

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 XXX. (Continued.)

The voice was a peculiar one, and I instantly recognized it as Topcliffe's. Quick as thought I sprang through the door and down to the river. Our boat lay as usual, moored at the foot of the steps; I sprang into it and pushed off from the bank. Before I got far, I fancied myself pursued; but I pushed my little craft between some others of a larger size, and, favored by the darkness, reached the southwest side in safety.

The Paris Garden was a blaze of light; the sound of musical instruments rang through the still night air. To elude observation, I avoided the principal entrance, and made my way in through a side gate. The curtains of the largest tent being drawn up to admit the cool air, I obtained a view of the interior, which was profusely decorated. There the gilded youth of London were sporting themselves, decked out in gay habiliments of the latest French fashion. They stood and sat in groups at the tables, taking refreshments, playing cards, or chattering merrily as they watched the dancers, moving in stately measure to the sound of clarionet and fiddle. The festive scene, the rich dresses, the sparkling jewels and nodding plumes, the songs and laughter, were little in harmony with the care and anxiety that filled my heart.

"We have no more chance," he said. "May God have mercy on your souls!" "One chance remains," I replied, "throw off your cloak, friend; we will swim for our lives." "That may do for you; for me it would be certain death. Give my love to my young wife, my poor Alice; I would fain have spared her this sorrow. Save yourself and pray for me, only be quick!"

I lingered a moment, urging my companion to jump into the river and cling to an oar to keep himself afloat; he refused, so, as our pursuers were almost alongside, I let myself over the side into the water. Fortunately for me, the officers did not see me, owing to the darkness, although when they boarded our skiff, I was not a boat's length off. Finding only one where they had seen two men, they began to search for me, igniting their torches for this purpose. Carried down by the force of the current, I struck out vigorously to the left, and thus succeeded in passing under a different arch of the bridge to my pursuers, whose torches cast a lurid glare on each side of the boat. "There he goes," I heard one exclaim; and a long pole struck the water within a few feet of me.

"No, it is only a log of wood," another said. "Look out for the pier ahead!" I cried a third. "Provisionally for me, their attention was diverted to the management of their boat. But another peril now presented itself. The tide was ebbing fast, and the rush of the water through the arches of the bridge caused a dangerous eddy below the piers. Into this I was drawn, and carried under, no less than three times, my shoulder being also struck violently

against the stonework of the bridge. To get free cost me a hard struggle, and when I regained the surface, and struck out into smoother water, it was only to encounter fresh dangers. Exactly in front of me was the barge of the river-guard, lighted up with cauldrons of burning pitch. I was perceived, so there was nothing to be done but to dive beneath the vessel. I drew a deep breath, invoked the aid of the Blessed Virgin, and plunged downwards; when I rose to the surface, the barge was a considerable distance behind, and the boat of the pursuers a good way off. My strength was however, exhausted, I could only drift with the stream and in my helplessness was almost tempted to give myself up to the officers. But the hangman and the gallowers rose before me, and I resolved to make one more effort to save myself.

I was in the neighborhood of St. Catharine's wharf, and it occurred to me that I might reach Bill Bell's house. Summoning all my powers, I managed with great difficulty, to swim across the Thames. Despair gave me strength, and guided by the light in the attic where the sick girl lay, I reached the old tenement and clung to the wooden posts on which it was raised. But even then I was in an evil plight. To call for help would have brought the watchmen to the spot and led to my capture; the only alternative was to hold on, no easy matter in my exhausted condition, until such time as I could attract the notice of the inhabitants of the house. Presently my situation became intolerable; the time as it crept by, appeared to me an eternity, my senses began to fail, my head swam; the rushing of the water deafened and bewildered me. In fact when the bell of St. Paul's tolled midnight, I felt that before another hour had passed, I should have to appear before the judgement seat of God. Suddenly, however, the strange singing in my ears changed into the regular splash of oars, a strong hand laid hold of me, and a lantern flashed full in my face.

"Mr Windsor? For God's sake, can it be you?" a voice exclaimed, and two sturdy arms lifted me into the boat. Who spoke to me and what I answered, I knew not until afterwards for I immediately lost consciousness. When I came to myself, I was lying in a dark, narrow chamber, of which I could touch the walls on each side. My first thought was that it was a prison cell.

CHAPTER XXXI. When I called out the guard of Charley Castle at midnight, and went through the face of surrounding the Mayflower, and demanding admission in the Queen's name in order to arrest Mr Edward Windsor on a charge of high treason, the individual in question had, naturally, long since made good his escape. I feigned astonishment, and announced my intention of sending horsemen in pursuit of him at daybreak. They were to go to the Wash, but a countryman told us that he had seen the doctor riding in an opposite direction, southwards on the road to London. The thought struck me at once; the foolish fellow, instead of providing for his own safety, has made an effort to save his confederates! This must not be permitted, for I considered it possible that one of them, Savage, at any rate, would attempt something desperate against the Queen, so as not to sacrifice his life to no purpose. So I took horse immediately, that I might acquaint my uncle as speedily as possible with what had occurred, although I had no doubt that in the meantime Babington and his associates would have been apprehended.

All the next night I was in the saddle, the night which witnessed Windsor's adventurous flight on the Thames. Towards mid-day I reached London, half dead with fatigue and smothered with dust. Without waiting to change my clothes or take any refreshment, I hastened to my uncle. His reception of me was by no means encouraging. "So you have escorted Windsor hither yourself," he said. "It would have been better to have remained where you were, and awaited further directions, because we will have to make a domiciliary visit to Charley one of these days, before that Stuart woman hears of the failure of the plot."

"You are mistaken, uncle," I replied with some embarrassment, "I have not brought Windsor. He slipped through my fingers, and I am told he took the road to London." Walsingham changed color, and looked at me as I had never seen him look before. For several minutes he did not utter a word; at last, with forced composure, he said: "How so, Windsor slipped through your fingers! We had better not ask how that happened, or I might have to acknowledge your inefficiency to Barghley and the Queen, not to mention worse consequences. Now I understand how it was that Babington and nearly all his fellow-conspirators escaped arrest yesterday evening. One of my agents told me Windsor came to the Paris Garden and warned his friends, but I swore at him for a fool. He was right to thank you! And for this we have to thank your extraordinary sagacity!"

"I will tell you the truth, uncle," I answered. "Windsor had saved my life two or three days before, at the risk of his own, and so—"

(To be continued.)

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They have cured others. They will cure you. 50c. per box or 2 for \$1.25. All dealers or The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

BETHLEHEM TOWN. There burns a star o'er Bethlehem town— See, O my eyes! And gloriously it beamed down Upon a virgin mother meek, And him, whom solemn Magi seek, Burn on, O star! and be the light To guide us all to Him this night! The angels walk in Bethlehem town— Hush, O my heart!

The angels come and bring a crown To Him our Saviour and our King; And sweetly all this might I sing, Sing on in rapturous angel throng, That we may learn that heavenly song! Near Bethlehem town there blooms a tree— O heart beat low! And it shall stand on Calvary! But from the shade thereof we turn Unto the star that still shall burn When Christ is dead and risen again To remind us that He died for men.

There is a cry in Bethlehem town— Hark, O my soul! 'Tis of the Babe that wears the crown It telleth us that man is free— That he redeemeth all and me! The night is sped—behold the morn! Sing, O my soul! the Christ is born! —EUGENE FIELD.

The Christmas Dinner. In spite of the fact that the word dyspepsia means literally bad cook, it will not be fair for many to lay the blame on the cook if they begin the Christmas Dinner with little appetite and end it with distress or nausea. It may not be fair for us to do that—let us hope for the sake of the cook! The disease dyspepsia indicates a bad stomach, that is a weak stomach, rather than a bad cook, and for a weak stomach there is nothing else equal to Hood's Sarsaparilla. It gives the stomach vigor and tone, cures dyspepsia, creates appetite, and makes eating the pleasure it should be.

The Philadelphia Record chronicled, "Caterpillars are crawling" and an over-copied New York paper not only copied the startling item, but gave it the scare-head, "Activity in the Quaker City." The breath of the pines is the breath of life to the consumptive. Norway Pine Syrup contains the pine virtues and cures coughs, colds, bronchitis, hoarseness, and all throat and lung troubles, which, if not attended to, lead to consumption.

"Mamma," said four-year-old Harry, as his mother was giving him his bath, "be sure and wipe me quite dry, so I won't get rusty."

Minard's Liniment Cures La Grippe. Tourist—Where do these roads lead to? Boy—One of them leads to my home, and the other goes straight on.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria. Used internally Hagar's Ointment Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Quinsy, Pain in the Chest, Croup, etc. Used externally cures Rheumatism, Stiff Joints, Contracted Cords, Sprains, Strains, Burns, Scalds, Cuts, and Bites of Insects.

MILBURN'S LAXA LIVER PILLS. Are a combination of the active principles of the most valuable vegetable remedies for diseases and disorders of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels.

CURE CONSTIPATION. Sick Headache, Jaundice, Heartburn, Catarrh of the Stomach, Distress, Bloating and Pimples.

CURE BILIOUSNESS. Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach, Water Brash, Liver Complaint, Sallow or Muddy Complexion.

CLEAN COATED TONGUE. Sweeten the breath and clear away all waste and poisonous matter from the system. Price 50c. a bottle or 2 for \$1.00. All dealers or The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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Burdock Blood Bitters always does its work thoroughly and completely, so people know that when B.B.B. cures them they're cured to stay cured.

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Christmas, prithee, be thou drest In thy best— In thy best— Snowy wimple, snowy gown— Laying down Flooding pure and white, to greet Jew's feet, Gloria in Excelsis! Bid thy trusty handmaids bear Through the air Cloth of silver for thy veil Clear and frail, While the robins welcome sing To thy king, Gloria in Excelsis! Angels o'er thy radiant brow Leaning low, Joyous, carol once again Sweet refrain, Seeing our dark earth so fair; "Peace be there." Gloria in Excelsis!

British Troop Oil Liniment is without exception the most effective remedy for Cuts, Wounds, Ulcers, Open Sores, Rheumatism, Bites, Stings of Insects, etc. A large bottle 25 cents.

Bounder.—Charley is a puffer; he always gets there. He's of the true metal, he is. Skilman.—What are you talking about? Brass isn't a metal; it's only a composition.

GOOD HEALTH IS IMPOSSIBLE Without regular action of the bowels. Laxa-Liver Pills regulate the bowels, cure constipation, dyspepsia, biliousness, sick headache, and all affections of the organs of digestion. Price 25 cents. All druggists.

An amateur photographer stopped one morning at a Kansas farmhouse and inquired for the farmer. "I want to trespass on your premises," he said, "long enough to take a picture of that cornfield. It's the most magnificent one I ever saw." "That's all right," responded the farmer. "But you'll have to take it instantaneous—it's growing so fast."

Messrs. C. C. Richards & Co. Gentlemen.—My three children were dangerously low with diphtheria. On the advice of our priest my wife began the use of MINARD'S LINIMENT. In two hours they were greatly relieved, and in five days they were completely well, and I firmly believe your valuable Liniment saved the lives of my children. Gratefully yours, ADELBERT LEFEBVRE. Mair's Mills, June 19th, 1899.

"What's the matter with your head, Madge?" asked a visitor on seeing a child's hair wound in curl-papers. Little Madge, whose two sisters have naturally curly hair, answered glibly, "Why, I have to do this because my hair is naturally brady."

Minard's Liniment the best Hair Restorer.

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Strayed. There has been on the subscriber's premises since the 15th of November, a year and a half old Bull, color red. Unless claimed by January 15th, 1903, he will be sold by auction on the premises to pay expenses. CHAS. W. LEARD. Riverton, Lot 52, Dec. 24, 1902-3.

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