

Ah, love was the same then as he is to-day, and though it were a Tudor, or a Stuart, or a Guelph that ruled on the throne of England yet the blind god ever held his sway throughout the land.

So Mistress Anne, with her ring hung around her neck by a ribband, and with her lover's promise in her heart, went to London to see her gracious Majesty Queen Catherine.

Ah, Anne, couldst thou have looked into the future perchance thy Norfolk lanes would never have missed you. Who can say what then might have been the course of history?

Perchance it was the irony of fate, perchance it was the fresh young beauty of the maiden, but be that as it may, Her Majesty speedily took a liking to the beauty and by her influence Anne speedily found herself appointed fourth maid of honor to Mary Tudor, Henry's younger sister, who was about to be married to the King of France.

How the stiff ceremony of the French court suited our volatile maid of honor we can guess. Soon Mistress Anne exchanged her royal mistress for the Duchess of Alencon. Nevertheless through it all she remained true to her English lover. Nor French knight, nor French noble could gain a word of encouragement from the proud beauty.

Meanwhile in England time flew by. Percy, after mourning for his love, conceived the bold idea of following her, and by his father's influence he was called to Court, where he speedily became a protegé of Cardinal Wolsey, the greatest man of his time.

Ah, Percy, better for thee hadst thou stayed amid thy Norfolk peasantry.

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The years have flown by, Anne Bullen has returned to England and the lovers have been reunited, Both are in favor at court and Percy, like a true lover, has gloried in his love and made no secret of it. But, alas, the serpent has entered their Eden. His Most Gracious Majesty, King Henry, hath condescended so much as to fall in love with Mistress Anne. Alackaday, what consternation for the lovers. The course of true love never did run smooth, not even five centuries ago. Anne, with her troth plighted to Percy, would have none of the king, but he, with his customary selfishness, decided to separate the lovers, and now we see his mandate being carried out.

We are on the spacious court yard of Hampton Court. Around