FROM NOW ON

By FRANK L. PACKARD (AUTHOR OF "THE MIRACLE MAN") Copyright, 1931, by Public Ledger Company

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

CHAPTER III

DAVE HENDERSON lost no time on ffteen or twenty minutes after leaving the residence of Mr. Martin K. Tydeman, he slipped into the lane at the rear of the shabby house on the shabby street that he called his home, and, ntering the shed, closed the door softly behind him. Here, it was but the work of an instant to take the sealed package banknotes from the black handbag. reach up, slide the package in through the little door of the old pigeon-cote, push the package over into one corner. over it with the chaff and old straw with which, relies of bygone days of occupancy, the bottom of the pigeon-cote was littered, and to close the little door

He stooped then, and, unlacing his hoes quickly, removed them. He had mly one thing to guard against now, and his alibi was perfect, his possession of one hundred thousand dollars serure. Tooler must not near him entering the house. Tooler must be morally convinced that he, Dave Henderson, had ever left the house. As soon as he got back to his room again, he would put on his shoes, call up to Tooler that he was going, and, with the empty black andbag, get into his car-and drive p to Martin K. Tydeman's!

"Some uproar!" confided Dave Henlerson to himself. "When I ask old Martin K. to fill the li'l' old bag, and be goes for the cash, there'll be-His mental soliloguy ended abruptly.

He had opened the door noislessly that led into the house, and was creeping without a sound along the hallway toward the door of his room at the front of the house-and now suddenly he stood rigid and motionless. Was it fancy, his imagination playing tricks upon him, or had Tooler come down-It seemed as though he had caught the sound of a lowered voice; seemed as though it had come om his own room there along the hall. And then he smiled sareastically at

grabbed the train, an' deman on the long-distance until

Housekeeping

Apartment

New

able little red-haired rat of a race-course tout and hanger-on. Runty Mott—Bookie Skarvan! He remembered very well indeed that Bookie Skarvan could not get Tydeman on the long-dis-tance until after the train was gone! Another voice chuckled in malicious

"Take it from me"-it was Runty Mott again—"Bookle Skarran's got some head! Some head! He was wiped out all right, but I guess this puts him on Easy street again. Fifty thousand for him, an' we split the rest. Bookle says to me, he says, 'If Dave goes an' gets that money, an' disappears after-ward,' he says, 'it's a cinch, with the ragged reputation he's got, that he stole AVE HENDERSON lost no time on his return journey. Within some nice little mound of earth somewheres in the woods about six feet long an' four der feet deep, due to Dave having collided with a blackjack, I guess the police'll be concluding after a while that Dave was smart enough to give 'em the slip, an' get away with the coin for keeps.

It was silent in the house only the silence began to pound and throb, and become a world of riot and dismay, and make confused noises of its own. Crouched against the wall, Dave Henderson raised his hand to his forehead—and drew his hand away damp with beads of moisture. There was an over-mastering rage, a tigerish ferocity upon him; but his brain, most curiously, was deadly cold in its composure, and was working now swift as lightning flashes, keen, alert, shrewd, active. The words he had just heard meant—murder. His murder! The very callousness of the words but lent a hideous sincerity to them. Also he knew Baldy Vickers—if any further proof was needed. Baldy Vickers was a gangster to whom murder was a trade; and Baldy Vickers with stakes in the thousands, when he would have committed any crime in the would have committed any crime in the

decalogue with greedy haste for a hun-dred-dollar bill, meant-murder.

fury. He had recognized that voice now —and, in a flash, what that voice meant. It was Runty Mott, a miserable little red-haired rat of a racecourse tout and hanger-on. Runty

Mott—Bookie Skarvan! He remembers!

The he could only get back there and get
that money! But there were footsteps
sounded from the street in front. "Keep coming now—his straining ears could
and nearer to the door that opened from
and nearer to the door that opened from
the shed into the rear of the house. Fury

hall. His shoes were on now; and now his eyes fell upon the empty black handbag which, to facilitate his moveone way to get through—his car out, there in front—a dash for it, though it was certain that there would be others of Baldy Vickers' crowd lurking out there, too; he might not get through, but if he did, there was a way, too, to save that \$100,000, or, at least, to keep it from Bookie Skarvan's claws!

In the dark, narrowed eyes there came a glint of humor but it was grim, deadly humor. They believed, of course, that he had the money in the beg, since he would be credited with no object for having already disposed of it, the natural presumption being that, with the money once in his possession. he would make a run for it—and they must continue to believe that—be given no reason to believe otherwise. It was dangerous, an added risk, but if he pretended to fall unwarily into their trap, pretended to be unconscious that there was, for instance, a blackjack waiting for him in his room, their suspicions would never be aroused—and neither they nor any one else would ever suspect for an instant that the money was not still in the bag as he dashed

was not still in the bag as he dashed from the house.

He was creeping forward again silently toward the door of his room. That was logical. They would expect that. They would expect him to creep in silently and stealthily, on account of Tooler upstairs—or, if they did not exactly expect it, it would explain itself in that way logical way to them. self in that very logical way to them Behind him now the door leading into

hall was being opened cautiously, so cautiously that he would not have heard it if he had not been listening for it, expecting it. But he was just at the edge of the jamb of his own door handle, and, still retaining his grasp upon the knob and standing in full view upon the threshold, he pushed the door open to the extent of his outstretched arm. The slickest crook in the United States, they had said he would make!

A burly figure was crouched



A hand grasped at the car's side and was torn loose

he says, 'an' wise up Baldy Vickers shoes. And now from the rear there to what I say. You got a good two hours,' he says, 'to set the stage up there before Dave blows in.' '' shoes. And now from the rear there came a faint sound a low creaking, like the stealthy rending of wood. He knew what it meant: They were forcing the Came that malicious chuckle again.

not Tooler—and it was not nerves. The shed, the boys'll see he don't get out loor was slightly njar; and the words that way again; an' if he comes in by jar; and the words that way again; and the guarded the front he'll get a peach of a welcome home! Tumble? This is where he on being able to get old you won't have to swing it twice. can carry him out through the shed, an' get the mortal remains away in a car with no one the wiser." Runty Mott was chuckling now quite as Dave Henderson did not move. Into maliciously as his companion. "Can't sace there had come, set in a gray- you see the headlines in the papers! s face there had come, set in a gray-h-whiteness, a look that mingled 'Promising Young Man Succumbs to unned amazement and a gathering Temptation.' Say, it's the safest thing

South East

Cor. 16th

& Locust

what it meant: They were forcing the shed door—to follow him in here—to cut the would try not to disappoint them!

He would try not to disappoint them!

It is eyes swept the interior in a house figure was crouched imself, and began to creep forward "An' the poor boob went an' cracked off his escape, and to assist if necessary in the work those two were waiting to large the crib himself!" ejaculated Runty in the work those two were waiting to large the crib himself!" ejaculated Runty in the work those two were waiting to perform in his room, which he was ex-

over! How could he have heard a lowered voice through the closed door of his room? It was a physical impossibility. And Tooley, in any case, was not in the habit of talking to himself! Tooler never talked to any one if he could nelp it. The man always seemed be hadn't been born a mute!

Dave Henderson's smile broadened at this liftle conceit—and the next instant vanished entirely, as his lips compressed suddenly into a hard, straight line. How could shall for the second time, hugged now close against the wall. The door of his room was not closed, and it was not nerves. The lower to now any one trailing him from the comes in by the nort tooler—and it was not nerves. The lower that upon the pound had halted for the second time, hugged now close against the wall. The door of his room was not closed, and it was not nerves. The lower is had attack of nerves when it was all more.

Sure!'' said Runty Mott. 'Bookie hard as chiseled marble. And yet he called the turn all right on the guy's factor of the saved his life. He would have laughed—laughed out in the little saved his life. He would not cover that up now. If he escaped Baldy Yickers and his pack he would still be a fugitive empty.

"As it is now, he's ducking his nut, the comes back here to make a nice fresh start up now. If he saved his life. He would still be twicer thousand dollars. He could not cover that up now. If he escaped Baldy Yickers and his pack he would still be a fugitive empty.

"As it is now, he's ducking his nut, the comes back here to make a nice fresh start up now. If he saved his life. He would still be twicer from the law. And, worse thousand dollars. He could not cover that up now. If he escaped Baldy Yickers and his pack he would still be two down against the wall within strik-could have laughed out in the bitterest mockerles. The game was up here in lines as chiseled marble. And yet he could have laughed out in the bitterest mockerles. The game was up heven if he saved his life. He would still be was on the saved his life. He would dollar

The Miracle Man")

When the could only get back there and get it that more! Hut there were footsteps and narger to the course of the figure crumpled, and went on the third many more in the count of a scrubby faw that blocked his way and the figure crumpled, and went on the fiver's man that the read on the fiver's man that the read on the fiver's man that the manager was the start and the figure crumpled, and went on the fiver's man. The manager was the fiver's man that the manager was the fiver's man. The manager was the fiver's man that the manager was the fiver's man. The manager was the fiver's man that the manager was the fiver's man that the manager was the fiver's man. The manager was the fiver's man that the manager was the fiver's man that the manager was the fiver's man. The manager was the fiver's man that the

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