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The Mark of Her Birth

By PEYTON WILLIAMS

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ON the thirteenth of August, in the year 1884, the following item appeared in the Herald:

Another Abandoned Child. — Last evening a well dressed woman wearing a heavy veil and carrying an infant entered the Central depot. Some moments later a waiting passenger was attracted by the cries of an infant lying in one of the seats. The passengers called the attention of Officer Murphy and the latter, unable to find anyone claiming the infant, conveyed it to the matron of the F street station, who in turn sent it to the foundlings' home. An awaiting passenger at the station noted the fact that at the time the officer took charge of the child a well dressed woman, heavily veiled, stood at the entrance of the train shed apparently watching the scene with great interest. Immediately upon the officer taking charge of the child the well dressed woman passed rapidly into the train shed toward an awaiting south bound train. The passenger noted with some interest that she was apparently weeping. It is thought there is a mystery in the case and the police are watching it with interest although they have a very insufficient clue. The infant was a girl apparently about three weeks old.

On the twentieth of August, 1884, a woman comfortably dressed and evidently belonging to the lower middle class, appeared at the foundlings' home and stated that she desired to adopt a female infant about one month old. Having satisfied themselves that the woman was able and willing to give the



SHE WAS SO FRIGHTENED THAT HER VOICE BROKE.

infant good care the trustees gave over to her a girl baby who had been picked up in a depot a week previous.

Upon leaving the home the woman climbed into a cab with the infant and indulged in the wildest manifestations of delight.

"He has been away for seven months," she exclaimed, "and thinks he has a little one a month old. He never can detect the imposition and the only cloud upon our married life will be removed."

Mary was the most lonesome and dreary of all the lonesome and dreary children of Hobbs court. One trouble was that she was so much more sensitive than the others—although it was difficult to reason why. But, reason or no reason, it was certain that she shrank from the jests and jokes and the childish curiosity and criticism of her companions in a way quite incomprehensible to her companions, to whom give and take seemed quite a matter of birth and breeding. She was a strange child, was Mary, and her life was none too happy. Her "folks" were not her folks at all. She was an adopted child and her foster mother only tolerated her with poor grace, for the fact was that Mary had been adopted by her predecessor in the affections of Homer Jackson, who had tried unsuccessfully to palm her off on her husband as her own. So after she died and the man married again little Mary was doubly unwelcome and was made to feel it in every way.

Harsh words, and, alas, blows, were principally her lot and the bitter bread of dependence was her daily diet. Withal she grew up a brave little thing—rather too serious and big eyed and apprehensive, it is true, but her nature seemed to have been so filled with sunshine that it could not be wholly dissipated and when let alone by her foster parents and the children about her she would break into the most joyous melody and sing, sing, sing for hours at a time.

She was given only the raggedest of cast-off clothes, for the Jacksons were no better off than their neighbors in Hobbs court, and Mary was the last in the family to be thought of. Even the rags were begrudged her. This spirit in her own home communicated itself eas-

ily to all the people in the court, even the children, and the child grew up in an atmosphere of taunt, ridicule and contempt. She was easily the most useless and unpromising living thing in Hobbs court, for even the dogs were loved by somebody.

It was when Mary was in her fifteenth year that a stranger drove into Hobbs court in a shiny trap with bright red wheels. He came to see Tobe Heller about a bull pup. Tobe raised bull pups for the market, but generally transacted business at the homes or offices of his patrons. So the shiny trap and the gloved and groomed stranger was an episode in Hobbs court and all the inhabitants were at the windows and the children gathered about the trap in awed silence.

Then a strange thing happened. Mary was singing somewhere in the Jackson flat, next to Tobe Heller's place, and the notes of the song wafted through an open window. As he came from Tobe's puppyery, the stranger paused and listened to the notes. He glanced up at the window and looked surprised. Then he walked up to the door, knocked and was admitted. He asked Mrs. Jackson if he might hear the girl, whose voice he had heard outside, sing. To be sure he could. Mary was dragged into the front room and commanded to sing. She was so frightened that her voice broke. Then the man spoke kindly to her and talked easily about many things, putting her at her ease. Then she sang for him.

"Madam," said he to Mrs. Jackson, "may I take this girl down town with me? She has a wonderful voice. I would like to have Signor Volenci hear it. It is quite probable I can put her in the way of making considerable money. Here is my card. Mr. What's-his-name—Deviler or Heller—the bull pug man next door, will tell you that I am responsible and mean no harm."

Mrs. Jackson glanced at the card which read "Benjamin Ekstein, Manager International Opera Company."

When Mary emerged from the Jackson flat with the swell stranger, and was driven away in the shiny trap Hobbs court nearly had a spasm. The calls Mrs. Jackson had that day broke the social record of the court.

But that was nothing to the sensation that was precipitated by the announcement a few days later that Mary Jackson, the despised, the reviled, was to appear at the Garrick theater and sing in grand opera. It was incredible and Hobbs court could not become reconciled to it. And when some of the more prosperous and venturesome of the young fellows of the court went to the theater and squandered a half dollar (doubtfully obtained) to sit in the gallery and brought home strange tales of Mary (who figured in the bill as Marie Jackson), the despised, the reviled, was to appear at the Garrick theater and sing in grand opera. It was incredible and Hobbs court could not become reconciled to it. And when some of the more prosperous and venturesome of the young fellows of the court went to the theater and squandered a half dollar (doubtfully obtained) to sit in the gallery and brought home strange tales of Mary (who figured in the bill as Marie Jackson), the despised, the reviled, was to appear at the Garrick theater and sing in grand opera. It was incredible and Hobbs court could not become reconciled to it.

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FASHIONS IN BOAS.

Taffeta, Flowers and Feathers Are All Worn in Neckwear This Season.

There are a great many boas, new with the season, and each has its earmark of popularity. One, all width and no length, is intended for the very tall woman. Another, with its stole ends and the trailing ribbons, its fringes and cords and tassels, is meant for the woman who is tall. If there are all styles of women it is true that there are all styles of boas, says the Brooklyn Eagle.

A new style from Paris shows a boa which is made entirely of knife plaited taffeta. The silk is laid in little side plaits which run the full length of the neck ruff. The stole fronts are long and almost touch the hem of the dress. The entire edge is bordered with down to make a very soft white fluffy finish.

The flower boa, too, is a French feature, one that has been carried over from summer and intensified for winter. This neck decoration is now seen, all a mass of American Beauty roses, with the stoles consisting of long stemmed roses hanging head downward by their stems.

Another flower boa is made of silk orchids with their queerly shaped stems all twisted and hanging this way and that way. And still another is the lily of the valley boa, which is a soft, white, delicate thing, intended for debutantes, and made partly of chiffon and partly of silk tissue, and partly of swansdown, with the lilies peeping out upon their slender stems here and there.

On a fashionable promenade the other day were noticed three girls, all wearing neck ruffles, neck caps, or collarettes.

One wore a feather boa, made flat in shape and sewed upon a foundation of cloth, cut like a cape. The feather bordered each edge and the cape made a very comfortable little article of dress.

Another wore the conventional feather boa but it was made very flat and there were three or four varieties of feathers in its length. All were of one color, a very soft brown, and at the throat the fastening consisted of a very wide piece of ribbon, tied into many little bows like a ribbon chon.

The third wore the conventional flat feather boa, nearly a quarter of a yard wide, and extending over the shoulders and hanging down the front almost to the street, where it terminated in many little fur balls made up like a fur fringe.

Three other young women were also observed, all wearing the little collar-ettes, or boas, and again all three were different.

One was made in silk, cut in circular shoulder shape, with a border of fur on each edge. At the throat there was a clasp. There were no stole ends, but the whole was shaped and finished like a yoke collar.

The second was made of mousseline with a very heavy little ruffling laid on along the edges, the ruffling being of silk.

The third was a very pretty thing in shirred panne velvet lined with taffeta. The shirtings were trimmed with narrow rows of ribbons trimmed with an embroidery stitch. And the ends were decorated with a heavy silk fringe.

THE WOMAN WHO ARGUES.

A Sharp Arrangement of That Individual by a Member of Her Sex.

Said a well-known Philadelphia club woman recent, according to the New York Herald: "At times it seems to me as though woman's proverbial love of argument is only another instance of the inevitable 'longing for the unattainable.'"

"Woman has learned many things, but she has not yet learned how to argue properly."

"To receive courteously from others opinions which differ from their own is a point which even the most advanced of our sex have not yet reached."

"The woman who would argue should remember that:

"Those who do not think exactly as she does may after all be fairly intelligent people."

"In order to refute an argument it is always well to first hear what it is—do not interrupt when it has been but half stated."

"To assert a thing emphatically is not necessary to prove it."

"To call an opponent an ass is merely to prove yourself one."

"A sneer proves nothing against any one—except the person who is guilty of using it."

"Sarcasm and wit may enliven an argument, but facts alone are convincing."

"Adjectives have not nearly the strength of nouns and numbers in an argument."

"What one supposes or what seems to be has no place in an argument. And lastly, that:

"Though to have the last word is a woman's prerogative, it is obviously impossible when several women are arguing together for all of them to enjoy that privilege."

Salmon Toast.

A delicious breakfast may be made by heating a cupful of thin cream to which has been added one spoonful butter and a little salt. Stir into this one can salmon picked up fine, pour over toasted bread and eat while very hot.—Farm and Home.

CHICAGO BANDITS ARE CAPTURED

Car Barn Murderers Arrested After a Desperate Battle.

TWO DETECTIVES SHOT DOWN

An All-Night Battle With Posse, in Which Two Are Wounded, One Mortally, and a Railway Brakeman Is Killed.

Chicago, Nov. 28.—Chained wrist to wrist, their hair matted with dried blood, their clothing covered with dust and dirt, two beardless boys, Peter Neidermeier and Harvey Van Dine, sat Friday night in the presence of Mayor Harrison and Chief of Police O'Neill, calmly confessing their share in a three months' career of crime, which has included nine murders, the wounding of five other men and a long series of robberies. The two young bandits, neither of whom is over 21 years old, together with their companion, Emil Roeski, who is no older, were captured near Liverpool, Ind., Friday after a fight in which they battled against policemen, railroad detectives, railroad laborers and farmers. One man was killed, another fatally wounded, and all three of the young bandits were wounded, but not seriously.

The Dead and Wounded.

The dead: T. J. Soyes, brakeman on the Pennsylvania railroad.

The wounded: Joseph Driscoll, detective on Chicago police force; shot through abdomen and can live but a short time.

Matthew Zimmer, detective on Chicago police force; shot in head and arm.

Neidermeier was wounded in the hand by birdshot.

Van Dine was similarly injured, and sustained in addition a flesh wound in the left thigh.

Roeski was shot in the right hip. His wound is the most serious of any inflicted upon the three men, but was not sufficient to prevent him from traveling a long distance after receiving it.

Wanted For Car Barn Murders.

The three men were wanted by the police for complicity in the murders at the car barns of the Chicago City Railroad Co. on August 26, when two men were killed, a third badly wounded, and \$2,250 stolen from the company.

Gustave Marx, who last Saturday night murdered Officer John Quinn when the policeman endeavored to place him under arrest, confessed after his capture that he, in company with the three men, had committed the crimes at the car barns. The hunt for Van Dine, Neidermeier and Roeski has been hot ever since. Although they knew that the entire police force was looking for them, the three men remained in the city until Wednesday morning.

"We were 'laying' for a fellow that was a witness against Marx," said Van Dine. On Wednesday they left Chicago, going to a dug-out made by railroad laborers near the tracks of the Michigan Central railroad, near Millers, Ind. Thursday night they spent in another dug-out, near Millers Station, Ind., and there they were surprised by the police Friday morning.

Detectives Sent Out From Chicago.

Word was brought to the police Thursday night by T. S. Reichers, a school teacher near Clark Station, Ind., that three men answering the descriptions of those wanted for the car barn murders, were living in the dug-out. Other stories placed the men near Waukegon, Ill., and the police, placing no great reliance in any of the rumors, sent only eight men, Detectives Zimmer, Derocke, Qualey, Gleason, Sheehan, Driscoll, Baumer and Hughes, to Indiana. Sheehan being placed in charge of the squad. The men reached the dug-out at about three o'clock, guided by Reichers. As soon as they were in sight of the place, the officers advanced in a circle upon the dug-out, where the three robbers were supposed to be concealed. Driscoll, who was walking in closer than the others, called out, "It doesn't look as though there is anybody in there."

"Don't anybody fire," ordered Sheehan. "Will we know if they are the right people?"

Two Detectives Shot Down.

As Sheehan spoke, Driscoll picked up a chunk of wood and hurled it at the dug-out. Instantly there was a flash, a report, and Driscoll fell in a heap, shot through the abdomen. One of his fellow-officers stopped to raise him, and the other six opened fire on the dug-out, from which the shots were now coming thick and fast. While the fire was at its hottest, Van Dine and Roeski rushed out, followed a few minutes later by Neidermeier. The latter ran to the tracks of the Michigan Central railroad, and, throwing himself flat on the roadbed, steadied his arm on the rail as he kept up a rapid fire

with three revolvers. Roeski ran for the brush, but Van Dine retreated slowly, although the air around him was filled with bullets, and the snow at his feet was kicked up by them. He is a splendid marksman, and, catching a sight of Detective Zimmer, who was behind a tree, he fired. Zimmer went down with a bullet in the head. As he fell, Van Dine fired again, and the second bullet went through Zimmer's arm. After his arrest, Van Dine said: "His head and his arm were all I could see. I hit all there was of him."

Railway Brakeman Killed.

Roeski had by this time disappeared and Van Dine and Neidermeier, placing their revolvers in their pockets, made a run for freedom. The detectives fired constantly, but the bandits escaped. After running about a mile across country, they came to the tracks of the Pennsylvania railroad. A switch engine with a train of cars was close at hand, and, hurrying up to it, the men ordered Brakeman Soyes to uncouple the train from the locomotive.

Capture a Train.

He refused, and attempted to take Neidermeier's revolver from him. The latter instantly sent a bullet through the brakeman's brain, laying him dead in the snow. Springing past Soyes's body, the bandits mounted the locomotive with revolvers in hand, and ordered the engineer to move out in a hurry, which he did, going in the direction of Liverpool, Ind. After two miles had been covered, the men ordered the engineer to slow up, and leaping to the ground, disappeared in the woods.

Fifty Officers Armed With Rifles.

After the train had carried Van Dine and Neidermeier away, Detective Sheehan hurried to the nearest telegraph station and wired to Chief of Police O'Neill asking that men be sent out with rifles. The message met with a prompt response, and in a short time Assistant Chief of Police Schuetler and 50 officers armed with rifles were on the way to Millers. The officials of the Pennsylvania road rose to the emergency. Capt. Briggs, of the detective service of that road, was given a special train as soon as the news of the murder of Brakeman Soyes was known, and, with orders to take no chances, spare no expenses and get the three men, dead or alive, he and his men were off toward Liverpool. The entire system of the Pennsylvania road was placed temporarily under orders of Capt. Briggs.

Van Dine Wounded.

The news of the fight at the dug-out had spread with great rapidity throughout the country, and by the time the two panting men rushed up to the locomotive, a hundred farmers and railroad laborers were after the men. These were left behind with the Chicago detectives, although one farmer armed with a shotgun got in his work as the train started away. Catching sight of Van Dine as he poked his face through the cab window, he turned loose with both barrels. A number of shots struck Van Dine in the head and face, and one hit him in the throat, causing him trouble. When they left the train both men were nearly dead and unable to travel. The country at that place is rough, sandy and cut up by gravel pits. It is ground over which to travel would soon exhaust a vigorous man, and the two desperados made slow progress.

Surrender or Death.

The farmers, railroad laborers and officers of the Pennsylvania road were coming up fast, and soon were close on the fugitives' heels. It was easy to track them in the new-fallen snow, and the hunt was speedily closed. The men were seen as they dodged about in the sand dunes, and the farmers, most of whom were armed with double-barreled shotguns, opened fire on them. Neidermeier received a charge full in the head, and the blood streamed down his face and into his eyes, binding him so that he could hardly rise. A shot grazed Van Dine's head, carrying off some of his hair, and his wounded leg was weakened. The posse was closing in on all sides. There was no escape, and it was evident to both men that the time had come either to surrender or to fight to the death.

Bandits Give Up the Fight.

Both men were heavily armed and able to take more lives before both lost their own; but as Van Dine said Friday night, in discussing his surrender: "There would have been no good in that, as we never shoot anybody unless we have to, and killing any of these fellows would not have let me off. The jig was up for us, no matter how many we killed. I said to him: 'Well, what do you think?' He nodded his head and dropped his guns, and that's how they got us."

Van Dine, who has served in the army in the Philippines, and shows his military training in many ways, was full of scorn for the men who had taken him.

"I could have killed no end of them," he said. "They came walking along like a drove of quail, and I could have covered the ground with them. I had plenty of cartridges, and I generally hit what I shoot at. It would not have done me any good, though, and I don't shoot unless it is necessary."