Must The Vengeance of the Henry Jarroman Woman Always By ROY VICKERS Pay?

Sin Description of the section of the section whether words a friend of yourn, a Mrs. I understand. She turned up at I understand. I a, I understand. She turned up at t street yesterday and revealed

I understand. She turned up at I up this document." The last words were a mere shallow courtesy, and Lady Doucester knew it. Jarroman intended to destroy the con-testion, whatever she might say. She was young enough to thrill at his mas-terfulness—old enough to have taken good care not to let him frustrate her so easily. "Tear it up by all means if that will relieve your feelings," ale said. "It's in my handwriting, you know; I copied it will a smile shat made the verne if to his feet and regarded the com-if to his feet and regarded the com-if to his feet and regarded the com-if to his discussion. My friend if fear I can contribute nothing if fear I can contribute nothing the decide to take that friendly and against me, of which we have making—well, well, I should consider it t profoundly. I should consider it to profoundly. I should consider it t profoundly. I should consider it to profoundly. I should consider it t profound to the the profoun sting-well, well, I should reate of his-and my-valuable time,

not be a party to what amounts to blackmail."

food's Con The mischief had gone from her looked across the room e She roman, haggard and hostile, and Wreres were keen and direct. "Mr. Jarroman, I told you this morn-I would show you how to do it." Jarroman nodded slowly. The nod s at once a surrender and an invita-

I would show you how to do it." I would show you how to do it." I can make my own apologies." snapped Jarroman. "Lady Doucester is well aware that I have no desire to offer a personal insult." "Precisely," said Theed. "I asso-ciate myself, Jarroman, absolutely. The fact is, you and I understand this mat-ter, and Lady Doucester—well, how could she? Let us face the facts. That document—that pitful outburst—and how it came into her possesion I can not guess—." a. Lady Doucester rose and stood bring Theed. "Ir. Jarroman does not contemplate id, "but that does not mean that he weaponless. Or rather, it does not sum that his friends are weaponless. I istend to seek a retrial for him, Mr. fleed. As a common informer. I be-

Janoman bit back an interruption. Thed drew down the corners of his lips to an expression of complete nonlerstanding, but his eyes had grown dall as stones.

"I know who killed Charlies Eddis. it. Theed," said Lady Doucester tly. "and I know who helped her." To speak for Jarroman was the most To speak for Jarroman was the most agences thing she had ever done in the life-and Lady Doucester knew it. Is the words left her lips her bright a the words left her lips her bright a the words left her lips her bright in frightened birds. She was wait-in for the uplifted cyclorws, the cold dins that would reprove her. She was witing for him to get up and leave the room.

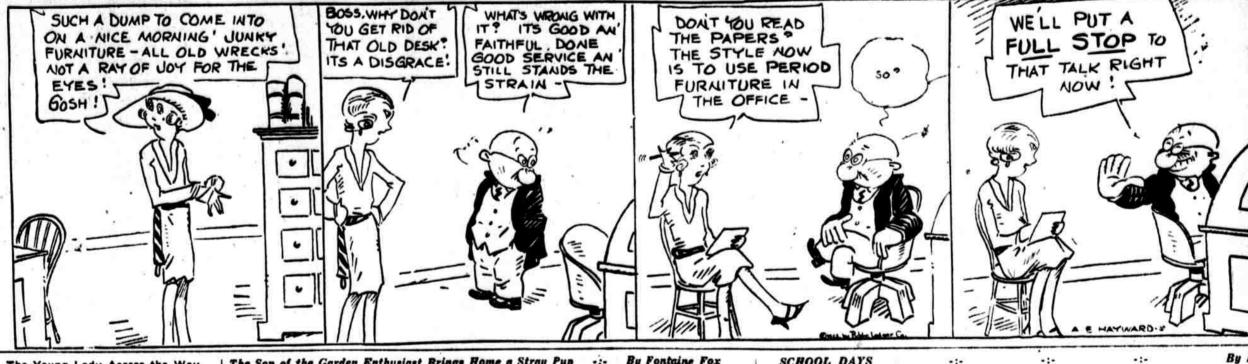
"I shall seek a retrial for Mr. Jarro-

That seek a retriat for all. Sarro-me." she repeated. Rill the staggering silence, the un-mying impassivity. Jarroman sat as I arved in stone. If he did not in-sarred in stone, he thought, her care-hy prepared coup would lose its ef-bet it might even fail to be a coup Theed meanwhile was master of him-



and a second a fair and a second a second as a second

A STATE AND A CONTRACT OF A DESCRIPTION OF A DESCRIPA DESCRIPTION OF A DESCRIPTION OF A DESCRIPTION OF A DES







hour." Theed did not move. Jarroman rose from his chair and came heavily forward. "Pardon me, Lady Doucester. I can "Mr. Jarroman," cut in Lady Dou-

"Blackmail." "Blackmail! Blackmail!" exclaimed Theed. He looked so profoundly shocked that Lord Doucester with difficulty suppressed a chuckle. "My dear Lady Doucester, I beg you to realize that poor Mr. Jarroman is laboring under great nervous strain." "I can make my own apologies." snapped Jarroman. "Lady Doucester is well aware that I have no desire to

"I found it in my letter box first

thing yesterday morning." put in Lady Doucester. "It's a well-written out-burst; as you have no doubt noticed. It bristles with times and dates."

Doucester, you are familiar with the old adage—'if mud is thrown, some of it is sure to stick.' Over the newly dead body of this poor woman—ah— figuratively speaking—it surely be-hooves us—....

"Mr. Jarroman," Lady Doucester's voice was sharp and cool. "You say you will be no party to blackmail. Yet I seem to remember that, upon one oc-casion, you had no hesitation in blackmailing me."

Jarroman began to speak and checked

Jarroman began to speak and checked himself. "Whatever may be your present at" itude," she went on in that same level yet breathless tone, "it is not so long ago since you yourself worked blindly, unscrupulously to an end. Now, while you stand aside, it is I who can-not afford to lay down a single weapon. You were fighting for yourself; my hus-band and I are fighting for our son, whose future rests upon your fortune. You may despise us, you may avoid us.

Jarrroman remained staring at her. Lord Doucester stared at the hearth-

must be grateful, if one may speak so if such an act. For of course it would have been my positive duty to take ac-tion against her for bringing so prepos-imous a charge against me." Lord Doucester straightened himself and fumbled in his breast pocket. "You can still take action, Mr. Theed. Look at this." He had drawn wit some three or four sheets of fools-cap, closely writen and pinned together. Ledy Doucester took them from him and sowed them to Theed. "Perhaps you'd like to read it?" Theed took the papers. For a sec-and his hand brushed hers. It was wid as ice. Bill standing in the middle of the mom, he began to read. As he read he shock his head or nodded it sadly. He upsed more than once. He contrived to look, in fact, exactly like a respec-tive man struggling against an unjus-tiable sense of injury: and there should have been there-"fantastic inven-tion * heartrending mallciousness * higher tribunal * * obstinate misconception of facts. * * * obstinate misconception of facts. * * * obstinate mand, restored to Lady Dou-cater. "I don't think I shall and you for

"I don't think I shall sue you for "I don't think I shall sue you for publishing a libel, Lady Doucester," is said with a mournful smile. "This focument is worth nothing whatever. It isn't witnessed." "Just a minute," said Lady Dou-caster, clutching it tightly. "What was it the solicitor told me this morn-ing? Oh, yes. A statement signaed by a person who knows that he or she is in the force—has the dear me—Oh, ya, has the force of a statement on as the point of dents in the dear me Oh, has the force—has the dear me Oh, has the force of a statement on ath and—and may as such be regarded a evidence given in a court of law or mathing. I forget exactly how it has Probably you know better than I.

see that document, Lady

curtness of the query