# FROM NOW ON BY FRANK L. PACKARD AUTHOR OF "THE MIRACLE MAN

THIS BEGINS THE STORY

Dave Henderson, as Bookle Skarvan's confidential man, is sent to Martin Tydeman to get \$100.000 to recoup racing man to get \$100.000 to recoup racing man to get \$100.000 to recoup racing iosses. He steats the money and calmiy serves his sentence of five years without disclosing the place where he has hidden it. In an old pigeon cote, despite the fact that Defective Extran and Skarvan both visit him in fail, each trying to write from him his secret with opposite purcess, Just before his term expires he confides in Millman, a prison mate, who is freed two months carlier and who premises to get the loot and meet Henricotte and the work of the secret with the confidence of the loot and meet Henricotte and the old saug on his trail. He succeeds in setting to the home of Nicolo Caprismo, an old bed-ridden Italian, formerly a gang leader, who lives alone with his daugater. Teresa, in San Francisco, Having been sent by one to whom the old man owas much, he succeeds in winning from him a promise of aid, and changes his clothes while the daugater gets et rusted denizen of the underworld with a car to take Dave to a hiding place. By a clever ruse. Capriano persuades Barjan that Dave had been the sam bulwan to unrecognizable bits in a somb explosion.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

A BOUT the clothes?" inquired A Nicolo Capriano caustically. "But I should know what he had on since they were my clothes—eb? And you have only to look at the ones there on the bed to find out for yourself why I the bed to find out to yourself why gave him some that, though I do not say they were new, for I have not bought any clothes in the three damnable and cursed yours that I have lain here, ere at least not all torn to pieces-

Barjan was pacing up and down the When the other's back was grned Nicolo Capriano permitted nister and mocking smile to hover on his lips; when Barjan faced the bed Nicelo Capriano eyed the officer with I sour contempt into which he injected sort of viciously triumphant self-vin-

"Come across with the rest!" said Barjan abruptly. "How did Dave Hen-derson come here to you? And what about that bomb? Did you give it to

Nicolo Capriano's convenient Irascibility was instently at his command again. He scowled at Barjan, and his prawny fist was flourished under Bar-

jan's nose.

"No. I didn't?" he snarled. "And you know well enough that I didn't. You will try to make me out the guilty man now—ch—just because I was fool enough to help you out of your mud-

Barjan became diplomatic again. "Nothing of the kind!" he said appeasingly. "You're too touchy, Nicolo! I know that you're on the square all right, and that you have been ever since your gang was broken up and Tony Lomazzi was caught. That's good

Tony Lomazzi was caught. That's good mough, isn't it? Now, come on! Give me the dope about Dave Henderson." Nicolo Capriano's fingers plucked sulenly at the coverlet. A minute passed. "Bah!" be grunted finally. "A litthe honey—ch—when you want some-thing from old Nicolo! Well, then isten! Dave Henderson came here last eight in those torn clothes, and with his face badly cut from a fight that he said he had been in. I don't know whether his story is true or not—you can find that out for yourself. I don't know anything about him, but this is what e told me. He said that his cell in the rison was next to Tony Lomazzi's that he and Tony were friends; that Tony died a little while ago, and that on the night Tony died he told this fel-

ow Henderson to come to me if he He dropped into the chair again and eaned attentively over the bed toward sicolo Capriano. "So he came to you through Tony Lomazzi, eh? Well, so far, I guess the story's straight. I

that case, you ought to know whether the rest of the story is true, too, or not. He said he met a stranger in a saloon last night and that they chummed with saloon last night and that they chummed with saloon last night and that they chummed alarm. up together and started in to make a were attacked by some of Baldy Vick-ers' gang. Henderson said his friend was knocked out, and that he himself bad a narrow squeak of it and just managed to escape through the back door, and ran down the lane and got

in here. I asked him how he knew where I lived and he said that during the afternoon he had located the house because he meant to come here last night anyway, only he was afraid the police might be watching him, and he had intended to wait until after dark.' Nicolo Capriano's cyclids drooped to hide because he meant to come here last night anyway, only he was afraid the police might be watching him, and he had intended to wait until after dark." Nicolo Capriano's eyelids drooped to hide a sudden cunning and mocking gleam that was creeping into them. "You ought to be able to trace this friend of Henderson's if the man was friend of Henderson's if the man was knocked out and unconscious at Vinceto's, as Henderson claimed—and if here last not the man was held a wide opened the door, away, he propped himself up on his elbow to greet a wizened, crafty-faced little rat hetto's, as Henderson claimed—and if here last not the man was sent hetto's, as Henderson claimed—and if here last not constitute the last not constitute to the man was sent hetto's, as Henderson claimed—and if Henderson was telling the truth the other would corroborate it.

"We've already got him." said Bar-ten with a hint of savagery in his voice. The "friend," alias a plain-clothesman, had proved anything but an inspiration from the standpoint of the police! "Go on! The story is still straight. You say Dave Henderson said be intended to come here anyway, quite apart from making his escape from Vinetto's. What for?"

Nicolo Capriano shrugged his shoul-

Nicolo Capriano shrugged his shoulders.

"Money, I dare say," he said tersely.
"The usual thing! At least, I suppose that's what he had originally intended to come for—but we didn't get as far as that. The fight at Vinetto's seemed to have left him with but one idea. When he got here he was in a devil's rage. The only thing that seemed to be in his mind was to get some clothes that wouldn't attract attention. clothes that wouldn't attract attention, instead of the torn ones he had on, and to get out again as soon as he could with the object of getting even with this gang of Baldy's. He said they were the ones that 'sent him up' on account of their evidence. their evidence at his trial, and that their evidence at his trial, and that they were after him again now because of the stolen money that they believed he had hilden somewhere. He was like a maniar. He said he'd see them and everybody else in hell before they got that money, and he swore he'd get every last one of that gong—and get them in ast one of that gang-and get them in

a bunch.
"I didn't know what he meant then down, but I migh I tried to quiet him down, but I might as well have talked to a wild bear, I as well have talked to a wind peast. I tried to get him to stay here and go to bed—instead, he laughed at me in a queer sort of way, and said he'd wipe every one of the crowd off the face of the earth before morning. I began to think he was really crazy. He

face of the carth before morning. I began to think he was really crazy. He put on the clothes I gave him, and went out again."

Barjan nodded.

"You don't know it," he said quietly. "but that's where the police lost track in member in the police were after him," said Nicolo Capriano indifferently. "He came back here again about 2 o'clock in the morning, and he had a small clockwork bomb with him. The fool!" Nicolo Capriano cackled suddenly. "He had found Baldy's gang all together down in Jake Morrissey's and he had thrown the thing against the building. The fool! Of course, it wouldn't go off! He thought it would by hitting it against somecourse, it wouldn't go off! He thought course, it wouldn't go off! He thought it would by hitting it against something. The only way to make it any thing. The only way to make it any thing. The only way to make it any thing.

the clockwork. When he found it didn't explode, he picked it up again, and brought it back here. He wanted me to fix it for him. I asked him where he got it. All I could get out of him was that Tony Lomazzi had told him where he had hidden some things. Ha, ha!" Nicola Capriano cackled more shrilly still, and began to rock in bed with unseemly mirth. "One of Tony's old bombs! Tony left the young fool a legacy—a bomb, and maybe there was some money, too. I tried to find out about that, but all he said was to keep asking me to fix the bomb for him. I refused. I told him I was no longer in that business. That I went out of it when Tony Lomazzi did—fifteen years ago. He would listen to nothing. He cursed me if it is not think he could do any harm with the thing—and I guess he didn't!
A young fool like that is best out of the way. He went away cursing me. I suppose he tried to fix it himself under that are light on the park bench."
Nicolo Capriano shrugged his shoulders again. "I would not have cared to long ago, ch? The clockwork might have played tricks even with me, who once was—"
"You have the whole day before you, Little Peter," he said, out of the corner of his mouth. "Youse can leave it to one, Nicolo. Capriano patted the other's arm approvingly, and smiled the man away.

"You have the whole day before you, Little Peter," he said. "I am in no long ago, ch? The clockwork might have played tricks even with me, who once was—"
"You have the whole day before you, Little Peter," he said. "I am in no long ago, ch? The clockwork might have played tricks even with me, who once was—"
"You have the whole day before you, Little Peter," he said. "I am in no long the properties of his mouth. "You have the whole day before you, Little Peter," he said. "I am in no long ago, ch? The clockwork might have played tricks even with me, who once was—"

"You have the guileless smile hovered over his lips.

At intervals through the day he murmured and communed with himself, and gometimes his cackling laugh brought

once was—"
"Yes," said Barjan. He stood up.
"I guess that's good enough, and I guess that's the end of Dave Henderson—and one hundred thousand dollars." He frowned in a meditative sort of way. "I don't know whether I'm sorry or not," he said slowly.
"We'd have got him sooner or later, of course, but—"" He pointed abrupt—ly to the prison clothes on the bed. y to the prison clothes on the bed.
'I'll take those,'' he announced briskly,
'they'll need them at the inquest.''

"You can wrap them up."

Barjan, with a nod of thanks. secured the paper, made a bundle of the
clothes, and tucked the bundle under

same way. I pulled de window stunt on his arm. "We won't ferget this, Nicolo," he



"I think Barjan has swal-

.He listened attentively as Teresa showed the plain-clothesman out through the front door. As the doar closed again, he called his daughter.

"Listen, my little one," he said, and his foretinger was laid against the side door, as it closed behind the other far, I guess the story's straight.

happen to know that Henderson's cell was next to Lomazzi's. But where did his forefinger was laid against the side door, as it closed behind the other—

the get the bomb? He certainly didn't of his nose in a gesture of humorous stared and smiled curiously, and plucked with his fingers at the coverlet.

"I will tell you something, with his fingers at the coverlet." Ignace Ferroni, who was fool enough

"You understand, my little one?"

hook. But I trust no one. I must be wine to make sure you understand—sure! Go and veins again. telephone Emmanuel, and tell blm to find Little Peter, and send the scoundrel to me at once."

"Yes, father," she said; "but-"It is for Tony Lomazzi," he said. She went from the room.

Nicolo Capriano lay back on the pil-

It was dusk when Little Pet at the bedside again.

"Youse called de turn, Nicolo," "There's some paper in the bottom drawer of that wardrobe over there," said Nicolo Capriano unconcernediy. "You can wrap them up." Barjan, with a nod of thanks, se-"Dat was de guy, all right. em down at Morrissey's about an hour his arm.

"We won't forget this, Nicolo," he said heartily, as he moved toward the door.

"Bah!" said Nicolo Capriano, with lookie Skarvan pulled in wid dat mob. Dey was fightin' like a lot of stray cats, an' dey was sore as pups, all blamin' de other one for losin' de monéy. De only guy in de lot dat kept his head was Bookie. his head was Bookie.

"He sat dere chewin' a big fat of his mouth to de other, an' he handed 'em some talk. He give 'em hell for mussin' everything up. Say, Nicolo, take it from me, youse want to keep yer eye peeled for him. He says to de crowd: 'It's a cinch dat Dave Henderson's dead, thanks to de damned mess youse have made of everything, he says; 'an' it's a cinch dat Capriano's story in de paper is straight—it's too full of de real dope to be anything else But if Dave Henderson told old Ca-priano dat much, he may have told him more—see? Old Capriano's a wily bird, an' wid a hundred thousand in Anyway, it's our last chance—dat Capriano got de hidin' place out of Dave Henderson. But here's where de rest of youse keeps yer mitts off. If it's do last chance. I'll see dat it am't gummed I'll take care of Capriano my

Little Peter circled his lips with his ongue, as Nicolo Capriano extracted a banknote of generous denomination from under his pillow, and handed it to the

'Yery good, Little Peter!" he said softly. "Yes, yes—very good! But you have already forgotten it all—ch?

Is it not so, little Peter?"
"Sure!" said Little Peter earnestly

"And so they would watch old bed interrupted to blow himself up, has become the young man whom our good friend Tony now whether rue, too, or tranger in a den amazement, not unmixed with middle in sud-watch and Nicolo, would they—while Nicolo watches—eh—somewhere else!" he muttered. "Ha, ha! So they will watch old Nicolo—will they? Well, well, let them watch—eh?" He looked

around the room, and raised himself up He began to rock to and fre. nght of it. They went from one saloon to another. Their spree ended in a fight at Vinetto's place up the block here, where Henderson and his friend were attacked by some of Baldy Vick- "Good!" grunted the old bomb king. "I think Barjan has swallowed the again, Nicolo—and it is like the old head. But I trust no one. I must be legan to rock to and tree. A red tinge crept into his cheeks, a gleam of fire lighted up the coal-black eyes. "Nicolo, Nicolo." he whispered to himself. "It is like the old days back again, Nicolo—and it is like the old with the legal may be a like the old with the legal may be a like the old with the legal may be a like the old with the legal may be a like the old with the legal may be a like the old with the legal may be a like the old with the legal may be a like the old with the legal may be a like the old with the legal may be a like the old with the legal may be a like the old with the legal may be a like the old with the legal may be a like the old with the like the like the old with the like the old with the like the old with the like the like the old with the like the like the old with the like the like the like the old with the like the lik

To be continued tomorrow

### **BODY HOME FROM FRANCE**

Robert Kynoch Will Be Given Mill-

bedside.

"It is like the old days to see you here, Little Peter." murnured Nicolo Capriano. "And I always paid well—

Rynoca emistri in 1814 and was sent to France in 1917, where he served one year, when he was taken sick with the influenza. He leaves, beside his mother and father, six sisters and one brother.

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the sun:

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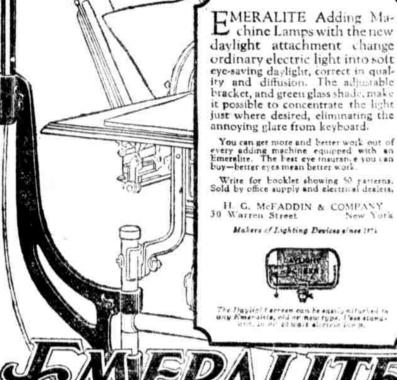
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