

From Now On

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

Dave Henderson stands in the doorway which leads to the rooming house where he has been hiding for the past five years. He looks at the money and smiles. He has it now, the money that he has been waiting for. He has it now, the money that he has been waiting for. He has it now, the money that he has been waiting for.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

XV

The First Guest

BLIND to his surroundings, mechanically retracing his steps to the railway station, Dave Henderson swung along the street. He walked as though he would not be seen. He walked as though he would not be seen. He walked as though he would not be seen.

and somehow, both physically and mentally, he suddenly, and for the first time, realized that he was tired.

"Chatham Square," he told the driver, as he climbed into the taxi; and then, as the car moved forward, he leaned over and spoke to the chauffeur: "There's a fellow called Dago George who keeps a place right near here," he said. "I don't know exactly where it is, but I guess you can find it, can't you?"

THE IRON TAVERN

Georges Vardi, Prop.

That was Dago George's name, he remembered. Nicola Capriano had told him—George Vardi. He alighted, paid and dismissed the chauffeur, and stood for an instant on the sidewalk surveying the place.

It was a small and old three-story frame building. The barnyard, to which there was a separate entrance, bordered on a lane at his right; while, almost bisecting the building, another door, wide open, gave on a hall—and here, in turn, as he could see through the end window at his left, gave access to the restaurant, such as it was, for at several small tables here the occupants were engaged in making their dinner. Above there was a light or two in the second-story windows, the third story was in complete darkness.



Dago George ripped the envelope open and read the contents.

out of the window. The localities through which he passed did not seem to impress him. He smiled a little. He knew nothing about New York, but this was about what he had expected. Dago George was not likely either to reside or conduct his business in a very exclusive neighborhood.

Finally the taxi stopped, but only to permit the chauffeur to ask directions from a passer-by on the sidewalk. They went on again, turned a corner, and a moment later drew up at the curb.

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rooms above for private dining parties bring the money much faster. I am desolated to turn you away; but since I have no rooms, I have no rooms, eh? So what can I do?"

Dave Henderson studied the other's face complacently. The man was not as old as Nicola Capriano; the man's hair was still black and shone with oil, and in features he was not Nicola Capriano at all; but somehow it was Nicola Capriano, only in another incarnation perhaps. He nodded his head. He was not sorry to learn that the Iron Tavern was ultra-exclusive.

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are tired—eh? Well, then, to make you comfortable! Come along with me!" He picked up the dress-suit case, opened the door, and led the way into the hall. He was still talking as he mounted the stairs. "There will be many things for us to speak about, eh? But that will be for tomorrow. We are perhaps all birds of a feather—eh—or Nicola Capriano perhaps would not have sent you here? Well, well—tomorrow, my friend, if you care to. But I ask nothing, you understand? You come and you go, and you talk, or you remain silent as you wish. Is it not so? That is what Nicola Capriano writes—and it is enough." He paused at the second-story landing. "You see," he said, waving his hand around the dimly lighted passage. "Little private dining-rooms. But there is no business tonight. Another fight, my friend, and perhaps we shall find better accommodations here."

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