

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF THE TIMES OF Queen Elizabeth.

The Wonderful Flower of Woxindon,

By Rev. Joseph Spillman, S.J.

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CHAPTER XXVII. CONTINUED. He is now going about, dressed in a military garb, under the name of Fortescue, ostensibly to get recruits for the army in the Netherlands...

man of ungoverned passions, enslaved by pride and vanity! Reflecting thus, I no longer wondered at the project of the young English nobles, the development of which my uncle and I were watching...

children, Frank, whom Topcliffe shut up in Newgate, and who were released at Windsor's and Babington's request? Was not their name Bellamy? I remembered the incident quite well; I remembered also, how the two children had seen their uncle in his cell in the Clink...

them, as no vessel will leave the mouth of the Thames before ebbtide I will have several houses I know of, strictly watched, and at Woxindon a domiciliary search must be made. "That search shall be thorough, if I can do it, as he rose to depart. "Will you accompany me, St. Barbe?"

chief malady was self-will. Thus the examination of the inhabitants of the house ended without information of any moment having been elicited. The search, in which the outhouses and a ruined castle in the immediate vicinity were included, was equally fruitless. A hiding place, provisioned for case of need, was discovered, but there was no one in it. So we had to ride back through the rain and mud to London, without having attained our object...

no right to insult me, seeing I have always professed it openly. "I do not call you a sneak on account of your religion," I replied, "but because with your Jesuitical wiles you have perverted the young lady from her belief, and under cover of concern for her soul wormed your way into her affections. Out upon you for a hypocrite and sanctimonious dissembler! You shall answer for it one day!"

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