

The Vengeance of Henry Jarroman

By ROY VICKERS

—since that day at Swallow-
 bath when you had to go up to town
 with your father, Mr. Theed
 to see me just after you'd gone
 and that Mr. Jarroman had made
 a discovery that I was not his mis-
 tress after all. There are no reads about
 any tales. I was the daughter of
 Camden, your mother's cousin.
 —and the terrible part was, Wil-
 fred, that the time I was with Mr.
 Jarroman he was getting evidence to
 show that it was John Camden, and
 who committed the murder of
 my father. Fortunately the detective who was
 hired by Jarroman discovered that, after all,
 my father was innocent, too, and
 it seems probable that Mr. Jarroman
 told this before he lets for the
 Continent. So, after all, he is not hat-
 ing me because I am the daughter of
 the man who ruined his life.

"That must be a great relief." The
 shadow of Wilfred's voice made her
 head turn. "It doesn't quite settle my dif-
 ficulty, though. Am I to understand
 that, after Theed's revelation, you and
 I should be getting out of the idea of withdrawing
 my name?"

"I did want to transfer every-
 thing to the real Penelope Jarroman,
 but Wilfred dashed his hand against the
 wall."

"Nadia! Do you mean to say that,
 well as tricking me into this damna-
 tion, you've been defrauding
 another woman?"

Wilfred Quits Home

"She knew then that it was hopeless,
 and she had the bare truth or nothing,
 and the bare truth was not hers to
 give. She could not say to him, 'I
 believe and badgered into a sick-
 ness to prevent your mother
 being charged with theft.' Even sup-
 posing she did say it, she would have
 to add, 'But Segrove has given me
 reason to believe that Mr. Jarroman
 is innocent of my father's innocence, and if
 he hated your mother, and threatened
 her, because she was John Camden's
 daughter, you may presume that he
 would threaten her now.' It was no
 use. One couldn't talk like that. She
 had lived through each fresh com-
 plicity could frame her defense only
 herself, to her husband, white with
 sweat, his hand with distention, she
 could say nothing, nothing."

"I can't make you believe me, but I
 couldn't help anything I did."

A sound broke from him that tore her
 heart. Then he pulled himself together
 and strode toward the door.

"All you've done is to fall me!" he
 flung at her from between clenched
 teeth. "You've failed me utterly. I
 suppose nothing much can be done until
 I can speak to Mr. Jarroman. If I
 can discover his whereabouts I'll shift
 a sign of my own."

"Wilfred!"

"You'll be quite all right here alone,
 and I may be able to think more clearly
 in a place I can afford to leave."
 "I don't understand you."
 "Don't you?" He laughed queerly.
 "I have three hundred a year of my
 own, Nadia. You, of course, are at
 liberty to do what you like, but I'm
 going to get out and live on it."
 The door slammed; he was gone.

Nadia bent down and held one hand
 to her forehead. It seemed as if
 she were alone in the world. It seemed
 important to her that she should warm
 her hands, which were so cold, before
 she thought of what she ought to do.
 She rubbed her palms, and the backs,
 and her fingers diligently, but they re-
 mained numb and nerveless. So that
 presently she moved away from the fire
 and took up a book, looked at it aim-
 lessly and put it down again.

Then she realized that there was
 nothing to think about. Unless Lady
 Doucester herself made things right,
 there was nothing to be done, nothing
 at all. If Mr. Jarroman were to re-
 turn tomorrow, he could do nothing for
 her; he could assure her that he knew
 her father's innocence; he could
 promise that he would let her share
 of the Camden fortune rest, and to
 relieve Lady Doucester's fears; he
 could comfort Nadia by relieving her
 when she told him how she had longed
 to give to Nell, his daughter, all that
 belonged to her. But he could not bring
 Wilfred back.

Nadia crossed to the writing table
 and took pen and paper. She
 wrote and discovered that I am
 Mr. Jarroman's daughter," she
 wrote. I wanted to keep the money
 and the house. I cannot explain why
 I did not give everything at once to
 you. You can do that, Nadia.

"If you had gone away,"
 she sealed and dressed in an en-
 vying letter to see her mother-in-law?
 she shrank from the idea. Surely it
 would not be necessary. Lady Doucester
 would not hesitate to speak of it to
 Wilfred at once—tomorrow.

Nadia liked Wilfred's mother, but
 she knew now that she had always
 been a little repelled by the almost
 aggressive worldliness which had made
 Lady Doucester what she was. If she
 and Nadia were to meet tonight, Lady
 Doucester's first thought would be one
 of despair for Wilfred's lost career.

Now, whatever else could be re-
 spected, now, Nadia felt that she could
 bear to speak about that yet.

She had the letter sent by hand, and
 went to her room.

She did not even try to sleep. As
 she sat in her maid had left her, she went
 to a chair by the window and, crouch-
 ing there, looked down into the quiet
 street. It was deserted—no, not de-
 serted; under her eyes the long pro-
 grams danced with their own de-
 sires that would be here till dawn.
 She saw the dawn come, and as the
 light strengthened she felt she must
 get out into it. She dressed and crept
 to a shadow from the house.

The moment she was in the street
 she knew that she could never return
 home, unless she and her husband could
 be together. She believed that her
 mother would come back to her when
 she felt that her confession to him
 would be neutral meeting must take
 place on neutral ground somewhere to go,
 and she must find work, for she had no
 money that was honestly her own, as
 she walked on rapidly; she had no
 money, but the exercise warmed her and
 cleared her a little. Had she not been
 present Lady Doucester, and out-
 look? The
 Wilfred could be made to understand
 the allegiance; and after that, patching
 their lives whole again would be en-
 tirely possible, since it would be endured to
 Nadia came to a sudden halt.

She was turning into the street
 when she saw the flat from which
 she had been married. A strong im-
 pression seized her to look up at its win-
 dows were drawn, of course. The
 windows must have been dismissed
 when Mr. Jarroman went away. Her
 hand, for a second or two, she fought
 the crazy notion that she was
 waiting for her.

She jerked herself together and al-
 tered down the street. She did not

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