

The Vengeance of Henry Jarroman

By ROY VICKERS

Must the Woman Always Pay?

He Forces a Girl to Expiate Another's Sin

THE BEGINS THE STORY

Henry Jarroman, released from prison, to which he was sentenced, Charles Stranack, before that John Camden, his partner in crime, had fled to his wife's home. He had married in prison, and now his wife, who had long ago been released, had a heart attack in place of her husband's. Camden's daughter, Quest, was a typist in the firm of Stranack, Jarroman's partner. Stranack, Jarroman's partner, was a man of letters and was known as the "Biffney Touring" man. He was a man of letters and was known as the "Biffney Touring" man. He was a man of letters and was known as the "Biffney Touring" man.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

MY SEEM to," continued Stranack, "I see that the whole thing is a matter of old-fashioned prejudice. And I don't intend to let things stop there. I suppose you have no intention of sporting publicly in any way, I mean, for instance, you aren't going to apply for a retrial or anything of that kind?"

"I had a half-formed intention of doing so," Jarroman said, "but rather than knock the bottom out of my selling talk with the 'guy,'" said Stranack, ruefully.

"I see," said Jarroman, curtly. "You want to ask me to form my right to establish my innocence if I can." Wilfred Stranack hesitated.

"Honestly, I am," he said, abruptly. "I can't give you any reason that isn't obvious. I want to see you pretty desperately."

He sprang to his feet. Behind Jarroman the door had opened and Nadia was moving into the room. Jarroman darted to be seated, but she shook her head.

"I don't want to join in this discussion," she said, her voice tremulous in spite of the effort of her disguise. "In fact, I came in to beg you both to let the matter rest where I wish it to rest."

"That is, you wish your refusal of Mr. Stranack's offer of marriage to be final?" questioned Jarroman before Stranack could speak. "Your reason being that if your parentage were discovered his future would be seriously handicapped?"

Nadia bent her head.

"I won't accept a refusal on those grounds," said Stranack, doggedly. "If I were to marry you you would suffer, and I would know it was my fault."

Jarroman looked keenly at Nadia, surprised at the finality of her tone. She had strength of will, this exquisite child.

"I think you do not quite realize, my dear," he interposed, "but unlikely it is that our affairs will ever become known so long as I do not apply for a retrial. And I was about to apply for one if you entered—"

He faltered involuntarily, then gathered himself together. "But I will gladly give up my plan for retrial if I can thereby secure your happiness."

Nadia turned upon him, her face pale, her breath coming in gasps.

"You would give up trying to vindicate yourself for me?" she whispered. "You have given me so much to love, as if I'd let you! Could I be happy if you weren't, father?"

Jarroman's lips tightened grimly. These details of Lady Doucester's inheritance might be of great value to him. If the Doucesters had been guilty of any questionable methods there would be a weapon in his hand with which to break down the opposition to the marriage.

"Isn't the duty of some chancery official to find out if there's a rival claimant in such cases?" he asked.

Rounding up Evidence

"I've no doubt there is," said Segrove. "I haven't investigated that line, as it was not directly in my path. It is possible there may have been a rival claimant for Camden's child and that the claim went by default."

"How could it go by default?"

"At the time when Camden committed suicide, his daughter was barely three years old," answered Segrove. "He had not been particularly well off. After the death of his wife his home was broken up, and he entrusted the child to the care of others. It took me three weeks to find out where John Camden had banked, and then I found it by a kindly gave me all the information I wanted. The only thing that was any use, however, was an indorsed check to a Mrs. Quest."

"I followed up that line," continued Segrove. "I found that a Mrs. Quest had occupied a house in Richmond. This Mrs. Quest had a young girl living with her—the times roughly corresponding, who, by the age of the lady, could not have been her daughter. Then I came to a check for all I could learn from the neighbors was that the young girl had left shortly before Mrs. Quest's death; that is, some four years ago. Of course, I can find out where she went; but it will take time and may be a month before I get on to anything."

Segrove rose to go, and Jarroman made no effort to detain him. A month, he was reflecting, he would have to wait still more to be done. It was most fortunate that he had been given a weapon against the Doucesters.

"You'll get an official report from me some time today," the detective added, "telling you that Bisset-Camden's servant in Canada has given you the facts, which I will put into type. I have an agent in Canada. You can please yourself whether I send him to take Bisset's deposition, or to persuade him, by payment, of course, to make a trip to England."

Jarroman brightened. The delay was exactly what he wanted. "I'll think it over and let you know," he answered. "Thanks for coming."

Jarroman was about to open the door for Segrove when it was opened from the outside.

Nadia faced them.

She was all in white, a raker in her hand, her eyes bright, her hair slightly tousled. Jarroman glanced at Segrove, and saw the admiration and quick interest in his eyes.

It would not be wise to risk being suspected of having anything to conceal.

"My dear, let me introduce Mr. Segrove—the gentleman who has already helped us so much. Mr. Segrove—my daughter."

Segrove bowed and the girl extended her hand.

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CONTINUED MONDAY

