FROM NOW ON

By FRANK L. PACKARD (AUTHOR OF "THE MIRACLE MAN")

olen it.
Dave makes a dash for his life, leaps to his ear and there begins a chase, to thuse having provided themselves the a high-powered motor. He realizes will be overtaken and determines on descent.

with a nign-power with a nign-power and determines on a desperate move.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

IT WOULD not be long now before Tydeman, in view of his, Dave Henderson's. non-appearance, would be come aware of the theft; and, granting that he eluded Baidy Vickers, the gaignest to curry favor with the police—Baidy Vickers had only to state that gene of his pals saw him, Dave Henderson, crawling out through Tydeman's library window. There was nothing to the first was creeping up, he was well aware of the earne was up—even if he saved to the gene added to the content of those inches made of him a better target. He was motionless, like a figure carved in stone, as he hung over the was motionless. like a figure carved in stone, as he hung over the which full over the furious over the was motionless. like a figure carved in stone, as he hung over the which full over the furious of the was motionless. like a figure carved in stone, as he hung over the was motionless. like a figure carved in stone, as he hung over the which full our carved in stone, as he hung over the which full our carved in stone, as he hung over the which full our carved in stone, as he hung over the which full our carved in stone, as he hung over the which full our carved in stone, as he hung over the which full our carved in stone, as he hung over the which full our carved in stone, as he hung over the which full our carved in stone, as he hung over the which full our carved in stone, as he hung over the which full our carved in stone, as he hung over the which full our carved in stone, as he hung over the which full our carved in stone, as he hung over the which full had full it is full our carved in stone, as he hung over the which full our carved in stone, as he hung over the which full our carved in stone, as he hung our carved in stone, as the full w ene of his pals saw him, Dave Henderson, crawling out through Tydeman's
library window. There was nothing to
It! The game was up—even if he saved
his life, Thanks to Bookie Skarvan! His
jaws clamped again, and the knuckles
of his hands stood out in white knobs
as they clenched in sudden passion on
the wheel Thanks to Bookie Skarvan!

But a mile at this rate of speed did
not look behind now. It was
useless. Nearer and nearer the gray
car was creeping up, he was well aware
of that; but, also, nearer and nearer
came that wooded stretch ahead. He
observed the wheel.

But a mile at this rate of speed did
not look behind now. It was
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the did not look behind now. It was
useless, hearer and nearer the gray
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the the wheel. Thanks to Bookle Skarvan! not take long to cover.
By God, that alone was worth living. The shouts grew more exultant behind or-to settle with Bookie Skarvan!

grim humor, deadly in its cold composnre, was upon Dave Henderson again.
He meant to be taken or neither Baldy
Vickers nor by the police; nor did he
intend that a certain package containing one hundred thousand dollars in
cash should fall into the hands of either
below Vickers or the police! Some day,

Bookie Skarvan * * * it was
strange that all their shots had missed eash should fall into the mands of charge. Baldy Vickers or the police! Some day, even yet, he might find use for that strange that all their shots had missed even if the back of his small!

ser after corner was turned, as Dave have many more chances Henderson threaded his way through the woods and the turn of the road were streets, heading stendily for the out- just ahead now, and skirets, heading stendily for the outskirts of the city, and the road on which
he had already traveled ninety miles
that day. And fifty yards behind came
on that big gray car. They were well
content, no doubt—the occupants of
that car! He was playing their game for
them! He was playing the fool! In the
city their hands were tied! Out in the
country they would be free to do something more than merely follow silently
behind him! Well, that was all quite
true—perhaps! But out in the country, true-perhaps! But out in the country, because, realizing that his chances very next instant; and, besides, there himself.
was that hundred thousand dollars! The Something. like the flick of a fiery

ing scattered, an open road was ahead, across the side of the road,

only sure that it was not more.

half into the ditch. rond, half into the diteh.

He had a flash of a woman's face as he swept by—great dark oyes that stared out of a death-white face—a from the road over the roar of the heautiful face. beautiful face even in its terror-it speeding car-and then a terrific crash

baunted him, that face. A furious, sustaining racketing, like a thousand echoes reverberating through

tushed to doorways and windows, peering out; women screamed; men yelled coarsely; a fat woman, retreating wild-y as she was about to cross the road, dropped a laden basket to shake her fist in panic fury. It was kaleidoscopie—it was gone.
The shots came again. Another town

was passed—still another. The big gray car was not fifty yards behind now—it was less than thirty—so near that now there came from time to time on everyway and an exultant yell.

Dave Henderson's face was drawn, e, its lines hard, sharp, strained; in the dark eyes was still that dering light of grim, debonair bu-The race was almost at an endhe knew that now. He knew now that he could not shake off that gray streaking thing behind. It gained only by thehes; they were well matched, the two cars, and it was a good race; but t few more miles would end it as those mehes lengthened into feer and yards Well, then, since he could not escape this way, there was still the other way; and if that failed, too, in the last analysis he had a revolver in his pocket. it was not likely to fail, that other He had banked on it almost from s moment he had made his escape from oler's house. As between himself, Dave Henderson, and the hundred then sand dollars, Baldy Vickers, if Baidy Vickers could not get both, would very

settle with Bookie Skarvan! him; the shots came thicker, Murder some sinister, ominous thing, ers! The angry hum of a bullet pas silently, attracting no attention from the passers-by, the big gray car maintained its distance fifty yards behind. That grin humor, deadly in its cold compos-

articular package himself!

Block after block was traversed, corwas a protection * * they wouldn't

if he got away from them, he would desperate now, he would legically be not at least jump from the pot into the expected to sacrifice anything—even and have the police at his heels the that hundred thousand dollars-to save

further away he got from Frisco the lash, bringing a hot, burning sensation, inviolate became Mrs. Tooler's was laid suddenly across his leg above bild pigeon-cote!

Fifty yards! He glanced behind him again. It was still lifty yards—start, Well, fifty yards was fifty yards, and he might as well take it now. He was well in the outskirts, the houses becoming scattered, an open road was alread.

We have the side and the remark together. Funny business!

It was dark, pitch black—save only for a moon-ray that flickered and danced across the flooring of the bouncing scattered, an open road was alread.

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swaying, burching car, and the singing throb of the sixty horse-power engine, unleashed now, in fact stride under the lash.

A mile, two miles—the speed was terrific. There was no sound from behind—just the roar of his own car in his cars. The houses were fewer now—it was the open country. Another mile! He was at his absounce maximum of speed now. He straightened up slight, and shot a quick glance over his shoulder. The big gray car was fifty yards behind.

enough!

The car swept on, and rounded the turn, and the trees blotted out the view of the road behind. He jammed on the brakes, siewed the car half round, full across the road, and lenging from it, dashed in among the trees. The folinge was thick. He ran on. He was safe for the moment here in the woods; and presently it would be dark, and he would make across country to the railroad, and work his way East.

The roar of the gray car coming on again at full speed reached him. He

HeQ. R. S. ROLLS A shot rang out—and then a fusil-lade of them. He was low over the wheel sgain, his jaws set rigidly. Was it bity yards? He was not sure, he was not sure but that it was less—he was only sure that it was not more. only sure that it was not more.

The shots ceased for a moment. A would not disappoint them again! It ear, coming in the opposite direction, had taken to the extreme edge of the proof buff into the disappoint them. The man disappoint continue them to the more with an empty bag! He would not disappoint them again! It was perfectly logical that there should be vengeance. There was hardly room road buff into the disappoint.

-a scream-slience. He had stopped mechanically. The a rocky, high-walled canyon, stilled the roaring sweep of the wind, and the loaring of his car. He shot through the main street of a town like a meteor. It wasn't Baldy Vickers now, that smash would have taken the fight out of Baldy Vickers, if it hadn't taken anything more—it was the police. He wolves wouldn't bother him any more. and street of a lown and a moved, thing more in sudden, passionate and laughed out like a madman. A clenched his hands in sudden, passionate dog escaped by the fraction of an inch. fury. He was safe from Baldy Vickers and, tail down, scarried with a sharp here in the woods, anyhow; but, for all yelp for the sidewalk; there was a dash that, he had played and lost. He was for horses' heads at the curbs; people a hunted man now. He was not whin-

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old, people turned to carol singers for their Yuletide songs. Today,

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shake off that gray streaking thing

LARS' REWARD — DEAD OR ALIVE. The police had acted quickly, could not! Joe Barjan, Lieutenant Barjan of the Frisco plain-clothes squad, would have had a latted in this. Queer! He'd given Barjan tips on the races, straight tips, honest tips, in the any use dressing it with that slimy, old days—not this kind of a race. Bar- maddy stuff he had drunk. It would jan and he used to get along all right have to get better-or worse together. Funny business!

for a moon-ray that flickered and through the half-open, rattling door He should have closed that door more He bent suddenly low over the wheel. looked back—and laughed again. It had got loose again. Well, no matter and flung the throttle wide. The ear leaped forward like a thoroughbred answering to the spur. There was a burst of yells behind—and then silence, save for the rush of wind, the creak of the swaying, burching ear, and the singing then of the sixty barse reward and the singing then of the sixty barse reward and the singing then of the sixty barse reward and the singing then of the sixty barse reward and the singing then of the sixty barse reward and the singing then of the sixty barse reward and the singing then of the sixty barse reward and the singing the sixty barse reward and the singing the sixty barse reward the sixty barse reward and the singing the sixty barse reward the si

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EVENINGS 3

biviously and very carnestly prefer the hundred thousand dollars. His lips tightened in a sort of merciless from. Well, Baldy Vickers would have a chance at least to exercise his preference! A few miles farther on, just a few miles, the road, in a wooded tract, made an abrunt, almost right-angled. But the lad played against stacked cards. The face of Bookie Skarvan rose before him, and his hands clenched the tighter. He such as this, and hiding in the woods, and his hands clenched the tighter. He swept a knotted fist fiercely across his over mostly for the night—nestly for the night—it was safer. Damn those Not now! He had something else besides police circulars, and that reward! Every made an abrunt, almost right-angled.

sand dollars' reward-no, not much of a fight-he had knocked the man out that he hadn't tried to buy any foodhe had stolen it—only he hadn't stolen very much. It was hard to get. It very much. It was hard to get. was even hard to get water, a drink

of water sometimes. It didn't run everywhere. There weren't ponds and lakes and rivers everywhere. He couldn't ask anybody for a glass of water. There had been a ditch that afternoon. It had been muddy and slimy. Since then there had been nothing. He would have sold his soul for a few of those drops that had splashed in lavish abundance from the spont of the water-tank at the station earlier that night when he had crawled nto the car here-he had seen the fireuan on the back of the tender manipa lating the spout, and he had heard the He spoke hoarsely again.

"I'm shot full of fever, that's what I am. he said. "I'm full of it."

Sprawled out on the floor of the car, he shifted his position a little; and, tight-locked though his lips were, there came an irrepressible mean of pain. God, how his eyes burned; how hot his head was, and how it throbbed and nebed! The throbs kept devilish time, marching time, like the tramp of feet to the beat of the drum, to that ceaseles brutal throbbing in his leg. He hadn looked at his leg today—it had been had enough vesterday. What was th He couldn't do anything. He even any water-there wasn't

He touched his lips with his tongue

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be dried up, but there wasn't any moisture on it. Would the car never stop its jolting, and that infernal clack-clack, clackety-clack! There was to Bookie Skanvan that he was a he had found a newspaper—the story

rough hell—alterty in some boxear
ting in the woods.
But the boxears
night—mostly for
fer. Damn those
hat reward! Every
hat reward is for the rest of
his life. He owed Bookie Skarvan for
his breath to Bookie Skarvan
that he was an outcast for the rest of
his life. He owed Bookie Skarvan
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that he was a limit is leaded to shake
and outcast for the rest of
his life. He owed Bookie Skarvan
that he was a limit is leaded to shake
and found a newspaper—the story
was flere. ence! A few miles farther on, just a few miles, the road, in a wooded tract, made an abrupt, almost right-angled, turn. He remembered that turn—and he had banked on that, too, if by then speed alone should have failed him. He could hold out that much longer. The mas soaked with blood. His teeth inches did not accumulate fast enough to overtake bim before he reached that turn—he was not afraid of that—but every one of those inches made of him a better target.

IV

Two Thousand Dollars' Reward—Dead or Alive

Three days, and four nights—was that

The miles farther on, just a few miles farther on, just a few miles, the road, in a wooded tract, made an abrupt, almost right-angled. Yot now! He had sometiding eise besides note in the night—it was saire.

The miles farther on, just a few miles, the road, in a wooded tract, made an abrupt, almost right-angled. Yot now! He had sometiding eise besides note in the night—it was saire.

The miles farther on, just a few miles farther on, just and bullows and that reward! Every one was on the hunt for him—every one was on the hunt for him—every one was on the hunt for him—every one of the secretors, when he had climbed and clawed his way into the car. He remembered now—that was soluted for a long time, bathed in a sevention on sweat from his exections, when he had climbed and clawed his way into the car. He remembered now—that was somethed upon a station one of the car. He remembered now—that was full the way there was a limit—a lain exhausted for a long time, bathed in a sevention, when he had climbed and clawed his way into the car. He remembered now—that was full the way he he had climbed and clawed his way into the car. He remembered now—that was full the way he he had climbed and clawed his way into the car. He remembered now—that was full the way he he had climbed and clawed his a damable and callous an attention of the c

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