

TOUT SORTE DE CHOSES.

The poem read by Tennyson to his royal audience on board the Pembroke Castle was "The Grandmother."

Smart Wood and Belladonna combined with other ingredients used in the best porous Plasters make Carter's S. W. & B. B. B. Plasters the best in the market. Price 25 cents.

David Moore's Kippewa raft of square white pine, 42 feet average, comprising 31,000 feet, was sold at 20 1/2 cents per foot all round, at Ottawa yesterday.

How to Get Sick.—Expose yourself day and night, eat too much without exercise, work too hard without rest, doctor all the time, take all the vile nostrums advertised, and then you will want to know.

How to Get Well.—Which is answered in three words—Take Hop Bitters!

The work of renovation and improvement in the House of Commons Chamber is being prosecuted so as to be in readiness for the early opening of Parliament.

NEW BOOKS.—THE LIFE OF MARTIN LUTHER, by Rev. T. M. Shea, 12 mo. 112 pp. Price, free mail, 25 cents.

SHORT MEDICATIONS at all points south in the recitation of the HOLY ROSARY, 24 mo. 338 pp. Price, bound, free mail, 60 cents. J. J. NEWMAN & CO., Publishers, 52 Barclay St., New York.

Mr. Hartwell Grisell, who is a wealthy counsellor of Mr. Capel's price convert, the Marquis of Bute, of Oxford, has agreed on as the site of the Roman Catholic University, to bear the cost. Cardinal Manning wishes the University to be in London.

WOMAN AND HER DISEASES is the title of an interesting treatise (98 pages) sent, post paid, for three stamps. Address: World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Among the reasons urged by a Peoria, Ill., woman for a divorce are: Drunkenness, swearing, obscenity, arson, filthy habits, incompatibility, infidelity, brutality, laziness, idleness, and non-support. She married him to spite her father for boxing her ears.

HOW TO TELL GENUINE FLORIDA WATER.

The true Florida water always comes with a little pamphlet wrapped around each bottle, and in the paper of the pamphlet are the words, "Luzama & Kemp, New York," water marked or stamped in pile transparent letters. Hold a leaf up to the light, and if genuine, you will see the above words. Do not buy if the words are not there, because it is not the real article. The water mark letters may be very pale, but by looking closely against the light, you cannot fail to see them.

M. Coquette has made a six week's management for this country for next summer and will appear in New York, Philadelphia, and Boston. Among the parts in which he will appear is that of Noel in "La Jolie Fille Peur." It was one of Regnier's great parts, and the original of Boucicault's Kerry.

Portland, N. Y., Dec 21, 1881. Gentlemen:—I have sold DOWNS' ELIXIR, the great remedy for coughs and colds, for twenty-one years, and I have to-day a large and steadily increasing number of customers who have used it, and whose trade in cough remedies could not be retained if I did not keep it in stock. While I am exceedingly cautious what I state, I will ask the reader if in his judgment it could be possible to so long retain and increase the sale of a preparation that did not possess real merit.

Last year England consumed, in addition to the eggs marketed by her own farmers and poultry keepers, including the enormous supply from Ireland no fewer than 6,757,334 "great hundreds" of foreign eggs, these imported eggs alone amounting to the almost incredible number of 810,868,080, or two and a quarter million eggs per day.

OUR HABITS AND OUR CLIMATE. All persons leading a sedentary and inactive life are more subject to derangements of the Liver and Stomach which, if neglected in a changeable climate like ours, leads to chronic disease and ultimate misery. An occasional dose of McGee's Compound Sutterer Pills, will stimulate the Liver to healthy action, tone up the Stomach and Digestive Organs, thereby giving life and vigor to the system generally. For sale everywhere. Price, 25c per box, five boxes \$1.00. Mailed free of postage on receipt of price in money or postage stamps.—B. E. McGee, Chemist, Montreal.

There are 161 cities in Europe in which telephones are in use, having a total of 30,000 subscribers; in Asia there are seven, with 420; in Africa, with 240; in America 126, with 47,185; and in Australia four, with 897. At the head of the list, therefore, stands America, with an average of 374 subscribers in every town, while the average in Europe is only 167.

RAID REFORMERS REFUSED RECOGNITION. The rabid reformers of morals are constantly urging the authorities to attempt to invade the well secured privileges enjoyed by the Louisiana State Lottery under special arrangements by direct legislation; but they might as well attempt to swim against the current of Niagara Falls. The public know that all its distributions are fair and the promises fulfilled. M. A. Dauphin, New Orleans, La., will give all information relative to the matter on application before the 162nd Grand Monthly Drawing, which takes place November 13, 1883.

Over the door of a small frame building in which a colored family is living in Greenville, Tenn., is a pine board on which is the legend, now almost erased by rain and storm, "A. Johnson, Tailor." A little beyond the western border of the town is a marble monument that marks the last home of "Andrew Johnson, President of the United States."

EPPE'S COCOA—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and yet by a careful application of the fine properties of well selected Cocoa Mr. Eppe has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage, which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating about us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame.—Civil Service Gazette. Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets and tins (1 lb and 1 lb) by grocery, labelled, "JAMES EPPE & CO., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England. Also makers of EPPE'S CHOCOLATE ESSENCE.

THE QUEEN'S SECRET.

CHAPTER XIV.

In a spacious boudoir at Hampton Court, a few weeks after the occurrence of the events we have just related, sat Elizabeth Tudor, the greatest female sovereign of Europe, and beside her the Countess Harrington, the most faithful and devoted of royal handmaidens. Both were sadly and silently gazing on the pictures that covered the walls of the apartment. Neither seemed disposed to speak; yet, at each stealthy glance they cast at each other, and again quickly withdrew, their thoughts must have been painful and embarrassing. Elizabeth's hair, wrapped in a scarf after the fashion of a turban, and fastened on the forehead under a diamond of the finest water, lay back against the cushion of the chair in which she reclined. The place was darkened so much by the close drawn window curtains, that, entering suddenly from out of the ante-chamber, one could hardly distinguish the objects in the apartment. Directly above the mantle, before which the queen sat, hung a portrait of her father, by Holbein, his right hand resting on the hilt of a two-edged sword that lay across the leaves of an open Bible. Various pictures and statues, some of them of small merit, but of religious character, lay here and there on tables and pedestals, or hung suspended from the walls. These ornaments with the single exception of the first mentioned, were calculated to impress the mind of the visitor, as he entered and looked about him, with feelings of religious respect for the place and the occupant. There was the little marble font of blessed water near the door, the crucifix upon the table, and the image of the Blessed Virgin overlooking all from the wall opposite, as if the queen of angelic purity had been chosen to guard that holy sanctuary. Elizabeth's face was pale and cold as marble, and her form lay as still as if life had left it. Her eyes, that but a few weeks before beamed and flashed with their hereditary fire, were now languid and expressionless, and her features thin and pinched, like one worn out by long suffering. Yet she had given peremptory orders that morning, despite the remonstrance of her physician and Lady Harrington, her faithful attendant, to be carried in her chair from her bed chamber to her boudoir. Dr. Marsali, who had been watching at her bedside for three days and nights incessantly, had relined to rest by her express command, notwithstanding his having assured her majesty that she stood in imminent danger of a fever from the least imprudent exertion, and therefore needed his most constant attention.

There was a long interval of painful silence, during which her over-active mind had been busily thinking. Her thoughts had travelled back to bygone times—to Seymour, and the Protector, and the prison, to the dreams of her youth and the sad realities of her maturer years. She had been endeavoring to realize what the world thought of her—how she stood in the estimation of her friends and enemies. She dwelt long on the possibility of losing that reputation which she had been so long laboring to acquire. She had been so long laboring to acquire, she had thought, too, of God and eternity, of death and judgment. But there was one image that constantly intruded itself upon her thoughts, and disturbed them beyond all others—it was the image of Mary Stuart, as she saw her at the court of Edward, the object of universal adoration, looking the very personification of meekness, grace, and loveliness. And she was now the exalted Queen of Scotland and her presumptive to the British crown—the woman in whose presence she feared to appear, let her superhuman beauty would rob her of those hearts and eyes she so long labored to captivate, and in whom, after her own solemn declaration against marriage, she hoped of the nation must necessarily centre. This thought was ever uppermost; if she crushed it down at all, it was but for a moment; it rose again more powerful and distressing than before. Mary Stuart was the spectre that hovered round her, sleeping and waking; the demon with the angel form and face that forever came to interpose between her and happiness. After a long indulgence in these bitter musings, her form still reclining motionless in the chair, and her arms stretched listless at her side, she started suddenly, and screamed as if a viper had stung her, and brushed her dress quickly with her hand, as if to drive away the poisonous reptile. Lady Harrington flew to her side in an instant.

"Is it," ejaculated Elizabeth, her eyes glaring with the fright, "methought she had killed me?"

"Who, most gracious madam?" inquired the countess.

"That—that—O, nothing! I thought an adder had stung me; nothing more!"

"Your Majesty's thoughts are still troubling thee," said the countess, kneeling and kissing the Queen's hand affectionately.

"I cannot help thinking," replied Elizabeth, smiling faintly.

"O, be not displeated, my dear and gracious madam; yet be not displeated," said the countess; "all will yet be well. Thy faithful people and right loyal and loving clergy are offering their orisons without ceasing in the churches in your majesty's behalf, and they will surely be heard. Be comforted, my queen; this dependency will beset thee the great Elizabeth."

"Great!" repeated the Queen, emphasizing the syllable, and looking languidly in the face of her attendant.

"Ay," reiterated the countess, "great, and good, and noble, and kind. What thought—"

"But who hath told thee?"

"O, my gracious queen, these thoughts will kill thee, if thou dost not repress them," said the countess, in accents of pity and terror, at the sight of so much mental agony; for she feared that excitement, acting on a frame so weakened with sickness and confinement, would deprive her of her reason. "I beseech your majesty will spare thyself this."

"Peace, woman! and listen to us," interrupted the queen. "Thou thinkest thou the secret in thy keeping gives thee a right to be bold; listen, and answer us; when hath he seen this Alice Wentworth?"

"The Earl of—?"

"Ay, when hath he seen her?"

"I know not, my liege."

"Countess, didst thou ever see her? Didst thou speak?" and the queen caught her by the arm, and squeezed it with such muscular power, weak as she was, that the poor lady winced under the pain.

"Lie, your majesty?"

"Ay, lie! wouldst tell a falsehood to relieve us from mental suffering. We are a queen—wouldst lie to please a queen?"

"O, your majesty, thou'lt not thyself, or thou wouldst not speak thus," said the countess.

"I implore your majesty—"

"Answer me, mistress, answer us truly, or we'll pluck thine eyes out. Hath he seen her since our progress in Worcester-shire?"

"Never, my gracious sovereign—never to my knowledge," and Lady Harrington burst into tears.

"Paugh!" cried Elizabeth, "we care not for tears; if ye're but poor weopons to defend thee against the anger of a Plantagenet. Give us the drops."

"Countess," she resumed, having swallowed the medicine, and suddenly, as usual, repressed the violence of her passion—"countess, we fear we have done thee wrong in suspecting thee of deceit, though it was only for a moment. We know thou art well tried and right faithful; but the experience of the duplicity and treachery of friends hath made us so fearful and suspicious, that we think we should mistrust every one about us."

"Be calm, then, my gracious mistress, and endeavor to court some repose, after the terrible agonies thou hast endured, both of mind and body, for the few last days. I will sit here at thy feet, and tend thee with the fondness of a sister, and the humility of a slave, till thou art again able to meet thy faithful and loyal people."

"Love," repeated the queen, with a languid and meaning smile; "hath not thy love been less ardent and less respectful of late?"

"Not a whit, my sovereign. O, do not think so, or thou'lt break my heart. We do not think so, my gracious madam; no, we merely asked thee. If we thought this—this late event had lessened thy respect or attachment for thee, my friend, and she tapped the lady's cheek playfully as she spoke—"In such manner that they should never run no risk of disclosure."

Lady Harrington, not in the least unprepared for such a threat—for the well known character of the woman into whose partial confidence she was admitted,—replied in the same pleasant humor her majesty had affected, that she would willingly receive any provision of the kind her grace would condescend to offer, but hoped, nevertheless, the time was far off when her majesty would deem such a measure necessary for her happiness. And the countess was sincere in every word she uttered; for she loved Elizabeth more truly and devotedly than all the rest of her numerous attendants; not for her virtues, nor for the possession of those qualities of the heart which create and preserve friendship, but because she was a queen, and thought her worthy of her confidence.

"Trust in me, gentle mistress," continued the countess, kneeling before her, and looking up beseechingly in her face; "do not doubt me for one moment. I would gladly lay down my life a thousand times to defend thee from ill."

"Nay, we know well thou wouldst make any personal sacrifice; but what boots it if that thing live to embitter our days. Ah, the thought is a very hell to us. We would see it dead, countess."

"Thou shalt never see it, madam; it is doubtless long ago removed from human sight."

"Doubtless! paugh! and thou hast but his word for this deed, and he but the promise of an old Scotch peasant, mayhap the creature of Mary Stuart. Gods' death! it's hard to bear this terrible uncertainty. Hand us the drops." But the intense dread of exposure, caused by the latter reflection, was too much for her exhausted frame—she fainted, and the medicine reached her lips.

Lady Harrington flew to the door, and sent a messenger for Dr. Marsali.

The old physician, thin and cadaverous, and dressed in his sombre habiliments, appeared almost instantly at the door, staggering from the weight of years and long-continued watching. Immediately behind him came Cecil, her faithful and intriguing minister, and Leicester, her handsome favorite, both hesitating on the threshold, as if they felt doubtful of the propriety of the visit. Cecil, however, confident of his sovereign's high regard and his own deeds, took courage and approached. Leicester, whose countenance betrayed some secret apprehension, following the secretary, knelt beside the Queen, and throwing back the scarf from her forehead, just began to chafe her temples when she recovered from the swoon.

The earl's face was the first object the queen saw when she awoke to consciousness, and instantly recognized it. Supposing there was no other in the room but the Countess of Harrington, she snatched her right hand from him; in which it was clasped, and struck him a blow upon the cheek, faintly hissing out the words between her clenched teeth, "Begone, traitor, thou hast undone me."

Ocell, who overheard the words, glanced at the countess an inquisitive look; but that lady, conscious his eye was turned upon her, expressed nothing but concern for her mistress.

Leicester rose, without a word of reply, and meekly retired behind her chair. Cecil approached and kneeling down, took the queen's hand reverently and kissed it.

"Why, what's this, ah, my good secretary, thou here! and looking as if thine eyes had just beheld the extinction of all earthly royalty. We imagined (perhaps it was a dream) that we had just buffeted the ears of the noble Earl of Leicester, for having so long neglected his suit with the

handsome Queen of Scots, and thus undone all our political calculations. Eh! sir, was it but a dream?"

"My gracious sovereign," replied Cecil, "hath but to command the noble earl to step from behind her grace's chair, and methinks the blood which yet tingles in his cheek will easily remove the doubt, if any there be."

"The last words of the wily statesman sounded somewhat equivocal to the queen's ear; but she affected not to notice them, and turning her head slightly to look at Leicester, who now presented himself at her side, said, in a tone of bitter reproof, "Hadst thou been as solicitous to gratify our wishes in reference to the happiness of our sister of Scotland as thou seemest about our health, which is in the Lord's keeping, and who will not fail to watch over it without thy aid, thou hadst pleased us more, my Lord of Leicester."

"Gracious madam," began the earl, in a humble, supplicatory tone.

But the queen interrupted him with a request to be alone with Sir William Ocell, and directed Lady Harrington to remain in the ante-chamber.

"I had just come to inquire after your grace's health," said the secretary, when the door closed behind the Countess of Harrington, "and was about to leave the palace, rejoiced at your majesty's recovery, when I was told of your sudden indisposition, and made bold to enter your majesty's apartment, for the which I humbly crave your gracious pardon."

"We pardon thee right willingly, Sir William; firstly, because thy visit was prompted by thy love for our royal person, and, secondly, because there was no affair of so delicate a nature as to require thy exclusion."

"It affords me exceeding pleasure to hear your majesty speak so gratefully of my poor devotion to your gracious and right royal person," replied Cecil, kneeling before her in an attitude of profound veneration, "and that your grace's health is again restored so much as to enable your grace to leave the royal bed chamber."

"Thou speakest like a loyal subject, Sir William, and we thank thee for thy devotion. Rise, sir, and sit thee down beside me. We have not yet forgotten the friendly relations we have formed in the days of our imprisonment, and care not to subject thee now to the rules of court etiquette."

"Doth your majesty find the new medicine skillful in his art?" he inquired.

"Beyond expectation," replied Elizabeth; "and we regret much his intention of again returning to Florence."

"Your majesty's regret for such a step," observed Cecil, "should be equal to a command, were he even so blind as not to see the honor it conferred. I had not heard of his intention to leave your majesty's service."

"We would fain detain him here as our special physician, but he has his own subject; but we cannot," and Elizabeth detained, as if doubtful what to say—"we cannot detain the subject of another."

"If it be your grace's wish he shall remain," observed Cecil, confidently.

"Nay, we shall have no services from compulsion," replied the queen, "and least of all that of a physician, as thou must needs well know, my good secretary; but if he were loyal, and corresponded not with Italian conspirators, the which, we fear, he hath done, and were disposed to serve us well, according to his knowledge, we should esteem the scander of his presence in our royal palace."

"Correspond with Italian conspirators against your majesty's kingdom and life!" repeated Cecil; "most gracious queen, this should have been seen to. I tremble when I reflect that your majesty's life has been in such hands!"

"Nay, we did not say that either," quickly responded Elizabeth; "we cannot and do not ever that he hath in verity corresponded with such men; but a report savoring strongly of it hath come to our ears, and given us much uneasiness."

The matter shall be thoroughly investigated, gracious madam, and with all the despatch the mightiness of the case demands.

"We would not have thee precipitate, neither, Sir William; but if you discover treason, it is needless to say it must be punished. Right gladly would we see the old man acquitted of the charge, for we trust much to his knowledge of the healing art; but if it suiteth a crowned head to be at the mercy of disloyal servants."

Whether Cecil himself had reason to suspect the doctor maintained a secret correspondence with the agents of the Italian conspiracy, so called, whose object was to support the claims of Mary Stuart as heir presumptive, or that he imagined Elizabeth was willing to implicate him in it for her own private reasons, certain it is he at once resolved not to suffer the doctor to leave the kingdom. Having, in accordance with a resolution, again assured the queen of his immediate attention to a case of such weight and importance, he ventured to allude to some state affairs of great and pressing moment, but feared it would fatigue her majesty too much to prolong the conference.

"Dear sir," replied Elizabeth; "we shall listen to thee without inconvenience. Give us the drops."

The queen, fearing in the consciousness of her guilt that Cecil might form dark suspicions on an exhibition so unusual to other cases than that of her well-known rheumatism of the leg, determined to grant him an interview, and go through it with all the energy and self-possession she could summon to her aid.

"But first, Mr. Secretary," she resumed, after swallowing a few drops of the invigorating medicine, "what of the recusants?"

"They still refuse the oath, my liege, trusting, no doubt, to your majesty's woe and calamity."

CHAPTER XV.

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