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

THIS REGINS THE STORY

Dave Henderson steams \$100,600 which Marife Todeman gives him for Bookle Rearyan to recount racing losses. He hiddes the money and serves five veers in Tison, stuboornly keeping his mouth shul, both to the police and the old gang who are stire the loot. Only Millman, a wrisen mate, knows where he has hidden the money and advises him to give it back to its owner. Aftern Series of adventures which brings him into contact with Nicole Capriano, an old gang leader, and his sweet and womaniv daughter. Teresa. Dave goes to him up one Dago George, whom he has a teiter from Nicole. This contains a secret code which is increded to double-cross Henderson and secure the money for Capriano and his sure the money for Capriano and his contains a secret code which is increded to double-cross Henderson and secure the money for Capriano and his cut she remonstrates, arousing her father of 10 dapser, which causes his sudden death. Teresa follows Henderson to keep York, finds he has been drugsed to seen in Dago George a hotel, and sets about to outwit her father's friend. Meanwhite Bookle Skarvan trails her to the hotel and arranges a deal with some erooks to get the money. Henderson medicaling reform and an honest life, When his looks for the money it its gone! Then, to his surprise, Teresa Capriano enters the youn and he knows he loves her.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES AND HERE IT CONTINUES

WAIT: His voice was rough with

His hold had brought her very close again to him. He could see a great erimson tide flood and sweep the white and suddenly averted face. he said again. "I think I

have learned other things as well to-night—that you care. Teresa, too, but that the stolen money stands between you and me. That is what I mean by buying you, and your love, with a fake. If I returned the money on that ac-ceunt it would not be because I had anddenly become honest—which is the one thing above all else that you ask for. It would not be for honesty's It would not be for nones, but because I was a hypocrite but because I was a hypocrite dishonest with you, and was letting the money go because I was get-ting something for it that was worth more to me than the money—because I was making a good bargain that was cheap at a hundred thousand dollars. "I can't make myself believe that I feel a sense of honesty any more to-night than I did the night I first took that money, and I would be a cur to try to make you think I did."

He could feel her hands tremble in his: he could see her hands tremble in his: he could see the sweet face, the crimson gone from it. deathly pale sgain. Her lips seemed quivering for words, but she did not speak. And suddenly he dropped her hands; and his own hands clenched, and clenched again, at his sides. There was hitting many his sides. There was biting mockery at himself stirring and moiling in his brain. "You fool! You fool!" a voice cried out. "She's yours! Take her! All you've got to do is change your tune; she'll believe you—so if you're not honeat, why don't you steal

"Listen!" It seemed as though he were forcing himself to speak against first, so that you will understand, there is Millman. It is too long a story to tell you all of it. Millman is the man I spoke of—who is honest—like you. I told him when I was in prison where the money was, and I thought he had deple-crossed me. Instead, he gave it back to me tonight—that is how I got.

Was that a sound, a sound of move—ment, of some one stirring below there, that he beard—or only an exaggerated imagination? He was half way down the upper flight of stafrs now, and he astopped to listen. No, there seemed to be nothing—only that silence that palpitated and made noises of its.

Was that a sound, a sound of move—ment, of some one stirring below there, that he beard—or only an exaggerated imagination? He was half way down the upper flight of stafrs now, and he alone flaunt it openly!

At the foot of the stairs Dave Henderson discarded that theory as untensity to the stairs openly.

At the foot of the stairs Dave Henderson discarded that theory as untensity to the stairs openly. back to me tonight—that is how I got it so soon." He laughed out sharply, harshly. "But Millman said if I didn't give it back to the estate of the man from whom I took it, he would nay it. and say: 'There it is in Dago George's safe; I can't get my own paws on it sgain, so I've turned honest, and you can go and take it! I wouldn't like to face Millman and tell him the money had gone back that way—because I couldn't help it—because it had been taken from me, and I was doing the same act in a piker play!''

St. There it is in Dago George's blacklegs over whom Dago George was in command; and he remembered that some one had come down the stairs behind her and Dago George was in command; and he remembered that some one had come down the stairs behind her and Dago George was in command; and he remembered that some one had come down the stairs behind her and Dago George was in command; and he remembered that some one had come down the stairs behind her and Dago George. But Teresa herself had evidently been unseen, for there had been no attempt to find or interfere with her. It had probably therefore been—well, any one!

It presented possibilities.

po back from Dago George

She clutched frantically at he arm.

"Listen!" he said, "You have said you meant that money should be recomplish it. I understand that. Well, complish it. I understand that. Well, that the result, to Dago George or to me. I am going down there to get that money—if I can. But if I get it, I do not promise to return it. Remember that! I promise nothing. By you are free to leave here; and if you think, and perhaps you will be right, that the surest way to get the money back is to go instantly to the police, I shall not blame you. If the police can beat me to it before I settle with Dago George, they win—that's all. But in any case, it is not safe for you to atay in this place, and so—"I' was not thinking of that!" she said in a low voice. "Nor shall I leave this house—until you do. I—I am afraid—for you. You do not know Dago in you are the said in a low voice. "Nor shall I leave this house—until you do. I—I am afraid—for you. You do not know Dago is constantly to the police, I was not thinking of that!" she said in a low voice. "Nor shall I leave this house—until you do. I—I am afraid—for you. You do not know Dago is constantly to the police, in this place, and so—"I' was not thinking of that!" she said in a low voice. "Nor shall I leave this house—until you do. I—I am afraid—for you. You do not know Dago is constantly to the police, in the place at night.

I was not him your power to a vicious snap. Useless speculation of this sort got him nowhere! He would this sort got him nowhere! He would this sort got him nowhere! He would be this sort got him nowhere! He would this sort got him nowher

dark eyes until the lashes dropped and hid them from his gaze.

discovered ajar, and simple enough.

"Teresa," he whispered low, "there some things that are worse than being a thief. I couldn't lay down my hand now, if I wanted to, could I'. I can't quit now, can I? I can't represent the same way; but see had been actuated by more than the mere idea of being unimpeded in flight if a critical situation subsequently arose—though in this lies ulterior motive, he had failed utterly of success.

Teresa had agreed thoroughly in the wisdom of first removing their belougings; but she had refused positively to accompany and remain with the baggage surned honest because he had lost his accompany and remain with the baggage here, and didn't dare go after the money and face the risk of a show-way with Dago George, which was the sally way in which be could stay dishonest. There are you see don't you?"

I might be of some use here to do. "I wouldn't be of any use there, if—if anything happened," she had said: "I—I might be of some use honest. Teresa, you see, don't you?"
His voice was passionate, hungry in
its earnestness. "Teresa, what would reu do-play the game, or quit?"
The lashes lifted, and for a moment the dark eyes looked steadily into his, and then they were veiled again. will wait here for you," she

CHAPTER XX The Man With the Flashlight The alan With the Finshinght
The allence seemed like some uncanny, living, breathing thing. It
seemed to best, and pulsate, until the
ear-drums throbbed with it. It seemed
to become some mad, discordant chorus,
in which avery human emotion yield in which every human emotion vied with every other one that it might prevail over all the rest; a savage iry, and a triumphant love; a mighty hope, and a cruel dismay; joy. and a cull, ugly fear. And the chorus rose and clashed, and it seemed as though ins wild, incoherent battle was joined,

liberate—and the more pittless. It was Dago George who was the object of that fury, not Nicolo Capriano. That was strange, too, in a way! It was Nicolo Capriano who had done him the greater wrong, for Dago George was no more than the other's satellite.

was no more than the other's satellite.
But Nicolo Capriano's treachery
seemed tempered somehow—by death
perhaps—by that slim figure that he
had left standing out there in the darkness perhaps; his brain refused to rea-WAIT!" His voice was rough with memorian. "We'll talk straight— had left standing out there in the darkness perhaps; his brain refused to reason it out to a logical conclusion; it held tenaciously to Dago George. It seemed as though there were a literal physical itch at his fingertips to reach a throat-hold and choke the oily, lying



His own flashlight stanbed a lane of light through the blackness

from whom I took it, he would pay it but still more cautiously now. There out of his own pocket, because, for me, was no reason why there shouldn't be he had been a thief, too. Do you understand? That's why I said I didn't know what I was going to do. My God—I—I don't know yet. I know well to bed again yet. It was only an hour, sough that if the police were tipped off.

Teresa had said, since the man had said and said, since the man had tonight, and got the money, that would got money. The point of paying it: but that's not the point. I can't squeal now, can it is go sneaking to the police. But the point of the police who was with Dago George. He remembered Teresn's reference to the band of There it is in Dago George's blacklegs over whom Dago George was

She stepped toward him quickly.

"Dave." she whispered tremulously, a prowling guest, if there were other guests in this unsavory hostely; or a guests in this unsavory hostely; or a what do you mean? What are you mean? The mean mean? If mean mean most if a go back where it came from, and maybe it won't; but if it does go back, it'll go back from Days Henderson—not Dago George."

guests in this unsavory hostelry; or a servant, for some unknown reason nosing about, if any of the disreputable staff slept in the place at night—the cook, or the greasy waiter, or the bartender, or any of the rest of them; though, in a place like this, functionaries of that sort were much more likely to go back to their own homes after their work was over. It would not be at all unlikely that Dago action their work was over. It would not be at all unlikely that Dago George, in view of his outside per-belous activities, kept none of the staff

She clutched franticate, a...
"No. no!" she cried out.
"Listen!" he said. "You have said about the place at night.

"Listen!" he said. "You have said about the place at night.

"Listen!" Listens and D. Useless speculation of

-for you. You do not know Dago any case they meant to steal away from George."

He did not stir for a moment; then, with some great, overwhelming important on the same and held it there uptured to his and looked into her great a temporary hiding place in a shed. whose door, opening on the lane, he had discovered ajar, and simple enough.

Was Wild Rose Guilty?

Heavens knows she had motive enough, this breezy, earnest, well-poised girl of the plains, to murder rich and ruthless James

But suspicion fell, too, on Kirby Lane, the stalwart and gallant cowboy nephew of the murdered

How the two ran down the mystery

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beaten down and submerged, and put to rout, until out of the chaos and turmoil, dominant, supreme, arose fury, mercliess and cold.

Dave Henderson crept along the upper hall. The pocket flashlight in his hand, one of his purchases on the way East, winked through the blackness, the round, white ray disclosing for a second's space the head of the stairs; and blackness fell again.

He began to descend the stairs cautiously. Yes, that was it—fury. Out of that wild riot in his brain that was what remained now. It drew his face into hard, pitiless lines, but it left him most strangely cool and deliberate—and the more pitiless. It was being the first twas with the more pitiless. It was blackness the strangely cool and deliberate—and the more pitiless. It was blackness strange, too, in a way! It was Nicolo Capriano. That was strange, too, in a way! It was Nicolo Capriano, That was no more than the other's satellite.

But Nicolo Capriano or Dago George was no more than the other's satellite.

But Nicolo Capriano or Dago George was possible to the real was no more than the other's satellite.

But Nicolo Capriano or Dago George was a sound of heavy breathing.

But the requirement nor expositure. She was a sound fit above there—waiting. She was a sound from below. It was neither imagination nor fancy; it was distinct and numisation nor fancy; it was distinct and n

while there was still no object discerni-ble, the rallway below was in a sort of murk, and as though, from somewhere, light rays, that were either carefully guarded or had expended, through dis-tance, almost all their energy, were still

striving to pierce the darkness.

Tight-lipped now, a few steps further down, Dave Henderson leaned out over he bannister-and hung there tensely,

It was like looking upon some weird, meannily clever effect that had been thrown upon a moving-picture screen. The door of Dago George's room was wide open, and through this he could see a white circle of light, the rays thrown away from and in the opposite direction to the door. They flooded the direction to the door. They flooded the face of a safe; and, darkly, behind the light itself, two figures were faintly outlined, one kneeling at the safe, the other holding a flashlight and standing over the kneeling man's shoulder. now the nature of the sounds that he had not been able to define was obvious of a bit eating voraciously into steel, as the kneeling man worked at the face of the safe.

For a moment his eyes narrowed, half in sudden, angry menace, half in per-plexity, he hung there gazing on the scene; and then, with all the caution that he knew, his weight thrown gradually on each separate tread to guard the room, and mechanically Dave Hen-against a protesting creak, he went on derson raised his hand and brushed it

it would account for the presence of a second man—the one Teresa had heard coming down stairs. But, if so, what was Dago George's game? Was the man going to put up the bluff that he had been robbed, and was therefore wrecking his own safe? That was an old gag! But what purpose could it serve Dago George in the present instance? It wasn't as though he, Dave Henderson, had confided the package to Dago hypocritical bowing figure that had offered him a glass of wine, and, like a damnable hound, had drugged him, curing it for himself. Dago George had stolen it—and, logically, the last thing Dago George would do would be to admit any knowledge of it, let alone flaunt it;

be nothing—only that silence that palpitated and made noises of its own; and yet, he was not satisfied; he could have sworn that he had heard some one moving about.

He went on down the stairs again, but still more cautiously now. There was no reason why there shouldn't be some one moving about, even at this hour. It might be Dago George him-

breathless, but triumphant grunt. And then a voice, in a guttural undertone: "Dere youse are, sport. Help yer-

self!"

Dave Henderson crouched back against the wall. He was well along the hall now, and quite close enough to the doorway of Dago George's private domain to enable him, given the necessary light, to see the whole interior quite freely. The door of the safe, in a dismantled condition, was swung open; strewn on the floor lay the self.

The front door opened and closed against the opposite wall once more, but this time almost at the door jamb itself.

The flashlight full on, lay on the desk. It played over the package of banknotes, and sent back a reflected gleam from the nickelwork of a tele-

exclamation of delight from the man with the flashlight. In the man's hand was the original package of banknotes.

And now the man with the flashlight, without turning, reached out and inid the package on the desk behind the safe. movement, however, sent the flashlight's ray in a jerky half circle around down the stairs.

It was strange—damnably and most curiously strange! Was one of those figures in there Dago George? If so, was boring into the safe again, and the interpretation of the safe again, and the the flashlight on the balance of the safe's contents. It had been only a glimpse, a glimpse that had lasted no longer than the time it takes a watch to tick, but it seemed to have mirrored itself upon Dave Henlerson's brain so that he could still se it even in the darkness: It was a bud dled form on the floor, close by the bed, just as though it had pitched itself convulsively out of the bed, and it lay there sprawled grotesquely, and the white face had seemed to grin at him in a horrid and contorted way-and it

was the face of Dago George.

The man with the flashlight spoke suddenly over his shoulder to his companion: "You've pulled a good job, Maggot! he said approvingly: "Better that

either Cunny or me was looking for, I guess. And so much so that I guess

back on the fob, and until then we got the house to ourselves, but that's no reason' for wasting any fleeting mo-ments, so get a move on! See?" "Sure!" grunted the other. "Well, then, beat it!"

by inch along the hall toward to the package of banknotes in the safe! And Dago George or the devil, it mattered very little which, there would be a showdown, very likely now a grim and very pretty little showdown, before the money left that room in any one's posmore pleasant now. It was very thoughtful of the man with the flash-little showdown, there light—very! He cared nothing about the other man, who was now walking the hall toward the Footsteps sounded from the room,

front door; the money was still in that room in there! Also, he was glad to have had confirmed what he had al-ready surmised—that Dago George slept

safe, in a dismantled condition, was swung open; strewn on the floor lay the kit of tools through whose instrument that stood a few tallty the job had been accomplished; and the man with the flashlight was bending forward, the white tay flooding back of the light, was like a silhouetted backer. It was only to the safe. the inside of the safe.

There came suddenly now a queer the house. Perhaps five seconds passed shadow. It was quiet, silent now in twitching to Dave Henderson's lips. and then the man chuckled low and and it came coincidentally with a sharp wheezingly.

Dave Henderson grew suddenly rigid. It startled him. Somewhere he had It startled him. heard that chuckle, before-somewhere, It seemed striving to stir and awaken memory. There was something strangely familiar about it, and-

want to take any of it when they wise up to this in the morning. He can look it over for himself. Tell him I want him to see it before I monkey with it myself. You can leave your watchmaker's tools there. You ought to be back in a little better than ten minutes if you hurry. We got a good hour and more yet before daylight, and before any of the crowd that work here gets back on the job, and until then we got the house to ourselves but that's no out, and even if he squeals if he's out, and even if he squeals if he's caught, I guess I'll be far enough away

Dave Henderson's face had grown as

white and set as chiseled marble; but he did not move.
The man leaped abruptly forward over the desk, picked up the telephone, chuckled again, and then snatched the receiver from the hook. And the fext instant, his voice full of well-simulated terror, he was calling wildly, frantically, into the transmitter?
"Central! Central! For God's sake! Quick! Help! I'm Dago George. The Iron Tavern. They're murdering me. Get the police! For God's sake! Get the police. Tell them Cunny Smeeks

police. Tell them Cunny Smeeks is murdering me. Hurry! Quick! For

The man allowed the telephone and the unhooked receiver to crash abruptly to the floor. The cord, catching the fashlight, carried the flashlight with it, and the light went out.

And then Dave Henderson moved.

With a spring, he was halfway across

the room—and his own flashlight stabbed a lane of light through the blackness, and struck, as the other whirled with a startled cry, full on the man's face. It was Bookle Skarvan

To be continued tomorrow

Reception for Cornell President Dr. Livingston Farrand, president of University, will visit Philadel phis on Saturday next as the guest of the Cornell Club. In the evening a reception and dinner will be tendered Hotel by the members of the club, at which the new head of the university will outline his plans for further ex-

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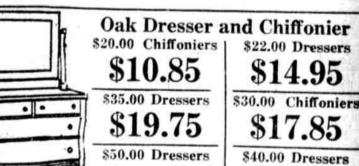




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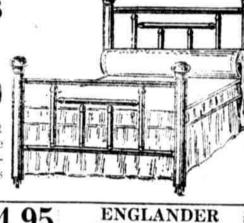


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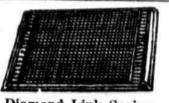


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