FROM NOW ON

from having him ask me what I had to do with honesty, I, who—and you have said it yourself but a moment ago—I.

THIS BEGINS THE STORY

Dave Henderson, as Bookie Skarvan's confidential man, is sent to Martin Tydeman to get \$100,000 to recoup racing losses. He steals the money, and ing losses. He steals the money, and salmy serves his sentence of five years without disclosing the place where he as hidden it in an old place where he as hidden it in an old place on cot, designed the fact that Detective Barjan and Servan both visit him in jail, each trink to wring from him his secret with opposite purposes. Millman, a string mate, however, does get his served and when freed, promises to get read when freed and the old ease on his trail, but he succeeds in the old and the second finds the police and the old gang on his trail, but he succeeds in throwing them of when he enters the bome of Nicolo Capriano, former gang seder, now old and bad-ridden, who leas with his daughter. Teresa, in San Francisco. By a clever ruse. Carriano cenvinces the police that Henderson has been killed in a homb explosion, but it is by no means unselfabriess on the sidners of the season of AND HERE IT CONTINUES

The House of Mystery Draws Its Blinds who was Nicolo Capriano's daughter: THERESA'S fingers twisted the key in score, had knowingly and voluntarily The lock of the porch door that she done my share in hoodwinking the powas a queer, tight little smile quiver-

"There was no other way," she whis-pered to herself. "What could I do? What could I say?" Behind her, and at one side of the

passage, was a small panel door, long out of use now, a relic of those days when Nicolo Capriano's dwelling had when Nicolo Capriano's dwelling had been a house of mystery. She had hidden there to let Dave Henderson pass by; she closed it now, as she retraced her steps slowly to her father's room. And here, on the threshold, she paused for a moment; then reached in quietly to close the door, and retire again. Her father lay back on the bed, his eyes closed, and his hands, outstretched on the coverlet, were quiet, the long, slim fingers motionless. He was asleep. It was not uncommon. He often did that. Sleep came at the oddest times with Sleep came at the oddest times with the old man, even if it did not last

long, and—eh—what are you doing?'
"Teresa—eh—what are you doing?'
Nieolo Capriano's eyes balf opened,
and fixed on his daughter. "Eh—what
are you doing?"
"I thought you were asleep, father,"

she mirmured.

"Asleep! Bah! I have been asleep
for fifteen years—is that not long
for fifteen years! Ha, ha! But
enough? Fifteen years! Ha, ha! But
enough? Fifteen years! He is

She drew back in her chair with a little start.
"Why-what do you mean, father?" the asked quickly.
"Bah!" There was a caustic chuckle

"Bah!" There was a caustic collection in the old bomb king's voice. "We do in the old bomb king's voice. "We do not speak of love—I suppose! I do not expect you to have fallen in love just because you have seen a man for just because you have seen a man for a few minutes—ch? Bah! I mean for large minutes—ch? Bah! I mean just because you have seen a man for large minutes—ch? Bah! I mean just because you have seen a man for large minutes—ch? Bah! I mean just because you have seen a man for large minutes—ch? Bah! I mean just because you have seen a man for large minutes—ch? Bah! I mean just because you have seen a man for large minutes—ch? Bah! I mean just because you have seen a man for large minutes—ch? Bah! I mean just because you have seen a man for large minutes—ch? Bah! I mean just because you have seen a man for large minutes—ch? Bah! I mean just because you have seen a man for large minutes—ch? Bah! I mean just because you have seen a man for large minutes—ch? Bah! I mean just because you have seen a man for large minutes—ch? Bah! I mean just because you have seen a man for large minutes—ch? Bah! I mean just because you have seen a man for large minutes—ch? Bah! I mean just because you have seen a man for large minutes—ch? Bah! I mean just because you have seen a man for large minutes—ch? Bah! I mean just because you have seen a man for large minutes—ch? Bah! I mean just because you have seen a man for large minutes—ch? Bah! I mean just because you have seen a man for large minutes—ch? Bah! I mean just because you have seen a man for large minutes—ch? Bah! I mean just because you have seen a man for large minutes—ch? Bah! I mean just because you have seen a man for large minutes—ch? Bah! I mean just because you have you hav few minutes-ch? Tou are a Capriano, and you are clever; the pushed ber away and struggled are the cleverest woman in San type are the cleverest woman in S ust what I say. I called him clever, over him anxiously, your mother—you are a Capriano, Well, then, am I right? He is clever—a very clever fellow?

Her voice was suddenly dull.

"Yes." she said.
"Good!" ejaculated Nicolo Capriano. "He was caught five years ago, buf it was not his fault. He was doubleben you went there this morning. Our ong friend was modest—eh?"
Teresa's eyes widened slightly in a zzled way. She nodded her head.

said Nicolo Capriano-and the long, slim fingers began to twine themselves together and to untwine. and to twine together again. "Well, and to twine together again. "Well, hea, my little one, with his cleverness and his courage, he should suc-ced-el-in New York? Old Nicolo oes not often make a mistake-eh? Our young friend will find his money She pushed back her chair impulsively

d stood up.
"I hope not," she answered in a

"Eh?" Nicolo Capriano jerked himself sharply up on his pillows, and his eyes narrowed. "Eh-what is that ou say? What do you mean -you hope

than it was before he stole it." she said 'a a dead tone. "It is stolen money."
"Well, and what of it?" demanded Meele Capriano, "Am I a fool that I to not know that?" Sudden iraselflity showed in the old Italian's face and manner; a flush swept his cheeks "Well, nm I a fool?"

She looked at him in quick appre-

"Father, be careful?" she admon-"You must not excite your

Bah!" He flung out his hand in a "Excite myself! Bah dways it is-'do not excite yourself an you find nothing else to say? Now you will explain - ch? - you will ex-plain! What is it about this stolen money that Nicolo Caprinno's daughter loss not like? You hear—I call you Nicolo Caprinno's daughter!" It was a moment before she an-

"I do not like it-because it has made my soul sick tonight. She tarned her head away. I hid behind the old panel when he went out. I do

> You'll taste the difference!

ASCO

first, not until your talk with him tonight, that there was any money involved. I thought it was just to help
him get away from the police who were
had been served, and also to protect
him from that gang who tried to get
him in Vinetto's place—and that we
were doing it for Tony's sake. And
then it all seemed to come upon me
in a flash, as I went toward the door
to let him out tonight—that there was
to stolen money, and that I was helping him, and had been helping him in
everything that was done here, to steal
it again. I know what I should have
done. It would have done no good, it

and then his eyes were nait veiled, and
the began to pat
the girl's arm and his voice held a soft,
"I cannot believe it! I cannot believe that
you would do this! It is monstrous,
horrible!"

It seemed as though Nicolo Capriano
to let him out conight—that there was
the police for him otherwise? Eh—do
you think that I would have tricked
the police for him otherwise? Eh—do
you think old Nicolo Capriano does not
not do it. lou shall not!"

Nicolo Capriano's face was livid.

Nicolo Capriano's face was livi

dismay in her eyes.

done. It would have done no good, it would have been utterly useless; I realized that—but I would have been honest with myself. I should have prohonest with myself. I should have prohonest with myself. I should have prohonest with myself. But I shrank a share?"

dismay in her eyes.

"You mean," she said, and the words seemed to come in a hard, forced way from her lips, "you mean that if he gets that money again you are to have a share?"

chit of a girl's place! Out or it.

"In will not go out—not yet," she said, and steadied her voice with an effort. "I will not go until you tell me that you will not do this thing. You have been the said and steadied her voice with an effort." I will not go until you tell me that you will not do this thing. You have been the said and steadied her voice with an effort. "I will not go until you tell me that you will not do this thing. You

me that you will not do this thing. You can't do it. father—you can't —you can't do it. father—you can't —you can't do it. father—you can't —you can't —you can't do it. father—you can't —you can't —you can't do it. father—you can't —you can't do it. father—you can't —you can't —you can't —you can't do it. father—you can't —you can't do it. father—you can't —you can't

"Father!" It came in a startled, broken cry of amazed and bitter expos-

"Father!" It came in a startled, broken cry of amazed and bitter expostulation.

Nicolo Capriano stopped his rocking and looked at her. A sudden glint of fury leaped from the smoldering eyes, "Bah!" he said angrily. "Am I What do I owe Tony Lomazzi but the work of the said angrily. "Am I what do I owe Tony Lomazzi but the label of the said angrily. "Am I what do I owe Tony Lomazzi but the label of the said angrily." "Bah!" he said angrily. "Am I What do I owe Tony Lomazzi but the mistaken after all? Is it that you are your mother—and not a Capriano! Peronly in one way! You hear! It was haps I should not have told you; but the prison walls only that saved Lo-now you will make the best of it and mazzi from my reach—from these finbehave yourself and not play the child —eh? Do you think I risked myself with the police for nothing! Yes-all! All-except that I must pay that leech that I did not know-eh?-that I did

with the ponce to.

All—except that I must pay that leeca
Dago George something for looking
after our young friend—con amore—
con amore. Nicolo Capriano—eh?—since
I signed the letter so."

She stood an instant. straight and
tense, but a little backward on her
heels, as 'hough she had recoiled from
a blow that had been struck her—and
then she bent swiftly forward and
the she died —eh?—he died like a rat gnawing, gnawing at walls that he could into thit through!"

Teresa's face had gone suddenly a
deathly white, and the color seemed to have one will stop it—and, least of all.
No one will stop it—and, least of all.
No one will stop it—and, least of all.
No one will stop it—and, least of all.
She seemed to have overcome the dismay that had seized upon her, though
her face had gown even whiter than
before.

"It is true, what you say," she said,
"But there

eyes for a long minute, as though to read deep into his soul.

"You signed that letter con amore!" always loved you, and only you—and Her voice was colorless. "You signed it — con amore—the code word of the old.

"It is a lie! And you know it is—you know it is! My mother loved you, always loved you, and only you—and in a low, strained voice. "But there is one way left, one way to find him, with the foul, horrible life of crime that and warn him, and I will take that

outthrust and clenched, his lips had widened until the red gums showed above his teeth, and he glared at his daughter.

friend—watch—watch—watch! And in the end—bah!—in the end our young friend will supply Nicolo Capriano with that hundred thousand dollars. Ha! "By God!" he whispered hoarsely, And in the end we will see that our young friend does not become trouble-

"It is well for you you kept your mouth shut! Do you hear, you—you—" "It is well for you you kept your mouth shut! Do you hear, you—you— some.

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 her constant is swept from the board—eh? Con amore! The old days be, for me—for he leved me, too, and I.

By FRANK L. PACKARD
Author of "THE MIRACLE MAN"
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Include it. I hate it. I hate it with all my soul! I did not understand at first, not until your talk with him to-nowled. I thought it was just to help him get away from the police who were constant at the girl's arm and his voice held a soft, pim get away from the police who were constant and the puppets jump! Con amore! I will see that Dago George knows what to do with a young man who brings him Nicolo Capriano's letter! Ha, ha! Yes, yes; I will take care of that!"

She had not mov id, except to grow a little straighter in her poise, and except that her hands now were clenched at the rides.

"I cannot believe it!" Her voice was scarcely above a whisper. "I cannot believe than before, a fursion. And he gave his life—and the puppets jump! Con amore! I will see that Dago George knows what to do with a young man to betray his friend who believed in You to betray his friend who believed in You to be trusted you and sent him here. And you tricked him, and tricked the police for your own ends! Well, you shall not! Do you hear? You shall not!"

Nicolo Capriano's face was livid.

last. "Out of the room: he screamed at priano; I shall not! And who chit of a girl's place! Out of it!"

"No: I will not go out—not yet,"
she said, and steadied her voice with she said, and steadied her voice with she said. The said of the said of the said of the said. The said of the said of

-then I will. No matter what it costs no matter what it means-to you, or Nicolo Capriano laughed-and the

to me-I will! room rang with the pealing laughter that was full of unhinged, crazy, shud-

dering mirth.
"Fool" he erled. "You will stop it—eh? And how will you stop it?
Will you tell the police? Ha, ha! Then too, would betray dear Tony's You would tell the police what they want to know-that Dave Hen-derson can be found in New York, and that he has gone there to get the money back. Or perhaps you will write an-other letter—and tell Dago George to pay no attention to my orders? Ha, ha! And it is too bad that our young friend himself has gone, and left you no address so that you could intercept

Teresa drew back a little, and into gers of mine that are strong, strong at the throat, and never let go! Do you think I was blind that I could not see. Nicolo Capriano's laugh rang out again -and was checked by a spasm of coughing-and rang out once more.

for fifteen years—is that not long story? It has been story in the property of because she loved you, that he gave his life for you, that he went to prison in "You-you would do t

"You-you would do that!" your stead, voluntarily, on his own Italian screamed, "By God! No! No. confession, when he was less guilty than No! Do you hear? No!" His hands confession, when he was less guilty than No: Do you hear, you, and when the police offered him had crept upward, and, with all his his freedom if he would only turn evihis freedom if he would only turn evihis

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