

THE WAY OF THE TRANSGRESSOR.

BY HOWARD FIELDING.

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SYNOPSIS.

Mr. J. Woodbury Newcomb, an elderly student of criminology, returning to New York from a visit to Sing Sing prison, meets on the train Frank Gleason, Bill Harris and Jack Pinney, convicts, who have just completed their terms of imprisonment and who mistake Newcomb for a fellow convict. To draw them out he assumes the character and proceeds to tell them the story of his first crime. Frank Gleason narrates an attempted crime in which fortune puts him into the position of the rescuer of his intended victim.

PART III.

"I have always been a hard-working man," said William Harris, the safe-breaker. "As a rule I've earned what I've got; though I haven't always got what I've earned. Many's the likely safe I've cut into to find nothing but a set of books with the balance all the wrong way. Yet there are men in my line who can't open a tomato can without finding it full of green money."



HE FOUND HIMSELF LOOKING DOWN THE MUZZLE OF DANNY'S REVOLVER.

trilled him to his office and had seen him put the bag with the money into the safe, Danny, from a window across the alley, had watched the safe all day. I had seen everybody leave the office, and I had followed the cashier, Jim Wright, to the Grand Central station, where he had taken a north-bound express. We had been a little afraid of Wright, because he sometimes came back to the office in the evening and stayed late. With him we all of the way, there was nobody to trouble us, for the night watchmen of the building dozed in the lower hall and let things take care of themselves. We got into the building through the roof, and came down to the fourth floor where the Granite company's room were. It was about ten o'clock in the evening, and there wasn't a sound in the big structure except the watchman's snores. We picked the lock of the outer door of the Fairfield company's office, and got through into the cashier's room all right. There stood the safe, and a good one it was, Danny, who was an expert in such matters, said that we'd have to blow it. That meant quick work and a hasty exit after the explosion, so we started to look over the ground to see how we could get away. There was a second door leading out of the cashier's office, and I opened it. In a moment I found myself in a light hallway, with Colonel Bob Tracy, right in the middle of it, staring at me across a desk covered with papers. How he got there is a mystery to me, for I had seen him safely started for home. He must have come back while I was trailing the cashier. "The colonel started up at sight of me, but he wasn't half so much startled as I was. If it hadn't been for Danny's nerve, the game would have been up right there, for I couldn't have done anything. But Danny got by me, and just as the colonel opened his mouth to yell, my pal stuffed a soft felt hat almost down his throat. Tracy fell back into a chair, and he found himself looking down the muzzle of Danny's revolver. As that spectacle seemed to be sufficiently quieted, Danny pulled his hat out of the colonel's mouth, and began to state the case.

planned. The key broke and the piece stuck in the lock, so that we couldn't pull it out. I never saw a man so mad as Danny was. But nothing could stop him then. He got out his drills and tried to work like a steam engine. In a little less than an hour he had those doors open, and he didn't use any explosive, either. I noticed that the colonel got a little nervous when he saw how well Danny was getting along; and at the last he kept looking at his watch and smoking very hard. "It was twenty minutes to twelve when the doors swung open. There was the little black bag, and I saw the colonel look at it as a schoolboy looks at an apple when a bigger boy has snatched it away from him. Danny held his big hand on the bag and pulled it out of the safe. It was locked, but he wrenched it open. "Empty!" he croaked; and he was too hard hit to swear. "Col. Tracy came up out of his chair as Danny's hand exploded his whole safe-blowing outfit under the door, and he looked blankly from one to the other of us. "Well, it didn't take a very smart man to see through the hole in that millstone. "Col. Tracy," said I, "you've been robbed. This is an inside job. Your cashier has got away with his money. If I hadn't been the biggest stiff in the United States I'd have known it long ago, for I shadowed Wright this evening and saw him get out of town. "Wright?" cried Tracy, dazed. "It can't be possible! And yet it must be. Nobody else could have got at this safe. "Of course it was plain enough to me, but it took a bit of argument to convince him. When he was finally made to see it, I said: "Colonel, in a certain sense we're all in the same boat. You've been robbed, and we've been defrauded by the same man. Now here's my proposition. You want your money back, don't you? I and my pal can chase and overhaul him and give him up. We can get at him by tomorrow, whereas it may take the police a month or a year. How much is it worth to you to have us do it? "Half the money!" exclaimed Tracy, with flashing eyes. "Bring that rascal back or knock him on the head if you'd rather, and I'll give you \$50,000, and be glad to do it. Not a word about this job either. The ungrateful rascal! Why I made him. I picked him up when he hadn't a cent. Get after him. Cause his arrest, and recover the money, and you have my word for what I'll do." "I'd already told Danny that the cashier had taken a train for Montreal, and he was wild to get started after him. Of course whether we returned any of the money to Tracy would depend on whether we had overhauled Wright. I thought the case over for half a minute, and then told the colonel frankly how we were fixed. He went through his pockets and raised fifty-seven dollars. Danny and I between us had about as much. It wasn't enough. "I asked Tracy if there was any place where he could raise money so late, and he said he might get it at one of the clubs. Danny said he could borrow fifty, perhaps, of a bartender that he knew. If the colonel would agree to make good with or lose, the colonel said he would. Then he suggested that there might be a little in the safe. We'd been so rattled that we hadn't thought of that. So we all went through the safe together, but we did not raise any except a few dollars in change. We had about decided that Danny should go to his friend, the bartender, and the colonel to his club, and that the three of us should meet at the Grand Central station, when our deliberations were interrupted by a loud sound of voices at the outer door, which Danny and I had locked. "It's all right," said the colonel. "I recognize their voices. They're friends of mine, and it's a blessing that they've

shown up just at this hour. We can borrow the money of them." "Danny glanced uneasily at the safe. "Shut the outer door," said the colonel. "They'll never suspect anything. Just sit down and make yourselves at home. You're friends of mine, you know, and you've come to do a little business. That'll be all right." "He ran to the door, while Danny and I sat down and tried to look as if nothing had happened. I felt comfortable enough, for it's no hardship for me to play the part, but Danny—well, he has no what you'd call a high society countenance. He looks like a crook. Danny does. I'm sorry to say. I told him to straighten up his necktie and pull down his cuffs, but he didn't have any cuffs, and his necktie wasn't so suitable to his complexion as if it had been made for him. "In came the crowd—a lot of jolly fellows—laughing and talking. "Friends of mine," said the colonel, indicating us; and we got up and shook hands all around. "Well, Col. Bob," said one of the newcomers, when the hand-shaking was over, "can we get right down to business?" "Sure," says the colonel. "Then the first thing is the money, the hundred thousand plunks," returned the other man. "Where are they?" "Right here," remarked the colonel, and he went into the inside pocket of his coat and pulled the money out. "Mother of Moses, think of it! He'd had that money in his pocket all the time we'd been fussing with that safe, and rigging up plans for chasing the cashier. We'd never thought of going through him; he'd acted so cool when we got around to the safe that he'd fooled us completely. "When the colonel showed the money his friends jumped on us. It was the signal that they'd agreed upon in the outer room while Tracy was bringing them in. As for me, I never raised a finger. Danny made a little half-hearted fight and then went under. "We got five years for the job, and I'm just out. Danny died of heart disease soon after we reached Sing Sing. I suppose he must have got it when the colonel flashed that roll. "And the burglar laid his hand upon his ample bosom, and sighed. (To be continued.)

timely quotations. All are agreed that stability is the most important quality that can be possessed by a standard of value. Any sudden change would transfer millions from the pockets of the mechanics, farmers and business men to those of the money changers. For we must remember that it is not with money that goods are really bought, but with other goods and services. The mechanic does not buy food, clothing and shelter with money, but with his labor; the farmer, as well as the miner, with his own sweat and blood; the manufacturer with the labor of his employees; and the merchant with the labor of his clerks. Money is merely a medium of exchange, and it is of the utmost importance that these tickets shall always represent the same amount of exchangeable value. When they are made to represent less than they should, the result is inflation, and when they are made to represent more, the result is deflation. In both cases the purchasing power of the money is affected. A nation may decree free coinage and unlimited legal tender for two metals; but if there should be a market for one of the metals at a higher rate than for the other, the metal having the higher value will not circulate in that country. The country will then have two standards, one for its foreign exchanges and another and a poorer one for its own citizens. John Phil, in "Common Sense Currency."

missions in which nearly all the Christian denominations of this country are more or less extensively engaged. Dr. Buckley's answer to this question will greatly interest not only the members of the Methodist Episcopal church, which denomination annually contributes a million dollars or more to the missionary cause, but the adherents of other denominations as well. He says the effect of free silver coinage would be disastrous and necessitate the recalling of many of the missionaries. One peculiarly striking and significant feature of Dr. Buckley's remarks is that missionary work is nearly all so-called "silver countries," that is to say, where silver is the only currency in vogue. While the doctor does not in so many words say so, the inference from his remarks is that the missionary is most needed in those countries where silver is the only currency in use. The American missionaries are now provided for on a gold basis. With this country on a silver basis the missionary contributions would go only half as far as they now do, and the work would have to be reduced one-half. It is apparent that no cause, however sacred and necessary, would escape the blighting effects of free silver coinage. The owners of the silver mines alone would be benefited.

For Singers, an Effective Cure for Colds. Old Aunt Rachel, the well known nurse of Holland descent, has gotten up for some New York physicians, according to their prescribed formula, a combination of Horehound, Elecampane, Grape Juice and Rock Candy, that is doing wonders in the cure of coughs, colds and sore throat. It is put up in 25 and 50 cent sizes. Public speakers should carry a bottle in their pocket. Sold by druggists. ARBITRARY ENGLISH. We'll begin with box, and the plural is boxes. But the plural of ox should be oxen, not oxes. The one foot is a goose, but two are called geese. Yet the plural of mouse should never be mouses. You may find a lone mouse or a whole nest of mice. But the plural of house is houses, not hices. If the plural of man is always called men, why shouldn't the plural of pan be called panes? The cow in the plural may be cows or kine, and the plural of foot may be feet, no sine. If I speak of a foot and you show me your feet, and I give you a boot, would a pair be called beeth? If one is a tooth and a whole set are teeth, why shouldn't the plural of tooth be called beeth? If a singular's this and the plural is these, should the plural of kiss ever be nicknamed kesses? The one may be that and three would be those. Yet hat in the plural would never be hose. And the plural of cat is cats, not cose. We speak of a brother, and also of brethren. But though we may say mother, we never say methren. These masculine pronouns are he, his, him. But imagine the feminine she, she, and shim? So the English, I think, you'll agree, is the greatest language in commonwealth.

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Advertisement for 'EVERY WOMAN' featuring 'Dr. Peal's Pennyroyal Pills' for various ailments like headache, nervousness, etc.

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