

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 XXIX.

Such, then, was the purport of the letter. My feelings as I transcribed it may be imagined. It was a political intrigue on a large scale, every detail of which had been carefully considered, for a rising of the Catholic party in England, Scotland and Ireland, simultaneously with the landing of Spanish or French forces on our shores. In concert, and in concert with this, was the project of her release from captivity to be entertained.

It is true, that she had, as Walsingham anticipated, laid open "her very heart." But nowhere was there a syllable that suggested the existence of any design on Elizabeth's life; nowhere a hint, which betrayed any suspicion of Savage's proposal. On the contrary, the only mention that was made of her Majesty, clearly showed that the possibility of such a design had not entered into her calculations.

Once more I carefully collated my copy with the original making Philippe repeat it word by word, in case a line, an expression might have been passed over. But no, it was impossible to detect, the slightest omission.

I was at a loss now how to act, since the letter afforded no ground for proceedings against Mary Stuart. It showed that she participated in a conspiracy to dethrone Elizabeth, but not to take her life. Should I arrest Windsor, as I was commissioned to do, if the contents of the letter were what my uncle expected, or would he make another attempt to cause her to incriminate herself? As the result of my reflections, I determined to despatch Philippe and his comrades to London that same night, with the whole batch of letters, and one from me begging for further instructions without delay. This announcement was anything but welcome to the two men. Philippe coughed significantly, and said: "Excuse me, sir, but it appears you have got found in this letter all you wished to find. Well, when anything is written in cipher like that, it is nothing wonderful, if, on closer examination, one remarks one or two words which one might have overlooked just at first." He emphasized his words with a sly wink.

"But we went through it line by line," I answered; for I thought he could hardly have the audacity to propose to make interpolations. "So we did," he rejoined with a disagreeable smile. "But sharp eyes—eyes sharpened with a purpose—can read between the lines, you have only got to tell me what you would like."

"You reason," I exclaimed, "how can you venture to propose such a thing to me? Walsingham shall hear of that!" "Tell him, and welcome," was the insolent answer. "One would have thought you had known enough of the secrets of statecraft, and learnt enough in your neighbor's school not to make an outcry about a simple little artifice. For what do you suppose the prudent Secretary of State keeps us in his pay, if not to make use of us?"

"As spies, not as forgers," I replied. "At any rate you shall not falsify this letter, on which the life of a Queen depends, if I can prevent it. I am heartily glad that I have a correct copy, and thus possess the means of detecting alterations and exposing falsifications. Mark that, Mr. Philippe; and now give orders for your horses, for in an hour's time you must be in the saddle. Gifts shall follow in the morning."

I leave it to my friend Windsor to relate what occurred in the course of the next few days, before the return of my messengers from London.

CHAPTER XXX.

No sooner had my betrothed with her little brother, their uncle, who had just escaped from prison, and Miss Cecil, been taken aboard the Jeanette, than she weighed anchor and put out to sea. Mean while our hostman rowed us across to the opposite side of the river, where we landed. It was with considerable difficulty that we got out of the hands of the coastguards, who, on the lookout for seminary priests and Jesuits, made sure that they had a prize in us. At length we succeeded in convincing them with the aid of a donour, that we were not the persons they wanted, and we were allowed to go. Uncle Remy directed his course over Barking to Woxindon; I proceeded through Worcester and Leicester to Burton, which I reached without any mishap. The morning after my arrival I had rather a stormy encounter with St. Barbe, as he has already stated. I was astonished to hear him accuse me of having seduced the affections of his lady-love, and at first

one glance told me as plainly as words could have done, that our conspiracy was discovered. The messenger received orders to go on to the castle, and a few moments later St. Barbe re-entered my room, closing the door behind him carefully. I thought he had come to arrest me, and instinctively reached out my hand for my rapier, which hung on the wall, for I was resolved to sell my life dearly.

"Let the sword alone, Windsor," he said gravely. "You cannot think I should be so basely ungrateful, as to send the man who saved my life, to the gallows. Besides, I should be all the more reluctant to do so, because I feel certain that you would never agree to any dishonorable design, whatever your confederates might desire. Yes, you have guessed right, Walsingham has long been cognizant of this conspiracy; he has intercepted the Scottish Queen's last letter, and now gives me orders to arrest you quietly, and send you to London, as soon as your fellow conspirators are in his hands. Take care, therefore, and be well out of the way, when the soldiers surround the Mayflower to-night. If you die hard and take the road through Loughborough and Spalding, you might reach the Wash to-morrow, and get out of the country before I can overtake you. If you want money, I will gladly lend you the amount you require."

Deeply touched by his kindness, I thanked him with all my heart. I had money, but I owed my life to him. "Now we are quits," he said, shaking my hand. "Farewell, we are not likely to see one another again on earth." Thereupon he left the room quickly, and disappeared in the direction of the castle. It was some moments before I could collect my thoughts sufficiently to decide upon the course of action. In such cases it is my habit to say a decade of the rosary, and I did so then. I had not got far before I saw my way clearly. Walsingham had not had my comrades arrested yet, because he wished to take them all at once, and that before two days are over, otherwise he would have had me sent to London in custody at once. There is still a possibility that I could warn them in time; consequently it was not to the Wash, but to London, that I must ride as fast as my horse could carry me.

A few things were quickly put together, and leaving on my table a sum sufficient to pay my host, I slipped down to the stables, saddled my mare, and led her out by a back way through the lanes into the country. There I mounted, and walked for a short distance at a foot's pace. Not a soul met me. On reaching the nearest wood, I turned and looked once more at Charley, and thought with a sigh of the unhappy prisoner within the castle walls. Then I put spurs to my horse, and rode forward on my errand of life and death.

At nightfall the next day I reached London, and entered the city by the Highgate, through which a drove of bullocks were passing. Perhaps the guard took me for one of the cattle dealers, for I was covered with sweat and dust, and bestrode a nag that no gentleman would care to own. It was the only substitute I could obtain when my beautiful horse broke down, half way between Stratford and Bedford. Wending my way through a labyrinth of alleys and ill-lighted streets, I reached Fleet street and the Strand. Our house by the Anchor Inn looked deserted passing it by, I proceeded to Babington's residence at Temple Bar. The servant who appeared at my call informed me that his master and the other gentlemen were gone by Pooley's invitation to an entertainment, he thought at the Paris Garden. I asked if anything special had occurred? Yes, the man replied; Capt Fortesque, the officer who was staying with Mr. Babington, was arrested the day before yesterday. His master had been a good deal alarmed by this at first; but all was quiet again now.

I felt not a moment was to be lost. Fortesque, or rather Father Ballard, in prison, and all our confederates invited by Pooley to a banquet, manifestly with the intention of arresting them one and all! But I could not make my appearance at the Paris Garden as I then was, without arousing suspicion; I therefore stopped at an inn near the Temple, put up my horse, and got myself into somewhat better trim. Taking a slip of paper, I wrote on it the words: "Fly, fly immediately; W. knows all; the last letter from Oh, is in his possession. You are surrounded by his emissaries; fly for your life. No signature was needed, as Babington knew my hand writing. With this billet in my pocket I left the inn, after ordering supper to be ready on my return, and hastened in the direction of the river. My way led past our house. I got over the hedge into the garden, and finding the back door ajar, I entered shouting the names of Barbar and Tichbourne. At first there was no answer, then a door upstairs was heard to open, and a voice called out, in harsh and grating tones: "Come up sir, Mr. Tichbourne will be back directly."

(To be continued.)

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Don't forget the old man with the fish on his back.

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To the consumptive he brings the strength and flesh he so much needs.

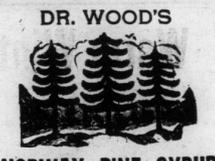
To all weak and sickly children he gives rich and strengthening food.

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Children who first saw the old man with the fish are now grown up and have children of their own.

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Price 25 cents a bottle.

MISCELLANEOUS

"Ennui," said the Cynical Cudger, "is the polite society name for laziness. It means 'doing nothing and too tired to stop.'"

Willie—What did you see abroad, Archie? Archie—I don't remember exactly; but I did three countries more than Reggie did, in the same time.

Used internally Hagar's Oil cures Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Quinsy, Pain in the Chest, Croup, etc. Used externally cures Rheumatism, Stiff Joints, Contracted Cords, Sprains, Strains, Burns, Scalds, Cuts, and Bites of Insects.

"They claim that peritonitis is a cure for appendicitis." "I suppose that's on the same principle that beheading is a sure cure for squinting."

Person—They tell me you are a regular contributor to the pages of the Announcer. Wilton—Not to its waste basket.

The breath of the pines is the breath of life to the consumptive. Norway Pine Syrup contains the pine virtues and cures coughs, colds, bronchitis, hoarseness, and all throat and lung troubles, which, if not attended to, lead to consumption.

Minard's Liniment Cures LaGrippe.

"I hear you are going to marry old Brodcares." "Yes." "For the land's sake!" "Yes."

Grandmother gave Annie and Willie an orange. "I wish there were two; but if you divide this one," she said, "each of you will get a taste." As Annie took the fruit-knife from the table, Willie remarked anxiously, "If one of us should sacrifice, I would get two tastes."

British Troop Oil Liniment is without exception the most effective remedy for Cuts, Wounds, Ulcers, Open Sores, Rheumatism, Bites, Stings of Insects, etc. A large bottle 25 cents.

Son of the House—Won't you sing something, Miss Muriel? Miss Muriel—I daren't after such good music as we have been listening to.

Son of the House—But I'd rather listen to your singing than to any amount of good music.

The Christmas Dinner.

In spite of the fact that the word dyspepsia means literally bad cook, it will not be fair for many to lay the blame on the cook if they begin the Christmas Dinner with little appetite and end it with distress or nausea. It may not be fair for any to do that—let us hope for the sake of the cook! The disease dyspepsia indicates a bad stomach, that is a weak stomach, rather than a bad cook, and for a weak stomach there is nothing else equal to Hood's Sarsaparilla. It gives the stomach vigor and tone, cures dyspepsia, creates appetite, and makes eating the pleasure it should be.

Old Lady—Hello, my little man. I hope you try to be a nice, good little boy. The Youngster—Yes'm, in about a week. 'Tain't quite close 'nough 't Christmas yet.



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MISCELLANEOUS

"She is a Russian countess," said one.

"Indeed!" said the other. "Has she much in her own name?" "Has she? She's got the entire alphabet!"

Minard's Liniment relieves neuralgia.

She had been shopping and he was naturally disturbed. "I hope you didn't spend much money while you were down town today," he remarked.

"Not a cent, except carfare, George," she answered reassuringly. "I had everything charged."

Milburn's Sterling Headache Powders contain neither morphine nor opium. They promptly cure Sick Headache, Neuralgia, Headache, Headache of Grippe, Headache of delicate ladies and Headache from any cause whatever. Price 10c. and 25c.

Mamma (to a friend who is lunching with her).—I don't know why it is, but I always eat more when we have company than when we are alone.

Tommy (helping himself to a third piece of cake).—I know why it is—because we have better things to eat.

Messrs. C. C. RICHARDS & Co. Gentlemen,—My three children were dangerously low with diphtheria. On the advice of our priest my wife began the use of MINARD'S LINIMENT. In two hours they were greatly relieved, and in five days they were completely well, and I firmly believe your valuable Liniment saved the lives of my children.

Gratefully yours, ADELBERT LEFEBVRE. Mail's Mills, June 19th, 1899.

Johnny had been told to write a short composition in which he should say something about all the days of the week. The little fellow thought a few minutes, and then triumphantly produced this: "Monday father and I killed a bear; and there was meat enough to last over Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday."

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

Worms affect a child's health too seriously to neglect. Sometimes they cause convulsions and death. If you suspect them to be present, give Dr. Low's pleasant Worm Syrup, which destroys the worms without injuring the child. Price 25c.

"Now that we are engaged," she said, "of course I can't call you Mr. Parkinson; and even Sebastian seems too long and formal. Haven't you any short pet name?" "Well," replied the happy Parkinson, "the fellows at college used to—er—call me 'Pie-face.'"

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS. Make Weak Hearts Strong. Make Shaky Nerves Firm. They are a Sure Cure for Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Loss of Energy, Brain Fag, After Effects of La Grippe, Palpitation of the Heart, Anemia, General Debility and all troubles arising from a run down system.

They regulate the heart's action and invigorate the nerves. This is what they have done for others! They will do the same for you.

GREAT RELIEF. I have taken Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills for palpitation of the heart and shattered nerves, and for both troubles have found great relief.—Mrs. W. Ackers, Ingersoll, Ont.

FEELS SPLENDID NOW. Before taking Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills I was all run down, could not sleep at night and was terribly troubled with my heart. Since taking them I feel splendid. I sleep well at night and my heart does not trouble me at all. They have done me a world of good.—Jas. D. McLeod, Hartsville, P.E.I.

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