

# The Vengeance of Henry Jarroman

By ROY VICKERS

Must the Woman Always Pay?

"YOU mustn't blame Neddie!" exclaimed Lady Doucester, cheerily, while Jarroman stared awestruck at her and Lord Doucester swayed slightly and drooped upon the hearth. "It was she who let the cat out of the bag. She was a friend of yours, a Mrs. Jarroman—a perfectly delightful individual, I understand. She turned up at my house yesterday and revealed to me that my daughter-in-law sent me to make a clean breast of the whole thing. Wilfred and I had a long talk this morning. Most interesting. Most interesting. Frankness all round. Well, well, in the end the best policy, I think, is to let her go. These got him down. Yes, yes." Theed got him down with a smile that made the veins of her forehead stand out. "I shall not put upon Jarroman's powerful shoulders the burden of this discussion. My friend Jarroman knows where to find me, and I shall be glad to take that friendly walk with him. Of which we have spoken—well, well, I should like to see him. I should like to see him. I should like to see him."

"Mr. Jarroman," cut in Lady Doucester, "I shall seek a retrial for Mr. Jarroman."

"Theed, I am surprised to hear you speak in this manner, Lady Doucester," said Theed, "and I know who helped her."

"Yes, Nina Eddis killed him. And I know who helped her to do it."

"A most tragic case—most tragic," said Theed, ignoring the last statement. "The poor woman has not been quite sane these twenty years. Egomania, egomania and nothing else. Egomania is a common name for a number of weak-minded persons to whom the guilt every time there is a sensational murder. It is not uncommon for those who are afflicted to try to involve others in their pitiful delusions. But, there! Of the dead nothing can be said. I will not say another word."

"Of the dead!" The words were said in a low voice. He crouched forward, his eyes fixed on the woman who had died by her own hand in the small hours of yesterday morning, said Theed. His voice had the reverential hush customary in speaking of the newly dead.

"Jarroman and Nell Meet Again"

That hush seemed to pervade the room. Jarroman had sunk back into his chair, but his eyes were suffering. Lord Doucester still swayed gently before the hearth. Lady Doucester and Theed's voice came sickly.

"A tragic case. But there! Are we not at least entitled to hope that the creature may, after all, have done the best of his course? I, at least, must be grateful, if one may speak of such an act. For of course it would have been my positive duty to take action against her for bringing so preposterous a charge against me."

Lord Doucester strained himself and fumbled in his breast pocket.

"You can still take action, Mr. Theed. Look at this." He had drawn out some three or four sheets of foolscap, closely written and pinned together. Lady Doucester took them from him and read them to Theed.

"Perhaps you'd like to read it?" Theed took the papers. For a second his hand brushed hers. It was cold as ice.

Still standing in the middle of the room, he began to read. As he read he shook his head and nodded it sadly. He sighed more than once. He contrived to look, in fact, exactly like a respectable man struggling against an unjustifiable sense of injury; and there floated from his lips velvet murmurs of which his listeners could catch only a word here and there—"fantastic invention," "higher tribunal," "obstinate misconception of facts," "obstinate."

At last he refolded the confession, and bowing, returned it to Lady Doucester.

"I don't think I shall sue you for publishing a libel, Lady Doucester," he said with a mournful smile. "This document is worth nothing whatever."

"Just a minute," said Lady Doucester, clutching it tightly. "What is it?"

"Oh, yes. A statement signed by a person who knows that he or she is on the point of death and who is in the force—has the dear me—Oh, dear me, and may as such be regarded as evidence given in a court of law or something. I forget exactly how it is. Probably you know better than I."

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## SOMEBODY'S STENOG—The Boss Knows How to Punctuate

By Hayward



## The Young Lady Across the Way

By Fontaine Fox



## SCHOOL DAYS

By DWIG



## PETEY—The Second Wave Swamped Him

By C. A. Voight



## GASOLINE ALLEY—Worth Cultivating, Avery

By King

