

FROM NOW ON

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

There was a man who had come up from the slums to manhood in an environment of adversity, he was named Martin K. Tydeman.

Bookie Skarvan, who had been a partner in the race track racket, only to find Skarvan about the money, only to find Skarvan about the money, only to find Skarvan about the money...

He liked Millman; and somehow Millman seemed to be a gentleman from the tip of his fingers was Millman and he took his medicine like a professional. Millman wasn't the name that was entered on the prison books—there it was Charlie Reith.

It was strange that Millman should have given him his confidence; he could never trust any other man, and he had come to believe in Millman as the soul of courtesy and honor. And yet he had not been quite so open with Millman as Millman had been with him; he had not shown his cards upon the table, and Millman had never asked to see them; and somehow he liked the man all the better for that.

Two years. It was only five years since he had stood in the dock in that courtroom, and the judge had sentenced him to—five years? The scene was vivid and distinct enough. Even the ages that spanned the gap between the two trials, and then could not efface that scene, nor dim it, nor rob it of a single stark and naked detail.

Tydeman had seen there—Martin K. Tydeman, that name the only man in that courtroom whose presence had made him uneasy; and yet Tydeman, too, was the only man who had been in that courtroom friendly toward him. It was probably because of the old millionaire's plea for leniency that the sentence had been five years, and not ten, or fifteen, or twenty, or whatever it might be that would have left the figure on the beach, with the skin, straight lips, had had the right to pronounce. And Tydeman was dead now.

Dave Henderson stirred uneasily on the edge of the cot. He drew his hand slowly across his eyes. He had waked from the start, hadn't he, that it might have been some one else rather than Martin K. Tydeman? But it had been Tydeman's money, and the hundred thousand dollars alone was all that had counted, and Tydeman was dead now, had been dead two or three years, and on that score that ended it—didn't the dark eyes, that had wavered abstractly around the cell, narrow suddenly, and from their depths a smoldering fire seemed to leap as suddenly as a bomb? But there was another score that was not ended! Bookie Skarvan! Baldy Vickers, Runtzy Mott and the rest of Baldy's gang had lied apologetically, smoothly, ingeniously and with unanimity. They had admitted the obvious—quite frankly—because they could help themselves. They had admitted that their intention had been to steal the hundred thousand dollars themselves. But they hadn't stolen it—and that let them out; and they proved that he, Dave Henderson, had—and that saved their own hides. Also they had not implicated Bookie Skarvan.

Their story had been very plausible! Runtzy Mott "confessed" that, on the morning of the crime, he had overheard Bookie Skarvan and Baldy Vickers and making their arrangements at the race course to get Tydeman to put up the money to tide Bookie Skarvan over the crisis.

He, Runtzy Mott, had then left at once for San Francisco, but the deal up to Baldy Vickers and Baldy's gang, and they had waited for Dave Henderson to arrive. Naturally they had watched their proposed prey from the moment of his arrival in the city, intending to rob him when the money was in his possession, and before he got back to the race course that night; but instead of Tydeman turning the money over to Dave Henderson, as they had expected, Dave Henderson had completely upset their plans by stealing the money himself.

The dark eyes were almost closed now, but the gleam was still there, only now it was half mocking, half triumphant, and was mirrored in a grim smile that flickered across his lips. He had not denied their story. To every effort to obtain from him a clue as to the whereabouts of the stolen money, he had remained as mute and unresponsive as a stone; enjoinery, threats, the hint of lighter sentence if restitution were made, he had met with silence. He had not even employed a lawyer. The court had appointed one. He had refused to confer with the lawyer. The lawyer had entered a perfunctory plea of "not guilty."

The grim smile deepened. There had been very good reasons why he had refused to confer with his lawyer at the trial. In the first place, he was guilty; in the second place there was Bookie Skarvan, who had no suspicion that he, Dave Henderson, knew the truth that lay behind Runtzy Mott's story; and in the third place—there was one hundred thousand dollars. There he had no hedging. And he had not hedged! That was well and good. Well, it had paid, hadn't it, that crowd? The hundred thousand dollars was almost his now—there were only sixty-three days left. He had bought it with his credit, and sweat from his life, five years that had turned his soul sick within him. He had paid the price. Five years of sun-burnt skin and aching joints, five years of a thousand dollars, five years that had brought to him the slouch of slavery and the indignity to his shoulders, a cudge to his soul, a whimper into his voice, and—

He was on his feet, his hands clenched until his knuckles cracked. And he stood for a long time staring at the barred door. Then, only he, he shrugged his shoulders, and relaxed, and laughed in a low, cool way.

He had won, hadn't he, even on that score? It was not often that the penitentiary would do for a man what this devil's hole had done for him. He had entered it a crude, unpolished, ignorant, and very unambitious, his education to the out-cropper, the inherent good that in him was, the coming to the surface of his better nature.

And so Millman, for two years, had been a godsend, for there hadn't been much progress made along the lines of "higher education" until Millman had come into the prison.

There were not enough Barjans for that though the world were peopled with Barjans. The thought had brought a chill of dread for a moment, that was all. He had paid the price; he was not likely to forget what that price had been; and he would never yield up what that price had bought. True, he had no plan for this last play of his worked out in detail, but he would find a way—because he must. He was probably excommunicated, laced some of their original spontaneity. "Loosen up! You've been a clam for five years. That's long enough. I've come up here tonight to play square with you. You know that whatever I say goes with both of us. I know you aren't holding anything against me personally just because I happened to be the one who put the bracelet on you, and back of that we used to be pretty good friends. I haven't forgotten the tips you used to give me in the old days—and don't you think I have, either? Remember when that old skeleton with the horse-hair cover pranced away with a forty-one shot? Bonnie Lass, her name was—or was it Boney? Remember? She got the best outfit of gewgaws and fixings the old girl ever had before or since. You wised me up to that, Dave."

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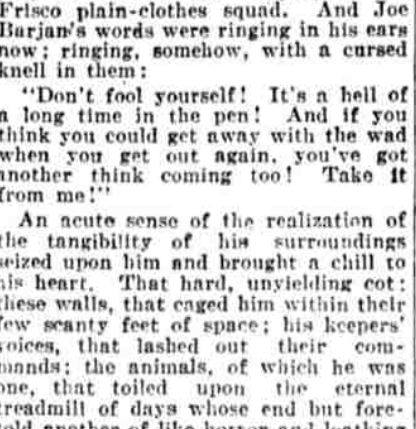
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"Was it only five years since he had stood in the dock?"



His hands curled into knotted lumps.

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after you handed them that automobile smash and beat it for the woods.

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