or, The Love Story of Charles Brando and Mary Tudor, the King's Sister, and Happening In the Reign of His August Majesty King Henry the Eighth Regist From Sir Edwin Cas-koden's Memoir

By Edwin Caskoden [Charles Major Sopyright, 1898 and 1901, the Bowen-Merrill Company

and "thought it would do." We hoped so, but were full of doubts.

This is all tame enough to write and read about, but I can tell you it was sufficiently exciting at the time. Three of us at least were playing with that comical fellow, Death, and he gave the game interest and point to our hearts'

As to the elopement, it was determined that Brandon should leave London the following day for Bristol and make all arrangements along the line. He would carry with him two bundles, his own and Mary's clothing, and leave them to be taken up when they should go a-shipboard. Eight horses would be procured, four to be left as a relay at an inn between Berkeley castle and Bristol and four to be kept at the rendezvous some two leagues the other side of Berkeley for the use of Brandon, Mary and the two men from Bristol who were to act as an escort on the agreeable little feature that we could not provide against nor entirely eliminate. It was the fact that Jane and I should be suspected as accomplices before the fact of Mary's elopement, and, as you know, to assist in the abduction of a princess is treason, for which there is but one remedy. thought I had a plan to keep ourselves safe if I could only stifle for the once Jane's troublesome and vigorous tendency to preach the truth to all people upon all subjects and at all times and places. She promised to tell the story I should drill into her, but I knew the truth would seep out in a thousand ways. She could no more hold it than a sieve can hold water. We were playing for great stakes, which, if I do say it, none but the bravest hearts, bold and daring as the truest knights of chivalry, would think of trying fornothing less than the running away with the first princess of the first blood royal of the world. Think of it! It appalls me even now. Discovery meant death to one of us surely, Brandon; possibly to two others, Jane and me, certainly if Jane's truthfulness should become unmanageable, as it was apt

After we had settled everything we could think of the girls took their leave, Mary slyly kissing Brandon at the door. I tried to induce Jane to follow her lady's example, but she was as cool and distant as the new moon.

The next day Brandon paid his respects to the king and queen, made his adjeus to his friends and rode off alone to Bristol. You may be sure the king showed no signs of undue grief at his departure.

CHAPTER XVI.



warm weather. Hertford and the dowager Duchess of Kent. Henry might as well have sent along a pair of spaniels to act as chaperons-it would have taken an army to guard Mary alone-and to tell you the truth our old chaperons needed watching more than any of us. It was scandalous. Each of them had a touch of gout, and when they made wry faces it was a standing inquiry among us whether they were leering at each other or felt a twinge-whether it was their feet or their hearts that troubled

Mary led them a pretty life at all times, even at home in the palace, and I know they would rather have gone off with a pack of imps than with us. The inducesient was that it gave them better opportunities to be together, an arrangement connived at by the queen, I think, and they were satisfied. The earl had a wife, but he fancied the old dowager and she fancied him, and probably the wife fancied somebody else, so they were all happy. It greatly amused the young people, you may be sure, and Mary said, probably without telling the exact truth, that every night she prayed God to pity and forgive their ugliness. One day the princess said she was becoming alarmed. Their ugliness was so intense she feared it might be contagious and spread. Then, with a most comical seriousness,

"Mon Dieu, Sir Edwin, what if should catch it? Master Charles would not take me."

"No danger of that, my lady. He is too devoted to see anything but beauty in you, no matter how much you might

"Do you really think so? He says so little about it that sometimes I almost doubt."

Therein she spoke the secret of Brandon's success with her, at least in the beginning, for there is wonderful potency in the stimulus of a healthy little doubt.

We had a delightful canter over to Windsor, I riding with Mary most of the way. I was not averse to this arrangement, as I not only relished Mary's mirth and joyousness, which were

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my little Lady Jane a twinge or two of jealousy, perchance to fertilize her sentiments toward me.

Mary talked and laughed and sang, for her soul was a fountain of gladness that bubbled up the instant pressure was removed. She spoke of little but our last trip over this same road, and, as we passed objects on the way, told me of what Brandon had said at this place and that. She laughed and dimpled exquisitely in relating how she had deliberately made opportunities for him to flatter her until at last he smiled in her face and told her she was the most beautiful creature living, but that, after all, "beauty was as beauty did."

"That made me angry," said she. "I pouted for awhile and two or three times was on the point of dismissing him, but thought better of it and asked him plainly wherein I did so much amiss. Then what do you think the impudent fellow said?"

"I cannot guess." "He said, 'Oh, there is so much it would take a lifetime to tell it.'

"This made me furious, but I could not answer, and a moment later he said, 'Nevertheless I should be only too glad to undertake the task.'

"The thought never occurred to elther of us then that he would be taken at his word. Bold? I should think he was! I never saw anything like it! I have not told you a tenth part of what he said to me that day. He said anything he wished, and it seemed that I could neither stop him nor retaliate. Half the time I was angry and half the time amused, but by the time we eventful night. There was one dis- reached Windsor there never was a girl more hopelessly and desperately in love than Mary Tudor." And she laughed as if it were a huge joke on

> She continued: "That day settled matters with me for all time. I don't know how he did it. Yes, I do." And she launched forth into an account of Brandon's perfections, which I found somewhat dull, and so would you.

We remained a day or two at Windsor and then, over the objections of our chaperons, moved on to Berkeley castle, where Margaret of Scotland was spending the summer.

We had another beautiful ride up the dear old Thames to Berkeley, but Mary had grown serious and saw none

On the afternoon of the appointed day the princess suggested a hawking party, and we set out in the direction of the rendezvous. Our party consistof myself, three other gentlemen and three ladies besides Mary. Jane did not go. I was afraid to trust her. wept and with difficulty forced herself to say something about a headache, but the rest of the inmates of the castle of course had no thought that possibly they were taking their last look upon Mary Tudor.

Think who this girl was we were running away with! What reckless fools we were not to have seen the utter hopelessness, certain failure and deadly peril of our act; treason black as Plutonian midnight. But Providence seems to have an especial care for fools, while wise men are left to care for themselves, and it does look as if safe-

ty lies in folly. We rode on and on, and although took two occasions in the presence of others to urge Mary to return, owing to the approach of night and threatened rain, she took her own head, as everybody knew she always would, and continued the hunt.

Just before dark, as we neared the rendezvous, Mary and I managed to There were ten or twelve of us, in- ride ahead of the party quite a discluding two chaperons, the old Earl of tance. At last we saw a heron rise, and the princess uncapped her hawk.

"This is my chance," she said. will run away from you now and lose myself. Keep them off my track for five minutes, and I shall be safe. Goodby. Edwin. You and Jane are the only persons I regret to leave. I love you as my brother and sister. When we are settled in New Spain, we will have you both come to us. Now, Edwin, I thall tell you something: Don't let Jane put you off any longer. She loves you. She told me so. There! Goodby, my friend. Kiss her a thousand times for me." And she flew her bird and galloped after it at headlong speed.

Soon the princess was out of sight and I waited for the others to overtake



She flew her bird and galloped after it When they came up, I was greeted in chorus, "Where is the princess?" I said she had gone off with her hawk and had left me to bring them after ber. I held them talking while I could, and when we started to follow took up the wrong scent. A short ride made this apparent, when I came in for my full share of abuse and ridicule, for I had led them against their judgment. I was credited with being a blockhead, when, in fact, they were the dupes. We rode hurriedly back to the noint

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horns lustily, but my object had been accomplished, and I knew that within twenty minutes from the time I last saw her she would be with Brandon on the road to Bristol, gaining on any pursuit we could make at the rate of three miles for two. We scoured the | face: forest far and near, but of course found no trace. After a time rain set in and one of the gentlemen escorted the ladies home, while three of us remained to prowl about the woods and roads all night in a soaking drizzle. The task was tiresome enough for me, as it lacked motive, and when we rode into Berkeley castle next day a sorrier set of bedraggled, rain stained, mud covered knights you never saw. You may know the castle was wild with excite-There were all sorts of conjecbut soon we unanimously concluded it had been the work of highwaymen, of whom the country was full and by whom the princess had certainly been abducted.

The chaperons forgot their gout and each other, and Jane, who was the most affected of all, had a genuine excuse for giving vent to her grief and went to bed-by far the safest place

What was to be done? First, we sent a message to the king, who would probably have us all flayed alive, a fear which the chaperons shared to the fullest extent. Next, an armed party rode back to look again for Mary and, if possible, rescue her.

The fact that I had been out the en tire night before, together with the small repute in which I was held for deeds of arms, excused me from taking part in this bootless errand, so again l profited by the small esteem in whi I was held. I say I profited, for stayed at the castle with Jane, hoping to find my opportunity in the absence of everybody else. All the ladies but Jane had ridden out, and the knights who had been with me scouring the forest were sleeping, since they had not my incentive to remain awake. They had no message to deliver, no duty to perform for an absent friend. A thou sand! Only think of it! I wished i had been a million, and so faithful was I to my trust that I swore in my sou I would deliver them, every one.

And Jane loved me! No more walking on the hard, prosaic earth now From this time forth I would fly; that was the only sensible method of locomotion. Mary had said, "She told me so." Could it really be true? You will at once see what an advantage this bit of information was to me.

I hoped that Jane would wish to see me to talk over Mary's escape; so sent word to ber that I was waiting and she quickly enough recovered her health and came down. I suggested that we walk out to a secluded little summer house by the river, and Jane was willing. Ah, my opportunity was here at last!

Jane's whole attitude toward me was changed, and she seemed to cling to me in a shy, unconscious manner, that was sweet beyond the naming, as the one solace for all her grief.

After I had answered all her ques tions and had told her over and over again every detail of Mary's flight and had assured her that the princess was at that hour breasting the waves with Brandon on their highroad to paradise, I thought it time to start myself in the same direction and to say a word in my own behalf. So I spoke very freely and told Jane what I felt and what I wanted.

"Oh, Sir Edwin," she responded "let us not think of anything but my mistress. Think of the trouble she is

"No, no, Jane. Lady Mary is out of her trouble by now and is as happy as a lark, you may be sure. Has she not won everything her heart longed for? Then let us make our own paradise. since we have helped them make theirs. You have it, Jane, just within your lips. Speak the word, and it will change everything, if you love me, and

I know you do." Jane's head was bowed, and she remained silent.

Then I told her of Lady Mary's message and begged, if she would no speak in words what I so longed to hear, she would at least tell it by allowing me to deliver only one little thousandth part of the message Mary had sent, but she drew away and said she would return to the castle if continued to behave in that manner. begged hard and tried to argue the point, but logic seems to lose its force in such a situation, and all I said availed nothing. Jane was obdurate and was for going back at once. Her persistence was beginning to look like obstinacy, and I soon grew so angry that I asked no permission, but delivered Mary's message, or a good part of it at least, whether she would or no, and then sat back and asked her what she was going to do about it.

Poor little Jane thought she was undone for life. She sat there half pouting, half weeping, and said she could to nothing about it; that she was alone now, and if I, her only friend, would treat her that way she did not know

"Where to look?" I demanded. "Look here, Jane; here. You might as well anderstand first as last that I will not be trifled with longer, and that I intend to continue treating you that way as long as we both live. I have determined not to permit you to behave as you have for so long, for I know you love me. You have half fold me so dozen times, and even your half words are whole truths. There is not a fraction of a lie in you. Besides, Mary told me that you told her so."

"She did not tell you that?" "Yes, upon my knightly bonor." Of course there was but one answer to this-tears. I then brought the battle to close quarters at once, and, with my

Cures Grip

in Two Days.

on every

"Did you not tell her so? I know you will speak nothing but the truth. Did you not tell her? Answer me, Jane." The fair head nodded as she whispered between the hands that covered her

"Yes. I-I-d-did." and I-well, I delivered the rest of Mary's message, and that, too, without a protest from

Truthfulness is a pretty good thing, So Jane was conquered at last, and I

heaved a sigh as the battle ended, for

it had been a long, hard struggle. I asked Jane when we should be married, but she said she could not think of that now-not watil she knew that Mary was safe, but she would promise to be my wife some time.

We went back to the castle, and as we parted Jane said timidly: "I am glad I told you, Edwin, Glad it is over."

one and evidently areaded it but-1 was glad too. Very glad. Then I went to bed.

CHAPTER XVII. THE ELOPEMENT.

HATEVER the king might think, I knew Lord Wolsey would quickly enough gues the truth when he heard that the princess was missing, and would have a party in pursuit. The run aways, however, would have at least twenty-four hours the start, and a ship leaves no tracks. When Mary left me she was perhaps two-thirds of a league from the rendezvous, and night was rapidly falling. As her road lay through a dense forest all the way she would have a dark, lonely ride of a few minutes, and I was somewhat uneasy for that part of the journey. It has been agreed that if everything was all right at the rendezvous Mary should turn loose her horse, which had always been stabled at Berkeley castle and would quickly trot home. To further emphasize her safety a thread would be tied in his forelock. The horse took his time in returning and did not arrive until the second morning after the flight, but when he came found the thread and, unobserved, removed it. I quickly took it to Jane, who has it yet and cherishes it for the mute message of comfort it brought her. In case the horse should not return I was to find a token in a hollow tree near the place of meeting, but the thread in the forelock told us our

When we left the castle, Mary wore under her riding habit a suit of man's attire, and as we rode along she would shrug her shoulders and laugh as if it were a huge joke and by the most comical little pantomime call my attention to her unusual bulk. So when she found Brandon the only change necessary to make a man of her was to throw off the riding habit and pull on the jack boots and slouch hat, both of which Brandon had with lim.

friends had found each other.

They wasted no time, you may be sure, and were soon under way. In a few minutes they picked up the two Bristol men who were to accompany them, and when night had fairly fallen left the bypaths and took to the main road leading from London to Bath and Bristol. The road was a fair one-that is, it was well defined and there was no danger of losing it; in fact, there was more danger of losing one's self in its fathomless mudholes and quagmires. Brandon had recently passed over it twice and had made mental note of the worst places, so he hoped to avoid them.

Soon the rain began to fall in a soaking drizzle; then the lamps of twilight went out, and even the shadows of the night were lost among themselves in olinding darkness. It was one of those black nights fit for witch traveling, and no doubt every witch in England was out brewing mischief. The horse's hoofs sucked and splashed in the mud with a sound that Mary thought might be heard at Land's End, and the hoot of an owl, now and then disturbed by a witch, would strike upon her ear with a volume of sound infinitely dispropor tionate to the size of any owl she had ever seen or dreamed of before.

Brandon wore our cushion, the great cloak, and had provided a like one of suitable proportions for the princess This came in good play, as her fine gentleman's attire would be but poor stuff to turn the water. The wind, which had arisen with just enough force et up a dismal wail, wave the rain a horizontal slant and drove it in at every opening. The flaps of the comfortable great cloak blew back from Mary's knees, and she felt many a chilling drop through her fine new silk trunks that made her wish for buckram their place. Soon the water began to trickle down her legs and find lodgment in the jack boots, and as the rain and wind came in tremulous little whirs she felt wretched enough-she who had always been so well sheltered from every blast. Now and then mud and water would fly up into her facestriking usually in the eyes or mouthand then again her horse would stumble and almost throw her over his head as he sank, knee deep, into some unex-

All of this, with the thousand and come to it. one noises that broke the still worse silence of the inky night, soon began to work upon her nerves and make her fearful. The road was full of dangers aside from stumbling horses and broken necks, for many were the stories of murder and robbery committed along the route they were traveling. It is true they had two stout men, and all were armed, yet they might easily come upon a party too strong for them, | were not fuming with impatience on and no one could tell what might hap- the poop of the Royal Hind. Three pen, thought the princess. There was | o'clock and no wind. The captain said that pitchy darkness through which it would come with night, but sundown she could hardly see her horse's head- | was almost at hand, and no wind yet. a thing of itself that seemed to have in- Brandon knew this meant failure if it finite powers for mischief and which | held a little longer, for he was certain no amount of argument ever induced | the king, with Wolsey's help, would any normally constituted woman to be- long since have guessed the truth. lieve was the mere negative absence of | Brandon had not seen the princess light and not a terrible entity potent | since morning, and the delicacy he felt for all sorts of mischief. Then that | about going to her cabin made the sit-

she felt sure. There were those shin-

ing white gleams which came from the little pools of water on the road, looking like dead men's faces upturned and pale. Perhaps they were water and perhaps they were not. Mary had all confidence in Brandon, but that very fact operated against her. Having that confidence and trust in him, she felt no need to waste her own energy in being brave. So she relaxed completely and had the feminine satisfaction of allowing herself to be thoroughly

frightened. Is it any wonder Mary's gallant but womanly spirit sank low in the face of all those horrors? She held out bravely, however, and an occasional clasp from Brandon's hand under cover of the darkness comforted her. When all those terrors would not suggest even a thought of turning back, you may judge of the character of this girl and

They traveled on, galloping when they could, trotting when they could not gallop, and walking when they must, and about midnight arrived at the inn where the relay of borses was awaiting them.

The inn was a rambling old thatched roof structure, half mud, half wood and all filth. There are many inns in England that are tidy enough, but this one was a little off the main road-selected for that reason-and the uncleanness was not the least of Mary's trials that hard night. She had not tasted food since noon and felt the keen hunger natural to youth and health such as bers after twelve hours of fasting and eight hours of riding. Her appetite soon overcame her repugnance, and she ate with a zest that was new to her the humblest fare that had ever passed her lips. One often misses the zest of life's joys by having too much of them. One must want a thing before it can be appreciated.

A hard ride of five hours brought our travelers to Bath, which place they rode around just as the sun began to gild the tile roofs and steeples, and another hour brought them to Bristol.

The ship was to sail at sunrise, but as the wind had died out with the



She are with a zest the humble fare. night there was no danger of its sailing without them. Soon the gates opened, and the party rode to the Bow and String, where Brandon had left their chests. The men were then paid off; quick sale was made of the horses; breakfast was served, and they started for the wharf, with their chests following in the hands of four port-

A boat soon took them aboard the Royal Hind, and now it looked as if their daring scheme, so full of improbability as to seem impossible, had really come to a successful issue.

From the beginning, I think, it had never occurred to Mary to doubt the result. There had never been with her even a suggestion of possible failure, unless it was that evening in our room, when, prompted by her startled modesty, she had said she could not bear for us to see her in the trunk hose. Now that fruition seemed about to crown her hopes she was happy to her heart's core, and when once to herself wept for sheer joy. It is little wonder she was happy. She was leaving behind no one whom she loved excepting Jane and perhaps me. No father nor mother; only a sister whom she barely knew and a brother whose treatment of her had turned her heart against him. She was also fleeing with the one man in all the world for her and from a marriage that was literally worse than death.

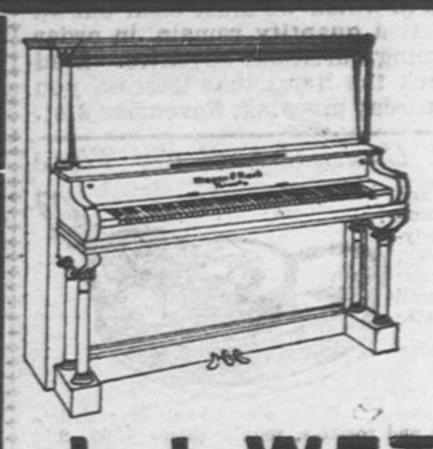
Our travelers were of course greatly in need of rest, so Mary went to her room and Brandon took a berth in the cabin set apart for the gentlemen.

They had both paid for their passage, although they had enlisted and were part of the ship's company. They were not expected to do sallor's work, but would be called upon in case of fighting to do their part at that. Mary was probably as good a fighter in her own way as one could find in a long journey, but how she was to do her part with sword and buckler Brandon did not know. That, however, was a bridge to be crossed when they should

They had gone aboard about o'clock, and Brandon hoped the ship would be well down Bristol channel before he should leave his berth. But the wind that had filled Mary's jack boots with rain and had bowled so dismally all night long would not stir. now that it was wanted. Noon came, yet no wind, and the sun shone as placidly as if Captain Charles Brandon

wailing howl that rose and fell be- uation somewhat difficult. After puttimes. No wind ever made such a noise | ting it off from hour to hour in hone





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