

WHEN KNIGHTHOOD WAS IN FLOWER

Or, The Love Story of Charles Brandon and Mary Tudor, the King's Sister, and Happening in the Reign of His August Majesty King Henry the Eighth

By EDWIN CASKODEN [CHARLES MAJOR]

(Continued.)

She gave the smile, and as he left followed his retreating figure with her eyes and thought, "After all, he has a kind heart."

She breathed a sigh of relief, too, for she felt she had accomplished Brandon's release and still retained her dangerous secret, the divulging of which she feared would have Henry's heart against her blandishments and strand her upon the throne of France.

But she was not entirely satisfied with the arrangement. She knew that her obligation to Brandon was such as to demand of her that she should not leave the matter to the hands of any other person, much less to an enemy such as Buckingham.

At times she would fall into one of her old fits of anger because Brandon had not come to see her before he left, but soon the anger melted into tears, and the tears brought a sort of joy when she thought that he had run away from her because he loved her.

The king remained at Windsor and grieved and wept and dreamed and longed that she might see across the fields of billowy country to her love, her love, her love!

CHAPTER X. JUSTICE, O KING! SUCH was the state of affairs when I returned from France. How I hated myself because I had not faced the king's displeasure and had not refused to go until Brandon was safely out of his trouble.

It must be trumped up out of your love in order to save your friend. Have a care, good master, how you say such a thing. If it were true, would not Brandon have told it at his trial?

"It is as true as that God lives, my king," the lady Mary and Lady Jane do not best me out in any way. I have said, let my life pay the forfeit. He would not tell of the great reason for killing the men, fearing to compromise the honor of those whom he had saved, for as your majesty is aware, persons sometimes go to Grouche's for purposes other than to listen to his scolding.

"The king remained a moment in thought, with knife in hand. "Caskoden, have you not detected you in a lie in all the years I have known you. You are not very large in body, but your honor is great enough to stock a Goliath. I believe you are telling the truth. I will go at once to liberate Brandon, and that little husky, my sister, shall go to France and enjoy life as she can with her old beauty, King Louis. I know of no greater punishment to inflict upon her. This determines me. She shall come out of it no longer. Sir Thomas Brandon, have my horses ready, and I will go to the lord mayor, then to my lord bishop of Lincoln and arrange to close this French treaty at once. Let everybody know that the Princess Mary will within the month be queen of France." This was said to the courtiers and was all over London by night.

I followed closely in the wake of the king, though Henry would not have permitted to trust to no one, not even his majesty, until Brandon should be free. Henry had said he would go first to the lord mayor and then to Wolsey, but after we crossed the bridge he passed down Lower Thames street and I saw him speak little into Grace Church street on toward Bishopsgate. He said he would stop at Mistress Cornwallis' and have a pudding and then on to Wolsey, who at that time lodged in a house near the wall beyond Bishopsgate.

I resolved to raise heaven and earth, and the other place, too, if necessary, before this should happen. So I rode boldly up to the king and with uncovered head addressed him as follows: "I have given you your royal word that you would go to the lord mayor first, and this is the road to my lord bishop of Lincoln. In all the years I have known your majesty, both as gallant prince and pious king, this is the first request I ever made of you."

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"My friend" Ah, the words were dear to me as words of love from a sweetheart's lips! I hardly recognized him, he was so brightly covered with fish and dirt, and creeping things. His hair and beard were unkempt and matted, and

"Ah, Caskoden, is that you?" his eyes and cheeks were lusterless and sunken; but I will describe him no further. Suffering had well nigh done its work, and nothing but the hardihood gathered in his years of camp life and having saved him from death, I bathed and clothed him as well as I could at Newgate and then took him home to Greenwich in a horse litter, where my man and I thoroughly washed, dressed and shined the poor fellow and put him to bed.

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FERROVIM TRADE MARK A Tonic Wine, pleasant to take. Gives strength. Makes new blood. Builds up the system. Throws off all weaknesses.

deed placed on its hinges again, but the bed was tumbled as Mary had left it, and the room was in great disorder. "Oh, Sir Edwin," began Mary, who was weeping, "was ever woman in such frightful trouble? My brother is killing me. Can he not see that I could not live through a week of this marriage? And he has not been desisted by all my friends, too, excepting Jane. She, poor thing, cannot leave."

FIERCE BATTLE OVER IRISH FLAG

BOSTON, Oct. 23.—Because Isaac Smith of 93 Bowdoin street, said something about the Irish flag that grieved James Hamilton of Ziegler street, yesterday, a terrific fight ensued and ended in a lively chase with Patrolman Welsh of station 3 as the pursuer, and the arrest of both men.

The two men were taken across the Common when Smith made the remark about the Irish flag that displeased Hamilton. A fight followed, in which both men were thrown about the ground considerably. The men then went up to the State House grounds to finish it.

ENDS LIFE OWING TO WIFE'S DEATH

BOSTON, Oct. 23.—Driven insane through the death of his wife, a man, after several months since, Goon Long, a Chinese laundryman for his cousin, Goon Fee, 548 East Eighth street, South Boston, committed suicide by hanging at that place yesterday.

Goon Lee and Lee Won left the laundry yesterday to visit friends, leaving Goon Long there. When they returned at 8 o'clock last night they found the doors locked and the windows secured. They tried to arouse Goon Long, but without success, and then notified Lieutenant Allen of the 12th division. He sent Patrolman Waugh and Reserve Officer Donohoe, who forced in the rear door.

INJURED IN A TROLLEY ACCIDENT.

BANGOR, Me., Oct. 24.—John McKinnon, 38 years of age, a lumber surveyor of this city, died in the Eastern Maine general hospital shortly before one o'clock this morning from injuries received in a trolley accident which occurred at the corner of Harlow and Cumberland streets in the business district a few minutes before midnight.

DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE ILL.

LONDON, Oct. 23.—Dreadfully alarming the condition of the Duchess of Devonshire, one of the main, if not the chief of England's hostesses. At Newmarket last week she was so ill she had to be taken away from the race course quite suddenly, and at dinner on the previous night she remarked with distress her apparently weak condition, though she tried to bear up and appear cheerful for the sake of her guests. The Duchess was first taken suddenly ill while at the Aix les Bains, she rallied afterward. Undoubtedly there is much cause for serious alarm, but the nature of the malady is not yet stated.

RISE WOUND. on the American. 25.—The inter-... RISE SOAP. WOUNDED. on the American. 25.—The inter-... PE DISEASE. Kidneys—Keep Thus Avoid. Bright's disease kills at once—no... WATER! frequent. hours, if the... EYS ARE SED. tem against the... nson, who with... U. S. A., who... Minister's Te... the Pacific coast... place of the... ing repairs. take were disgusted... not being licen... is under... phen, who will... sary license.



"There is my answer, sir!"