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A. B. SELVEY

BASE OF NOTED PLAY

QUESTION: "WHO WERE OTHELLO AND DESMONA?" ANSWERED.

Prof. Levi, Italian Historian, Traces the Romance on Which Shakespeare Built His Sublime Tragedy of "Othello, the Moor of Venice"—In Real Life the Characters Were Members of Influential Families.

Who were Othello and Desdemona? Did they ever really live, or were they wholly or partly the creatures of Shakespeare's imagination? Ever since the immortal play was written these questions have been asked, but not until recently has the truth in regard to these two famous personages been revealed. To Professor Cesare Augusto Levi, a distinguished Italian historian, is due the entire credit for solving the most interesting literary problem.

While engaged in collecting material for a historical work, Professor Levi discovered in an old Venetian palace documents in which the Shakespearean tragedy is narrated at length, the principal characters therein being members of aristocratic and influential families, and though the names in the documents are not those which appear in the play the story in both is so similar and there are so many other points of resemblance that literary critics are of the unanimous opinion that the great problem has at last been satisfactorily solved.

Professor Levi's attention was first directed to this subject about two years ago. During the last few months he has obtained further evidence that Othello and Desdemona actually lived such a tempestuous life as is portrayed by Shakespeare, and now he gives a graphic account of these recent discoveries. Trained historian as he is, he takes nothing for granted, and every statement which he makes is supported by indisputable evidence. Most of this evidence is in the form of sixteenth century manuscripts and old family portraits, one of which is reproduced here and forms with this story a luminous picture of the tragic life which was led by Shakespeare's hero and heroine.

In order to appreciate the importance of Professor Levi's recent discoveries a word about his previous



PALMA QUERINI (DESMONA).

work is necessary. He found a few years ago a large bundle of letters in the archives of the Grimani Palace, in Venice, and after perusing them he felt assured that they contained the life and history of the persons who are known throughout the world as Othello and Desdemona. Here in brief is the story.

Scarcely more than 1500 Andrea Calergi, a wealthy Canadian, married his daughter Elisabetta to one Matteo Calergi. The latter, however, soon separated from her, presumably on account of her light conduct, and Andrea, furious at such an insult, lay in wait for his son-in-law and stabbed him to death. His arrest and trial followed, and on his great influence saved him from a shameful death. His daughter took as her second husband Pietro Querini, who is the living type of Shakespeare's Brabantio, and from this marriage came the daughter, Palma, who in 1538 married Nicolo Querini. Now, according to Professor Levi, Palma and Nicolo Querini are the real names of Desdemona and Othello.

Nicolo Querini was a wealthy, high-spirited soldier, who had many friends, but also some bitter enemies, most notable among the latter being Carlo Querini, who is supposed to be the prototype of Shakespeare's Cassio, and Antonio Calergi, the writer of the letters found by Professor Levi. Palma and Nicolo loved each other tenderly for a few years after their marriage, but then trouble came. Nicolo was often absent from home fighting against the Turks, and whenever he returned he was gloomy and suspicious. Finally his distrust and harsh treatment of his wife became so marked that his mother-in-law interfered, and Palma ran away from home, finding refuge first in the Church of San Francesco and subsequently in her father's house.

Nicolo thereupon bitterly attacked his wife's parents, and they retaliated by charging him with having attempted to throttle their daughter. The authorities of Candia thought the matter so serious that they sent for advice to the council of ten, and the latter, knowing the great influence of the Calergi and Querini families, and the crime was instigated by Antonio Calergi, who is evidently the prototype of Shakespeare's Iago.

Reason for Her Choice.

Wife (to husband)—There were two hats that I liked—one for 13s. and one for 15s. Husband—Which did you finally decide upon? Wife—The 13s. one. I'm a little superstitious about the number 13.

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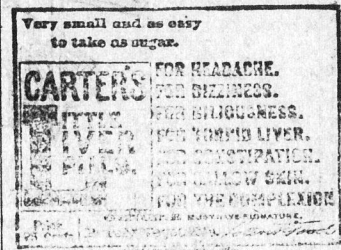
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CURE SIGN HEADACHE.

The Stomach Volcano.

Stromboli is a little island lying about fifty miles north of the coast of Sicily, and the same distance west of Italy. Its volcano, known by the same name, is more celebrated than the neighboring volcanoes of Lipari or Vulcano on account of its frequent eruptions. In fact, for ages past scarcely any mariners have sailed near this island without seeing its summit in a state of illumination. Every few minutes lava bubbles up in the crater, explosions are heard and stones are tossed into the air. The spectacle, particularly at night, is oftentimes grand. The inhabitants are so accustomed to its continual ebullitions that they long ago lost all fear that Stromboli would ever menace them. It is said that their olive groves have never been injured by a stream of lava. The volcano, however, has its moments of irritation. At these times the volcanic dust and stones are projected very high into the air, and the dust is likely to be sprained over the neighboring coasts of Calabria, in south Italy. One of these periods of unusual energy is now in progress. Much lava has streamed down the sides of the mountain, which is a little over 3,000 feet in height. Thus the volcano, which made the island, for it is entirely volcanic, a volcanic rock ejected from the crater and built up from the sea floor, is now engaged in enlarging this bit of land, only eight square miles in extent, which ages ago lifted above the sea.

World's Production of Coal.

The United States Geological Survey has estimated the world's production of coal in 1901 at 866,165,540 short tons. The three great coal-producing countries of the world are the United States, Great Britain and Germany. The output of these three countries combined makes up 81.61 per cent. of the world's total. Austria-Hungary comes fourth, France is fifth, Belgium sixth, and Russia seventh. The last country, notwithstanding its vast area, produces only about 6 per cent. as much coal as the United States. The three countries which lead in the production of coal are the three countries that lead in industrial development. Prior to 1899, Great Britain led among the world's great coal producers, but during 1899, 1900 and 1901 the United States has made such remarkable increases in coal production, due principally to the unprecedented activity in the iron and steel and in other metal trades, that the Americans now stand first in the lead of all competitors with a production in 1901 exceeding that of Great Britain by 47,965,938 short tons, or 19 per cent. Up to the close of 1900 the coal production of Great Britain and her colonies, if taken together, still exceeded that of the United States, the excess in 1900 being 3,368,825 short tons; but the enormous output of coal mines of the United States in 1901 exceeded by about 26,000,000 short tons the entire output of Great Britain and her dependencies, including India and the Transvaal.

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A BUFFALO DUEL.

Patriarch of the Herd Is Still Absolute Monarch at Silver Heights, Manitoba—An Interesting Yarn.

Yesterday an understanding was arrived at in the buffalo family, says the Winnipeg Free Press. Silver Heights might have been the scene of a deadly battle between the old patriarch of the herd and young McCreary, but discretion evidently struck young Bill as the better party of valor, in this case, and he accepted the part of second fiddle without showing fight.

The question which has been decided is a momentous one. It was whether there was to be absolute monarchy or not, and now it is decided that there will be absolute monarchy, and McCreary, the four-year-old bull, who until yesterday considered himself capable of managing the affairs of the household has accepted the fact that he has to submit to the old bull's ruling in matters of state. All summer the old bull, for several seasons which will be enumerated, has been locked up in a stronghold. The walls of his cell of heavy logs are ten feet from the ground. It was built none too strong, for the old fellow would have broken loose from any place less secure. The reason for this means of close captivity arose from a domestic squabble in which young McCreary, in a small way, by Horace Wilson, the other baby bull, on the one side, and the old patriarch, who is one of the original herd in Lord Strathcona's time, on the other side, upset the quietude of the herd and made it impossible for the five-row buffalo to know just exactly who was boss.

McCreary was not strong enough to go in and give the old bull a licking, though he had lots of courage, but Horace Wilson hadn't the nerve to even lift his voice against him. To show that he was boss the old bull made himself very objectionable and would bellow and roar himself into a fury of excitement to put fear and trembling into the hearts of the younger bulls. So far as Horace Wilson was concerned and McCreary was left without an ally and sulked by himself.

The old bull at last got so dangerous that he was locked up. Then McCreary was chief and Horace Wilson good naturedly or from a faint heartiness took second place. It was thought that by keeping the old bull locked up his spirit and temper would be broken. His temper, however, did not have a chance to improve for young McCreary would pass the morning, afternoon and part of the night roaring at him through the logs of his cage. He called him many bad names, and dared him to come out and fight. The spirit of the old bull was not broken, and he would rush wildly at the walls of his prison to get at young McCreary. The walls were too strong and when McCreary saw this he took even more delight in torturing his superior by bellowing.

Not long ago owing to McCreary's taunts the old bull broke out from his prison. McCreary must have made himself scarce. There was no fight, but when Mr. Preston, who has charge of the herd for the city, came to look after them on this particular day he found the paddock, usually occupied by the big bull, empty. Looking about in a sulky way was young McCreary, but the others were nowhere in sight. Horace Wilson was gone, too. The herd were traced and found eight miles away at Champlain Lake, near La Salle. The old patriarch had led them away and they had stamped with him in the lead over hill and down dale, caring for no obstacle. It was with some difficulty that they were got back.

For the rest of the summer the old bull was left in his paddock, and young McCreary grew and became stronger and more ready to fight. There was only one way in the mind of Mr. Preston to settle the question, and this week he decided the time was ripe for it. McCreary had been exercising all summer and the old bull had stamped with him in the lead over hill and down dale, caring for no obstacle. It was with some difficulty that they were got back.

The day for the duel was fixed for yesterday. Several of the city aldermen were to attend, but owing to the muddy condition of the road to Silver Heights, they did not go out.

A Free Press reporter, who learned of the event, drove out in order to record the fight, and furnish to the public the details of "The Buffalo battle of Silver Heights." It was a moment of intense excitement when Mr. Preston threw open the gates of the old buffalo's yard. Young McCreary, who had watched the preparations and seen the ropes ready to latch the buffalo who conquered, and was in the mood to extract the death penalty, seemed to know there was something expected of him. He separated himself from the herd and eyed Mr. Preston at the gate.

The gate was thrown open. With a low, angry bellow the old bull walked out. Fire glinted from his eyes, set deep in the shaggy mass of hair. His mane became rigid and his tail curved like a piece of iron. Mr. McCreary looked at him and the fire in his eyes seemed to die out. The old bull walked up to him with determination in every step. He did not stop until their two noses were close together. Young McCreary never moved, but winked weakly, and shook his head, crooked his tail and tried to look fierce, he showed no desire to fight. The two bulls blew into each other's nostrils for several seconds, and then the old fellow calmly turned his back to McCreary, walked off and the herd followed him. Horace Wilson included. Young McCreary stood still a few seconds longer and then fell in line and brought up the rear as the herd made slowly for better feeding grounds.

TITLES WITHOUT MONEY.

Owners of Patents of Nobility on the Wages of Workingmen—Some Very Strange Instances.

It is remarkable how many people prefer to work for a living rather than be encumbered with a title and untold wealth, but there are quite a number of peers who have discarded vast fortunes in favor of £1 a week.

Several peers have displayed a liking for a seaman's life, and Lord George Drummond, who died in 1887, was one of these. He was heir to the earldom of Perth, but pining for adventure he renounced his claims and secured a berth as steward on a vessel bound for New York. He subsequently spent 23 years in roving about the high seas as a common sailor before the mast, till, seeking a change, he became a porter on the Great Eastern railway in New York at a wage of \$9 per week. But the hard-ship he had suffered undermined his health, and, becoming a confirmed invalid, he was supported until his death by Lady Drummond from her earnings as a seamstress.

The late Earl of Aberdeen also preferred a sailor's life to one of the most renowned titles in Scotland. When quite a young man he shipped as a common sailor and by his abilities rose until he became a certified mate, and afterward captain, of a merchant vessel which subsequently foundered at sea, carrying down its aristocratic skipper with it.

Likewise, the present Earl of Lovelace had an elder brother who favored the life of a Deal shipwright above that of a British peer, and who worked in a shipbuilding yard there on a salary of £2 a week until his death a few years ago.

It is not often that man prefers his position as a turnpike gatekeeper to an earldom, but the last Earl of Kent was one of these. When his predecessor died in 1855 he was a gatekeeper near Dudley, and although his claim to the title was recognized by law, much to the surprise of everybody he stoutly declined to accept it.

His reason for this strange refusal was that, being an old man with no heir, his wage of 80 shillings a week and a cottage was quite sufficient for his needs without being encumbered with an extensive estate. Accordingly, for some years the strange sight was witnessed of an earl gathering up the stray coppers passengers threw to him for opening the gate for them, which, with his salary and a ton of coal every winter, composed his sole means of subsistence. When he died he was buried in the vault of the Kent family with all the honor due to an earl.

For a prince to aspire to the life of a railway porter is distinctly unique, but Prince Chilkow, the Minister of Russian Railways, though possessed of untold wealth, preferred to work as a railway servant at Liverpool for many years in order to gain a thorough knowledge of all matters pertaining to the iron road.

He entered the locomotive works there on a salary of 13s. a week, and worked his way up until he ultimately became a guard, and then the station master of a small station outside the city. The position he at present holds in his native land proves that the experience he thus gained has stood him in good stead.

Another prominent Russian who served in the same capacity is Count de Witte, for many years Minister of Finance.

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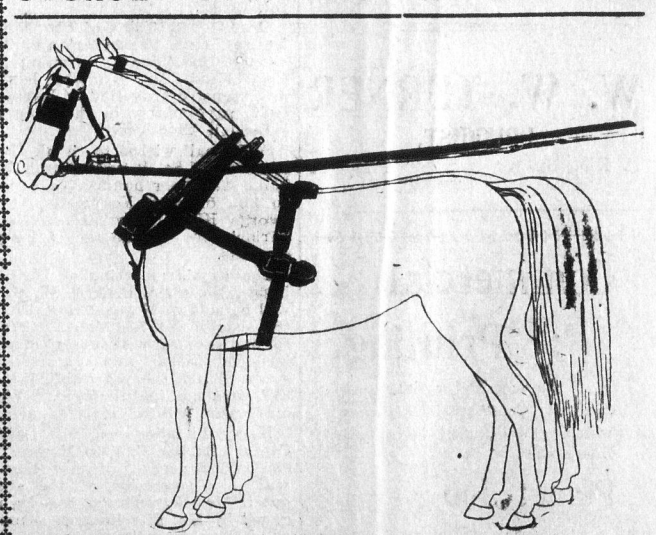
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