

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 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 then narrates an attempted crime, in which fortune puts him into the position of the rescuer of his intended victim. Bill Harris describes the unsuccessful burglary for which he has been doing time, and Jack Pinney recounts an effort to steal the unlucky ring of Alfonso XII, hung on a statue in a public square of Madrid.

PART VI. Jack Pinney had barely finished his story when the train which bore the party stopped with an unusual grinding of brakes and rattling of wheels upon the rails. So suddenly, indeed, was the speed arrested that the three criminals—who had been riding with their faces to the front—were brought to their feet, and they remained for an instant standing there in line as if they expected the Angel of Evil Deeds to call the roll of them.

"I thought we were all going overboard," said Pinney, glancing out of the window at the waters of the Hudson. "The place was a little to the southward of Yonkers, where the railroad runs for a considerable distance upon an embankment raised but a few feet above the level of the river.

"There had been an accident of some kind," said Gleason. "I can hear people shouting ahead of us. Let's go out and see what has happened."

The suggestion was accepted, and the four men hastily left the car. At first their view was blocked by the throngs of people that were pouring out of the train, and mingling with a much larger number that came down from the bank upon the left. After a brief struggle with the press they came to a spot from which they could see what had barred the way of their train. An express bound northward had been partially wrecked by the breaking of a wheel under the car immediately following the tender of the engine. A coupling had parted and the car had been almost demolished by those which come after it. All the tracks were strewn with wreckage, and the express car had gone into the river, where a corner of its top could be seen above the water.

No person had been seriously hurt, but the rescue of the two men who had gone overboard with the express car had been very near to a miracle. A telegraph wire had been tapped, and an official of the road was communicating with one of his superiors in New York. The click of the instrument was faintly audible to Newcomb, as he stood surveying the scene. Presently Gleason touched him on the shoulder. He turned and saw that his companion's eyes were burning with fierce eagerness.

"Do you know what that man is telegraphing?" demanded Gleason. "No; you're not an operator. Well, I am, and I'll tell you what that sounder says. There's \$50,000 lying there in the river under our eyes."

"I don't understand you," said Newcomb. "It was in the express safe," continued Gleason, "and it went overboard with the car. They've sent for wrecking apparatus, and they're going to pull the car out of the river. Now, the question is: Can we get that money?"

Newcomb was astounded. "How can we get it with a thousand people watching us?" demanded the criminologist. "How could we get it, anyhow, while it's under water and locked up in a safe?"

"There's always a way to get money if you want it badly enough," returned Gleason, sententiously. "That was all that he would say on the subject, but he remained for a long time staring down into the water, while he listened to the spasmodic clicking of the telegraphic instrument. At last a train with the appropriate wreckage appliances arrived, and after considerable labor, a great chain was fastened to the express car and it was drawn out of the river. But the safe was not to be found. It had been dislodged by the shock of the plunge, and had passed out through the forward end of the car like an enormous cannonball. Undoubtedly it lay in the mud of the river bottom, and the task of finding it would not be easy.

longest pier of the three that lie near together about a mile above here. We'll be there with the boat."

Before Newcomb could decide what course he ought to pursue in such exceptional circumstances, Gleason had him by the arm and was hurrying him away. For the next half hour he followed the criminal's guidance blindly. His mind was alternately busy with two considerations. First, in his character as a student of sinners, he rejoiced in this unrivaled opportunity for observation. It was a demonstration in crime—an illustrated lecture by a trio of eminent specialists. Newcomb could not afford to miss such a great educational treat. Second, as an honest man, he was bound to prevent a crime. But how would that be best done? If, at that early stage of the proceedings, he denounced the thieves, no one would believe his story. It would be regarded as ludicrous. How could these men commit such a gigantic robbery in the presence of thousands? It would be much better to let the conspiracy progress to a point near to success before interrupting it.

Therefore Newcomb attended Gleason in his visit to the diver, and listened to the negotiations for the boat and apparatus. As the thief had said, the diver could refuse him nothing. It was evident that Gleason held some disreputable secret of the other's. Yet the diver refused to take any part in the adventure.

"I'll keep out of it," he said. "I'm trying to live on the square now, and this thing is too risky for me. Steal my boat, if you want her; but I don't want to know anything about it."

He then proceeded to give certain necessary directions, and he also furnished the keys of the lockers on the boat in which the diving apparatus was kept. Gleason departed in high spirits. He and Newcomb made the best possible speed for the pier where the boat lay. She was a rude craft, yet well adapted to her work. Gleason prepared to start the fire under the boiler of a little "donkey" engine which the boat carried. Meanwhile Newcomb went up to the town to buy certain necessary articles which Gleason could not find in the boat's lockers.

While he was gone Harris and Pinney, who were cornered by Gleason, were anxious about them, and he was overjoyed to see them drive down the pier, one on each side of a genial son of Ireland, whose dray they seemed to have hired for the occasion. There was something like a big box wrapped rudely in canvas on the dray. Harris and Pinney, with the driver's help, set the box down upon the pier.

"What's that?" asked Gleason, when the Irishman and his equipage had disappeared. "The biggest thing on earth!" cried Harris. "It's a safe of the regular express pattern, undoubtedly an exact model of the one in the river."

Gleason was positively dazed by this great news. "Where did you get it?" he exclaimed. "It was in one of the wrecked baggage cars," replied Harris. "When I saw the various things were being carted around to the station, I hired that Irishman and his dray, stole an expressman's coat and pinched the safe. Of course the railroad men thought it was going to the freight house with the rest of the stuff."

"And now, Gleason, of course you see my plan," he continued. "We must deliver this one. Before they can get it open we can skip with the \$50,000. Am I understood?" Gleason nodded. The three men hoisted the safe on board the boat. Just as they had finished the task Newcomb arrived with a high official of the railroad whom he had met on the way to the pier where the boat lay. The official had heard that a diver's boat was kept there, and was anxious to get the use of it. The whole matter was arranged between him and Woodbury criminologist, but the most shrewdly played the part of agent for the criminals.

tion which he had practiced upon them would be no good. He resolved to appear in his true colors, in order that he might say a few words at parting which would help these misguided men toward a better life.

"And so, with little preface, he broke the truth to Harris, Gleason and Pinney, as soon as the boat had started for her pier. The sunbeams in the three men could be imagined. They listened to his story and to his exhortation in a sort of trance which seemed to him to be very respectful and encouraging.

"Mr. Newcomb," said Gleason at last, "I believe that your words have fallen on good ground, and have saved myself and my companions from the perpetration of crime. As a matter of fact, Mr. Newcomb, we have stolen that safe."

"Impossible!" cried the criminologist. "Yet true," said Gleason, and he displayed to Newcomb the wonderful safety that had come out of the baggage car, and had been set into the boat's cabin.

"And now," Gleason continued, "let me prove that our repentance is sincere. Although we might easily over-punish you for our crime, in our own way, we prefer to take your advice, and undo what we have done. Mr. Newcomb, will you help us? Will you restore this safe to its rightful owners? And will you plead for us with them?"

"I will," cried Newcomb, promptly. No sooner had the boat reached her pier than Newcomb rushed off for a dray in which the safe could be carried back to the place of the wreck. The safe was put on the dray, and Newcomb took the reins.

It was agreed that the three crooks should wait for Newcomb's return, with such answer as the railroad men might make to the prayer for forgiveness. Great was the sensation when Newcomb appeared with the dray and the safe at the scene of the wreck. The divers had just returned, and suspicion was not on the river bottom, and suspicion had begun to dawn upon the blue-coated officials of the line. They pounced upon Newcomb, who, smiling agreeably, sat upon the driver's seat of the dray.

"I return to you your treasure quite unharmed," he said. "I desire no thanks, but only mercy."

"The man is crazy!" exclaimed one of the officers. This is not the right safe. Why, it hasn't been wet. And, besides, there's the letter 'A' on the lock. "Nevertheless, this is the safe," said Newcomb with so much earnestness that he impressed all his hearers. "Open it and be convinced. But first tell me what was in the other safe."

"Nothing but the package of money," said one of the men. "All the papers and books were in another car."

As he spoke he worked the combination of the lock, and, being an expert in that matter, he soon succeeded in opening the safe. Throwing back the doors, he plunged in his hand and drew forth a sealed package. He broke the seal, and drew forth eighty-one thousand dollar bills!

"It's all right," he said. "This must be the safe. But how you got it, and how it escaped going overboard, is more than I know. You will have to explain that to the police."

"Willingly," said Newcomb, and he submitted to arrest. At that moment Harris, Gleason and Pinney stood with staring eyes before an empty safe that stood open in the cabin of the diver's boat.

"We're dished!" said Gleason. "But how? How?" "Woodbury has done it," responded Pinney. "Reformed I don't think. Why Columbus, O., Letter, Chicago Record.

One of the rarest specimens of post-glacial life ever found is that of the Megalonyx Jeffersoni, which has recently been discovered in the museum of the Orton hall of the Ohio state university. The specimen enjoys the unique distinction of being the only animal ever named by and for a president of the United States. Thomas Jefferson invented the generic name "megalonyx," and the specific name was given by Dr. Harlan at a later date in honor of Jefferson's discrimination and interest.

In 1786 some bones of an extraordinary nature were found in a cave in Greenbrier county, Virginia. They excited a great deal of curiosity and discussion and in some way came to the knowledge of Thomas Jefferson, soon to be made president of the United States, whose interest in all that pertained to nature was generally recognized.

One of the most striking features of the cave relics was the enormous claws of the animal, which Jefferson, by an error that was readily pardoned, mistook the claws of a carnivorous animal, and upon them he established the name by which the animal is known. The "small Latin and less Greek," with which William and Mary college had equipped him was enough for the occasion. Two Green words, in fact surfaced, and "megalonyx" (great claw) emerged into the world of letters and science.

President Jefferson acquired possession of the remains and presented them to the newly established American Philosophical society, Philadelphia, which was, at that time, the most authoritative scientific center of the country. These bones still remain in the possession of the Academy of Science in the same city. Subsequently study by the naturalists of Philadelphia soon established the fact that the great claws and associated bones belonged, not to a carnivora, but to some representative of the strange and wandering group in which the sloths of South America are included. The specific name "Jeffersoni" was very properly added at a later date in honor of the president.

The Philadelphia specimen was never set up, many of the bones being missing and the Ohio specimen is the only complete one in the world. The university museum has this great distinction: It contains the first and only complete skeleton of one of the most interesting animals of post-glacial time.

HISTORY OF THE SPECIMEN. The history of the skeleton is as follows: In the fall of 1800 a number of farmers in Denton township, Holmes county, combined to dig a ditch which would drain a swamp of 300 acres, more or less, in which they were severally interested. In December the ditch had reached the land of Abraham Drushell and the cutting was going on successfully through four to six feet of black peaty earth, which covered a foot or two of shell marl, when the workmen were greatly surprised by unearthing some large bones of unfamiliar pattern.

The greatest interest was awakened among the farmers engaged in cutting the ditch, and among their neighbors. A few doses of the bones, including several claws, were carried to Millersburg, and right interpretation was at once put upon them there by W. S. Hanna, the prosecuting attorney of the county. He pronounced them the bones of a "megalonyx."

Extraneous ideas of the money value of the discovery took possession of the farmers' minds and nothing could be done for some years toward

gaining possession of the bones for science. At last, in the summer of 1856, Mr. and Mrs. Drushell consented to the transfer of their rights to the university. They received a fair price for the bones, but it is only justice to them to say that it was the public interest of the transaction that commanded their assent at last.

They would not have parted with the wonderful remains of which they had come into possession except to place them where they could interest and instruct a larger number and be preserved for many years to come.

The bones were shipped in September last to Wards' National Science establishment in Rochester, N. Y., to be mounted. While the Holmes county find contained a larger number of bones than any other single discovery on record, the skeleton was still incomplete.

To complete the restoration the resources of the museum of the country were put under requisition and the skeleton was completed and now stands in the museum of the state university in this city, the size being 7 by 11 feet.

A MINE'S COST. It Depends Upon the Way the Precious Metal is Hidden. There are no hard and fast rules in regard to making a mine from the time it passes into the prospector's hands until it becomes a dividend payer. Many mines are such, as the miners say, "from the grass roots," and turn out large quantities of ore from the beginning.

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