

From Now On

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

Dave Henderson steals \$100,000 which the fortune teller gives him for Bookie Skarvan to recoup racing losses. He hides the money in a trunk, and then goes to the police station, where he is arrested. He is taken to the police station, where he is arrested. He is taken to the police station, where he is arrested. He is taken to the police station, where he is arrested.

threadbare garments, and who looked, moreover, a disreputable tramp from his nights in the boxcars, were only to invite suspicion at any ordinary store where he might attempt to buy clothes. A second-hand suit, therefore, of fairly creditable appearance, first replaced Nicolò Capriano's discarded garments; later, at a more exclusive establishment still further east, in Chicago, to be exact, this was exchanged for the attire he now wore—while, here and there, he had stocked a dress-suit case with needed requirements. He had been deliberately let into his progress and once he had felt it safe to dispense with his boxcar mode of travel—and this, actually, as a sort of defiance and challenge flung

Hotel. Eight o'clock in the evening, June 24th. The words seemed to mock at him now, and the gibe to sting. He had fallen for it, after all! He could call himself a fool again if he wished, but what was the use of that? It was obvious that he was a fool! He felt like one, as he passed a much-bedecked functionary at the doorway, and found himself standing a moment later in the huge, luxuriously appointed rotunda of the hotel. He was not even recompensed by novelty, as he stared aimlessly about him. It was just the usual thing—the rug-strewn, tiled floor; the blaze of lights; the hum of talk; the hurry of movement; the wide, palm-dotted corridors, whose tables were crowded with men and women in evening dress at after-dinner coffee; the deep lounging chairs in his more immediate vicinity; the strains of an orchestra trying to make itself heard above the general hubbub.

A clock from the hotel desk behind him began to chime the hour. He turned mechanically in that direction, his eyes seeking, in the timelocks, a whiff of suddenly around again, as a hand fell upon his shoulder. The police! The thought flashed swift as a lightning stroke through his mind. Some where, somehow he had failed, and they had found him out, and—

He touched his lips with the tip of his tongue. "Millman!" he said hoarsely. "You!"

There's nothing the matter with me," he said mechanically. He felt Millman's hand close on his arm. "Come on up to my room," said Millman quickly. "It's a little public here, say it."

He jerked his shoulders back sharply; his fingers closed a little more conspicuously on the revolver in his coat pocket. Was he quite crazy? Had he lost all sense of proportion?

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He touched his lips with the tip of his tongue. "Millman!" he said hoarsely. "You!"

He was a fool—he offered nothing in defense of himself on that score. But, too, as far as any results had been obtained, he had been a fool to go searching for the old pigeon-cote for the money, when he had beforehand already persuaded himself in his own mind that the money was gone. It was the same old story—the in now—the elimination of doubt, that would always have crept insidiously into his mind; the substitution of a somewhat unpleasantly founded, for an established certainty. He had felt better for that visit to the old pigeon-cote; he would feel better, even at the expense of pampering again to fantastic doubts, for his visit to the St. Lucian Hotel tonight. Millman would not be there, any more than the money had been in the pigeon-cote; to fantastic doubts, he, Dave Henderson, would have established that fact beyond the reach of any brain quibbling which, of late, had been, it seemed, so prone to affect him.

He stopped again to ask directions from an officer, and to ask this time another question as well—a question prompted by a somewhat unpleasant possibility which, having once decided to keep the rendezvous, he could not now ignore. What kind of a place was this St. Lucian Hotel?

He looked at his watch, as he made his way to the main section of the station. It was 7:30. He deposited his dress-suit case in the parcel-room, and went out to the street. Here, by the hotel, he walked slowly now the short distance remaining. "The St. Lucian

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AND HERE IT CONTINUES

The black eyes of the old man were gleaming with an insane light, his face was working in horrible contortions. "Hab!" He was out of the bed and struggling wildly with her. "Hab! Kill myself, will you? Kill you—you—before I would let you live with my plans! It is the old man again—Nicolò Capriano of the years when—"

The room seemed to swirl around her. The clashing fingers had relaxed. It was she who struggled and grasped at the man's body and shoulders—to hold him up. He was very heavy, too heavy for her. He seemed to be carrying her downward with him—until he flung her back half across the bed. And she leaned over him then, and stared at him for a long time through her hands held tightly to her face—and horror, a great, blinding horror came, and fear, a fear that robbed her of her senses came, and she staggered backward, over the chair at her bedside, and clutched at it for support.

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She did not speak. Nicolò Capriano had left her dead the first time in three years—to die.

Her father was dead. That was the theme of the overwhelming horror, and the paralyzing fear that obsessed her brain; beat upon her in remorseless waves—horror—fear. Time did not exist; reality had passed away. She was in some great, soulless void—except for that strange ringing in her ears. And she put her hands up to her ears to shut out the sound. But it persisted. It became clearer. It became a tangible thing. It was the death.

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My name's MacBain," said Bookie Skarvan glibly. "And I want to see Nicolò Capriano. He's important. You're his lawyer, aren't you?"

She did not answer him. Her brain floundered in that pit of blackness into which it had been plunged. She was scarcely aware of the man's presence, scarcely aware that she was standing here in the doorway.

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The metamorphosis in Dave Henderson's appearance since the night, nine days ago, had been left to the fortune teller and Nicolò Capriano's house, had been, by necessity, gradual; it had attained its finished state now, as he stepped from a train to one of the subway station platforms in the city of New York. Then he had been attired in one of the old Italian's cast-off and ill-fitting suits, an object neither too respectable nor presentable, now the wide-brimmed soft hat, the new and good, and the dark tweed suit, of expensive material, was that of a well-dressed man.

He had taken time—all this. Now had it been entirely singular of accomplishment, in spite of the ample funds received from Square John Kelly, funds that were, way of unsavory corners into which a certain business that he had on hand might lead him here in New York, he had taken the precaution to secrete about his person in a money belt beneath his underclothing.

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He had traveled during three nights, and only at night, in boxcars, and on freight trains, stealing his way. But there had been no hurry. The night of the 24th of June, the date of the rendezvous that Millman had given him, had not been very far off, and though it had always obtruded itself upon him and never allowed himself to be forgotten from the moment he had heard it from Millman's lips, he had consistently told himself that the 24th of June was a consideration to be entirely disregarded. Since Millman was a thief and had double-crossed him, the rendezvous was blatantly a fake. It existed only as a sort of leaping, ironical barb with which Millman, at times, out of the now, like a spear, was darting maliciously, peevish and made devil's sport of him. He had no concern with Millman's 24th of June! He would meet Millman in due time—two headlights were not big enough, or wide enough apart, to prevent that—but the meeting would be by his, not Millman's, appointment.

And then he had passed out of the more critical danger zone, and got further east. But, even then, he had taken no chances. Dave Henderson was dead—the occasion of one Barry Lynch was not a matter to be trifled with. He had taken no chances; if anything, he had erred on the side of extreme caution. The abrupt transition into responsibility by one in misfitting,

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Eagle Brand is very easily digested and has proved itself invaluable in stubborn feeding cases.

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