

# THE ESCAPE OF LAVALETTE

By LAWRENCE LESLIE.

On one of the balmy days of spring, several years ago, a small company of mourners gathered in the gloomy chapel of an old church near the city of Paris to pay the last tribute of respect to the memory of her whose open coffin stood on the altar before them. Her tears fell upon the white face of the dead, as they looked their last upon the features so furrowed by time, and so marked by sorrow and care. Brushing back the hair, which almost as the marble forehead over which it fell, the fair, white hair was given, and the poor dead man was left alone to the silence of the grave and the keeping of the angels. The poor brain that for forty years had been tortured by the slowly consuming fever of insanity, was at rest, the bleeding heart felt its wounds no longer, the spirit of the long-suffering, ever-loving wife had gone to join her husband, who had crossed the shadowy river a quarter of a century before.

For forty years no ray of reason had lighted up her once cultivated mind, and she had, during all those weary years, endured fearful torture, shivering in the constant expectation of the terrible death of those she loved, and imploring all around her to save her husband. At last, when the long suffering heart broke, her last words were: "Save! Oh, save my husband! If cannot, he shall not die!"

The poor woman who thus suffered and died was Madame Lavalette, wife of Count Lavalette, the companion and confidant of Napoleon the First, whose condemnation and death and wonderful escape is full of interest and romance.

Lavalette was of humble though respectable origin, and at an early age entered the army of Louis, and when that monarch fell he entered the service of the Republic, where he soon attracted the attention of Napoleon, who gave him a position on his staff, and soon after married him to Marie Louise De Beauharnais, a beautiful woman, and a niece of Josephine.

When Napoleon went to Egypt, he selected Lavalette as private secretary, and when the empire was established he was made his postmaster-general. He continued to discharge the duties of this office until the fall of Napoleon in 1814, when he yielded to the pressure of circumstances, and gave in his adhesion to the government of Louis XVIII.

When the Emperor returned from Elbe, and the Bourbons were again overthrown, Lavalette united his fortunes with his former master, and during the brilliant hundred days' reign he discharged the functions of his old office.

The battle of Waterloo and the final expulsion of Bonaparte soon followed, and the Bourbons came back to Paris, escorted by a million foreign bayonets, and immediately commenced the work of vengeance. First fell the gallant and chivalrous Ney, and then the heavy hand of royal hate was laid upon Lavalette, and he was dragged before the death commission, charged with treason to the king. He defended himself ably and eloquently, but it was unavailing before judges who had been instructed to convict, and he was adjudged guilty and sentenced to die.

His wife was not in Paris when the trial and condemnation took place, but when she heard of his arrest she hastened to join him in prison. She reached France only to find him an inmate of a felon's cell, awaiting an early execution.

This shock to the poor woman upon being informed of this misfortune was so severe that she fell insensible into the arms of an attendant. When she recovered she immediately commenced her efforts for his release. Friends came to her aid, and a strong petition for Lavalette's pardon was presented, but contemptuously refused, and the unhappy prisoner was removed to the celebrated prison, Conciergerie, where it was believed his escape was an impossibility, and the morning of the twenty-fourth of December was used as the time of execution.

The condemned man, thus deprived of all hope, resigned himself to his fate, and wrote to the attorney-general, begging as his last request that his wife and child, and a few other friends, might be permitted to look him a farewell visit, and his request was granted.

His son immediately started after the fugitive, and soon overtook the chair, gave it shout of joy as he saw it was occupied, rushed forward, threw open the door and called upon the inmate, whom he supposed to be Lavalette, to surrender. The only reply was a shriek from the occupant, who proved to be Mlle. Lavalette.

With a curse the young man returned, and a general alarm was given. The military and the police swarmed into the streets and joined in the search. Handbills containing his portrait and a most complete description of his person were sent all over France, and there was not a postmaster, postillion or gendarme on any of the roads of the kingdom who had not one of those in his pocket. Their challenge was quickened by the offer of immense rewards, and as an additional precaution the issue of passports was suspended for a time, so that he would be unable to show the frontiers and escape.

But it was all in vain. Count Lavalette remained in Paris, and though the gendarmes often swarmed around the place of his concealment, his retreat was never discovered. He was, however, in constant danger, and a brace of loaded pistols were always ready for instant use, leaving him the consolation of knowing that he should never die upon the scaffold, as he intended, in case of discovery, to lodge his contents in his brain.

After a few weeks the excitement of his escape partially subsided, and he began to cast about for an opportunity to leave the country, but difficulties almost insurmountable presented themselves and appalling dangers attended every attempt.

When all other means failed, in his desperation he wrote to an English gentleman residing in Paris, James Bruce, in which, representing himself as a friend of Lavalette, he threw himself entirely upon Mr. Bruce's generosity, and frankly made him a confidant. He assured him that Lavalette was still in Paris, but could only escape with his assistance, entreating him not to betray him, and if he would assist him he was requested to send a letter to a designated place, advising the writer of the fact. The letter was unsigned, and sent to Mr. Bruce by mail.

That gentleman was touched with compassion, and consulted with two of his countrymen, Sir Robert Wilson and Captain Hutchinson, and the result was they all entered into the effort to place the unhappy man beyond danger. So the letter was answered, the parties met and the scheme of escape formed. They first provided him with the uniform of a quartermaster of the National Guards, and then selected a person of his own height, complexion and general appearance to procure a passport under a feigned name and proceed with it as far as Compiegne.

Lavalette, in his uniform, and otherwise disguised, left Paris in an open carriage, in company with Bruce, who had assumed the uniform of an English general, and the man whose portrait was in the possession of the principal policeman and detectives of Paris, whose person had been so frequently and so fully described, the individual for whom all France had been thrown into a feverish excitement, rode boldly along the populous streets, in the broad glare of day, under the eyes of thousands of gendarmes, who saluted him as their superior officer, and presented arms to his companion, the English general. Arriving at Compiegne, he was met by the friend who had secured his passport, and in a few hours he found himself safe in neutral territory.

Buffed in the pursuit of Lavalette, the government turned its rage upon the poor, loving wife who had so cleverly proved her bravery and devotion. She was immediately thrown into close confinement, the charge of treason against the State was preferred, and a long series of interrogations, threats and persecutions were commenced, the certainty of trial, condemnation and execution were impressed upon her, until her constitution, already shattered by anxiety and care, gave way, reason became clouded, and after an incarceration of fifteen months, she became a confirmed maniac, raving almost constantly about the danger to her husband, and calling upon all around her for help. Then, satisfied with their work, she was handed over to her friends; but her life was ever after a blank.

In 1823 Lavalette was pardoned, and permitted to return to France, but he wrote to a friend: "She who would have given her life to save mine is now a mental wreck, and knows not that I am saved."

# The Farm

### A Comfortable Pen.

Give calves a comfortable yard or pen, whether raised by hand or by the cow. Confined in close quarters, the floor beneath should be cleaned often and littered abundantly. It is as cruel as unprofitable to keep them tight in cold, filthy places. Two calves may often be profitably raised on one cow. Always scald or cook the meal for young calves before mingling it with any kind of milk or feed, as raw meal is very liable to produce scour. Wheat four rolled in milk is a wholesome food.

### Lice Destroyers.

While most of the work on the farm just at this time is at a standstill, there is plenty of time to clean out the poultry houses and get them in the proper condition before the early pullets begin to lay in the spring, for lice will soon put in an appearance, and by the time the farmer is aware of the fact he will have his poultry house well stocked with a large army of the depredators, ready to operate on the birds. The way to prevent lice is to light them out, as they are in a coop, move about quickly, and the combs are bright, you will have passed over one-half the points of selection, as health is the first object. Select those that are heavily feathered and with as small combs as possible, as such birds usually stand the cold weather well, and do not take any such monitoring. Never buy a cock with the hens, but send off for a pure bred cock of the breed you prefer, and thus secure and breed in the chicks.

### Farm Dairy Barn.

A circular barn seventy-two feet in diameter, which is planned with special reference to the needs of dairy farmers, where a few head of work horses can be kept, along with the feed, the wagons, the milk room, space for a few nursing cows and calves; at same time keep the dairy herd pretty well separated from the balance of the stock, which seems to be a desired feature with most dairymen.

### Early Cultivation.

The importance of early cultivation of such crops as corn, potatoes and some others, is another thing that should be investigated by farmers. The best corn growers I have ever known began the cultivation of the fields before the corn was up. It takes several stirrings of the soil to produce the fine tilth which will not only enable the roots to penetrate the soil and take up the plant food, but will also open the soil to the action of both moisture and air, in the best possible condition to be appreciated by the plants. A wise old farmer of my acquaintance said he had been helped during all his life on the farm (and he was eighty years old) by a remark he heard when a boy, which was, "Every young thing needs nursing." And when we come to study it, we find this applies both to plants and animals. Any one experienced in caring for stock knows that a stunted animal never makes as valuable and profitable return as one that has been kept thrifty and growing from the very start. Perhaps few have thought that the same conditions apply to all plants grown on the farm.—Home and Farm.

### Chickens Hatched in Bee Hives.

A successful experiment in hatching eggs in a bee hive was related in these columns some weeks ago by Henry Decker, of Ashtabula County, Ohio. By request, Mr. Decker sends us a photograph of a hive with a setting of eggs all ready for incubation. He writes: "I was transferring a swarm of bees and noticed that the heat was about the same as I had it for my incubator. With a thermometer I found it was the same. That night my wife inquired whether we had not better set another hive, I said, 'All right,' but that night I put twenty eggs in the top of the hive and said nothing about it, but waited to see what would happen. In thirteen days I took out eight or ten chickens. Since that time I have tried it several times and have done as well, and I know that others will succeed in this same way if they should try."

### Battle of Spokes.

In excessively dry weather the spokes and tips of wagons and carriages are likely to shrink so that they will rattle. A good way to overcome this trouble is to go over the wheel and tighten all bolts, then make a water-tight trough large enough so that the wheel may be set upright at any side trough should be set upright at any side. Then buy a gallon of kerosene oil and while boiling hot pour it in the trough, and the wheel will be tight again. The oil, all porous which are not covered while the wheel is standing in the trough. Not only will the rattle be stopped, but the wheel will last a great deal longer under this treatment. The illustration shows the form of a trough which is best for the purpose.—Indianapolis News.

### Look to the Details.

When considering the possibilities of loss from any source always give yourself the advantage of a doubt. That is, if there is something to be done to the poultry house for the comfort of the fowls, and which you may suppose is not absolutely necessary, the better plan is to do it and take no risks. If you desire to add more hens to your flock and know nothing of their breeding or freedom from disease, be governed by the doubt and do not buy them unknowingly, as you may destroy your stock by a single mistake. Hundreds of poultrymen fail because of

# New Ideas in TOILETTES

New York City.—Simple blouse waists worn with chemisettes of linen or of contrasting material make one of the latest decrees of fashion and are



ends to be knotted or held in by a brooch.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

### No Plain Skirt

Society for the most part has set its stamp of approval on the very full skirts, but only when they are voted becoming to the wearer's figure. Every now and again a skirt will be seen in the figure half-way down to the knees, where it flares in a most conventional and up-to-date manner. No really plain skirts are seen at the opera, unless the material is of white Irish crocheted lace. There is a deep bounce around the skirt, which is further adorned with three rows of cords, each being covered with blue velvet. The corsage is also of the lace, and here the cord trimming is continued to the rather large log of mutton sleeves. There is a little chemisette of tacked mail, and the tiny revers which frame it are faced with the velvet. Though exceedingly simple the dress is as far out of the commonplace as it is attractive.

### For Wet Weather.

A rainy day convenience is a new rubber which is so small that it will readily serve except in damp weather when the mud is not deep. It simply projects the toe of the boot without projecting far over the toe. In the back there is a fraction of a heel which is hardly noticeable. The rubber stays on well and is more comfortable than the old style with a back strap.—New York Evening Post.

### Girl's Costume.

Suspender costumes in all their variations are greatly in vogue, and are exceedingly becoming to young girls.

## A LATE DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.



two and one-fourth yards forty-four inches wide.

### Pink and Silver.

An altogether attractive evening dress by Equin has just been shown. It is of white net and is trimmed with seemingly endless ruffles and rouchings of Valenciennes lace an inch and an half and a half in width. This seemingly finishes the skirt at the foot, and is repeated three times above, though this upper ruffle do not cross the front breadth. Where they stop each side there's a dainty silver ornament that looks like lace. Very fascinating is the cord-like corsage of pink silk. It is embroidered with silver in the most delicate fashion. There are little cord-tails and there isn't much cord at the front. It is cut away to show the net and the little Val ruffles. There is a chemisette effect of the net and lace. A peculiar feature is a cross-over-like drape of the pink silk across the front. In addition to this there are the most charming buttons of coral, with silver deposit.

### White Satin and Pink.

What think you of the dainty chain bag looked to the waist belt of our young lady? It is of white satin, with a single line of gilt paillettes overlapping like fish scales and serving to outline a hand-painted scene, a group under the Director, by the well-known costumes of that period. This adorns one side of the pretty bag, the reverse side is absolutely plain, and no paillettes are allowed here, as they would injure the skirt against which they lie. A rather fine gilded chain is used to suspend this bag from its chate-laine hook.

### Shirt Waist Collar.

A girl can't have too many linen collars for wear with her blouses of cloth, flannel and velveteen. She can make an upstanding linen collar with a narrow turnover top edge, and on the flat surface below, buttonhole slits in the linen, so that a bias silk contrast or a velvet ribbon of a fancy taffeta ribbon may be passed through with ease and finish with a small flat bow in front, or follow the cravat style and have long



To provide warm clothing for the Turk and Cuban Cocks at the front, the Emir of New Bokoara has given \$5,000 in his own name and \$1000 in his son's name.