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SIDELIGHTS ON NOTABLE PEOPLE BY THE MARQUISE DE FONTENOY

Lord Edward Seymour, whose extraordinary escape from drowning off Bembridge in the Isle of Wight has attracted so much attention, is a younger brother of the Earl of Yarmouth, and third in the line of succession to the marquise of Hertford.

It seems that while Lord Edward, who served throughout the Boer war with distinction, and who is a splendid swimmer, was floating on his back at a considerable distance from shore, a floating bank of seaweed suddenly rose up to the surface of the sea around him in such a manner as to prevent his making a single movement without getting himself hopelessly entangled.

He retained sufficient presence of mind to remain perfectly still and to refrain from even the faintest attempt of a struggle, which could only have had a fatal issue. For five minutes he remained thus, not knowing what moment the seaweed might envelop him in its slimy, sinuous coils. And then the floating bed of weeds sank away from him as suddenly as it had risen, leaving his nerves so shaken that he experienced considerable difficulty in swimming back to shore.

Now, although this experience of Lord Edward Seymour seems to be regarded in England as altogether unique, and as wonderful in a quite uncanny degree, yet it is by no means an uncommon phenomenon along the storm-bound, rocky coast of Brittany, and it is a curious coincidence that the adventure which so recently befell him is described almost word for word as having happened to the hero of "The Cradle of the Rose," the latest novel of the author of "The Martyrdom of an Empress."

The weed in fact plays a tragic part in the story, which will be understood when it is mentioned that the author, a Bretonne, born and bred on the coast of Armorica, has more than once been present when people who had been reported missing were cast up on the beach enveloped in shrouds of seaweed.

On the coast of Brittany, and I believe also on the Atlantic seaboard of the Southern States of America, great storms occasionally tear loose huge banks of seaweed from their rocky bed under the ocean, to rise suddenly, and without warning, to the surface, enveloping swimmers in their folds, then dragging them down once more to the bottom of the sea.

So strange is the action of the weed, which sometimes, as in the case of Lord Seymour, merely threatens, leaving the object of its attack unharmed, coiling and uncoiling itself around his limbs, that one would almost imagine it to be endowed with life, like some octopus or other marine monstrosity.

But the danger is so well known on the Breton coast that the seafaring population there, especially the sardine fishermen, make a point of never learning swimming, declaring that if one knows how to swim one is tempted to struggle in the embrace of the weed and thus to either eliminate all chances

DON'T BLAME HER



For she cannot help it. Women are often cross, irritable, hysterical, and declare they are driven to distraction at the slightest provocation. Men cannot understand why this should be so. To them it is a mystery because in nine times out of ten this condition is caused by a serious feminine derangement.

A remedy is necessary which acts directly upon the organs afflicted, restoring a healthy normal condition to the feminine system, which will quickly dispel all hysterical, nervous and irritable conditions. Such is

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of escape, or in the event of a fatal issue to prolong the agony.

Lord Leicester's London residence, known as Holland House, enjoys such worldwide fame and has formed the theme of so many magazine articles, and even of books, devoted to its interesting historical associations that his country places have been relegated into the background and received comparatively little attention on the part of the public. Yet they bear favorable comparison with some of the best and grandest of the old rural homes of the British aristocracy, and at Melbury Park, in Dorsetshire, which is among the most notable of them, Lady Leicester, who is the only daughter of the Marquis of Londonderry, is about to entertain King Edward for several days.

Melbury House was built early in the fifteenth century, and was much enlarged during the reign of Henry VIII. by Sir Giles Strangways, while the east front was added during the reign of Queen Anne. Queen Elizabeth was a guest there during a royal progress which she made through Dorsetshire, and in the wonderful picture gallery there is a curious old picture illustrating the pageant. The park, which is the most beautiful and largest in the country, contains some of the most ancient and biggest oaks in England, an avenue of four lines of sycamores which is unique.

Lord Leicester comes to the name of Strangways, and also to the territorial possessions of the ancient house of Strangways through the female line. Strictly speaking, he is a Fox, and the founder of the fortunes of his race was Sir Stephen Fox, who assisted the escape of Charles II. after the battle of Worcester, refused a peerage offered to him by James II. on condition that he would become a Catholic, suggested the erection of Chelsea Hospital, headed the Commons in the coronation procession of Queen Anne, and lived to sit for Salisbury in the first Parliament of George I.

He married for the second time at the age of 78 and had four children, two of them being sons, each of whom became the originator of a distinguished line. The younger, Henry, was the first Lord Holland and father of Charles James Fox, and the elder, Stephen, who was raised to the peerage in 1741, became Earl of Leicester in 1758, and through his marriage to Elizabeth Horner inherited the immense wealth which had been accumulated by her mother, formerly a Miss Strangways, whose patronymic, in accordance with the terms of his will, was thereupon added to his own.

On the extinction of the younger line of the Foxes by the death of the last Lord Holland, the latter's possessions, including Holland House, passed to the elder line, represented by the present Earl of Leicester. Among his other country seats are Chantmarle in Dorsetshire, Redlynch in Somersetshire, and Abbotsbury Castle, near Dorchester.

Abbotsbury is celebrated far and wide for its swannery, the largest and oldest in Europe, since it has been in existence nearly 1,000 years. There is likewise a heronry there of almost equal antiquity. Both owe their creation to the monks of Abbotsbury, in the reign of King Canute, and the system of decoys and of palisades for safeguarding the water birds has been preserved to this day.

The flock of swans is rarely below 2,000 in number, and would be far larger were it not for the continual fighting that takes place between the males during the breeding season—fights that are of the fiercest description, and, as a general rule, followed by the death of one or the other of the combatants.

Swans are what are known as "royal birds," and no one is allowed to keep them without a license from the crown, each owner having, his distinctive swan mark, registered by the King's swanherd, whose jurisdiction extends over the whole of the United Kingdom.

Duke Ernest Gunther of Schleswig-Holstein and his duchess have just been paying a state visit to Brussels and it has attracted a good deal of attention for the reason that it is the first state visit of a sovereign of Belgium by any but Oriental royalties in many a long day, the first, indeed, since the inauguration of the severe boycott to which King Leopold has been subjected for years by the various reigning houses of Europe. Another reason which has served to endow this visit of the duke and his wife with interest is the fact that the duchess is the grandchild of King Leopold. But he has never set eyes upon her since her infancy, has not met her since her marriage, and has until now been a perfect stranger to her.

The duke is the only brother of the German Emperor and owing to this relationship has sometimes been delegated by the Kaiser to represent him in connection with the courtesies due to foreign rulers. The duchess, Dorothea by name, is the only daughter of that Prince Philip of Coburg whose marriage to Princess Louise of Belgium, the eldest child of King Leopold, was sundered by divorce at Gotha under such sensational circumstances a few years ago.

The young duchess' life, at any rate prior to her marriage, has been an agitated one. In her childhood she was a witness of the unhappiness, neglect, and ill-treatment of her mother, who when she found her husband's behavior intolerable at first sought refuge with her father at Brussels, imploring his protection and begging to be allowed to remain with him until a legal separation had been arranged. Leopold, however, denied her request, would not hear of a separation, declared that she would have to bear with her husband like every other woman, especially those belonging to the reigning houses, and ended by virtually ordering her to

leave his dominions. Denied parental sympathy, Louise sought it elsewhere and found it in the Austrian cavalry captain, Mattatch, ultimately leaving Vienna with him for the Riviera, after particularly violent scene with her husband, culminating in physical maltreatment at the latter's hands. To make matters worse, she took her daughter Dorothea with her and this afforded an opportunity for Prince Philip to invoke the intervention of the French police in order to secure the removal of his child from her mother's company, on the ground that she was likely to be contaminated thereby.

It is unnecessary to recapitulate here the sad and sordid story of Princess Louise, of Mattatch's duel at Vienna with Prince Philip, of the seizure and sale of the princess' effects while in the Riviera at the instance of her creditors, of the charges of forgery and fraud brought against the captain and of her incarceration in a madhouse, of her condemnation to penal servitude by a court martial at Vienna, of the remission of his sentence by Francis Joseph, his dramatic rescue of the princess from the madhouse and their flight to Paris, where Austrian alienists united with the most eminent French specialists in declaring not only that the princess was right minded but that she had never been insane. Leopold refused to have anything to do with her at first, would not even permit her to visit her mother on the latter's deathbed. But lately there has been a partial reconciliation and at his instance Louise has taken up her residence in a villa Aix-la-Chapelle, which he has rented for her, at the same time supplying her with a sorely needed allowance. It is following upon this that the Kaiser, to whose authority Duchess Dorothea, like her husband, is subject, has permitted her to visit her grandfather at Brussels.

The duchess, who was married at the early age of 18, and who, in spite of her youth, has managed to transform the duke from one of the most festive of rakes into an excellent husband, bears the most extraordinary resemblance to her mother in appearance, and, moreover, although she has not seen her since parted from her more than a decade ago at Nice by the police, and has been welcomed at Brussels with an exceptional amount of goodwill and kindness by the aristocracy and mandarins, who probably just as King Leopold must realize that the unhappiness of her childhood and the wreck of her unfortunate mother's life, with its attendant scandals, might all have been avoided if that mother had found the sympathy and protection which she sought in vain at Brussels years ago.

HOW TRUE LOVERS PROPOSE MARRIAGE

A TEST OF COURAGE—THE INDEFINITE FORM OF POPPING THE QUESTION.

Rarely, indeed almost never, is it of any use for a man to ask advice as to how he shall manage a proposal of marriage to the woman of his choice. Books of etiquette, with formulas for every occasion; counsel from obliging and deeply interested friends, however experienced, alike are of little or no avail to "him who lacks a tongue." Shyness is, above all, a distinguishing characteristic of true love, and the man who has most cause highly to esteem himself is often the one who is most diffident, who will stammer and blush like a bashful schoolboy in the presence of the woman whom he believes to be the paragon of his sex and who all the while, if the truth were known, may be longing to help him out with his faltering speech. It would be interesting, were it possible, to know how many, or rather how few, of the men who have learned proposals by rote, who have rehearsed attitudes before a mirror, who carefully have prepared themselves in advance for the event, have carried out their preconcerted plans. When the time comes the chances are that all previous preparations will be wholly forgotten; it will be a case of Kate Greenaway's rhyme concerning the green gate and the rest of it—

"It's all gone out of my poor head!"

The lover will be mute as a fish or blurt out his love after a fashion of his own, more sincere than rhetorical. An offer of marriage which would do to be photographed would be too fine to be true. Avowals of love which slip easily from the tongue suggest that the speaker is practiced in the art of courtship—in fact, that he "has been there before." To a timid lover—and most true lovers are timid—"popping the question" is a terrible ordeal, even though he is reasonably sure that his beloved one has made up her mind to accept him; he approaches the final business of formally proposing marriage agitated and nervous to a degree. It is queer, come to think about it, but there are few things more terrifying to a modest and tender-hearted young man than asking the girl of his heart to wed him, excepting, indeed, the second part of the transaction, asking papa, which, by the way, it is said, the girl of the period does much to make easy. The undeniable fact is that most men, when it comes to the question, "Tell me, yes or no," have their normal courage taxed to the utmost.

It has been said that as no two men eat alike so no two make love in precisely the same manner. Usually the man conforms to the disposition of the woman whom he loves. There is just one rule which all men should follow: Be explicit.

According to the love stories of the day there is a decided fancy for what is known as the indefinite form of proposal, vaguely worded offers, which when a woman says "No" leave a man free to claim that she has mistaken his meaning.

The woman who loves will not need to be told how to answer her lover's request. Nature will teach her how best to say "Yes." The vacillating woman has no right to allow a man to propose to her and accept him temporarily because she cannot make up her mind to tell him the truth. There perhaps may be cases where a woman is justified in accepting a suitor for whom she only feels sincere liking and respect, provided she is frank with him and he is content, but the woman who says "Yes" merely because she is tired of saying "No" makes a grave mistake, for which she is sure to pay dearly later on. "Let your yes be yes and your nay, for what is more than these cometh of evil."—Helen Oldfield.

THE SUFFRAGETTES ARE THEY PRETTY?

FRENCH WOMAN SAYS NOT, BUT THEIR COURAGE IS ADMIRABLE.

New York Sun: The question of the good looks of suffragettes has been raised by a London paper which is trying to prove that at all events the English suffragettes are better looking than the American. Foreign impressions in this respect are of more value than the home opinion, and so it may be placed on record that a woman emissary from a leading Paris paper sent to England to render an account of "feminism" in John Bull's island writes in her report that the leaders of the new franchise movement are "apocryphally ugly; they walked and acted as only English women could."

While this may not be complimentary, the French feminists have an immense respect for the courage of their English vote-demanding sisters. It is difficult to imagine a French woman standing up in a cart and addressing her fellow countrymen and women, knowing full well that her hair is blown away and that her nose is most unbecomingly red. French women feel a sort of awe for women who can brave all these things and endure the gibes of men.

From the exploit of the women who succeeded the other day in getting into the House of Commons Parisians derive an irreverent amusement. What the president of the French Chamber would have said under the same circumstances is probably something like the following, uttered with polite sarcasm:—

"Mon dieu, madame, you have everything. We are all your slaves. What more do you want?" And with a ceremonious bow he would have made the lady look ridiculous.

Frenchmen say that the English lack imagination in dealing with their would-be woman voters. It is ungallant, they protest, to set police at the suffragettes; they should endeavor to conjure the movement by other and more subtle means.

The votes for women movement, copied from the English model, exists in France, but the mass of women do not sympathize with it. Their position is entirely different, and they think that they would be no better off with the franchise than they are today.

The suffragette agitation has had some unlooked-for effects on prison life. Woman missionaries report a decided decrease in the signs of remorse in the case of women sent to jail for other offences. "Why should we be ashamed," women convicts ask emphatically though illogically, "to be locked up if these fine ladies glory in it and are met when they come out by cheering friends?"

Another effect directly attributable to the suffragette movement is an order made by Mr. Gladstone, the secretary of state for home affairs, for the better treatment of prisoners at Holloway Prison, to which recalcitrant suffragettes have chosen to be committed instead of paying fines after breaking the peace.

In the future they are to have the luxury of a chair with a back instead of the stool formerly in use. If the medical officer approves they may have warm water for washing. They are to receive visitors in a special room and not the usual so-called box. Work is to be carried on in association and books to be changed more frequently. An attempt is to be made to render Holloway popular.

Nor is the suffragette's spiritual well-being neglected. She goes to chapel for about 25 minutes every weekday and about two and three-quarter hours on Sundays. Every day she has one full hour's exercise. As regards clothing she has to wear prison dress, but is consoled by the thought that the second division uniform is of a different color from that worn by other prisoners and shall only have been worn before, to quote the official document, by suffragist prisoners.

With one at home day a month and a liberal supply of books nothing seems wanting to make a short stay in Holloway a very beneficial rest cure for overworked champions of "The Cause."

Ceylon made a considerable profit in its tea exports during the closing months of 1907. The total exports from the island for that year amounted to about 112,000,000 pounds, against 107,000,000 pounds in 1906, an increase of 5,000,000 pounds.

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