From Now On

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

THIS HEGINS THE STORY

Dave Renderson steals \$100,000 which
Martin Tydeman gives him for Bookle
Skarvan to recoup racing losses. He
hides the money and then calmiy serves
five years in prison, stubbornly keeping his mouth shut, both to the police
and the old gang who are after the loot,
only because he knows that his every
move will be watched when he gate out
dees he finally disclose the hiding place
of the money to Millman, a prison mate
whom he trusts, although simpoit that it
was false move. Released from prison,
was false move. Released from prison,
his dentity is lost through the elever
cutwitting of the police by an old Italian
bomb gang leader. Nicolo Capriano, who
makes it appear that Dave has been
killed in an explosion. Teresa, a sweet,
well an explosion. Teresa, a sweet,
sum leader side his escape, and excites his admiration for her womanly
qualities. She is sick of her father's
criminal career. Dave starts for New
York to huit up one Dason George, to
whom he has a letter from Nicolo, This
intered to double-cross Henderson when
he sa's his money in New York, and
when old Capriano's daughter. Teresa.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

THE black eyes of the old man were I gleaming with an insane light, his tace was working in horrible contor-

face was working in horrible contortions.

"Hah!" He was out of the bed
aew, struggling wildly with her.

"Hah! Kill myself, will I? I would
hill you—you—before I would let you
meddle with my plans! It is the old
Nicolo again—Nicolo Capriano of the
rears when—

The room seemed to swirl around her.
The clutching fingers had relaxed. It
was she now who struggled and grasped
at the man's body and shoulders—to
bold him up. He was very heavy, too
heavy for her. He seemed to be carrying her downward with him—until he
fell back half across the bed. And she
leaned over him then, and stared at
him for a long time through her hands
that were tightly held 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, and stumbled over the chair at
the bedside, and clutched at it for supsort.

She did not speak. Nicolo Capriano

She did not speak. Nicolo Capriano had left his bed for f the overwhelming horror, and the paralyzing fear that obsessed her

brain. It beat upon her in remorseless waves—horror—fear. Time did not exist; reality had passed away. She s in some great, soundless void-ndless, 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

Habit seemed to impel her. She went sutomatically to the hall, and, in a nimbed sort of consciousness, went and stared at a short, fat man, who stood there and chewed on the butt of a cigar that dangled from one corner of his mouth. "My name's MacBain," said Bookie

Skarvan glibly. "And I want to see
Nicolo Capriano. Very important
You're his daughter, aren't you?"
She did not answer him. Her brain
floundered in that pit of blackness into
which it had been plunged. She was grarcely aware of the man's presence, gearcely aware that she was standing

bere in the doorway.

"Say, you lock scared, you do; but there's nothing to be scared about." said Bookie Skarvan ingratiatingly. "I just want to see Nicolo Capriano for a few minutes. You go and tell him a reporter wants to see him about that bomb explosion, and I'll give him a write-up that'll be worth while." She drew back a little, forcing her-

self to shake her head.
"Aw, say go on now, there's a good gir!!" wheedled Bookie Skarvan.
"The paper sent me here, and I've got to see him. There's nothing for you to look so white about. I'm only a re-

This man here-what was it he had said? That he wanted to see Nicolo Capriano? Strange that words came with such curious difficulty to her tongue—as though, somehow, she had been dumb all her life, and was speak-ing now for the first time.

"Nico.o Capriano is dead," she said

-and closed the door in Bookie Skar-

CHAPTER XIV

The Rendezvous The metamorphosis in Dave Hender-son's appearance since the night, nine days ago, when he had left San Fran-cisco and Nicolo Capriano's house, had New York. Then he had been attired in one of the old Italian's cast-off and ill-fitting suits, an object neither too good, and the dark tweed suit, of ex-pensive material, was that of a well-

It had taken time-all this. Nor had it been entirely simple of accomplishment, in spite of the ample funds received from Square John Kelly, funds now, wary of unsavory corners which a certain business that he hand might lead him here is New York, he had taken the precaution o secrete about his person in a money t beneath his underclothing. He had scarcely needed old Nicole

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Capriano's warning to be careful. Dave Headerson had not changed so much in five years in prison that he could take He had made his way out o police—and on which former occasion would have succeeded, he was quite satisfied, and it not been for the wound sciousness and placed him at their

He had traveled during three nights and only at night, in boxears, 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 itself to be forgotten from the control of the contr from the moment he had heard it from Millman's Hps. he had consistently told ensideration to be entirely disregard Since Millman was a thief and had spheres were not big enough, or wide enough spart, to prevent that—but the meeting would be by his, not Millman's,

taken no chances; if anything, ne erred on the side of extreme cau-The abrupt transition into re-

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-band suit, therefore, off fairly creditable appearance, first replaced Nicolo Capciano'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 as dress-suit case with needed requirements. He had been deliberately left-surely in his progress east once he had ground felt it safe to dispense with his boxcar mode of travel—and this, actually, as a sort of defiance and challenge fluns of his common sense had gone down to rout and defeat, it seemed. He was on his way now to the St. Lucian to 'clock in the evening. June 24th." The words seemed to sting. He had fallen for it, after all! was obvious that he was a fool. He could call himself a fool again if he was co-'clock on the evening of June 24. He lad fallen for it, after all! was obvious that he was a fool to clock in the evening. June 24th." The words seemed to wath a gone length of his common sense had gone down to rout and defeat, it seemed. He was he was up now to the St. Lucian to clock at him now, and the give to sting. He could call himself a fool again if he was he was a fool. A down to rout and defeat, it seemed. He was not o'clock on the evening of June 24th." The words seemed to sting. He had fallen for it, after all! was obvious that he was a fool in the contrary, he knew while, here and there, he had stocked as dress-suit case with needed requirements. He had been deliberately left-surely hones to the contrary, he knew was a fool—undoubtedly a fool. Noth-surely in his progress east once he had gone the read to watch from some safe vandered and the product of the hotel. He was he was a fool—undoubtedly a fool. Noth-surely hone in evening dress at after-dinner of talk; the hurry of movement; the surely in his progress eas

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?

"One of the best." the officer answered. "There you are—two blocks ahead, and one to the left."

Dave Henderson smiled with a sort of patient tolerance at himself. The locality alone should have been sufficient answer to his question. It was now since he had left Nicolo Capriano's house. Nine days! He was now in New York, standing here on one of the station platforms—and it was the evening of the 24th of June!

He looked at his watch, as he made his way to the main section of the state his way to the main the state his way to the state his way to the

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, he asked a policeman to direct him to the St. Lucian Hotel.

Withdrawn and swing now at his side, as he walked along again.

He looked at his watch once more, as he turned the corner indicated. It was five minutes to eight. A half block ahead of him he saw the hotel.

He walked slowly now the short distance remaining. "The St. Lucian

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too, as far as any results had been obtained, he had been a fool to go searching 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 thing over again now—the elimination of doubt, that would always have crept insidiously into his mind; the substitution of doubt, however illfounded, 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; but, equally, 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 sak directions from an officer and to ask this time.

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Dave?" he demanded sharply.

Dave Henderson's hands, at his sides, were clenched. Millman—this was Millman! Millman, whom he hadn't expected to meet here! Millman, whom he had promised himself he would track down if it took him a lifetime, and, once found, would settle with as he would settle

him, a figure whose clear, gray eyes stared into his and smiled.

He touched his lips with the tip of his tongue.

"Millman!" he said hoarsely.

"You!"

"Well." said Millman easily, "this is the St. Lucian Hotel: it's 8 o'clock, and June 24th—who did you expect to meet here?"

"You," said Dave Henderson—and laughed unnaturally.

Millman's gray eyes narrowed, and his face clouded suddenly.

"What's the matter with you, Dave?" he demanded sharply.

Dave Henderson's hands, at his sides, were clenched. Millman, whom he hadn't expected to meet here? Millman expected to meet here? Millman expected to meet here? Millman expected to mee

women in evening dress at after-dinner dress in the women in evening dress at after-dinner dress in the correct women in evening dress at after-dinner dress in the correct women in evening dress at after-dinner dress in the correct women in evening dress at after-dinner dress in the correct words. It was as though he were a dazed and groggy from a blow that had sent him mentally to his knees. He did not understand.

A clock from the hotel desk behind him began to chime the hour. He turned mechanically in that direction, his eyes seeking the time mentally to his knees. He did not understand.

"There's nothing the matter with methanically in that direction, his eyes seeking the time mentally to his knees. He did not understand.

"There's nothing the matter with methanically in that direction, his ease, and smilling ways claimed he was a gentleman, hadn't he? And he, Dave Henderson But that did not change anything. Millman was now, offensively at his ease, and smilling, was standing here before him.

"There's nothing the matter with methanically in that did not disengal at the felt Millman had gone to that pigeon the women and had taken that money, he stood understand.

The rounds, the felt Millman was in a sort of riot now; but the difference devening for the was a gentleman, hadn't he? And he, Dave Henderson laughed a little—not pleasantly.

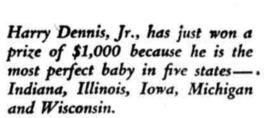
Well, he was actook, and — Dave Henderson felt his muscles tauten. The rounds, the wol

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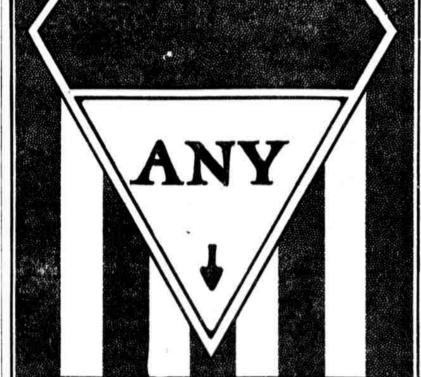
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See page 2. Automobile Section SUNDAY LEDGER, JAN. 15th Imperative to Every Motorist