

## CHAPTER XXX

### THE EVE OF ST. WINIFRIED

**T**O-MORROW. In the market-place they spoke of to-morrow, some with the fervour of religious enthusiasm, setting great store upon the feast; others because St. Winifried's Day was the climax of the festival and the very fullest enjoyment might be looked for then, the very height of the fun and frolic. The mummers declared they were keeping their best spectacle for the feast day, the tumblers were reserving their most wonderful tricks, and the Egyptian fortune-teller prophesied that it would be a most fortunate day for seeing a propitious future in the fall of the cards and the patterns made by the scattered sand.

To-morrow would be the climax of the festival, and really the end of it, for the following day the market-place would begin to wear its normal aspect, and the shops would take down their shutters again. The saddler was not the only one who rejoiced thereat, for until the feast was over there was no work to be got out of any apprentice. Masters grew tired of idleness if those who worked for them did not.

To-morrow. It was the great day to many a stalwart lad and maid. Shy lips had whispered, perhaps months ago, "Wait until St. Winifried's Day," and now the waiting was nearly over. Shy lips must give a more definite answer directly the service in St. Anne's

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