
wards in the attitude of one who listens
intently; and, at the same moment, a
small Blenheim spaniel, which always
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too, by the loss occasioned by this dis-
astrous fire, as well as really ill from
fright and exposure to the night air.

On the following day she kept her
room. The next morning she sent for
Florence. "I have very much to say
to you, Florence," said the queen in a
cold frigid tone of voice. "I will com-
mence by observing that you are too
young, methinks, to take so much upon
yourself, as you have done; there are
many now in the Tower, and there are
some who have been condemned to
death, for far less than you have been
guilty of. Nay, do not start and turn

pale, child, but hear me out. It has
come to my knowledge that you have
presumed to mix yourself up with the
conspiracy, for which Mr. Ashton has,
this morning, suffered the extreme
penalty of the law. Nay, even whilst
you have been about our person, and
enjoying our patronage, you took the
opportunity of a visit to your aged
uncle, to disguise yourself, and seek
Ashton in his prison but two days be-
fore his execution. I would ask if you
have come here to help, by your puny
efforts, those malcontents whom I am
resolved to crush by the strong arm
of the law; if so, why should I not do
you as I do by others."

The tone of contempt, assumed by
the queen, stung Florence to the quick;
but she was wholly in the queen's
power, and she replied:
"Gracious madam, I knew the un-
fortunate Ashton well. I crave your
forgiveness for my stolen visit to him,
but though I was aware I incurred
the risk of your displeasure, I could
not resist the desire I felt, once again,
to visit him, before he suffered a vio-
lent death."

"Nor could you resist, young
mistress, the wish to combine with
those who have but suffered their just
deserts. You have been within an
ace of committing to the Tower; know
you why you are pardoned? I will
tell you," continued the queen,
"because you risked your own life to
save mine on the night of the fire. On
that night when I dismissed you, I
had resolved to sign a warrant for
your commitment to the Tower on the
morrow. Moreover, by your acts you
have laid yourself open to the loss of
the estates you will inherit from your
uncle, and from Miss O'Neill. But my
pardon is full and entire; in any other
person's case, within the whole of our
kingdom, their lands would be for-
feited to the crown, for far less con-
tumacious behavior than your own. I
forgive you, Mistress Florence, in
memory of the night on which you
periled your life to save my own."

It was as a part of the creed of Flo-
rence to feel aversion for the princess
who had usurped her father's throne.
Nevertheless, she felt, at that moment,
an attraction to the queen such as she
had never before experienced; for
well she knew, from the recent execu-
tion of Ashton, how unsparingly she
had inflicted death itself on those who
had presumed to aid her hapless
father towards the restoration of his
rights. At that moment, too, the ex-
pression which had so often reminded
Florence of the unfortunate king,
flitted across his once beloved
daughter's face. For a brief period,
she felt drawn towards the queen,
whilst she expressed her gratitude for
the full pardon she had received, and
her happiness that it had been in her
power to aid her.

"And now I expect, Mistress Flo-
rence, that you will make yourself con-
tented in my Court, and mix yourself
up with no affairs of state in future,
for, rest assured, whatever you may
think of the matter, you are no strong-
minded heroine, but a very timid one,
imprudent and rash withal; and
whilst you can do no possible good to
those you love, may do very much
mischievous mischief to yourself. As things now
are, Mary of England cannot be un-
mindful of one to whom she doubtless
owes her life, but had there been no
fire at Whitehall, your own would
have been in danger; or, let us say
your liberty," she added, as though
half sorry she had intimated the word
"life," for a warm flush had mantled
the cheek of Florence, as she thought
of the peril she had so narrowly es-
caped.

Many conflicting feelings agitated
her mind when she found herself in
the solitude of her chamber. That
Mary had had much to pardon in her
conduct was no doubt, any more than
the fact that the breaking out of the
fire had been a providential thing
for her; for well she knew the queen
would have made good her threat.
Then again came the question, how
had Mary found out that Florence had
mixed herself up with the plot, for
which Ashton suffered; and, at last,
she did not like to think he had
so craven-hearted as needlessly to
mention her name. She could not
help scrutinizing Lord Preston, and
her suspicion was a correct one, and
she came also to the not unlikely con-
clusion that emissaries of the Govern-
ment were actively employed in
tracing out the movements of all those
who were known to be of the Jacobite
party; and that Mary's suspicions
once excited, it was no very difficult
matter to discover how she had spent
her time on the day in which she left
the palace avowedly only to visit her
uncle.

That the young lady's pride
and self-love was deeply wounded
by the almost pitying and con-
temptuous language the queen had
chosen to use, there was little cause for
wonder, but she was compelled to own
to herself that she was no match for
Mary, and that it were wise to submit
with a good grace, seeing that the queen
had full power to do with her as best
pleased herself.

Well was it for her that the confu-
sion on the morning following the fire
had put out of her head poor Ashton's
execution.

The scene with his wife and children
on the previous evening had been
heart-rending, but he died with courage
and magnanimity. He gave a
paper to the Sheriff, in which he
owned his attachment to King James,
witnessed to the birth of the Prince of
Wales, denied that he knew the con-
tents of the papers that had been found
upon him, complained of the hard
treatment he had met with from the
judges and declared that he forgave
them before heaven.

CHAPTER XXI.

THORNS IN THE DIADEM.

Was Mary of England a happy
woman after she had wrested the
crown from her father's brow? Alas,
no; the path of wrong-doing
and usurpation never can bring con-
tentment, even apart from the aggra-
vation of filial ingratitude and treach-
ery to one who, be his faults what
they may, was boundless in his indul-
gence to his children. From her first
accession to the throne her path had
not been strewn with roses, though she
is reported to have made a smart
repast to her sister, who pined her
for the fatigues she suffered on the day
of her coronation, replied:
"A crown, sister, is not so heavy as
it appears."

The frenzied state of mind of the
English people regarding religion
proved Mary and William's sheet-
anchor. But for the fanaticism and
intolerance which then reigned
supreme, the partisans of the sail-
or-king were so numerous and influen-
tial that Mary never could have gained
her unrighteous ends.

Even as it was, throughout the
whole of her short reign, her mind
was always in a state of agitation on
account of the numerous risings all
over the country in favor of the hap-
less king she had dethroned.

There can be little doubt in the
minds of those who look impartially on
the events which took place at the
epoch of which we write, that the
unfortunate Stuart race were in ad-
vance of the times in which they lived.
After all, blame him as you may,
James the Second asked but for that
toleration of the down-trodden Catholics
of these kingdoms which has been
granted them in more tolerant and
enlightened times.

The greatest offence, too, was taken
at his admitting Catholics into the
army, for it was a breach of the Test
Act, by which, besides taking the
oaths, they were obliged, under the
penalty of forfeiting five hundred
pounds, to receive the Sacrament
according to the rites of the Church of
England within six months of their
admission into any employment, civil
or military.

For this, his most just and equitable
attempt to relieve his Catholic sub-
jects, as also for the Declaration of
Liberty of Conscience, which he com-
manded the Bishops to read
in the churches, he has been
most severely blamed; but the
latter had been published a whole year
before, so that it was no new thing.
There was time enough to consider
the matter, and, since many of them
had complied with his wish, he most
unfortunately grew obstinate, and
thought himself justified in punishing
with imprisonment zealous and worthy
men like Sancroft, Kerr, and others
who did not.

And even with regard to this De-
claration, what was it that was so
obnoxious in the attempt of the king?
Neither more nor less, we reply, than
the heinous error of trying to place
the long suffering, persecuted, trodden-
down Catholic Church on a par with
the Church of England. As we write
these lines we have but one feeling,
and that is of profound astonishment
and conscientious as those Bishops un-
doubtedly were (their conduct later
with regard to James, who had thrust
them into the Tower, alone proves
this) should have allowed their minds
to be so swayed by the intolerance of
the times as to have denied the liberty
of conscience to their Catholic brethren
which they so prized themselves.

The uncompromising Sancroft was
a sore thorn in Mary's side. When
she sent for his blessing he sent back
word to her "to ask her father's
blessing first, without which his would
be useless." He refused to crown her
and her husband, as also to allow them
to be prayed for as sovereigns, and
with some four or five others, forsook
their livings rather than violate their
consciences.

Alas, for Queen Mary, the crown,
despite all her ambition and love of
power, must have been a weary weight
oftentimes, during the short six years
God permitted her to wear it.

On the day of her coronation she
received it laden with her father's
malediction, and to retain it she and
her sister Anne spread the vilest re-
ports as to the spurious birth of the
Prince of Wales, then made religion,
or rather the fanaticism of the times,
the stepping-stone for their usurpa-
tion. She celebrated as a glorious
victory the disastrous battle of the
Boyne, and had the standards and
other spoils taken from her father
borne in triumphant procession, and
then hung up in St. James' Chapel.

The irritation such actions as these
produced amongst the adherents of
her father may be better imagined than
described.

Florence was now behind the scenes,
and would have liked marvellously
well to be enabled to transmit to the
court at St. Germain's faithful accounts
as to how matters went on in the royal
household, but no earthly being was
near in whom she could confide, and
her uncle was too aged, and, in fact,
becoming too much of an invalid, to
trust with any dangerous correspon-
dence.

Jealousies, too, long brooding be-
tween the queen and her sister, had at
length burst out into flame. It is
somewhat amusing to note, in looking
over the records of the past, how these
two royal ladies conducted themselves
after they had played into each other's
hands as far as their father was con-
cerned.

Behind the scenes; yes, it is quite
true, the truth cannot be concealed
from dependents, whether our state be
cast in the palace or the cottage, in

public or in private life. I know not
how it should be so, but that extremes
oftentimes meet. Perhaps the differ-
ence in the disposition of her proteges
to her own made Mary, in time,
rather begin to like her than other-
wise, as much as she could like anyone
beyond her husband. She must have
known, too, that there was an aching
void in the girl's heart, caused by
herself and of her own making, and
so endeavored to make some small
atonement for the tyrannical restraint
she put upon her, by a meagre show
of sympathy and kindness.

Any way, Florence was more fre-
quently with her than any of her other
maids of honor, and, consequently, she
was privy to many a sorrow that the
outer world recked little of.

Submissive wife! how well your
Dutch lord rewarded you is no new
matter.
"That property — whose was it, in-
deed, but the private fortune of my
father, inherited from the Earldoms of
Ulster and Clare—I asked him to give
it for the endowments of Public schools;
and, oh, how bitter, Elizabeth Villiers,
my rival in his affections, is to have it
all; it is very, very hard," and as she
spoke, a low anguished sob from the
queen burst forth, betraying the deep
misery of her heart.

Unheard, unnoticed, Florence had
entered the boudoir, an unwilling wit-
ness of Queen Mary's grief. She
coughed aloud in order to attract her
attention. "In her own mind she
thought it no great loss that the Irish,
so grievously afflicted during the reign
of William, had lost the benefit of the
schools Mary would have endowed to
pervert them from their faith; but of
the infamy of the use the king had put
the property to there could be no
doubt.

But the joy expressed in her coun-
tenance whenever William of Orange
honored Kensington with his presence,
was enough to show the happiness she
felt; and when he scolded, which,
morose as he was, was not unfrequently
the case, she was too submissive a wife
to repine, but bore with the greatest
patience the caprices and outbreaks of
his sarcastic and cynical temper.

Behold them settled in their new
palace, only for a season; for, as
usual, the king's sojourns in England
were short and interrupted. Florence
held him in horror. Such coarseness
as he was guilty of she had not been in
the habit of witnessing. It was his in-
hospitality and vulgarity at the
dinner-table which had so disgusted
her uncle; and once, with unmitigated
disgust, she beheld him, when a small
dish of peaches, the first of the season,
were put on the table, draw the whole
before him, and devour them without
offering one to the queen. She was
not surprised, however, because she
had heard Lady Marlborough mention,
as an incident of the same kind, that
the Princess Anne, having dined with
the king and queen, some green peas
were placed before her, but the king,
having a mind to them, ate them with-
out offering any to her or the queen.

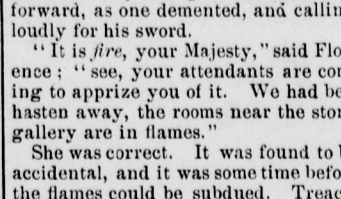
Early one morning, a very short
time after the king had returned to
Kensington, Florence, being from
habit an early riser, was just finishing
her toilette, when the old, awful sound
she had heard the night of the fire at
Whitehall again broke upon her ears,
but mingled with the roar of flames
and the crackling of wood rose the
voice of the king shouting for his
sword. "His sword," thought Flo-
rence, "is he bereft of his senses?"
But, no; as with his wife, the case was
the same with him. They had treach-
erously usurped the crown, and so
they imagined treachery always busy
about themselves. The king had mis-
taken the noise occasioned by the
destructive element, and the outcries
of his attendants, for an attack upon
his palace. And amidst all the horror
and alarm of an awful fire, the risible
faculties of Florence were aroused to a
degree of mirth she could with diffi-
culty conceal, on meeting the king in
one of the adjacent galleries hastening
forward, as one demented, and calling
loudly for his sword.

"It is fire, your Majesty," said Flo-
rence; "see, your attendants are com-
ing to apprise you of it. We had best
hasten away, the rooms near the stone
gallery are in flames."
She was correct. It was found to be
accidental, and it was some time before
the flames could be subdued. Treach-
ery had nothing to do with these two
calamities which pursued the king and
queen, one quickly after the other.
Nevertheless, that they should suspect
treason lurked under all the untoward
accidents of life, showed clearly that
they knew they had just cause for ap-
prehension.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE KEY TO Comfort Washday

ON Washday IS



ON Washday IS



SUNLIGHT SOAP
GUARANTEED PURE AND TO CONTAIN NO INJURIOUS CHEMICALS