

# **THE FATE OF A FAIRY**

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The Fate of a Fairy by Ellen E. Jack

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**ELLEN E. JACK**

**THE FATE  
OF A FAIRY**





Mrs. Capt. Jack Looking for a Company to Buy Mine, 1907.

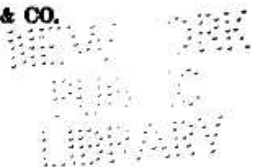
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BY

ELLEN E. JACK



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# THE FATE OF A FAIRY

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## CHAPTER I.

I WAS born November 4, 1842, in New Lenton, Nottingham, England, my parents being William and Elizabeth Elliott. My father was one of the patentees and manufacturers of the famous Nottingham lace curtains. We belonged to the Quaker sect, and the house I was born in was the original Fox homestead, it having been occupied in continuous time for over three hundred years. I had five brothers—William, Charles, Isaac, Henry and Frank—who all entered the British navy as midshipmen, afterward becoming officers of higher rank. I had also three sisters—Eliza, Lydia and Betsy Ann. My sister Betsy Ann was burned to death when very young, and my sister Lydia got married, I going to live with her afterward.

One chilly evening in the beginning of November, in the year 1849, I stood, a little fair-haired girl dressed in the English style of low-necked dress with short sleeves, looking at a string of covered wagons belonging to a tribe of gypsies that were looking for a place to camp. It was the time of the Goose Fair at Nottingham, which is a beautiful, thrifty and prosperous manufacturing

town of England. The law was very strict, it being imprisonment or fine if gypsies were found camping on the highway or on city property. They were trying to see if they could get permission to occupy one of the fields, and as they caught sight of me watching them, they spoke in their own language. Then the queen, a tall, dark woman, came over to me and said:

"Who lives in that house among the trees?"

I said, "My mamma."

"Well, you are the fairest little one I have ever seen. Come and take me to your mamma."

So she took my hand and we both went to my mother, and the queen told her she would pay her well for the use of the ground while the fair lasted and that not a blade of grass should be harmed by her tribe if she would let them in. My mother said, "They say gypsies steal children. Would thee steal mine?"

The queen said: "I give thee my hand and pledge that we will not steal anything belonging to you, or let anyone else, if we know it."

So she gave five pounds to my mother, then she turned my hair back from my forehead and said:

"This child was born to be a great traveler, and if she had been a male would have been a great mining expert. She is a Rosicrusian, born to find hidden treasures. She will meet great sorrows and be a widow early in life. Fire will cause her great trouble and losses."

My mother did not believe in fortune-telling and paid no attention to the predictions of the queen. After that the gates were opened and