

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. Not 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, white almost as the marble forehead over which it fell, the farewell kiss was given, and the poor dead maniac 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! He 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 Emilie 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 Elba, 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.

The 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 fixed 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 make him a farewell visit, and his request was granted.

The permission was only forwarded to the sorrow-stricken wife, and on the afternoon of December 23, the day preceding the time appointed for her husband's execution, she went to say farewell. Her health was extremely poor, and in order to avoid the movement of her carriage, she had used a Sedan chair, and was accompanied by her daughter, a girl of twelve, and a female domestic named Dutoll. Her dress was showy and extravagant in style, and such as once seen was not likely to be soon forgotten, consisting of a red merino riding coat, trimmed with fur, and a large, black hat, with a heavy, gay-colored plume falling over it.

As soon as the first burst of emotion which followed the meeting had subsided, Lavalette began to talk calmly of his approaching death, and gave some directions concerning his burial and the disposition of his property. His wife was entirely overcome and sank sobbing into his arms. For a short time they were silent, when Madame Lavalette started up and exclaimed: "My husband! you cannot, you must not die! I can, and I will save you!" He looked at her in astonishment,

and for a moment he doubted her sanity. But she repeated her declaration, and in a manner so earnest, yet so calm that he listened to the plan she hurriedly unfolded. Her proposition was to change garments with him, when he was to leave the prison with the others. She urged that to him escape would be life and liberty, while no serious consequences could result to her from the detention. She contended that as soon as the authorities discovered how cleverly they had been deceived, they would release her, when she would hasten to join him in his exile.

Lavalette rejected the plan. He declared he would rather die than escape in woman's attire, and leave her in the power of an enemy who had shown how little protection law, justice, honor and truth afforded the victims of his hate. But his wife again implored him not to reject this opportunity of escape, and live, if not for himself, at least for his wife and child, and for France.

The count replied by pointing out the improbabilities of success, the impossibility of passing the several keepers through files of soldiers, and along the busy street, without certain detection, and dwelt upon the humiliation that would follow his discovery in woman's attire.

"But you will not be detected," urged the faithful wife. "Put on this black gown, this red cloak, which I have worn on purpose to make me a marked object, this gay hat, which all the turnkeys will recognize, cover your hands with gloves, simulate tears, keep your handkerchief over your face so as to conceal your features, and even the hardened men who watch over death's victims awaiting in this gloomy prison the final stroke of the ax, thinking it is me, will pity your sorrow, respect your grief, and allow you to pass without removing the handkerchief. Once outside the gate, my chair is in waiting; enter it, and, as soon as you are far enough from here to make it safe, leave, hurry to the house of our friends, who will provide you a place of concealment, where you can remain in safety until the excitement and search shall be over, when you can leave the country for a home under some more friendly government, where I hope to join you very soon."

To these arguments and entreaties by the mother the daughter added her supplications and tears, and Lavalette finally yielded, and was soon disguised in the garments the lady had worn.

To diminish as much as possible the dangers of detection, it was determined to prolong the interview as long as possible, hoping to remain until the twilight should aid their bold effort. Several times the guard rapped upon their door to notify them that their stay had been already too prolonged, but on their earnest entreaty they were permitted to stay a little longer.

It was now nearly 8 o'clock, and the order to terminate the interview was too imperative to be disregarded, and as the door opened the lady with the red cloak, the gaudy feathers, walked out, smothering her sobs with her handkerchief, which nearly covered her face, supported by her daughter, who was also weeping. The turnkey glanced around the room as he entered, and saw a person he supposed to be Lavalette sitting in an obscure corner of the room, his head bowed upon his hands, and his bosom swelling and heaving with such emotions as a man might be expected to exhibit at the farewell interview with his family.

The door was securely locked, and the retiring members of the family were conducted through the line of sentinels without suspicion, and soon found themselves outside the inclosure. Their hearts bounded with mingled emotions as they heard the heavy, iron doors close behind them. They were rejoiced at their escape, but filled with sorrow at leaving the poor wife and mother to the tender mercies of the Bourbons.

But their joy at their supposed escape soon gave place to the utmost despair and consternation, for when they reached Mme. Lavalette's chair they found it deserted, the attendants having gone away to indulge in a frolic which was going on near by. Imagine the tortures endured by the fugitive, as the minutes went by and they could not hope to conceal it long, escape was an impossibility. Half an hour passed and seemed almost an age, when the attendants returned and Lavalette entered the chair and was rapidly borne away. When at a safe distance he got into a carriage and was soon whirled out of sight and into a place of safety. As soon as he left the chair the daughter entered it, and was slowly borne toward her now desolate home.

While this was going on outside, the poor, distracted woman was walking back and forth across the narrow room in which she was a voluntary prisoner, a prey to the most cruel fears and uncertainties, trembling at the sound of every footstep, fearing it might be the jailer, and the flight of the prisoner discovered, while successful pursuit was yet possible.

At last, about half an hour after the escape, the rattle of keys, bolts and locks, announced the coming of Roquette, the chief turnkey, and concealment was no longer possible.

Mme. Lavalette had only time to pass behind a small screen which stood in the room and throw herself upon a sofa, covering her face with her hands, when he entered. He glanced around, saw, as he supposed, the reclining figure of Lavalette, and withdrew. It seems, however, he was not fully satisfied, for he soon returned and

called Lavalette's name. Receding, no answer he went behind the screen, and, holding up his lamp, instantly recognized the person before him. The whole truth flashed upon his mind in an instant, and he uttered an exclamation of surprise and despair. "He has gone!" Mme. Lavalette tremulously ejaculated.

"Ah! madame, you have deceived me," he replied, and sprang toward the door to give the alarm, when the lady came forward and exclaimed: "Stay! Monsieur Roquette, stay!"

"No, madame, this is not to be borne," was the response. She then seized him by the arm and attempted to detain him, but he shook her off and sounded the alarm.

His son immediately started after the fugitive, and soon overtook the chair, gave a 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 Mme. 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 vigilance 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 pass 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 their 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 moment.

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. This 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 Compeigne.

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 Compeigne, 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 annoyances, 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 1822 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."

Lavalette died in 1830, but his poor wife lived on until 1855, when death kindly closed her sorrows. Napoleon III. by his will left Lavalette a bequest of 300,000 francs, but only 60,000 francs were paid over. In 1853, however, Napoleon III. ordered the balance to be paid to his heirs, and it came in time to minister to the last necessities of the noble woman who had sacrificed so much for her conjugal love.—New York Weekly.

Several mining companies have started work in Honduras, Central America. The principal deposits are gold and silver.

Woman's Realm

A Sensible Fad.

Perhaps it is because her attention has been directed to the thrifty, industrious Dutch maiden that the New York smart girl adopted for her very own such a sensible fad as sewing. For some years past the fashionable girl has never been able to find any time for sewing. Now she has suddenly acquired a fondness for making pretty things with her needle—dainty chemisettes, frilly undersleeves and sheer turn-over collars and cuffs, to say nothing of transforming plain pocket-handkerchiefs into things of beauty. Her sewing afternoon is now as much the fashion as an afternoon tea. Many times prizes are given for the most original bit of hand-work, such as a novel stock or something new in the way of a chemisette. And one girl who was most enthusiastic over her sewing had served individual jecs at her sewing afternoon in the form of work-bags and very big thumbles.—Woman's Home Companion.

Fans and Gloves.

A new wrinkle in gloves is that the long snude mosquitoes may match the tint of the frock exactly. More white than colored gloves are worn, however, and more white slippers than tinted ones. But to match a faintly colored gown slippers sometimes have the toe trimmed in color, with white lace or embroideries setting off the bow or rosette. All evening slippers are wonderfully fussy, and everything is seen upon them, from a genuine diamond buckle to a little wreath of pink rosebuds.

Fans, be it said to the shame of the makers of modes, are daily growing bigger. Some of the radiant Louis XVI. sort, with their superb paintings, are still small enough not to lose in loveliness; but the fan of the moment is an ostrich feather affair, made in a set form or to open and close. It is rather clumsy for small women, though the vogue of fashion will carry one off superbly.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Styles in Buckles.

In plain flat gold a buckle of colonial shape with two prongs was set off at the corners by marquis stones in American Beauty red. Another in silver showed sapphires at the corners to match the royal blue belt, says the Philadelphia Telegraph.

Children's heads in silver are employed as clasps and are marvels of the silversmith's art. In one, the features of a little girl smiling through grandmother's spectacles, peered from the depths of a poke bonnet. Another showed a roguish baby's face with tousled hair.

A jeweled buckle will transform an otherwise simple dress. Peacocks have their bodies studded with rhinestones and the fan-shaped tails picked out by rhinestones and emeralds. Crab or centipede designs are most effective. Each of their many legs is a line of rhinestones and the bodies are closely studded with glittering brilliants.

The horsewoman can have her gold buckle a combination of horseshoe and nails, and the girl who has a fancy for her monogram on all her possessions can have an odd though smart buckle showing her initials in Chinese characters.

The Gowns of Liberty Satin.

Noddy effects are becoming exceedingly popular this season and the idea is prevalent in many of the evening gowns and party frocks. Tea gowns are, of course, sort of negligees in themselves, but one which is the acme of fashion and displayed recently is of pink liberty satin, shirred several times at the waist as a substitute for the popular girdle. The skirt, which is long and graceful, is inserted with deep ecru lace three from hem to belt, and around the bottom is employed handsome ecru lace, making a most elaborate conception of the skirt.

The waist is made with the "Dutch" neck and has for a yoke the plain satin, shirred and fitted smoothly across the shoulders. The lace then forms a sort of droop shoulder effect below this, and runs across the sleeves, which are puffed with a tightly-fitted cuff. The material is then shirred onto this lace.

A pretty novelty which has been but lately introduced is a leaf-shaped affair of shirred lace, which is attached at the collar and falls below the waist line. It gives a finish to a gown and is especially adapted to this one in particular.—Newark Advertiser.

Bright Red Coats Now Worn.

For young girls bright red coats are extremely fetching, and a model which hails from London is now being worn by the heiress of a well-known New York family. It is a brilliant scarlet cut in sack shape showing the inverseness cape with a modification—that is, the cape comes over the shoulder and sleeves only, and not in front. It is faced with black cloth and has a stand-up military collar lined with the same. The sides of the cape and the cuffs are set off by gold buttons, which are also used for fastening the double-breasted coat itself. The sleeves are gathered full into black brocade cuffs. Except in very stormy weather this coat is turned about the bust line in the form of revers and the contrast between the black and red is extremely effective.

Another novel coat is built of tan-colored kersey, trimmed with embroidered

ery and braid, showing the popular brown shades mixed with gold. This is built on long, loose sacque lines, the back showing a broad double belt, from either side of which the belt springs, while the front has inverted pleats running from shoulder to hem. The garment has double sleeves, a tight-fitting undersleeve with a heavily embroidered bell-shaped cuff, and the large angel sleeves which fall over these are fastened on with a yoke emplacement over the shoulders. Their outside seam gives the effect of an inverted pleat. The braid and embroidery which run around the neck and down the front are set off on either side by gold bullet-shaped buttons and the belt has a gold buckle to match.

Garment For Fashionable Woman.

What might be termed a cape—with sleeves is a garment which just now finds high favor with the middle-aged woman, because it can be worn over the high-sleeved blouse without injurious effect on the undergarment. The wrap proper is pleated into a collar-shaped neckpiece, which is completely hidden under embroideries. The sleeve and the coat being cut in one, the garment hangs in full folds straight from the shoulder to a point well below the knee. Between each of the dart-shaped pleats are inserted embroidered motifs to match those employed on the collar and shaped neckpiece. The sleeves are gathered into a large flat band of the embroidery by the use of ribbon rosettes with long tassels. This model developed in hunter's green cloth, with gold and tan embroidery and tan-colored ribbons, was most effective.

Where the two-piece suit is used the long fur stole is employed to reduce the tailored effect. As the season advances women seem to add more and more tails to these long stoles, and they now sweep the hem of the dress. Particularly with fox and sables, rows of tails are set on at regular intervals until the front of the garment looks like a shower of fur pieces. Muffs go to extreme. They are either very flat, suggesting a great envelope, or they are very tiny, the latter being built from rare lace combined with tiny fur tails and flowers.

There is no question regarding the revival of seal for next year, and wise virgins in the matter of fashions are picking up sealskin wraps included in the reduced garments, with the view of using them next year, if not to wear them this season. A wonderful importation from a London house shows a long ulster-like coat of seal, with immense shawl collar or sabbie. It is said that another combination which will be extremely popular is one that was common years ago, that of seal and beaver.—Newark Advertiser.

Women as Rifle Experts.

Rifle shooting at a standard range promises to become a popular sport among the fashionable women of Philadelphia, due to the example set by Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel during her recent visit. She brought the idea from England, and it bears the stamp of royal approval. Society has therefore taken kindly to the sport, and dealers in firearms are being overwhelmed with inquiries regarding weights and kinds of rifles suitable for women.

The secret of Mrs. Drexel's devotion to the sport of rifle shooting did not leak out until just after her departure, together with her husband and Lord Vane Tempest. Upon the return of Mrs. Drexel and Lord Tempest from an extended tour of the West, a valet was frequently seen about the hotel carrying three rifle cases, one of which was much smaller than the others.

It was known that the rifle carrier was Mr. Drexel's valet, but nothing was definitely known of what was going on until Mrs. Norman Whitehouse, of New York, happened to send a long gossip letter to a friend in this city in which she told of the interest she and Mrs. Drexel are taking in rifle shooting and how carefully they compare scores daily and the benefit they feel as a result of the outdoor exercise.

It appears that Mrs. Drexel, while here, was coached on the sport by Lord Tempest. Each afternoon during her stay here Mrs. Drexel would journey with her husband and Lord Tempest to the First Regiment range, near Essington and before leaving she had scored several bull's eyes; knew what the score meant by a "4 o'clock breeze" and had learned to manipulate the sights without jamming her shapely fingers.

Meanwhile Mrs. Whitehouse was practicing at a range near Creedmore, and the two society leaders exchanged daily letters telling of their successes. Mrs. Drexel tried every range from 100 to 1000 yards. Towards the last Mrs. Drexel induced several of her more intimate women friends to go to the range with her and try their luck, and thus the practice has been given a great impetus. Just before sailing from New York Mrs. Drexel and Mrs. Whitehouse were warmly congratulated upon their skill by Lord Tempest at a dinner party, and arrangements were suggested which will probably result in the formation of a shooting club made up of fashionable women of Philadelphia and New York.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

KEYSTONE STATE COLLINGS

TRAINS MEET HEAD-ON

Misunderstanding of Orders Causes Bad Accident at Fuller—No Fatalities Expected.

A freight train and a passenger train on the Low Grade line of the Buffalo and Allegheny Valley division of the Pennsylvania railroad, collided head-on at Fuller, about 15 miles from DuBois. About 20 people were hurt, none of whom will die, it is believed. The accident, it is alleged, was caused by a misunderstanding of train orders. The locomotive and baggage car of the passenger train were smashed. The engine crews escaped death by jumping.

In a fight between intoxicated Slavs at the plant of the Briler Hill Coke Co., six miles from Brownsville, John Hudok was killed by a revolver bullet fired, it is alleged, by John Boles, his cousin. Trouble over a woman, it is said, was the cause of the shooting. County Detective Alexander McBeth went to Briler Hill to-day. The murderer fled and has not been arrested.

Under suspicion of having murdered a fellow-miner, Joseph Molnot and Frank Wargo, of the Vesta Coal Company's No. 2 mine at California, were arrested. The alleged victim, Joseph Zember, a foreigner, was killed yesterday while working in No. 4 mine. Molnot and Wargo were working in a room, separated from Zember's room by a narrow rib of coal. Molnot and Wargo set off a blast and did not warn Zember, the latter being killed.

A successful revival meeting is in progress in the Methodist Protestant Church at Houtzdale. Over 12 conversions have resulted and a union movement throughout the mining vicinity is being considered. Rev. T. Milton Gladden, who is conducting the meetings, has trobled the membership of the church in 18 months. He is a native of Waynesburg, Pa., and is a graduate of Adrian College, Mich.

Officer James Lemon, of Arnold, surprised James E. Donihl and John Waters while they were trying to rob the cash register in the barroom of the Hotel Edna at that place at an early hour this morning. The men resisted arrest and in the struggle that followed Lemon shot Donihl through the leg. After the shooting both men submitted to arrest. Donihl's injuries are not serious.

At Towanda, Bigler Johnson was convicted of first degree murder for the killing and burning of his wife in September last. Judge Fanning immediately passed the death sentence. Charles Johnson, a brother, was convicted in December of the same crime. Their mother and brother and sister, charged with complicity, have been discharged for lack of evidence.

A fire at Edinboro, Erie county, did nearly \$40,000 damage. It started in Gillespie Brothers' drygoods store. This was destroyed, with the following buildings: Alfred's general store, Bennett's barber shop, Hoskin's shoe store, Walker's meat market, Hawkins' plumbing shop and the old National bank building.

While walking along the Baltimore and Ohio railroad tracks near Mars, Robert S., a son of Dr. George H. Mathiot, of Mars, was struck by a freight train and was probably fatally injured. When the train reached Mars young Mathiot was lying on the pilot of the engine unconscious. One leg was amputated.

The jury in the case of James Lawrence, a negro, charged with killing William Jackson of Burgetstown, last September, brought in a verdict of second degree murder. Self-defense was the plea. Judge McVaine sentenced him to imprisonment in the penitentiary for 15 years.

After working on the new Westmoreland County court house for two months, placing the granite blocks in place, it was discovered that the wall was built four or five inches out of place. The discovery will necessitate the removal of every stone in the rear wall.

George Faltz, Perry Kissinger and Eason Futz and wife, of Woodward Center, were arrested and lodged in the Center county jail. They are charged with stealing \$4,000 from Henry and Martin Eby, two wealthy old bachelors of Woodward.

Another victim may be added to the five boys killed in the coasting accident at New Brighton, last week. John, the 9-year-old brother of Robert Farrow, who was one of the killed, is in a serious condition.

Solomon Smail, a well-known farmer of near Delmont, committed suicide by shooting himself in the head. He was about 65 years old, and leaves a wife and several children, one of whom is Mrs. Rush Lenhart of Delmont.

Fire destroyed the boiler house of the Sharon Coke and Coal company at South Sharon, causing a loss of about \$2,000, partially covered by insurance.

Cedil, a little son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Carnes was seriously burned at New Castle, his clothes catching fire from an open grate.

Jacob Gundaker, of near Titusville, who was injured by a falling tree, is dead. He was elected school director on the day of the fatal accident.

Charles M. Schwab has awarded the contract to an Altoona lumber company to build 50 new houses at Williamsburg, for the employees of the new paper mill. The houses will cost about \$100,000.

Walter Ruzgles, about 28 years old was caught in the machinery of the Page Woven Wire Fence company's plant at Monessen, and died from his injuries.

Mrs. Dennis Ryan of New Castle was seriously burned, her celluloid comb in her hair having ignited as she stooped to fix the fire in an open grate.