

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 XXXIV.—Continued.

They then passed into the corridor, and I went back to the kitchen, where the cook, who had a kinder heart than one would imagine from her rough exterior, likewise ascribed my woe-begone appearance to my having incurred her mistress's displeasure.

be on your guard; you will find this a more dangerous place than the Thames. Yet our trip that night nearly brought me to the gallows. However nothing could be proved against me, so, as I am no Papist, I was let off with six months imprisonment for smuggling.

That morning I had observed in Water Lane, close to the Tower, the shop of a dealer in second-hand clothes. Thither I now directed my steps, to purchase the linen and other clothes I should require in character of serving-woman.

The man, surprised at receiving from me so large a gratuity, promised to aid me to the utmost of his power, provided there was no attempt to release any prisoner, for he was bound by oath to help no one to escape.

As soon as she had gone, I took the occasion to put some questions to my companion about the conspiracy of which Lady Hopton had spoken. "What," she said, "has nothing been heard of it in your village? Did you not hear how Babington and his associates wanted to murder the Queen, set Mary Stuart on the throne, deliver the country to the Spaniards, and uproot the Gospel everywhere.

Here we were interrupted, and Bill went away, after repeating his promise to spy the prisoners in the Old Harbor of my proximity. That evening, when I looked from my attic window at the cell where my dear ones were confined, I could not sufficiently thank God for having so vividly guided and directed my steps during the past day.

"I was told that some gentlewomen had been arrested with them," I said timidly, standing so that she could not see my face. She replied: "Yes, two; old Mistress Bellamy and her daughter or granddaughter, who is said to be Babington's wife. They are confined over there in the Old Harbor, that old weather-beaten tower by the White tower. You can see it from the kitchen window, and from your little chamber you can see the window of their cell.

Don't forget the old man with the fish on his back. For nearly thirty years he has been traveling around the world, and is still traveling, bringing health and comfort wherever he goes. 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. To thin and pale persons he gives new firm flesh and rich red blood.

in front of the Church I could see the block, where the unhappy Anne Boleyn paid the price of her evil deeds. What a record of deeds of horror surrounded me on all sides; but again, what heroic examples of Christian fortitude. With the thought of these I consoled myself as I lay down to sleep, and above all with the knowledge that almost every night the Holy Sacrifice was offered within the precincts of this cruel fortress, and fervent supplications ascended to Heaven from the lips of my Catholic brother.

I need hardly say how much I longed, on the morrow, for the time when I should have to carry their dinner to the female prisoners. But another piece of intelligence awaited me before then.

It must not be supposed that, although I have for so long said nothing about my betrothed, anxiety, as to his fate was not one of the bitterest drops in my cup of sorrows. I was however, completely impotent, for had I known with certainty that he had escaped, I should not have known where to seek him, I could do nothing but wait, and I was resolved to be true to him, and as I could not in my present character, wear on my finger the ring he had given me under the wonderful flower of Woxindon, I fastened it round my neck on a ribbon, and wore it on my heart.

And now quite unexpectedly, I was to learn what had befallen him. Bill Bell found an opportunity of telling me he had executed my commission, and if I was in a position to pay for it he could supply my relatives in the Cold Harbour with bedding, and other little indulgences. To this I gladly assented, and gave the old seafarer, who I knew was to be trusted, a good round sum for the purpose.

Oh, gentle, gentle reader, Have you ever sallied forth To some big fever or other Which you thought was something worth, And listened to the speeches Of the orators, until You felt like going crazy, And you knew the worth was nil?

Oh, gentle, gentle reader, Have you ever heard them rave, The people with a mission To condemn or vice to save, The men who eloquently their horror Or their favor in a shout— Until you wished to holler From your seat: "Oh, cut it out!"

Oh, gentle, gentle reader, Have you ever sat and heard The man who "came not thinking 'H'd be asked to say a word," The man who hems and haws until You're fairly fit to sneeze, The man who didn't really come Prepared to make a speech?"

Oh, gentle, gentle reader, Have you ever been compelled To listen to this fellow Till your intellect rebelled?— This modest mannered, diffident, Excruciating bore Who makes "a few remarks" For something like an hour or more?

Oh, gentle, gentle reader, Have you ever sat them through, The after-dinner speeches Cackled out a la Depew? Oh, have you ever tried to laugh, Although you'd like to swear, At jokes of old Joe Miller All resuscitated there?

Oh, gentle, gentle reader, Have you ever had to sit And listen to such counterfeits Of wisdom and of wit, Of all the dreary bores, does he Not the worst to you?— The lengthy winded fellow Who just said "a word or two."

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A HINT TO THE ORATORS. (A reader of the S. H. Review, a member of many societies, fraternal, social and educational, sends it the following poem which reflects a state of mind common enough, he says, among people who have to listen to after-dinner oratory. He avers that he would like to send a copy of this poem to all members of the A. O. H., K. of G. M. C. O. F., C. T. A. U., and other Catholic societies.)

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DOAN'S MISCELLANEOUS. Minister's Wife (who takes great interest in her industrial school)—Jane Brown, I'm sorry to hear from your mistress that you are not diligent at your needlework. Now you know who it is that finds work for idle hands to do.

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Make Weak Hearts Strong. Make Shaky Nerves Firm. They are a Sure Cure for Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Loss of Energy, Brain Fag, etc. They regulate the heart's action and invigorate the nerves.

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