

AWFUL FATE FOLLOWS GIRL AFTER CURSE OF A GYPSY

Scorned Words of Fortune-Teller and Aroused Her Fury—
Singular Record of Calamity Has Been Result—
Four Times Widowed in Four Years.

Mrs. Henrietta Andrey-Marquart-Maketon-Souther-Bager, now of Manchester, England, but formerly of London, has been four times wedded and four times widowed, although she is only 32 years old. She is now living under an assumed name in the hopes of marrying a fifth time, in order to escape what seems a terrible fatality which threatens to sadden her whole life, if it is not already saddened enough.

Ten years ago, when Henrietta Andrey was a child of 10 years, she was at a country house at Suffolk, with a party of girls of her own age. A camp of wandering gypsies attracted the girls one afternoon and they stopped to hear their fortunes told by an old hag. Henrietta, a member of the party of girls refused to give the old woman the shilling for a reading of her palm. While the other girls heard their fortunes with glee and gasps of astonishment, Henrietta stood by with a scornful smile on her childish face. The old gypsy turned to her. Stretching a long, skinny, wrinkled finger at her the gypsy almost hissed out a prophecy which was like a threat.

"Sorrow will sit at your bedside four times," cried the old hag. "Four times you will wear widow's weeds in as many years, and unless the fifth year brings you joy others will wear weeds for you."

FORGOT THE GYPSY'S WARNING.

The years passed by and Henrietta forgot the old gypsy's warning. On Sept. 27, 1902, Henrietta Andrey married Jonas Marquart, a prosperous London stationer. They went to the continent for their wedding trip. They visited Paris, first, and then went on to Rome. From Rome they retraced their steps to Switzerland. After visiting Lake Geneva, they went to St. Moritz, reaching there the last week in August. On Sept. 2, Jonas Marquart was killed while trying to save the life of a child from being crushed by an automobile, which had gotten beyond the control of its driver. Marquart succeeded in throwing the child out of harm's way, but at the same instant his foot slipped and he fell just as the heavy car was upon him. His bride, who witnessed the whole affair, gave a wild shriek and fainted. When she was restored to consciousness she was a widow.

Henrietta was then only 18 years old, and grief, although heavy at first, gradually gave way to youthful buoyancy of spirit. It was not strange under the circumstances that she did not wait an entire year before taking a second husband. On June 15, 1903, she was married to George Maketon, who had been her childhood sweetheart.

SECOND HUSBAND WAS DROWNED.

Her wedding was quiet and she stipulated that she should spend her honeymoon at home. This her young husband readily granted. They lived happily together through the summer. One evening in August they went for

WOMAN'S NEWEST WEAPON.

The woman of France and Spain are rejoicing in a new instrument of coquetry. It is called the masette, and the young Queen of Spain is credited with its invention. At least it is on record that she was the first conspicuous woman to adopt it.

The masette is a combination of fan, lozenge, and automobile mask. It consists of a fan with a long handle.

In two of the slats of the fan eye-holes are pierced and in these are set lenses to suit the vision of the woman using the masette. When she raises her fan to her face at the opera or in a ballroom her yawns, her blushes, her smiles, her tears or her anger are effectively concealed, while she can all the time keep close tab on what is going on upon the stage or in the groups about her.

When she is driving or automobile she can completely protect her face with the masette and still enjoy the landscape. The long handle enables her to keep it raised to her face without fatigue, as would not be the case with a fan.

Manipulation of the masette affords as much opportunity for graceful posing as does the fan in the hands of a Castilian woman. Besides, the grip of the handle affords an opportunity of displaying beautiful rings, while the clasp on the fan tends to hide them. The masette play also brings into notice the beauties of a white arm, as well as of the costly laces with which it is adorned at wrist or shoulder.

The European authorities on style say the masette is fast establishing itself in every capital.—New York Sun.

CHRISTMAS AND EASTER.

In answer to a correspondent, who wants to know why the date of Easter is a movable one, while Christmas always falls on December 25, the Philadelphia Inquirer says:

The two questions call for the one answer, viz., "because the church willed it so." In the following manner: At the council of Nice held (not at Nice in Italy, by the way, but at Nice in Asia Minor, now called Isnik), in the summer of 325, by summons of the Emperor Constantine, it was decreed that Easter should be celebrated on the first Sunday after the full moon, which happens upon or next after the 21st of March; and that, when the full moon happens upon a Sunday, Easter Sunday shall be the Sunday after.

And this decree was promulgated for the purpose of putting an end to the dissension that had existed ever since the festival of Easter had been instituted (about A. D. 68), the Christians in Jerusalem and the east generally holding it at the same time as the Jewish Passover, while the remainder of Christendom had a particular objection

to that date, due to its very association with that festival.

In the same way, in regard to Christmas, it was once possibly the most movable of Christian festivals, the birth of Christ having been assigned by different authorities to different dates anywhere between October 3 and March 4, and the celebration thereof having been held as late as the month of April and May by the eastern churches. This led Cyril, Bishop of Jerusalem, in 350, to obtain an order from Pope Julius I. for an investigation of this mooted point by theologians of the east and west; and the result of their researches, chiefly among the "tables of the calendar" (the reports of the census bureau, as we would say nowadays), of ancient Rome, was an agreement upon the 25th of December, although, in the opinion of some of the investigators, there was no authentic proof of the identification of the day.

HENRY WATTESSON'S FIRST ASSIGNMENT

HOW THE BRILLIANT KENTUCKIAN BEGAN NEWSPAPER WORK

It was after the war, in which he was engaged on the Southern side. He had walked from Nashville to Cincinnati. His toes were through his shoes and his shirt hanging out through the seat of his trousers.

He walked into the office of the editor of the Times-Star, and, addressing that gentleman at the desk, "I want to work on your paper," "Well," said the editor, "what do you want to do?" "I want to write editorials for your paper," "Well," he said, "I will give you a trial. Go into that little room there, where you will find paper and pencil, and write me an editorial on 'Reconstruction of the Southern States.'" Wattesson went and set to work. Meantime, the editor, having formed a good opinion of Wattesson, sent out a messenger to his room at the printing office, a complete new outfit of clothes and shoes for a man of the size he took his "blow in" to be.

After a reasonable time Wattesson came out and handed the editor the paper he had prepared. The editor read it, and found it the most masterly solution of the problem that he had yet seen, and immediately said, "That is very good. Now, I would like you to dine with me at the Burnett House at 1:30." Wattesson, looking down at his clothes, said: "Oh, excuse me. Some other time, under more favorable circumstances, I should be delighted, but not today." "Oh, yes," said the editor, "you will want to wash up. This young man will take you to my room, and if you find anything there you can wear, put it on, and when you return we will go out to lunch."

In due time Wattesson came down all togged out in his new clothes and shoes, and they were always warm friends after that.

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WHALE FISHING LOST CALLING

FEW BRITISH VESSELS ARE NOW
ENGAGED IN IT.

Pursuit is Most Profitable, If Any Degree of Success Is Experienced—
The Iron-Nerved Whaling Masters.

Brusled and vanquished by violent storms and the terrible polar ice barrier of the Arctic seas, the gallant little fleet of Scottish whalers has returned home with one of the poorest "catches" on record.

After months of struggling to make their way through the ice, the whaling ground, running continual risks of being crushed in the pack or of being wrecked in collision with the great bergs that sometimes bore down upon them in the darkness and the fog, the whalers had to confess themselves beaten and make for home.

The first time in his 24 years' experience, says the London Tribune, that veteran whaling master, Captain Milne, of the Eclipse, has had to remark "clean ship," not having caught a single whale; and in this he is not alone.

The total catch of the ten vessels engaged in the fishing is seven whales, yielding short of four tons of bone or baleen; last year the catch was 23 whales, yielding seventeen tons of bone. Half of this catch was secured by one whaler, the Scotia, on the east coast of Greenland, the other vessels making for the usually more profitable fishing grounds in Davis Strait.

On the amount of baleen—more precious than ivory—secured, depends the success of the voyage and the fortunes of every man on board the ships, for a rigid system of profit-sharing prevails. It is this, perhaps, which makes the whaling crew in the midst of trying circumstances the most harmonious crew afloat.

A whaler is practically a lost calling. In 1815 British vessels to the number of 164 engaged in it, a bounty being paid at that time on every ton of baleen by a British vessel into a British port. Today eight or ten vessels now sail to the Arctic seas in quest of whales, and practically the whole of these are dispatched from one northern port, that of Dundee.

The whaler today is a British vessel, the fact that it alone of all the seagoing vessels in Great Britain is sufficiently enterprising enough to equip and dispatch a fleet of vessels on such a hazardous and speculative quest.

Despite this year's unfortunate experience, the pursuit is not an unprofitable one. Whalerbone at present ranges in value from £2,250 to £2,500 a ton, and with average luck the returns per ship is large. With the produce of two large whales one vessel recently paid a dividend of 20 per cent, and a few years ago the Diana's profits for one season with five whales amounted to £7,315, enabling a dividend of 125 per cent to be paid to all the shareholders.

A fine set of men are the whaling masters; clear-headed, iron-nerved and resourceful, as they had need to be for their calling; sons, most of them, of whalers, whose fathers, like them, had sailed the Arctic seas and who have given their names to many an island and many a bay which they were the first among Europeans to explore. To them, too, more than one expedition has been indebted for timely aid.

A REMARKABLE EXPERIMENT.

Only last year the Terra Nova, perhaps the finest whaling ship ever built in Dundee, was dispatched to Franz Josef Land to succor the members of the ill-fated Ziegler expedition, who lost their ship, the America, formerly the whaler Equinox, also of Dundee. The explorers had passed two weeks in the vicinity of Cape Flora. The Terra Nova, which succeeded in its task, was commanded by Captain Henry Mackay, one of the most experienced ice masters in the country. His crew was mainly composed of two large whalers, who, as recently as the Terra Nova, too, under the same command, which conveyed relief to the Discovery in the Antarctic after the relief ship Morning had been unsuccessful in its mission.

Another whaling master, Captain Thomas Robertson, was in command of the Scotia in the Scottish Antarctic expedition, two years ago, which did splendid work in oceanography, besides discovering new land to the south of the Weddell sea.

A remarkable accomplishment of a Dundee whaling master was that of Capt. Adams, of the Morning, who, in 1897, successfully piloted a vessel through the dangerous Kara Sea to the Gulf of Ob and the River Yenesei. Thus was demonstrated the possibility of the regular overseas trade between Great Britain and Northern Siberia, which Capt. Wiggins had so long advocated.

Two years later, however, another expedition from the Thames proved a disastrous failure. The squadron was beaten back by the ice in the Kara Sea and one of the vessels was lost.

THE RENDEZVOUS OF THE WHALERS.

The main resort of the whaling vessels is Davis Strait. They sail up the west coast of Greenland, through Melville Bay, where great numbers of ships have been crushed in the ice and lost, to Cape York. The vessels then cross the strait to Baffin's Land, where the whalers hunt until the brief Arctic summer ends. But the whalers sometimes go further afield. One ship regularly visits Hudson Bay, and in 1892 the scarcity of whales in the north and the alluring pictures of Sir James Ross and other explorers of the abundance of bone-yielding whales in the south, induced four ships of the Dundee fleet to sail for the Antarctic. They found plenty of whales, but none of the species sought for.

Another glowing account of the abundance of walrus on the coasts of Franz Josef Land led the Balena and other Dundee vessels to pay those desolate lands a visit in 1897. The Balena was the fourth vessel that had ever sailed in these waters, and on its arrival Capt. Robertson and his crew were welcomed by Mr. Jackson and other members of the Jackson-Harms-

worth expedition, who had spent three years at their camp at Elmwood, in the vicinity of Cape Flora, in absolute isolation from the civilized world. The visit of the whalers created the intensest joy. Never had thrilling story-teller more rapt listeners than had the Tayside men as they related all the great and small happenings in the outside world during those three agonizing years; nor the explorers more sympathetic hearers as they told of their hardships in that land of "thick ribbed ice," and long darkness, where for months the sun is not seen above the horizon.

LOVE THEIR CALLING.

Shortly after this meeting the Windward arrived to convey the explorers home, and the Balena, the Active and the Diana—all Dundee whalers—were present to bid them farewell. Rousing cheers from the whalers' crews rang out into the stillness of that Arctic scene, and the Windward's crew responded with a lusty rendering of the National Anthem.

Capt. Robertson found in the vicinity of Cape Flora the hut occupied by Mr. Leigh Smith and his party, who fifteen years previously had explored the islands, and who in consequence of their ship, the Elra, being crushed in the ice, were compelled to spend a winter there. The hut was just as the explorers left it, and the seamen's empty chests were still ranged around the walls, the lids bearing the names of the owners.

The whaling masters love their calling and delight to relate their many exciting experiences. Enough has, perhaps, been said here, however, to show the interest and variety of their lives, and also the good work they do in a quiet and unostentatious manner.

AN APPRECIATION
OF EMILY BRONTE

THE GERMAN AUTHOR, MAETERLINCK, SPEAKS OF HER GENIUS.

The death of Charlotte Brontë's husband half a century after that passionate heart had ceased to beat, has called up in the papers many memories of "the family of poets" to quote Thackeray—"in their solitude yonder on the gloomy Yorkshire moors." But I have not seen any reference to the most striking, perhaps, of all the tributes to the Brontë genius—that of Maeterlinck to Emily in his "Wisdom and Destiny." By the way, Maeterlinck's description of Emily's parents is far from flattering to the Reverend Patrick, "Emily was the daughter of an English clergyman, the Rev. Patrick Brontë, who was the most insignificant, selfish, lethargic, pretentious creature the mind can conceive. There were only two things in life that seemed of importance to him—the purity of his Greek profile and solicitude for his digestion. As for Emily's unfortunate mother, her whole life would seem to have been spent in adorning this Greek profile and in studying this digestion. But there is scarcely need to dwell upon her existence, for she died only two years after Emily's birth. It is of interest to note, however, if only to prove once again that in ordinary life the woman is usually superior to the man she has had to accept—that long after the death of the patient wife a bundle of letters was found where it was clearly revealed that she, who had always been silent, was fully alive to the indifference and fatuous self-love of her vain and indolent husband."

"I have at this moment before me," writes Maeterlinck of Emily Brontë, "the history of a mighty and passionate soul, whom every adventure that makes for the sorrow or gladness of a man would seem to have passed by with averted head. It is of Emily Brontë I speak, than whom the first fifty years of this century produced no woman of greater or more incontestable genius."

"In Wuthering Heights," writes Maeterlinck, "there is more adventure, more passion, more energy, more ardor, more love than is needed to give life and fulfillment to twenty heroic existences, twenty destinies of gladsome and sorrowful. Love never came to her. There never once fell on her ear the lover's magical foot-fall, and yet this virgin, who died in her 23rd year, has known love, has spoken of love, has penetrated that she, who had always been silent, was fully alive to the indifference and fatuous self-love of her vain and indolent husband."

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