THE WAY OF THE TRANSGRESSOR.

BY HOWARD FIELDING.

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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, Pil Harris and Jack Pinney, convicts who have just completed their terms of ling isonment, and who mistake Newcomb for a fellow convict. To draw them out, he as-sumes the character, and proceeds to tell them the story of his first crime. France Gleason then narrates an attempted crime, in which fortune puts him into the posi-tion of the rescuer of his intended victim. Bill Harris describes the unsuccessful burglary for which he has been doing time.

PART IV.

Jack Pinney, the second-story burglar, like his famous companion, Gleason, has seen almost all parts of the world. Travel had enriched his voenbulary to such an extent that few plete understanding the tale that he told. It was embellished with the cant of criminals in a hundred cities scattered over the globe; so that even Newcomb the student of unrighteousness. was frequently obliged to ask for a translation of some word or phrase. It will be impracticable, therefore to reproduce the story literally in the present narration.

It appeared that on account of some suddenly and with all posible secrecy. A brief study of extradition treaties inclined him in favor of Spain, and he



HE WAS X COLD-BLOODED YANKEE.

acordingly took passage in a steamer leaving New York for Mediterranean ports, and touching at Gibraltar, Skill and good fortune enabled him to clude the authorities on both sides of the water, and within a month he found himself in the Spanish capital, seemingly quite free from danger of annoyance by the police. But though he had outstripped the officers of the law an enemy quite as much to be dreaded was overtaking him; namely poverty. His funds had been somewhat scanty when he left New York, and a thief is seldom frugal. He had hoped to thrive by his own iniquitious trade, but Spain is robbed too much by the Spanards to afford a ready harvest to the stranger. His knowledge of the language was all that time very imperfect, and the deficiency hampered him. He could not easily form advantageous alliances with the members of his own profesion, nor catch the hints that

help a clever man to rob his neighbor.

Pinney's last dollar was in sight when, in an eating house that had once been frequented by English speaking people and still made some pretense of effort to supply their wants, he chanced to take up an American magazine wherein he read the story of the unlucky ring of King Alfonso XII. That ring, as the reader may remember, was made for the father of the present king. It was a regal trinket. magnificently set with diamonds and pearls. Alfonso gave it to his cousin, Mercedes, on the day of their bethrotal, and it is said she valued it more highly than is common with the great, to whom such baubles are familiar, Perhaps the occasion gave it worth, but we are not accustomed to regard the marriages of royal personages as matters of sentiment. However, Mercedes wore the ring for the brief day that remained to her of life, and when she was gone, Alfonso gave the gold circlet with its diamonds and pearls to Queen Christina, his grandmother. Her days were few, and the ring was the king's again. He bestowed it upon his sister, the Infanta del Pilar who survived the fatal gift about one month. The ring was then given to the youngest daughter of the Due de Montpensier, and she died within three months.

Alfonso XII, and all his court might well have viewed the ring with suspicion after such a series of events, and yet not have been held more supersti-tious than other people. That it was so regarded by the king is a matter of record. He would not give it to anyone; yet strangely enough he allowed it to be put away in his own treasure box;

and he died in less than a year. Evidently no mortal life was proof against the evil power of the ring. rulers of the states, after the king's death, so decided, and they ordered that the deadly ring should pass out of human keeping. It was suspended by a silken cord around the neck of the bronze statue of the Maid of Almodma, the patron saint of Madrid, whose sanctity was deemed more than sufficient to neutralize the malevolence of the demon that dwelt in the ring. Though the statue stood in a public square no watch was set to guard the costly trinket. Its story was thought quite sufficient to protect it, and the course of events seemed to prove the accuracy of that judgment. No thief in all Spain showed any disposition to barter his life for the ring, doubly pretected by its own reputation and the sainted Maid

to whose care it had been committed. But Jack Pinney was not a Spaniard. He was a cold-blooded Yankee who did not believe in anything. He did not even believe that the ring was there, after he had read the account of it in the magazine; but he thought it barely worth while to go and investigate, Much to his surprise he discovered that the story was true.

"When I found that out," said Pinney, "I made up my mind that all Spain needed was a roof over it to be a lunatic

The rascal spent the remainder of that day in blessing the chance that had brought him to Madrid, and doubly blessing the hand that had laid that magazine in his way. There was little need for making plans. To steal the ring was, for a person of his abilities, as easy as knocking an apple off a tree, unless, indeed, some secret trap were set to protect it. This possibility had occurred to his mind early, and could not be dismissed, although his examin-

~~~~~ was guarded. The square in which the statue stood was large and not well ple astir in its vicinity, and the police still begging for mercy. seemed never to look that way. That he could secure possession of the ring and escape immediate danger was that, as Spanish thieves were known to shun this adventure, there might be a "round-up" of all suspictous characters from foreign parts, this is nwful. I never lost my nerve as soon as the city's loss should be dis- like that before covered. In that case Pinney could not hope to avoid being taken into custody,

for he had not the means to leave the city on short notice. It would be necessary first to sell one of the smaller jewels from the ring. These considerations impelled him men could have followed with com- to prepare a hiding place for the ring and he decided to secrete it in the heel of one of his shoes. With this end in view he removed the lowest "lift" of the heel and cut out enough of the leather beneath to make room for his precious booty. Then he replaced the lift in such a way that it could be quickly wrenched off, and readily put on again with the ring beneath. His plan was to run for the nearest dark corner the lustant that he had taken the jewel from the statue infraction of the law, Pinney was neck; and, having hidden it, to return obliged to quit his native land very to the lnn where he was living and there calmly await the inevitable arrest trusting for ultimate freedom to his

> the failure of the authorities to find the tolen property. The succeeding night was admirably suited for the adventure. It was very sin't anybody to bring. I'm convinced tark, and there was a high wind with that the job is as easy as it looks, and odden and violent showers. There was little to fear from chance wayfarers, or, indeed, from the police, unless the offiers differed radically from those with shose habits Planey had become familar in his native land.

protestations of innocence supported by

The city seemed as empty as a desert when Pinney stole through the square it midnight; and, as he crouched in the as engendered by the mystery of the art. The mere novelty of the situaion was a strain upon the nerves. He ad often matched his cunning against colts and locks and armed guards. He and risked his life for a thousendth part of the value of the jewels that almost on the point of abandoning parkled in the dead monarch's luckless ring. It was the greatest stake for which the criminal had ever played, and the risk seemed Incomparably the smallest that he had ever taken in a imitar adventure. His mind could not econcile the two extremes. His imagination made the danger match the orize, and tortured him with apprehenons quite as harrowing as any that ould have been conjured up in the soul of the most superstitious believer in the urse of the ring and the power of the

The volce of caution would be always saying: "It cannot be possible that the ring is unguarded. There must be a hidden watchman; the ring is mechan ically protected. An electric flash may strike you dead when you touch it. Perhaps your hand upon the ring may light thousand lamps ound this sounce. and you may be shot by the assembling guards, like some wild animal taken in

These terrors crowded in upon him more and more strongly as he leaned against the wet stone of the pedestal, trying to recover his breath lost in the un across the square. But the longer he walled, the shorter he breathed; and by this he knew that he was afraid. Panic terror was taking possession of hlm. These black Spaniards were playng with him. They would have him in their clutches in another moment.

It is customary to speak of the reckless daring of criminals, They are thought to be below the level of the highly organized moral natures. But that is an error. Thieves, for instance, suffer agonies of fear, but the strong criminal instinct drives them forward. as the drunkard is driven to the cup through the midst of the torments of

Jack Pinney may not have reasoned upon this subject, as he lay trembling n the shadow of that starue, but he knew instinctively that he must stimulate his thief-craving or become the helpless prey of terror. So he forced himself to think of the ring as he had seen it in the sunlight, flashing upon the throat of the image. Its jewels were bare in the sight of all men. Only a slender golden cord held it. Only the superstition of a people that he de-spised protected it. He would have it. He would not be turned back from his enterprise.
With his thoughts upon the ring

he was much firmer. His breath ceased to come in gasps, and his heart made less noise in his breast. Slowly he began to creep around the base of



SLOWLY HE BEGAN TO CREEK AROUND THE BASE OF THE STATUE.

selected for the ascent. Then, suddenly, he knew not how, he found himself face to face with a man-a giant towering there in the wet shadow till his head seemed to overtop the

### PART V.

The encounter was so deadly close that it did not permit of flight, To turn was to feel a bullet in his back. To surrender meant confession and a prison, It is the peculiar temptation of the exconvict that the idea of a prison is always in his mind. Though he may be no more prone to violence than the best of men, he is driven to it by the pressing fear of the cell, the unrequitted toil, the meagre fare, the loneliness of prison

Therefore, daring neither to flee nor to surrender, Jack Pinney sprang upon the man who had risen so mysteriously in his path. He had no hope, for the enormous size of his opponent and the in disguise, and to travel to the coast certainty that he was armed, made suc- by train. The first that he could get. "Heaven knows I'm glad to see you."

gasping for mercy as he fell. And, to complete the miracle, Pinney recognized the half-smothered voice, and a noment later, the face of the man beneath him, shining white in the dark-

"Doc, Braydon!" he cried. "In the devil's name what brought you here?" This Braydon-called "doctor" for me reason that neither he nor anyone else could remember-was an American criminal whom Pinney had known quite intimately in the old days. Upon recognizing him, Pinney leaped to his lighted. By night there were few pec- feet, but Braydon lay upon the stones,

"Shut up!" said Pinney, bending over much he gleaned by one night's obser- him. "You're all right. Get a grip on vation; and he decided to make the at- yourself. I'm Jack Pinney. Don't you know me?"

It required several minutes for the arrest was nearly certain. The only truth to penetrate Braydon's mind. At last he staggered to his feet, Pinney supporting him with one arm. "Jack, is it you?" he gasped, "Well,

> "I was just a bit nervous myself," regoonded Pinney, "I suppose we're here on the same erarnd, and I dont mind



HE PLUCKED IT OUT OF THE HAND THAT SEEMED TO BE GROWING COLD ALREADY.

But I feel a good deal better now. If the noise that we've made hasn't brought anybody, it's because there you and I can do it in a couple of min-

"I don't know, Jack," said the other. "If everybody else lets this thing alone, there must be a reason for it. It's got

Pinney laughed. The fears that had o shaken him had vänished when the first danger proved to be not only not shadow of the pedestal on which the ural, but of small account. He had statue stood, he felt only such fear as also the support of companionship. made stronger by the pleasure of meetmair. This, despite his lack of super- ing an old acquaintance in a foreign litious tendency, thrilled him to the hand. The same influence operated to put courage into Braydon, but he was of a superstitious nature and could not rise superior to the terrors of the ring. He had been driven into the enterpris by the spur of necessity, and had bewhen his encounter with Pinney had a absurdly frightened him.

With the encouragement of Pinney assurance, he prepared to execute his share in the crime in which they had so strangely become partners. had provided himself with a noosed and knotted rope for senling the side of the statue. It was decided by lot that Pinney should ascend by the rope after the noose had been thrown over the head of the linage. This was accou plished after several failures; and still there was no sign of discovery by any the city's nectornal guardians.

The ascent was easy; but when he ame within reach of the ring, Pinney could not, for all his hardihood, stretch binney took to be a direct representaforth his hand and grasp it. His for-forth his hand and grasp it. His for-mer fears returned. He hung there The proceedings were conducted in most failed, and he was on the point of falling back to the ground. At this panion whispering excitedly: "Some me is coming!"

Some one cried out upon the corner of the square. The thieves were disovered. Convulsively, Pinney slezul the ring, and at he same Instant he loosed his hold upon the rope. The golden chain broke with the strain thus suddenly put upon it, and the thief fell upon the shoulders of his ompanion. Both men rolled upon the ground. The ring slieped from Pinney's hand. He heard it tinkle on the stones Braydon seized it, and sprang up. At fears that forment sensitive men of that moment, the policeman who had discovered them, and was running toward the spot, fired his revolver. Pinney, who was upon his hands and knees heard the bullet whistle over his head Braydon uttered a cry and fell backward, his huge body crashing down upon the flagstones. The ring was in the palm of his open hand, as he lay there. Planey saw it by the light of its own jewels. He bent down and plucked it out of the hand that seemed to him, as he touched the flesh, to be growing cold already. Then he fled putting the statue between himself and

his pursuer. Whether he was actually fired upon he did not know. His fears created a perfect fusilinde, and at every step he felt the sting of a bullet. But the noise night have been the echo in his brain of the shot that had struck down Brayon and he was unwounded when at last he paused in a dark and dirty street near the inn where he had lived.

It had been his first intention to re main in Madrid, and take his chance of arrest, believing that he was known, the statue to the point which he had and that any attempt to leave the city would only make his incarceration sure. The fate of Braydon changed Pinney's plan. It had given him new light upon the possibilities of destiny. He was not sore sure that the sun would rise on the morrow than that the power of the ring had directed the bullet which had laid his companion low. The darkness and the distance put markmanship out f the question. It was a chance shot. Then by the severest logic, there was something in the story of the ring. He marveled at his own courage in taking it from Braydon's hand; and, Indeed, he credited his escape to his bravery. It was a survival of one of the oldest superstitions that magical dangers are only fatal to those whose hearts yield. Braydon had proved a coward and had been struck down the instant that his fingers closed upon the ring. Pinney had braved the peril, and had been spared. He believed that he should be safe as long as he crushed down fear. If he could get out of Spain; could return to his own land, and be among his friends, he felt that his courage would not desert him. Therefore he resolved

to leave the city with all speed. Hastening to his room in the lun, he gathered up his scanty baggage, and then summoned the landlord, that he might pay his bill. Pinney and the landlord were on terms of mutual understanding, in that each believed the other to be a thief. When, therefore, the landlord learned that Pinney was calling for his bill in the middle of the night, he rightly judged that a successful robbery had been committed. This did not prevent him from taking the money and wishing his guest the best of success upon his journey.

Pinney had decided to put his trust ation of the place had not given him any cessful attack almost impossible. How would start about five o'clock, and so cried Pinney, "though it costs me half alen to the means by which the ring great, then was Pinney's surprise he had some hours to wait. After care-

fully locking the door of his room, and screening the window, he set down by a table and viewed the ring in the light of a candle. It was the most wonderful piece of jeweler's work that he had ever seen. The gems shot forth a thouthat the ring gave more light than the It enchanted his eyes; and though he believed in his heart that it nad slain his friend that night, and

would cost him his life in the end, he would not dream of parting with it till ne could transmute its jewels into gold. How long he remained with his head bent over the ring, he could not say. A ough and grating sound startled him. He looked up hastily, and saw the landlord of the inn standing by the open door. There was a revolver in his hand. and it was pointed at Pinney's head. The thief remained motionless in his chair, staring into the black barrel of

The innkeeper closed the door with his left hand. Then he took two ster forward. The muzzle of the revolver was almost touching Pinney's forehead. He pointed down at the ring on the

table. "Where did you get that?" he denanded. "Give it to me!"

His fingers closed over it.

"It is the ring of Alfonso XII.," said the day after it was first hung up. Only Pinney, mechanically, "I took it from he statue. The innkeeper suddenly held up the

ing to the light. Then, uttering an ath, he threw the ring upon the floor ind fled from the room. Not even the death of his friend had o impressed Jack Pinney as did the flight of this man. His face proclaimed him a hardened villain, and he had just

worth a dozen fortunes, he dared not old it in his hand a moment, "His cowardice is my gain," was Pinney's thought, as he picked up the ring rom the floor. Yet he had grown to ear the trinket as something accursed, and he was inwardly prompted to leave

A moment later he heard the sound of nany persons ascending the stairs. A olee rooke in the Spanish language, and Pinney did not grasp the meaning out the tone was official, and warned him that the police were upon him. He bastily thrust the ring into the iding place which he had prepared in he heel of his shoe. No sooner had e remined an upright posture than a little squad of uniformed men forced their way into the room. One of them told him in Spanish, and then in fairly ntelligible English, that he was under arrest. When he assumed an air of innocence, and caked what crime was charged against him, he was informed without delay that he was accused of tealing the ring from the neck of the

They searched him with a great show care, but Pinney noticed that not one f them iried to find the ring. Incred-sic as it seemed, he was convinced that ng the ill-rated bauble, and wished to hift the corse of it upon some com-Pailing to find it upon the prismer, they searched the room in the cowardly fashion. Naturally the ing was not found.

There was a brist consultation, which coulted in Pinney's being taken bere a high police official. harmed with the crime, but he stoutly protested his innocence. Then he was hrust into a cell, where he remained nearly all day. Floally be was beought nce more before the official, who was backed on this occasion by a much more magnificent personage, whom

Spanish, and he had little idea who vas done; but at last a minor official eok him in charge, and informed him moment he heard the voice of his com- that his guilt had not been proven. It had been decided, however, to send him out of the country. The speaker had been detailed to conduct him to a senport, where he would be sent to America. This leniency, he was given to understand, was shown to him beause he was an American. The relations between the two countries being unhappily somewhat strained, it was felt by the authorities that no severity ought to be shown in either oward the citizens of the other.

The officer's manner when he spok hese words was so palpably insincers ant Pinney was heartly terrified. He



A ROUGH AND GRATING SOUND STARTLED HIM.

for some unspeakable vengeance, and that he would never reach the coast alive. He had heard of the ruses by which prisoners are shown an apparent chance to escape and are shot down at the first step. No such tricks should be played upon him, he told himself and as a matter of fact, he stuck close than a brother to his escort during the fourney to the coast.

At last he found himself on the deck of a steam vessel that was bound for New York, The ring was still in the heel of his shoe. His escort bade him a courteous farewell, and went over the side into a waiting boat. Pinney was utterly dazed. Was it possible that Spanish superstition went so far that even the highest officials welcomed the chance to get the ill-fated ring out of the country? At any rate, he had it;

and his fortune was made. He had been informed that his passage to America had been paid, and that a stateroom had been assigned to him. Like a man in a dream, he went below, and in his stateroom, by the light that came through the open port, he gazed once more upon the burning jewels of

the ring. Some one shook the door, Pinney bastily thrust the ring into his pocket. and responded to the summons, To his great surprise Braydon entered. He had supposed that the man was dead, Every question that he had asked about Braydon had been answered evasively, yet in such a way as to leave the impression that his fate had overtaken him.

"Oh, I'm no ghost," was Braydon's greeting. "That bullet went through my hat, and trimmed my hair a little,

"What do you mean"

"I mean the ring," whispered Planey "I've got it, Doc, and we're rich."

"Let me see it," said Braydon, Pinney took it from his pocket. Braydon snatched it, and made a motion to sand glittering rays, It seemed to him throw it through the porthole; but the other grasped his arm

"Why, you madman," gasped Pinney. "are you still superstitious? Do you still believe-

"Oh, nonsense, Pinney," said Braydon wearily. "I'm on to the whole business now. The man that brought m down her told me everything. That ring is begus. Th real ring has gone into the bottomless treasury of Spair long ago. They've had a fake ring on the statue for I don't know how long. and it's been stolen over and over again. That doesn't make any difference, They have a cartload of models like this and every time one is taken, they han up another. There was one on the neck of the statue, when I passed it yesterday, after my arrest. worst of it is that we were the only two crooks in Spain who did not know it Protected by superatition! What fake! Why, every fly man in the kingdom has been on to the fact that that ring wasn't worth five cents, ever sine

in it, and the authorities work the trick to please them." It took Pinney a long while to bring his minds around to this unwelcomtruth;but careful tests of the supposed jewels at last forced conviction in upon

the ignorant and superstitious believe

He had some hope that the excellent of the imitation might make the trinket roven himself a desperate thief. Yet, worth something as a basis for a confihough the jewels in the ring were lence game, but unfortunately he wa arrested on a cabled information from Spain as soon as his ship reached New York, and the ring was taken from him.

"I couldn't have had worse luck, said he in conclusion, "If the thing had been genuine."

(To be concluded.)

EFFECTS OF CHEAP COINAGE.

Who Suffer the Most from the Debasement of the Currency.

From Macaulay's History of England, The misgovernment of Charles and James, gross as it had been, had not prevented the common business of life from going steadily and prosperously on, While he honor and independence of the stat were sold to a foreign power, while char-tered rights were invaded, while funda nontal laws were violated, hundreds of thousands of quiet, honest and indus-trious families labored and traded, atheir meals and lay down to rest in comort and security. Whether Whigs or To les, Protestants or Jesuits, were upper est, the grazier drove his beasts to ma et; the grocer weighed out his currants he draper measured out his broadeloth he hum of buyers and sellert was as lots s ever in the town; the harvest home was elebrated as joyously as ever in the ham s; the evenin overflowed the pails Cheshire; the apple Juice feamed in the presses of Herefordshire; the piles erockery glowed in the furnices of the Trend, and the barrows of coal rolled fast ong the timber railways of the But when the great instrument of ex change became theroughly deranged, all trade, all industry, were smitten as with a The evil was felt dally and hour! almost every place and by almost evers, in the dairy and on the thresh se, by the anyll and by the form, on t billows of the ocean and in the depths of the mine. Nothing could be purchase without a dispute. Over every counts a quarret as regularly as the Satur me round. On a fulr day or a mi

No merchant would contract to delive cods without making some supulation bout the equility of the cola in which he Even men of busines ere often bewildered by the confusion into which all pecuniary transactions were thrown. The simple and the careless were pillaged without merely by extertioners whose demands grew even more rapidly necessaries of life, of show, of ale, of our-ment, rose fast. The laboret, found that the bit of metal which, when he received was called a shilling, would hardly hen be wanted to nurchase a not of beer a loaf of type bread, go as far as six Where artisans of more than usua were able to make their complain; eard and to obtain some redress. But he tenorant and helpless peasant was ernelly ground between one class which would give money only by tale, and an-other which would take it only by

### Art of Mixing Mustard.

The art of mixing mustard is to have i The art of mining mustard is to have at perfectly smooth, and of the proper consistency. The liquid with which it is moistened should be noted to it in small quantities, and the mustard should be well rubbed and beaten with a speed. Mix half a teaseconful of sail with two ounces of the flour of mestard, and stir to them by degrees sufficient water to re-duce the whole to the consistency of a thick batter. It ought always to be suf-Sently diluted to drop easily from th

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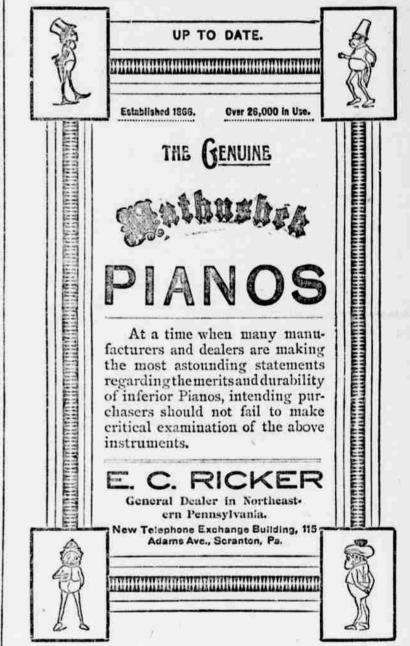
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