

FROM NOW ON

By FRANK L. PACKARD Author of "THE MIRACLE MAN" Copyright 1922, by Public Ledger Company

THIS BEGINS THE STORY Dave Henderson, as Hooker Morgan's confidential man, sent to Martin...

not like it; I hate it. I hate it with all my soul! I did not understand at first...

shook his fists again at his daughter—and then his eyes were half veiled, and his hands opened and he began to pat...

lifted—and the puppets jump! Con amore! I will see that Dago George knows what to do with a young man...

Tony Lomazzi. And he gave his life—and he died there in prison. And now—how you mean to betray his trust—to betray his friend who believed in you...

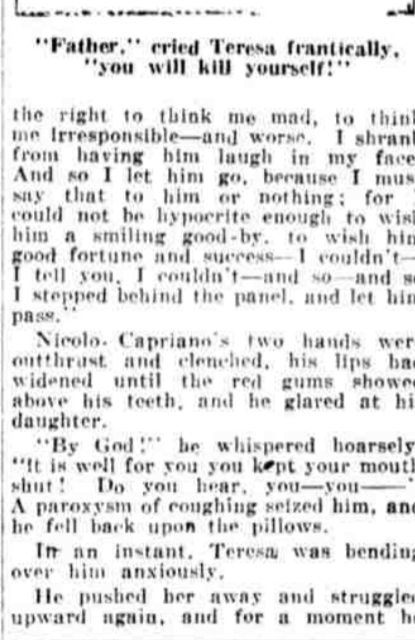
XIII The House of Mystery Draws Its Blinds TERESA'S fingers twisted the key in the lock of the porch door that she had closed on Dave Henderson. There was a queer, tight little smile quivering on her lips...

"There was no other way," she whispered to herself. "What could I do? What could I say?" Behind her, and on one side of the passage, was a small panel door, long out of use now...

"Father!" cried Teresa frantically. "You will kill yourself!" "Father!" cried Teresa frantically. "You will kill yourself!"

"What is it to you?" he screamed in a blaze of fury—and fell into a second and more violent paroxysm of coughing...

"He is a pawn—a pawn!" Old Nicolo's face, between rage and coughing, had grown a mottled purple. "A pawn! And when a pawn has lost its usefulness, it is swept from the board—eh? Con amore! The old days again! The finger of Nicolo Capriano..."



"Asleep!" Bah! I have been asleep for fifteen years—this long, long time! Fifteen years! Ha, ha! But I am awake now. Yes, yes, old Nicolo has had enough of dreams! He is awake now! Come here, Teresa! Come, and sit by my bed. Has our clever young friend gone?"

"The right to think me mad, to think me irresponsible—and worse! I shrank from having him laugh in my face. And so I let him go, because I must say that to him or nothing; for I could not be hypocrite enough to wish him a smiling good-by, to wish him good fortune and success—I couldn't! I tell you, I couldn't—and so—and so I stepped behind the panel, and let him pass."

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"Her voice was suddenly dull. "Good!" ejaculated Nicolo Capriano. "He was caught five years ago, but it was not his fault. He was double-crossed, or he would never have seen the inside of a penitentiary. So you agree, then, that he is clever? Well, then, he has courage, too—eh? He was modest about his fight at Vinetto himself when you went there this morning. Our young friend was modest—eh?"

"It is well for you you kept your mouth shut! Do you hear, you—you—shut! A paroxysm of coughing seized him, and he fell back upon the pillows. In an instant, Teresa was bending over him anxiously. He pushed her away and struggled upward again, and for a moment he said: "Father, be careful!" she admonished. "You must not excite yourself."

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