

tiously in perfect male attire, with shirt collar turned down over a velvet lapelled coat, richly worked shirt front, black hat, French unmentionables, and neatly polished spurs. She carried in her hand a handsome riding whip, which on several occasions she used on impertinent observers with great effect.

Her next step of any note was her coming to America. She was a passenger in the same ship that brought Kossuth over. She created a *furor* throughout the country. Every where she appeared she was greeted by large audiences.

One of her exploits here was the horsewhipping on Broadway of a person named Judson with whom she had been connected in London and who had followed her. But the most curious amatory feature of her American career connects her oddly with a prominent actress of the present day.

Among her New York acquaintances was a young man about town, clever, handsome and well-to-do, named Follin. He was married and had a young son and daughter. He fell madly in love with Lola, and abandoning his family fled to California with her. There and on the road thither he acted as her agent as well as lover and together they left San Francisco for the Sandwich Islands.

But her love began to cool, and Follin experienced all the pangs of impotent jealousy. He drank deeper and deeper as the voyage and the conviction of his loss of his mistress progressed together. Finally as the ship was entering the harbor of Honolulu he leaped overboard and the sharks of the Society Island enjoyed a feast.

The son of this faithless husband, grown to manhood, became the husband of the actress Maude Granger.

Finally she abandoned the stage for the platform. She became an enthusiastic admirer of the doctrines of spiritualism. Many assert that she became insane on the subject. She met with reverses, sickness came, and on the 17th day of January, 1861, her turbulent career was ended by death. Although she had been worth millions during her life, she died in great poverty. She was saved from a pauper's burial by some intimate, personal friends, who provided this wayward but gifted woman with a last resting place in Greenwood Cemetery; whether the good she did during her life was balanced by the evil is a question we leave to the charitable or uncharitable reader to answer.

CHAPTER III.

AN EMPEROR'S AMOUR.

At the commencement of the present century there was a wealthy speculator in Paris, named De la Plaigne. His wife ran a private gaming house, sanctioned by the fashion of the time, and had more admirers than her husband, unless the gossip of the day did her injustice.

They had a daughter, born on January 15th, 1787, and christened Louise Catherine Eleanore Dennelle De la Plaigne, upon whom they wasted little love. A brunette to perfection, black-eyed, raven tresses, and with a superb complexion, this young woman was also a natural wit, clever, well educated, and of a passionate nature.

In 1804, Louise met at the theatre a lieutenant in the Thirteenth dragoons, named Ravel. Ravel was thirty-three years old, a

dissipated, handsome rake, impoverished by his excesses, and a godson, moreover, of the father of Mirabeau, the great orator. He fell in love with the beautiful brunette at sight, gambled himself into her mother's good graces by losing all the money he could beg, or steal to her, and became a favorite.

On January 15th, 1805, he succeeded in persuading Madam Campan, at whose school Eleanor, as she was called, was being educated, to permit him to marry her. The wedding disenchanting her. She discovered her husband to be a worthless scamp, and when, on March 17th, Sorel, the famous restaurateur, had him arrested for forging the draft he had given him in payment of the wedding breakfast, she discarded him.

On August 12th he was sentenced to two