

INTRODUCING OUR NEW EDITOR - MADAME FORTUNA: THE ORACLE OF NEWPORT

Born beneath an April moon in 1872, Wilhelmina Estelle Harrington was destined not for the idle comforts of Newport society but for something far older, far more profound—something woven into the fabric of fate itself.

Raised among the gilded mansions of Rhode Island's elite, she was the only daughter of Reginald Harrington III, a ruthless shipping magnate, and Genevieve Ashworth Harrington, a celebrated socialite. From the moment she could speak, Wilhelmina was expected to walk the delicate path laid out for her—one of refinement, obedience, and strategic marriage. But the young heiress was never one to follow a script. Even as a child, she was different.

She saw patterns where others saw only chance—the way the wind carried messages through the trees, the hidden meanings in spilled wine, the unspoken words stitched between glances at grand galas. Her dreams whispered secrets of things yet to come. At first, her family dismissed her peculiar insights as childish whimsy, but when her predictions proved true again and again, they grew uneasy.

Her French governess, Madame Lefèvre, recognized the gift for what it was. Late at night, by candlelight, she spoke to Wilhelmina of the unseen world, of ancient knowledge locked within symbols, of the power of the Tarot and the stars.

By the time she turned eighteen, Wilhelmina had grown into a striking and fiercely independent young woman, already infamous for her stubborn defiance of convention. Her parents attempted to tether her to their world, arranging a marriage to the cold and calculating son of a railroad tycoon. But on the eve of her engagement, Wilhelmina did something no woman of her status had ever dared: she vanished.

Paris & The Call of the Cards

In 1890, dreaming of seeing the City of Light that Madame Lefèvre so eloquently described in her bedtime stories, she fled to Paris, officially to study art—though her true purpose lay elsewhere.

Among the bohemian enclaves of Montmartre, she found her secret initiation. There, in a dimly lit café filled with absinthe, smoke, and whispers, she met Lucien Devereaux, a charismatic French mystic who had abandoned his aristocratic birthright to walk the path of the occult.

Under Lucien's guidance, she delved into ancient arts long hidden from the world of privilege she had abandoned:



- **The Tarot de Marseille**, whose painted images revealed the truths of the universe.
- **Astrology**, the celestial language that guided the fates of kings and beggars alike.
- **Alchemy**, the transformation of the soul through symbols and elements.
- **The Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn**, where she studied alongside W.B. Yeats, Bram Stoker, and Aleister Crowley.

Her natural gifts blossomed. She became known among Parisian mystics as *La Sorcière d'Étoiles*—The Witch of the Stars. Oscar Wilde sought her readings. Madame Blavatsky debated philosophy with her. Sarah Bernhardt consulted her before performances. And always at her side was Lucien—her mentor, her lover, her twin flame.

During an autumn equinox ritual in 1895, she received a vision so profound, so undeniable, that she knew she could not remain in Paris. Fate was calling her home.

The Rise of Madame Fortuna

1898, she returned to Newport, but not as Wilhelmina Estelle Harrington. That name belonged to another life, a life she had left behind. From the moment she stepped off the ship, she became *Madame Fortuna*.

Upon her return, she transformed her family's opulent summer estate into the Madame Fortuna Mystery School, a sanctuary for seekers of hidden knowledge. Here, she gathered philosophers, poets, revolutionaries, and mystics, offering refuge to those searching for truths beyond the veil of the material world.

She and Lucien hosted full moon gatherings, where the tarot was read, destinies were revealed, and the mysteries of the universe were debated over candlelight and absinthe. Even the most powerful men of industry—John D. Rockefeller, J.P. Morgan, and others who ruled the Gilded Age from behind velvet curtains—came to seek her counsel in secret.

She taught balance and transformation, fate and free will, and the eternal dance between light and shadow. And always, upon her left hand, she wore *the ring*.

The Ring of the Forgotten Pharaoh

She wore a mysterious ring, a Libyan desert glass stone, like the one found on King Tut's breastplate, set within a band of aged gold. Inscribed upon it were hieroglyphs that no scholar could fully translate. Some whispered that it had been taken from the tomb of a forgotten pharaoh, a ruler erased from history itself. Others claimed Lucien had gifted it to her, retrieved from the sands of Egypt during one of his mystical pilgrimages.

When asked, Madame Fortuna would smile, trace the carvings with her fingertips, and say: "*The past is never truly buried. Some stories refuse to be forgotten.*"

To this day, the Madame Fortuna Mystery School still stands, now a historic landmark. Some say her spirit lingers, watching over those who seek the hidden paths of the universe. And somewhere, in a dusty study, a deck of her tarot cards still waits to reveal its final secret.

Perhaps the ring has found a new bearer. Perhaps the prophecy has yet to unfold. Or perhaps—just perhaps—Madame Fortuna never truly left.

