

THE WONDERFUL FLOWER OF WOXINDON.

An Historical Romance of the Times of Queen Elizabeth.

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(CHAPTER X.—Continued.)

"Your Majesty seems to overrate my influence very much. I should rather ask the members of your Court how it is that this young gentleman prefers his present companions to them," replied the girl addressed, who was a more decided beauty than Elizabeth was wont to tolerate about her person, and whom on this account precisely she delighted in annoying.

The Queen cast a sinister glance at the girl, who had spoken with a dignified indifference of manner. "Very flattering for the gentlemen and ladies of our Court, and for ourselves," she rejoined. "Fie, Miss Cecil! Were it not for the services your father, our incomparable Lord High Treasurer, renders us, we should feel tempted to assign you a chamber in yonder Clink, where you would have leisure to study manners for a week or two! But we are for getting what we came here for, you little man there, you shall tell us what has happened. You, at any rate, will invent no lies. So tell us at once what is your name, who are the people with you, and what was this commotion about?"

Frith stood, esp in hand; his fair, curly hair tossed about his rosy, childish face, his honest blue eyes looking gravely but fearlessly at the Queen. He told us afterwards, that he should have liked to reproach her for having imprisoned and put to death so many priests, but something seemed to bid him refrain from doing so, and he therefore answered her questions quite simply.

"My name is Frith Bellamy, and I live at Castle Woxindon, not very far from here, the other side of St. John's Wood. When you get to the beech tree at the cross roads you must keep to the right, for the road to the left takes to the village of Harrow."

"You tell me that, in case I should pay you a visit," said the Queen, laughing. The maid of honor tittered audibly, all but Mistress Cecil, whose features did not relax. The boy was quite offended at the amusement his words excited, he went on, addressing her Majesty: "Oh, several monarchs have been in our house, and my great-grandfather, whose name was Frith also, died at Bosworth for your predecessors, fighting against Richard III. If Your Majesty condescends to visit us, I must beg you must come without these ladies, who laugh at what I say."

"Well said, youngster," rejoined the Queen, who seemed to be favorably impressed by the child's speech, and spoke more kindly to him. "Your wishes shall be respected. Now tell me who the others are; that young lady is probably your sister."

"Yes, Your Majesty, her name is Anne. I have another sister who is called Mary."

"And which is the favorite sister?" asked the Queen, toying with a massive gold chain that hung round her neck.

"I am very fond of both. When I want to romp I like Anne best; when the time comes for learning my lessons and my prayers, I like Mary best."

Elizabeth next inquired who the gentlemen were in the boat.

"This one with the gay cloak and fine doublet is Mr. Babington; I like him very much; he drew ever so many soldiers and hussars for me on board; Anne painted them, and I helped out them out. That gentleman is Mr. Windsor; I have not known him long, but still I like him, for he has just given me a feast of cakes and wine, and these beautiful golden fruits, we have none like them in our garden." So saying the child took an orange out of his pocket which he had slipped in, and held it out to the Queen, who was evidently amused at his prattle.

"The other two gentlemen I never saw till just now, I do not know their names. The big one is grave, but the little one makes jokes; he told me I ought to be Archbishop of Canterbury."

"By my troth, Sir Christopher Hatton, you might learn from this little lad how the Master of Ceremonies should present people to his Sovereign! He does not only tell us the names and titles, but the capacities and qualities of the individuals in question."

Hatton laughed, and said that such plain speaking would be rather dangerous at Court, and was only fit for children and fools, who proverbially speak the truth. However in virtue of the office he would give Her Majesty a little additional information respecting the persons thus informally presented. Thereupon he said a few words about our respective families, taking care to emphasize the fact, that we were two of the wealthy young Catholics,

whose names had been mentioned lately at Court.

The Queen frowned on hearing this, and looked anything but graciously at Babington and me. Babington, always more prompt at action than myself, hastened to make a profound obeisance, and declare that apart from his religious belief he was ready to place his life and all that he had, at the disposal of his rightful sovereign. It was apparent that the good looking young cavalier, in his rich attire, fawned favor in the Queen's eyes; her brow unbecomingly and she intimated it to be her pleasure that we should shortly wait upon her at Court. "Unless, indeed," she added with a sneer, "the gentlemen regard me as under the ban of the Pope, a rotten sheep to be avoided by the rest of the flock."

I was glad to see her address herself again to little Frith, who still stood there with his orange in one hand and his cap in the other. "You are probably a Catholic too," she said. "They will have taught you that I am an excommunicate—confess it now."

"What does excommunicate mean?" asked the child.

"Accursed! given over to the devil!"

"Nobody ever said anything like that to me," Frith replied. "I pray for you every day, and I have often been told that I must be Your Majesty's loyal subject when I grow up to be a man, and must fight for you in battle, as my ancestors did. Not long ago Cousin Page came to collect voluntary subscriptions for the fleet against Spain; grandmother gave me £10 out of her annuity, and father and we all gave money. I put in half a crown out of my savings box."

"That was very generous of you. Perhaps you would give me your beautiful golden apple, as you call it, if I were to ask you for it."

There was a monetary hesitation on Frith's part, and the Queen, who was observing him narrowly, was opening her lips to make some sarcastic remark, when the boy, quietly coming to a decision, rejoined: "Right willingly. Here, catch it; it would be a pity if it fell into the river."

So saying he threw the orange; it fell at the Queen's feet. "I have another, would Your Majesty like that too? If not, I will take it home for my grandmother and sister, they can divide it between them."

"You meant this one too for them, which you have given me, did you not?" inquired the Queen. "You are a good boy, Frith Bellamy. We must consider presently how to reward you. But now tell us what went on here, before we came on the scene."

"Nothing very much. Do you see the fourth window in the row under the eaves? There is a man looking out at us; that is my dear Uncle Robert; he is put in there because he went to Mass. Anne and I wanted to ask him how he was, but the watchmen came down with their spikes and halberds, and a number of boats began to surround us, and the people called out that we were Papists, as they always do, when they want to insult us. That was all; now may I please Your Majesty to do us the great favor of letting my uncle go free. He did nothing wrong; and it is a wretched thing to be shut up in prison, as I found last night in Newgate!"

"What, you in Newgate! Were you placed under arrest? I must hear all about that," exclaimed Elizabeth.

Then Frith told his tale, much as he did it to us, the Queen meanwhile sometimes laughing, sometimes chiding. When he had ended, she said: "With regard to your uncle's release, we cannot decide the matter at once, but must take counsel with our advisers. As for your reward, however, we can tell you now what that is: You shall come to Court and be Page of honor. I myself will see to it that you are brought up as a pious Christian and a faithful adherent of the Crown. I can discern in you valuable qualities of head and heart, and I do not want them spoiled by popish rubbish, or hidden away in some country house. You shall come with us immediately; climb up into our barge."

The boy looked frightened and clinging to his sister; and I confess it sent a pang to my heart to think of the difficulties and hard struggles that lay before him, if he was to keep true to his faith. But there was no gossyping the Queen's will. He could do nothing more than ask for a respite, and this we obtained, by representing to Her Majesty that the child's father lay dead, and entreating that he might be permitted to return home, in order to attend the obsequies, and also that his outfit might be prepared. The Queen granted this at last, though somewhat ungraciously, and not until we had pledged our word that the boy should be sent to Court. Moreover she laid injunctions on St. Barbe to see that her commands were carried out.

Long before this conversation came to an end, the Queen's attendants, and the ladies and gentlemen of her suite, who were following on about a dozen gayly decorated boats, had arrived on the scene. They, like ourselves, experienced some trouble to keep from drifting further, and thus getting in front of the royal barge, which no one was allowed to do. A large concourse of spectators had assembled on the banks, eager to see the Queen and to hear what was going on. They waved their hats and cheered the Queen quite lustily; presently someone found out that we were Papists, and cries of "No Popery!" mingled with the shouts. Some voices cried "Some voices cried 'Hurrah for our Virgin Queen!'" others were so bold as to bid her marry, and give a Protestant heir to the throne. Elizabeth had already evinced displeasure when this suggestion had been made to her by Parliament; to hear it from the lips of the populace aroused her anger, and she gave orders for the oarsmen to proceed.

(To be continued)

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SING A SONG.

BY R. MCCLAIN FIELDS.

If you'll sing a song as you go along, In the face of the real or the fancied wrong, In spite of the doubt if you'll fight it out, And show a heart that is brave and stout; If you'll laugh at the jeers and refuse the tears, You'll force the ever-reluctant cheers That the world denies when a coward cries, To give to the man who bravely tries. And you'll win success with a little song— If you'll sing the song as you go along.

In South Africa.

In a despatch to the London Daily Telegraph from Pretoria, Bennett Burleigh, the correspondent, expresses the opinion that if the British authorities display tact and forbearance the reconciliation of the Boers will not prove difficult.

"Lord Kitchener's admirable conduct of the negotiations," says Mr. Burleigh, "has done much to create and encourage a spirit of mutual trust and friendliness. I have talked with many of the Boer leaders, including Generals Botha and DeWet, and they all assured me that they had submitted in good faith and that with tolerant administration Great Britain could hereafter depend upon the loyalty and fidelity of the Boers."

All British columns in South Africa have been ordered to "stand fast" until the surrenders of the Boers are completed.

A Cape Town despatch says: Reports which have been received from all quarters indicate the greatest relief and satisfaction at the conclusion of the peace. The Boer delegates are all in the field to bring in the various commandoes, and most of the latter have been ordered to converge on the railroad lines and surrender to the nearest British officer. Commandant Fouche, the only rebel whose intentions were doubtful, has already come in. Preparations are being made to resume the night train service to all points.

Vrededorf Road, Orange River Colony, June 6.—Gen. Christain De Wet, addressing the inmates of the concentration camp here, explained the circumstances leading to the termination of hostilities, and urged the burghers to do their utmost to show Great Britain what good colonists the Boers can make. The speech made a favorable impression. Gen. De Wet's wife will rejoice the general here today.

Kitchener's latest despatch announces the surrender of twenty-two hundred rifles of which five hundred are from Cape rebels.

LONDON, June 9.—King Edward VII, like Henry V. after the great victory at Agincourt, went to St. Paul's in state yesterday to offer thanks to God for the fortunes of his victorious army and the blessings which now will follow from peace. He was accompanied by the Queen. Many thousands of people lined the road traversed by their Majesties from Buckingham Palace. The scene was a most impressive one and in one way unprecedented. Ordinarily the streets in central London are deserted on Sunday morning, and police authorities did not anticipate that there would have been such eagerness to see the Royal procession yesterday. Fortunately, however, no serious accident is reported to have taken place.

The Prices.

There was a good attendance at the market on the 10th. The produce dealers were paying the following prices: Oats, from 45 to 50c; hay \$10.00 to \$10.50 per ton; straw \$7.00; potatoes 31 to 32c. Quite a large quantity of oats were sold. Potatoes have taken quite a decline and few were selling. Mackerel are plenty and were retailing from 7 to 8c, each, and lobsters from 5 to 25c, each. The latter are scarce. Following is the full list of prices:

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Items include Butter (fresh), Beef (small), Calf skins, Ducks, Eggs, Geese, Hides, Hay, Mutton, Oats, Potatoes, Pork (small), Sheep pelts, Turkeys.

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Milburn's Heart and Nerves Pills cure Anæmia, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Weakness, Palpitation Throbbing, Faint Spells, Dizziness, or any condition arising from Impoverished Blood, Disordered Nerves or Weak Heart.

Children are often attacked suddenly by painful and dangerous Colic, Cramps, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, etc. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is a prompt and sure cure which should always be kept in the house.

Milburn's Laxa Liver Pills regulate the bowels, cure constipation, dyspepsia, biliousness, sick headache and all affections of the organs of digestion.

Minard's Liniment cures Burns, etc.

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