

# The Black Maria.

BY DORIS THRANE.

Submitted in The Tribune's Short Story Contest.

**I**N A little village some-where in Germany, (the place has nothing in common with this story) there lived a family consisting of father, mother and one child, a boy, by the name of Stahl. The father, a peasant, was for one in his station of life, an exceptionally intelligent man, who, after toiling all day in the fields, was not content with the daily newspaper which was distributed in the village, but who sought to elevate his mind through the writings of famous men like Goethe and Schiller, of whose works nearly bound volumes could be seen upon the modest bookshelf in the "Wohnzimmer," or, literally translated, living room.

All his leisure hours this good man spent in trying to satisfy that indefinite longing for the ideal world, and yet, the deeper his mind became involved, the more discontented he became with his lot, which cast him to a farmer. Perhaps some of this discontent was inherited by his son, Franz, who was a bright lad with rosy cheeks and yellow curls and eyes that had a wealth of honesty in them.

At any rate Franz's parents looked on him, especially his father, who really believed him to be born for a certain career, and gave the boy all the opportunities his small means allowed, that he might study with the village curate, who was a learned man.

The time soon approached when papa and mama Stahl were to part from their idol, and it was a sad day for all when Franz said goodbye to the dear ones, as he left for the city of Göttingen, where he was to enter upon a course of medicine at the college there.

He made rapid strides in his studies and graduated with honors. What a sensation was caused at home by the news that Franz had won his degree. When his folks, what folks! None but a proud parent can feel the pride which papa Stahl well experienced.

Now will pass over the period of difficulties which Franz encountered after leaving home at his shingle—the painful waiting for that first patient who never comes—who, in his case it did acquire patients, in a double sense of the word. In Germany it is more difficult than in this country for a young man to establish himself in any profession, as it rarely allows neither means, and in certain amount of such influence. Franz looked both, having adopted himself so assiduously to his studies, and his financial circumstances were such as to isolate him more or less from his student companions; that is, in the general public he is inclined to doubt a young man's ability unless he has achieved something out of the ordinary.

It was not long before Franz found that nothing but an unlimited enthusiasm could be of avail here, and, being poor a great many looks about the new world, he, after some consideration of the subject, decided to go to America, and wrote to his parents begging them to give their consent to this plan. There was an answer to the letter, in the form of a telegram from the village curate, imploring Franz to come home at once, as his father was on the point of death.

Franz arrived just in time to see his two loving eyes, when the curate, come. Mother Stahl was inconsolable, brook-nothing, she soon followed her worthy spouse, and Franz, now being quite alone, was more than ever determined to go to America.

After an uneventful voyage the vessel steamed to Staten Island. What Franz's impressions were as his gaze rested on the great harbor can only be imagined by those who have once witnessed this grand spectacle. And there, just as the vessel was about the colossal statue of Liberty, a brilliant ray of sunshine burst through the heavy clouds, creating a magnificent scene never to be forgotten.

Franz felt a thrill of happiness at this moment. Was not that what his life was to be in this new world? Away with gloomy thoughts! He was young and strong; though alone in the world, he would strive to gain the top of the ladder to success, despite everything.

Unfortunately, he had but a little knowledge of the English language, scarcely sufficient to make himself correctly understood.

So day after day Franz wearily trudged the streets in search of employment. Whether he was mistrusted on account of his white hands, which did not seem fit to labor, or his appearance, which at first sight stamped him as a "greenhorn," or whether he failed to make himself properly understood—enough, he sought in vain. At last he found a German employment bureau, and it was there that he applied for work.

The little old man in the office questioned him kindly, and after listening to his story, told him that it was impossible to give him any employment, except a place in a mine which was recently opened in the little town of Acacia, in the northern part of Pennsylvania, and about one hundred and thirty miles from New York.

Franz eagerly accepting, was once more filled with new hopes and returned to his lodgings to make preparations for departure.

After saying the landlady for his board, in order to leave early the next day, without interruption, he tucked himself upon his bed and was soon wrapped in slumber.

This night a strange dream came to him. He was at home again with his parents, in the dear old room, joyful and happy. The day being very warm, the door was left ajar, when suddenly everything was clothed in intense darkness.

He could distinguish the faces of his beloved ones once more, but some throes of pain now drew his glance toward the door, from whence issued a stream of light, in which stood a beautiful young woman, whose gaze held him spellbound. He tried to rise, but seeing her advance he again sank into his seat for fear, though though beautiful, was terrible to behold.

Her eyes were of a deep, flashing black, her hair hung about her white shoulders like a funeral pall. As she fixed her glittering eyes upon him, Franz shivered. Scarce she came, and bending over him with her terrible face close to his, she hissed in his ear: "You shall not escape Black Maria!" At these words, Franz awoke with a shudder. He was not superstitious, yet, do what he might, he could not banish the uncanny dream from his memory.

At midnight the next day he reached his destination and soon found lodgings in a German family whose male members were all miners. They were very kind to him and Franz became quickly interested in them. The evening was spent in reliving thrilling tales of the mine, its dangers, to which the miner is at all times exposed, yet no life seems to him so desirable and in nine cases out of ten, a miner, having tried other work, eventually drifts back again to his former occupation.

The following day, Franz arose early and, arriving at the mine, he received his instructions to work with several men in a gangway.

He was separated for a time from the kind man with whose family he lived, but his companion, who was also a German, explained many things about the work; yet, when approached on other subjects, seemed taciturn.

Then they worked on in silence, until suddenly the English man, Franz's companion, shouted, "Run, run for your life!" Something terrible must have taken place. Amid the confusion which followed, Franz heard someone call, "Get the Black Maria!" How strange! "Black Maria?" When Franz heard that name before? Yes, yes! Now he remembered! His vision! It must be she! He stood as if rooted to the spot; then he staggered away, luckily unhurt, only dazed and groping his way toward a few moments, he seemed to see a thousand glittering eyes fixed upon him, peering out of all the nooks and projecting rocks.

Manfully fought against his imaginations and when night came, all was once more tranquil within him.

How well the miners know the "Black Maria," for it is not a familiar thing among them! How they stand in the streets in groups whispering, as she slowly makes her way! See the frightened faces at the windows! How the fond mother's heart anxiously beats as she watches! Over there is a newly-wedded bride—will the "Black Maria" stop there, where it is up there on the hill; there she stops! Thank God! Sobs are heard as they lift the shapely mass out of "Black Maria's" loving embrace, and as the forms disappear within the doorway, a piercing shriek bursts forth on the still air.

You "Black Maria," could tell many an agonizing tale, could you speak!

Franz had nearly forgotten his dream and was quite contented with his fate. Everything was going smoothly at the mine and no accident had occurred since that memorable day when he heard that mysterious name, which caused him to shudder, when, one day, he was sent down the mine with several men, to work upon a rock which was to be blasted. One of the men who was usually busy with the dynamite, hurrying to Franz how "Black Maria" stretches forth her white arms! She is close to him! He can feel her scorching breath on his cheek! A hiss! A terrible report as if the earth were being torn asunder, and Franz sinks beneath the flying debris.

After all was cleared away they found him, with a horror-stricken look upon his still, white face, and, tenderly bearing him out into God's warm sunlight, they placed him in "Black Maria's" arms, who was patiently waiting to bear him away.

"Here are the cuff buttons. You won't." Several days after he was handcuffed to a negro murderer and a son-in-law of an official of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul railway and started for the penitentiary. The three were in the same cell. The journey to the state's prison was twenty miles, and by rail. Said the sheriff as the deputy left the jail: "You see that the 'dignity' is kept."

"The deputy had learned that the handcuff had not been made that could be kept on Landers' wrists, but he had heard a rattle of the cuff chains, so he gently poked his gun behind the right ear of Landers, and he said: "You can take the handcuffs off, but when they strike the floor you'll be dead."

"So they did not come off, and the quartette came to the outer doors of the penitentiary. There Landers halted a moment and looked back at the sky, the trees, the charms of freedom, the merry voices of the birds, and the condemned railroad man had his eyes down.

"God!" said Landers, "Twenty-one years!" When the deputy turned him over to the warden he said to the former: "You're the only man ever understood me."

"How's that?" "Oh, you were handy with your gun. All the others have been cowards."

There might be something more serious in it. "It was plain to all hands that an effort was being made to impress the officers of the foreign ships in port, who watched closely with their glasses, and was unwilling to play the part which had apparently been assigned me. When they ran at me the second time one of the boats missed my stern by less than six feet. I went to quarters at once and gave orders. From that time even scratched the paint on the Yorktown, to blow the boat out of the water and kill every man in her, so that there could be no question of an accidental collision. I then saw the officer in charge of the boats. I told him that he certainly had great confidence in the steering gear of his torpedo boats; that if anything should jam so that one of them struck me I would blow her bottom out."

New York, May 14.—This is the time of year when the well-dressed woman turns her thoughts toward the small things of dress, for it is chiefly upon these trifles that the fashionable success of a gown depends. A bust or a bow applied here or there to a bodice may be stitched on in less time than it is required to mention it, but it would fill a book to properly describe their beauty.

If there is one article more important than the other in the category of sartorial trifles it is the neckwear. There are so many ways of winding ribbons and laces around the throat that the woman who has not devised something more original than the style prescribed is positively bewildered when it comes to making a selection. There are fluffs and bows for long necks, followed by the myriad tucks, plaits and button trimmed affairs for the neck that is of just the right length.

One of the daintiest and simplest designs for a short neck is a plain band of light colored satin applied with one of the handsome laces now displayed. This is extremely simple and over the outside of the collar a point of the same material edged with a narrow band of satin ribbon or velvet. Another model for the woman with a full throat is a stock made of striped material and laid in the thinnest of tucks. This is extremely simple and invariably presents a most charming effect. The tucks may or may not be hemstitched.

The slender necked sisterhood has greater variety, though it is doubtful if she has a more charming group of neckties to select from. One of the daintiest models is a creation in black and white. The stock is a plain affair in white silk, overlaid with chiffon pinched in tiny tucks. The tucks are laid in groups of five each, which are interlaced with the narrowest bands of black satin.

A gown carried out in heliotrope crepe de chine displays an original collar in a modification of the Byron effect. A plain band of heliotrope lousine silk extends from each side of a stock of white satin embroidered with silver threads and imitation alysthyts. The protruding ends are stitched with bias bands of the satin finished with tiny silver buttons. The bodice has a vest of plaited cream colored chiffon laid down at frequent intervals with bands of satin finished with the buttons.

A passing word must be said of lingerie. Under bodices are more elaborate than ever this season from the fact that more diaphanous waists will be worn than in previous years. In fact the fashionable materials for summer bodices seem to be confined to two classes of fabrics, the spider web goods and panne mouseline, which is one of the novelties of the season.

There is a great deal for blouse waists and comes in the plain colors, besprinkled with black polka dots. But we must not forget the lingerie. White tulle petticoats are shown in great variety and are in the best of taste, except those which match the gowns. Tucked ruffles with a bon joined by a row of cross-stitching of gold thread trim a prettier model, while another has platings of white chiffon with a tiny ruche on the edges. Black chiffon is also used for the ruffles and again there is a detachable flounce made of white mull, lace insertion and edging which can be laundered.

Enamelled flower hat pins are among the novelties of small articles of dress. They have come in for a fresh share of attention now that the flowers dominate the millinery department, and then there are the insect pins with jeweled bodies and spiders attached to a spring which gives them a very realistic appearance.

The dressmaker's rack are very much used in millinery and for trimming evening bodices and are among the most impressive of the floral decorations. One of the newest colors for rosettes—champaigne or wine white. One must be blessed with a subtle power of discrimination in order to choose this fashionable tint, but it is especially attractive because of its soft warm tinge.

Parasols are very distinctive and decorative a chapter to themselves. Elaborate roses and orchids are embedded and among the most extravagant modes. Other designs in plain white and tued silks show two groups of narrow tucks with a band of gold embroidery between.

Girls' ribbons in narrow widths is much used for ruchings on summer gowns, and other pretty effects in trimming are made with some of the narrow fancy ribbons which come in pretty combination of colors, and also with little jewels through the center. The latter style makes of a braid in effect, but braids of all sorts are in use, especially the lace braids marked with gold threads.

## Fashions for Spring

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### An Ancient Fire Engine.

Sent from London—One Hundred and Thirty-eight Years Ago as a Gift to Pennsylvania Hospital—Now on Exhibition There.

A hand fire engine, said to be the oldest in Philadelphia, at least, has been placed on the grounds of the Pennsylvania hospital, and after the exercises attending the 150th anniversary of the institution, May 11, the engine was presented to the hospital by Elias Bland, of London, England.

On October 25, 1761, and at the monthly meetings of the board of directors at that time the steward was accustomed to putting the machine into operation, in order to keep it in use. Finally, on May 30, 1791, it was taken to the building of the insane department in West Philadelphia, where it remained until yesterday. The engine now stands under a tree known to have been grown from a cutting or branch of the elm tree under which the Penn treaty was signed.

Announcement of the gift of the engine was made by the donor in a letter, of which the following is a copy: "To John Reynolds, Treasurer Pennsylvania Hospital."

"London, July 12, 1796. "I have just on board the Britannia, Captain Smolke, a small fire engine, which please to present in my name to the managers of the Pennsylvania hospital. Shall be pleased to hear it delivered in good order & works well. The person who had the fitting and service of the engine & directions may be regarded.

### PLANTS AND SUNSHINE.

Takes Plenty of the Latter to Keep the Former Green.

Even in the brightest room plants are never so rich a green as those grown out of doors. In a dark cellar no chlorophyll is produced at all. Every one has seen potatoes growing in shades of green, and stalks and little white leaves, which exist but for a time, and when the reserve material in the tuber is used up, wither away, because they have no light. To produce chlorophyll the light must be of a sufficient intensity, that this page must be easily read by it, and to act as a reducing agent it must be very considerably stronger. Every one has learned by sad experience how impossible it is to keep plants in their rooms for any length of time, and the reason is that the light is not bright enough, and what there is does not last long enough to produce the necessary quantity of food material to support life.

There is another fatal thing to the growth of plants in indoors, viz., the amount of air, and this can only be overcome by covering over the plant with a glass shade. As plants die from want of light, so, too, there are some which die from too much. Many of the mosses which cover damp rocks, and which have such thick, soft covering of green velvet die from too great exposure to sunlight. And this brings us to a most wonderful provision of nature whereby many plants are able to regulate the amount of light which falls upon them, and that in two days. They can turn the broad surfaces of their leaves toward the sunlight, so that they are at right-angles to the incident rays, thus getting as much sunlight as they can, or they can turn them at an angle so that they only receive very little oblique light.

HE KNOWS MANY THINGS.

Rear Admiral Evans on His Impressions of Emperor William.

Special Rates via the Delaware and Hudson Railroad.

## JONAS LONG'S SONS. | JONAS LONG'S SONS.

The attractions of late Spring will be found exceedingly interesting at the Great Stores. Special opportunities are to be seen in every department, and a large amount of money can be saved by purchasing here.

### Special Sale of Black Silk Grenadines

Black Silk Grenadines—45 inches wide, 3 widths, satin stripe; also 45 inch iron frame; regular price \$1.25. Special..... **89c**

Black Grenadines—In floral and stripe designs. Regular \$1.00 quality. Special..... **69c**

Black French Silk Grenadines—latest importations in design and weave, 45 inches wide, fine dress patterns in each quality of 6 to 7 yard length. Regular \$15.00 quality. Special..... **\$10.50**

Regular \$17.50 quality. Special..... **\$15.00**

Regular \$22.50 quality. Special..... **\$18.00**

ETAMINES—The most elegant gowns this year are of such fabrics as "Voiles" or Veilings, and transparent materials as Etamines. We have imported high grade canvas Etamines made to sell at \$2.25 a yard, 45-inch width, and all the new shades. Royal blue, castor, old and reseda. Special **\$1.50**

### Millinery

Our Millinery Department will offer exceptional attractions tomorrow. We shall show a special line of Ladies' Hats of very superior value, elegantly trimmed, and of the best materials—nothing shoddy. Many different styles, from \$3.75 to \$6.50

A beautiful variety of Children's Lace, boys', edged with snood and tulle, and, trimmed with bows, and mill rosettes. Special **\$1.69**

### Cloaks and Suits

We still have a few light weight Wraps in Capes, nicely trimmed. Some are braided and others are plain. All have luffy, pretty neck ruchings.

Eton Suits in several shades. Special..... **\$8.98**

Venetian Eton and Jacket Suits, silk lined coats, handsome skirts..... **\$12.98**

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But No Blank Values.

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All kinds of books always in stock. We also make books to order.

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Have you tried our 10c Linen Collars.

### BUY THE GENUINE SYRUP OF FIGS

MANUFACTURED BY CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. NOTE THE NAME.

### THE DEPUTY SHERIFF.

F. Landers, the Forger.

It does not matter who this deputy sheriff was, but he served in the days when the guillotine prisoner and custodian was less marked than it is now; when the pistol settled about as many desperadoes as courts did; when to look out of a state penitentiary was looked upon as an extra trick; when "breaking out of jail" next to an impossibility. That was because of the deputy sheriff. The sheriff was a German, an easy-going, placid German, and the deputy of his was an average sized American, to whom the sheriff said when he appointed him: "I want you to see that nobody gets away, that the prisoners are fed right, that they don't go away not liking things, that the 'dignity' of the law is maintained."

"That phrase 'dignity' of the law" was a tremendous one with the sheriff. He never could get the "it" into his "dignity," and he often convulsed court and jury with his use of the word. One of the first duties of the new deputy was to take charge of Frank Landers, alias Wilbur James, a train boy, one of Syracuse, N. Y., who had graduated into a professional and successful forger.

Landers, after forking checks in various parts of the country to the amount of \$100,000, had the "batches of 'Billy' Pinkerton in those, and was sent out to the jail where the deputy lived, there to remain until he was tried on six indictments. Landers was dapper, traveled, bright, the deputy was plain, kindly, unassuming. Landers looked over his cell and then at the deputy, who stood in the door.

"Well," he said, "I'll stay here about six weeks and then they'll set me free."

"I understand, I don't wish to be left alone."

Two or three days later he asked the deputy if there was a piano in the jail. "Yes—in the jailer's parlor." "May I use it?" "Yes," said the deputy.

He took him into the parlor that evening and Landers, sitting down at the instrument, noticed that a window was open.

"Easy to jump out of that," he commented.

The deputy beamed over because there were others in the room and said, low-voiced: "You understand what I will do if you move?"

"Oh, yes; only I closed the window."

"Here are the cuff buttons. You won't."

Several days after he was handcuffed to a negro murderer and a son-in-law of an official of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul railway and started for the penitentiary. The three were in the same cell. The journey to the state's prison was twenty miles, and by rail. Said the sheriff as the deputy left the jail: "You see that the 'dignity' is kept."

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"How's that?" "Oh, you were handy with your gun. All the others have been cowards."

### BADE DEFIANCE TO CHILE.

"Fighting Bob" Evans on an Interesting International Episode.

Rear Admiral Robley D. Evans had a trying time during the trouble with Chile while in command of the Yorktown at Valparaiso. In "A Sailor's Log," published by D. Appleton & Co., he tells the following story of one of his experiences:

"One of the performances that had most tried my patience and temper at Valparaiso was the way they ran their torpedo boats about my ship, using her apparently as a target. At first some considered it only an exhibition of bad manners, but, in view of the various warnings I had had, I concluded that

there might be something more serious in it. "It was plain to all hands that an effort was being made to impress the officers of the foreign ships in port, who watched closely with their glasses, and was unwilling to play the part which had apparently been assigned me. When they ran at me the second time one of the boats missed my stern by less than six feet. I went to quarters at once and gave orders. From that time even scratched the paint on the Yorktown, to blow the boat out of the water and kill every man in her, so that there could be no question of an accidental collision. I then saw the officer in charge of the boats. I told him that he certainly had great confidence in the steering gear of his torpedo boats; that if anything should jam so that one of them struck me I would blow her bottom out."

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