

the light breeze of the morning lifted up the wall from the young girl's face, and exposed to the fiery, concentrated gaze of Elizabeth one of the most beautiful countenances she ever beheld.

"Fear not," said Leicester, confidently, as he turned his head and smiled familiarly at the maiden; "I shall protect thee, even against the queen's anger."

The words had just time to reach the queen's ear, when her hand, which had been hitherto resting fondly, as a sister's, on the countess's neck, lightened with so sudden and convulsive a grasp as to make the latter start from her recumbent posture, and almost scream out with pain.

"Traitor!" muttered Elizabeth between her clinched teeth, darting a fierce look at the retreating form of the earl and his companion—"traitor! villain! would that I could stab thee to the heart by her side."

"Nay, your majesty must not be disturbed," said the countess soothingly, taking the queen's hand in hers, and tenderly pressing it to her lips.

"Away!" ejaculated Elizabeth. "I am no child to be fondled thus." And she snatched her hand, and turned in anger from her confidant.

"I beseech your majesty not to charge the noble earl too rashly with—"

"Peace, babbling! what knowest thou? And folding her arms, she stood for a time fearfully silent, her eyes fixed on the ground, and her whole frame trembling with increasing excitement.

The countess remained behind, wringing her hands in a agony of terror; for she dreaded, from her long experience of the queen's ungovernable temper, she might be tempted to do something terrible in the first burst of her jealous rage.

"The false villain!" again muttered the queen, as the fire of revenge, fed by jealousy, now broke out and spread through her whole system, shaking it as by a palsied—"the false villain! to cost me thus off in my fall."

"Please your majesty," pleaded the countess, venturing to lay her hand tenderly on the queen's shoulder, "may not the lady be the companion of the youth with the wounded arm?"

"Ah!" she ejaculated, turning suddenly on the countess as if stung by a viper, "that reminds me; death and funeral! this, then, is the fair damsel of Brocton, whom Leicester hath kept so near the court, and hath courted with so much. Ha, ha, my lord; ha, ha!" she continued, the sounds coming hoarse and hollow from her heaving chest, "thou shalt answer for this with thy head."

"Nay, madam, report saith the maiden is betrothed to the youth."

"Betrothed? Fugit! what care has he for betrothal? a poor safeguard, indeed, against his advances. Marry, to see her face once enough for him to draw consequences. O, misery, misery! that I could thus fall so low—so low as to cast aside for the first pretty face. But be she saint or devil, I swear by my hopes of salvation!" she again muttered through her teeth, raising her right hand, and catching it in a paroxysm of rage, "an I but live to see two suns go down, they shall sleep in the Tower, and stone walls, six feet thick between, or they shall be separated as never more to meet in this world!"

"O my liege, to banish the noble lord from your grace's presence, for having walked with a lady by moonlight, what will the busy tongues at court say? Nay, your majesty count not mean it!"

"Mean it! say, so help me vengeance!" she cried, stamping on the ground. "I'll crush him as I would the worm under my feet."

"And yet," submitted the countess, "the earl may be innocent."

"Innocent! he innocent? thou'rt a fool, woman; innocent, and in the company of such a maiden as that? Listen to me, Harrington; thou knowest I loved him."

"Ay, your majesty hath deigned to look kindly on him."

"Kindly? he, ha! kindly!"

"Verily," replied the countess, "that were enough for an emperor."

"Paugh! minion; peace with such shifts, and palter not with me thus. I am not here on my throne; I am here no longer the queen, but the woman. Listen to me; I loved him dearly, fondly, madly; nay, I loved, adored him more than the God who made me. I bowed myself before him, with my crown on my head, and my sceptre in my hand. I surrendered my whole being to him. I sacrificed what the world calls honor to appease his godobly, and which was dear to me as life, because in losing it I know I should lose his respect, and risk his attachment. And now am I banished and degraded at his feet. I love him still as madly as ever. O, but did I love him a thousand times more, were that possible, I would thrust my dagger in his heart. Nay, if I had no dagger to plunge, I would tear his false heart out with my nails like a fig-tree, the moment I discovered he devoted to one thought to another. 'Sdeath! I am no lovesick maiden, to content with smiles; he must be mine body and soul; he must exist in me and by me, or he must cease to live. Countess, if thou hast not hitherto known me, then know me now—know me as a woman in whose veins no drop of tame blood ever yet ran; whose passions, wild as her father's, have never once been bridled but to deceive those pious fools who surround my throne and call me virgin. He, ha! virgin! grammar, virgin! I laugh at the thought. Nay, I'm a woman, and greedy of men's homage as of their love. I would be their idol, or I would be dead. I would draw all that could minister to my passions around me, nor would I abate a jot of the adulation the least honored of my court could offer. O, let the highest of them betray but a semblance of indifference to my favors, and I cut his head off as I would a poppy's, or send him to feed rats in the Tower dungeons. Such is thy mistress, minion, and such shouldst thou too find her, didst but presume to thwart her in this her deep revenge. Look to it that thou talk me not, Cloak not thy hands thus in supplication; I have sworn to risk power, honor, life, to crush him. Come, then, follow me; there is yet time. I shall bring him at the very gate of the palace. I'll confront him there with his paramour. Come on, and follow me."

"O, I beseech your majesty," entreated the countess, dropping on her knee, and stretching her hands in fervent supplication.

"They me, slave; rise and follow me. God's proof! if he have slighted me thus, his proud head shall fall. Ay, should no other name be found in England to strike the blow, mine own shall smite the traitor." And thus saying, she rushed recklessly through the thorny hedge, out on the footpath by which the earl had just passed—her dress torn, her cloak clinging to the prickly branches behind, and her long hair tossed over her shoulders in wild disorder.

"O Elizabeth of England!" exclaimed the countess, pursuing her through the hedge, and laying hold of the skirt of her dress, "I implore, I entreat thee, in the name of God, and of that young church of which thou art

the head and the heart, not to persist in this wild purpose."

"Unhand me, minion!"

"Wilt thou thus fling thy crown and honor both to destruction?"

"Unhand me!" she repeated, hardly able to articulate; "I care not for crown or honor? revenge is dearer to me than both together."

"Patience, patience, gracious madam; and listen to me for an instant. O my God, my God! wilt not hear me for one moment? Hush! they are not yet beyond earshot, and may return to discover all."

"Loose thy hold," cried Elizabeth, choking with rage, and raising her hand to strike, "or I'll bust thee on the face; let me go, or I'll fling thee to the earth."

"Never!" cried the countess.

"I command thee, minion, slave! let me go."

"Never! strike me if please thee. I shall die here by thy royal hand ere I suffer thee to rush to shame and ruin." And flinging herself down, she permitted the queen to drag her along the ground.

"The perjured villain," still ejaculated Elizabeth, trying to break away from the position of her dress which the countess held in her grasp; "he shall die ere an hour has passed, or I'll die in the damp cell of the Tower. Wretch, slave, traitress, let me go."

"O, the child! I think of the child, gracious madam."

"Oh! child! What child? detestable, callumator, liar—I have no child. Should ten thousand tongues speak that falsehood, I'll cut them out, one by one, and fling them in the streets for dogs to feed on. What! who I have a child? didst thou say I gave birth to a child? Speak it again, speak it again," she cried, drawing a short poniard from her bosom, and gazing at the countess, whilst her eyes shot forth flames of fire—

"speak it again, and the lightning of Heaven shall not annihilate thee sooner than I—"

The countess trembled as she looked up and saw, even in that dim light of approaching day, the detached teeth and fiery orbs of the infuriated queen glaring and glaring down upon her, and reflected that she was the only one whom that terrible being had instructed with the dangerous secret.

For a moment the enraged woman seemed to deliberate, holding the dagger, pointed and ready to strike. Each gasped at the other fearfully, without averting a single glance.

"Strike," said the countess, at length "strike, my queen. If thou fearest me, it's time I should die. Since I have lost thy confidence, I can have nothing more to live for."

"Could I but bring myself to doubt thee," muttered the queen, still pointing the steel towards her prostrate confidant. "And yet it's safer."

"Halt!" thundered a deep voice from behind; and as the queen turned to look, the Earl of Murray leaped the hedge at a bound, and stood before her.

"Gracious Heaven, what means this?" he demanded, somewhat sternly. "Ah, the Countess of Harrington crouching beneath a naked poniard in your majesty's hand!"

The countess loosed her hold, and Elizabeth withdrew the weapon, gazing silently at the earl, like one awaking from a frightful dream.

Neither spoke for the space of a minute, but stood facing each other like statues, without life or motion.

"Hegh, sirs, what a sight!" cried a second voice from behind the hedge. "Ha, ha! the two bastards has met again to plot the downfall of Rome and Scotland. Ha, ha! the devil himself never saw sinner a sight!"

"Perdition seize thee, whoever thou art," cried the earl, springing from the queen's side, and darting away in search of the speaker. But he searched in vain; a faint ha, ha! from the rocks beyond was all he could detect.

When he returned, he found the queen holding a kerchief to her eyes, in her left hand, whilst the right rested lovingly on the neck of the Lady Harrington.

"Farewell, my lord," she said in a faltering tone, stretching out her hand as she spoke; "there's no time now for explanation. Keep the secret of our weakness locked up in thy breast; and for the rest, trust to our friendship."

The earl knelt, and kissing the queen's hand reverently, retired without a word; and then the latter, leaning on the arm of her faithful attendant, hurried through the fields, and soon entered the palace by a secret wicket, unperceived by the sentinels.

CHAPTER XL.

A week had now elapsed since the burning of Brocton Hall, and the news of the catastrophe had begun to spread through the metropolis, and to be spoken of as something more than usually horrible, even in these intercalary times, when the firing of churches, convents, chapels and private residences of Catholic clergy were of hourly occurrence. Rumor, which always exaggerates, gave its own coloring to the story, namely, that a simple old country gentleman, of ancient and honorable family, and nearly allied to the highest in the land, who had for a long time retired from the world, and devoted himself to prayer, alms-giving, and the study of sacred literature had been shut up in his mansion in Worcester-shire, and together with a faithful domestic, burnt to death for having refused to acknowledge the queen's spiritual supremacy. Whether it was that the circumstances of the case had created an actual feeling of disgust and indignation against the perpetrators of the deed, or that the enemies of Sir Thomas Plimpton seized on it as a pretext to heap shame and infamy on the marvellous upstart whom the queen's favor had elevated so much above them, it is hard to say. But certain it is, Sir Thomas was beginning to feel uneasy. In fact, he observed that, for some time past, his friends, who, but a few months before, had surrounded him, on all possible occasions, with the most officious attentions, began to grow cold of late, and many of them even to meet him with averted looks and contemptuous recognitions.

The Earl of Leicester, too, who had, up to this time, somewhat dissembled his scorn for the son of the Sussex smuggler, lest he should offend the queen, now no longer hesitated to order him out of his way, as he passed to and from the court, and to treat him generally in the most unceremonious and insulting manner. Even the queen herself, who had made him her confidant, (though, in reality, she despised the fellow, using him merely as a tool to work out her designs), could hardly sustain him much longer against this general and increasing contempt, and probably would have abandoned him altogether, were it not that she feared his resentment. Could she have found another equally servicable in carrying out her plots and plans, she would probably long ago have banished him to his kingdom, or despatched him, or confined him a life prisoner in the Tower, on some specious pretence, and no doubt heartily congratulated herself on the riddance. But to supply his place was difficult, especially at this juncture, and to banish or despatch him was a measure

for which she had not yet made the necessary preparations.

Plimpton, though a greedy, avaricious man, willing to run every risk for the accumulation of wealth, and sometimes reckless and blundering as a clown in his pursuit, was yet exceedingly shrewd and clear-sighted in estimating the precise nature of his position at court, and the characters and dispositions of those with whom his office brought him into contact. He hated Leicester, and he feared him. He hated him because he was supercilious to all, but to him in particular on every occasion when he had an opportunity of being insolent. And he feared him because he was now grown to be even more powerful at court than the queen herself. He looked for the moment when he could effectually ruin him with Elizabeth; but he felt the charge should be no trifling one, and knew, if he failed in the attempt, he must inevitably fall himself. As for the queen, he was satisfied she had no confidence in his honor; and if she trusted him at all, it was because she regarded him as the butcher's dog that protects the shambles for the sake of the garbage. Besides, he observed, of late, she began to look on him with furtive glances, sometimes put him strange questions, that indicated her doubts and fears of his prudence and honesty, and even ventured occasionally to elicit answers intended to implicate him in serious difficulties. Still he felt safe, inasmuch as she did not yet suspect him of having discovered more secrets than she thought proper to confide directly to his keeping. Had he betrayed the least knowledge of her connection with the burden which the lady under the protection of the Earl of Leicester had secretly conveyed on a certain night from the court, or suspected the use she was about to make of Risto's miniature, which he had stolen from Holywood, and on the back of which she herself had written the amorous couplet in the unfortunate queen's cipher, or of any other such hazardous matter, his term of life or liberty had been short indeed. He felt, therefore, that his days of court favor under so capricious a mistress might soon draw to a close, and perhaps terminate fatally and suddenly if he did not take timely precautions. He was placed between two dangers, the avowed enmity of the earl, and the growing distrust of the queen; and, in truth, either of them was peril enough to demand care and circumspection from higher and more important personages than he was ever likely to be about the court. For these reasons it was that, in defiance of every obstacle, he persevered in his determination of seizing on the person of the helpless of Brocton, compelling her, under the queen's sanction, to marry him, and then retiring from public life to enjoy the pleasures which wealth might purchase, far from the dangers and troubles that now beset him. And it was in reality to promote this end, he sometimes gave the queen cause for certain misgivings about him, which, whilst they amounted not to a positive suspicion of his knowledge of certain secrets, yet made her begin to feel uneasy under his watchful eye, and desirous of ridding herself of his presence at the first safe or convenient opportunity.

(To be continued)

AFTER 24 HOURS OF PRAYER.

Harrington Bama lived for many years in Hingham, Medina county, O., and amassed considerable property, most of which was in cash. He would not trust his money to a bank, but hid it about his own premises, keeping the hiding place secret even from his own family. A short time ago he told his wife that he had hidden about \$30,000 in money, and that pretty soon he would inform her of its whereabouts, so that in case of his death she would know where to look for it. He neglected to do this, and about a week ago he died of apoplexy. After his death an examination of his papers showed that he had \$35,000 in money all hidden about his premises. The most thorough search failed to reveal the hiding place, and the widow began to despair. Then she was impressed with the notion that if she prayed with faith the Lord would direct her to the place where the money was hidden. On Wednesday she prayed all day and all night. On Thursday night she was impelled to go to the beehives, which stood on a bench near the house, and in the excitement of expectation she knocked over one of the hives, disclosing to her view the top of a bunch with a pile of greenbacks of large denomination upon it. A search under the other hives resulted in finding a total of \$15,000. In the afternoon one of the family dropped a bunch of keys through the barn floor, which necessitated taking up a plank to find them, and when the young man put his hand down he struck a half gallon fruit jar, which he pulled out to find partly filled with \$30 gold pieces. Other jars and a grain bag were also found containing gold and silver, and when it had all been counted the total amount figured up over \$213,000. The widow was overjoyed, and in her statement to the correspondent said she believed that the discoveries were in direct answer to her prayers."

Zion's Herald, Boston, January 9th, 1884.

A TOUCHING CARE.

THE LIFE OF A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN SAVED. A young and beautiful married lady residing in this city was lying at the point of death, with diphtheria, and was not expected to live but a few moments; the husband, father and mother of the suffering lady, were by the bedside, as was also the attending physician; so certain were they of the near approach of death, that certain arrangements had already been made to meet the sad event. The father and mother were State of Maine people, and had known from childhood of the wonderful curative power of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. At the suggestion of the grief-stricken mother, the father had gone to the nearest drug store before daylight, and obtained a bottle, and when the physician arrived and stated that the loved one could not possibly live but a few moments, the mother timidly told the doctor that she had great faith in Johnson's Anodyne Liniment, and asked if she might give her daughter some. The doctor replied: "Certainly, if you wish; it can do no harm."

While this conversation was taking place the young wife was gasping for breath, and it was evident that she could live but a few moments longer. But the mother quickly unrolled the bottle and gave a teaspoonful clear to her child. The effect was like magic; in an instant the passage to the lungs was enlarged, she could breathe a little easier; the mother quickly began to bathe the throat externally, and in a short time all present saw that the crisis had passed. In a few hours the patient was considered out of danger, and in a few days was well. The husband of this lady related these facts with tearful eyes, to Mr. Jennings, of the firm of I. S. Johnson & Co., 22 Custom House street. He said there could be no question whatever, but that this Liniment had saved his wife's life. All persons who will call their address to I. S. Johnson & Co., 22 Custom House street, Boston, Mass., may receive free, by mail, information of great value in respect to diphtheria, and all other throat and lung troubles.

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MYSTERIOUS.

THE TERRIBLE UNDERSTOW THAT IS SWEEPING AWAY SO MANY—WHAT WELL-KNOWN CANADIANS HAVE TO SAY.

It is an unquestionable fact that thousands of people are to-day enduring the most intense torture or are afflicted by the most unaccountable symptoms for which they can assign no reason whatever. They have frequent headaches; are strangely languid; have a ravenous appetite one day and none whatever the next, and feel dull pains in various parts of the body, but they imagine it is only a cold or some passing milder disorder. Indeed few people realize the presence of grave and serious dangers until they are upon them. The following experiences of well-known people in the Province are timely and valuable:

Mr. Arthur Auger, manager of the Northern Branch post office, Montreal, makes the following statement:—"For three years I was troubled with most acute symptoms, which not only caused me great annoyances, but endangered my life. I consulted the best physicians and lived on the strictest diet until I nearly starved to death, but without avail. My physicians finally told me that I could not live three months. About two years ago I learned of a remarkable remedy through a French paper, published in Massachusetts, and I was so impressed with its merits that I visited Boston, and having learned that the statements published in the paper were strictly trustworthy, I began the use of the medicine, and as a result I have become a well man, wholly through the use of Warner's Safe Cure and Warner's Safe Diabetic Cure. I have recommended these remedies in a great many cases, and if taken according to directions, I know they will do all that is claimed for them."

Mr. George Stacy, extensive nail manufacturer, No. 680 Notre Dame West, says: "I have used Warner's Safe Cure, Safe Nerve and Safe Pills, with a rare benefit for chronic liver difficulty and nervousness and can cordially recommend them."

Mr. E. Pettit, the jeweler, 541 Albert street, Ottawa, gives the following account of his experience:—"For the past four or five years I have been troubled with Kidney and Liver difficulty, terrific pain in my back and legs, rheumatism, difficulty in passing fluids, sediment in the same, etc. About a year ago I got very bad, was confined to my bed for four months, had no appetite, was reduced to skin and bones, and gave up all hopes of ever getting well. Last October one of Warner's Safe Cure books happened to fall in my way and it described my symptoms so accurately that I began the use of the Safe Cure and the Safe Pills. The first few bottles seemed to make me worse, but after that I began to improve and got right along again. I am now completely restored, weigh 175 pounds, and I give all the credit to Warner's Safe Cure. I can recommend the Safe Remedies with the utmost confidence, as they raised me from the borders of the grave, and I know of their effects on others."

G. J. Nagle, Postmaster, Rock Forest, Quebec, says:—"I have used Warner's Safe Cure for Bright's Disease of the Kidneys and owe it the greatest gratitude for the fact that it has restored me to health."

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The above statements are from men of unquestionable veracity, and such as merit the greatest consideration. No one who is suffering from any form of physical disorder can afford to neglect even the slightest symptom, which can be so readily controlled if taken in time, and which are so dangerous if permitted to continue.

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All diseases of the respiratory organs treated by the most improved Medical Inhalation, with the addition of the Steam Atomization, cold compressed air, spray, etc., when required. The above appliances are in every case combined with proper constitutional remedies for the nervous, circulatory, and digestive systems. We also administer the various baths when needed, such as the hot and cold water bath, sitz, steam, shower, electric and medicated or mineral baths. Bringing all these appliances into requisition we hesitate not to say that we have the most complete institution of the kind in North America. We also have accommodations for a large number of patients who desire to remain in the institute while under treatment.

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