## From Now On

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

other-self to argue the pros and cons. both of Millman's metives and Millman's metives a

cretely, taugibly—the hundred thou-sand dollars was in this innocent-looking parcel that was at this precise mo-ment tucked under his arm. He laughed out again. There was enough in that one fact to occupy his mind and attention, and to put to utter rout and con-fusion those other thoughts that enleavored to make cunning and tricky inroads upon him. It shattered and swept aside, as though by the waving of some magical wand, every mental ricture he had drawn of himself in New fork, every plan that he had made for le sojourn here.

He had been prepared to spend weeks

d months of unceasing effort to run Millman to earth; he had planned to rake the dens and dives of the underworld, to live as one of its sordid and outlawed inhabitants, if necessary, in order to get upon Millman's track; he had meant to play Millman at his own tame until he had trapped Millman and the final showdown came. And, instead, he had scarcely been in New York an hour, and he was walking now along the street with the hundred than. along the street with the hundred thou-send dollars under his arm, with Millopen and read the contents

antagonist to be folled and fought wherever he might be found—with nothing to do now but spend, or employ this judgment dictated, free of all hindrance or restraint, for Miliman was no longer a source of danger or concera, and Dave Henderson was dead to the particular, and that left Barty Lynch as the unfettered possessor of one hundred thousand dollars!

Dago George Pipped the chyeloge open and read the contents

out of the window. The localities that." he said. "There was a dining-car on the train tonight. There's not a thing, except to show me my room and let me turn in."

"But, yes!" exclaimed Dago George. "Yes, that, of course! But wait! The old master! It is long since I have of you; and so you, too, are a friend! Good-night—and sleep well!" "Good-night!" responded Dave Henderson at thing, except to show me my room and let me turn in."

"But, yes!" exclaimed Dago George. "Yes, that, of course! But wait! The old master! It is long since I have heard from him. He says great things of you; and so you, too, are a friend! Good-night—and sleep well!" "Good-night!" responded Dave Henderson. He cover to show me my room and let me turn in."

"But, yes!" exclaimed Dago George. "Yes, that, of course! But wait! The old master! It is long since I have a down on the edge of the bed, looked or conduct his business in a very exclusion of you; and so you, too, are a friend! Good-night—and sleep well!"

The old master! A list on give I have a thing, except to show me my room and let me turn in."

The old master! It is long since I have a thing about he was a dining."

The old master! It is long since I have a thing a support of you; and so you, too, are a friend!

The old native of the window. The edge of the bed, looked at his watch. It was a quarter to 10.

"I'll stretch out for the minds!" of you are a friend!

The old master! It is long since I have a power of you; and so you, too, are a friend!

The old master! A list be believed. It was a fine of you; and so you, too, are a friend!

The ol

millman had given him a month, and a moment later drew up at the curb.

and a moment later drew up at the curb.

and a moment later drew up at the curb.

"No," he said, and smiled, "As a matter of fact, I'm rather all in; and, if you don't mind, I'll hit the hay to-night pronto."

A glance confirmed the chauffeur's statement. Across the somewhat dingy considering now; it had nothing to do with Millman, or Millman's "month."

It would take time to make new plans and new arrangements. He did not in painted letters, the legend:

"No," he said, and smiled, "As a matter of fact, I'm rather all in; and, if you don't mind, I'll hit the hay to-night pronto."

Dage George raised his hands protestingly.

"But what would Nicelo Capriano" say to me for such hespitality as that if you don't mind, I'll hit the hay to-night pronto."

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He sad come by that money by too brutally hard a read not to realize the That was Dago George's name, he reworth of every cent of it. He needed time now to think out the future carefully. He was not n fool—to scatter and dismissed the chauffeur, and stood that money to the winds. A thousand for an instant on the sidewalk surveytimes in prison he had buoved himse f ing the place.

If was a small and old three-story returns from that sum of money lay independence for life.

It was a small and old three-story frame building. The barroom, to which there was a separate entrance, bordered

That was what he had taken it for in the first place! It meant, rafely invested, a minimum of five thousand dollars a year. He could get along very well, even luxuriously, on five thousand a year! He had only now to decide where and how he should invest that money; and he needed only now the time to arrive at that decision without any undue haste that might afterward be bitterly regretted. Would he go to Australia, or to South America, for example, and begin life anew there as a gentleman of independent mean? Or somewhere in Europe, perhaps? It needed time now to make this decision, and, as a natural corollary, a temporary abode was required, an abode where he could feel quite secure, both as regards his money, and as against any eleventh-hour trick of fate that might disclose his identity and spill the fat into the fire.

Or no, and nait in a sort of acquirescent complicaence. It was the sort of a place complicaence. It was the sort of a cquirescent complicaence. It was the sort of a place complicaence. It was the sort of a cquire center.

Mell, he had had that latter problem solved for him from the first, hadn't he? There was Dago George's; and in his pocket was Nicolo Capriano's letter that was an "open sesame" to Dago George's hospitality, and, more vital still, to Dago George's fidelity. He was going there now, as soon as he gar his dress suit case again from the startlen which now loomed ahead of him. m which now loomed ahead of him entran-

His thoughts reverted to Nicolo Capriano, and from the old Italian, to the old Italian's daughter. Teresa! He had not forgotten Teresa! Again and again, in those is liting boxears, and during his flight from San Francisco, there those fearless eyes had met his and he bad seen her smile, and was ned the

The strain of the days since he had left of yours. Ferhaps that may make some at the second-story landing. "You since the prison doors had opened and let him free, the strain of the five years behind these pitiless walls of stone and those hars of steel was gone now. The mency was his, in his sole now. The mency was his hand around the difference?" had difference?" had difference?" he said, waving his hand around the difference? he said, waving his hand around the difference?" had difference?" he said, waving his hand around the difference?" he said, waving his hand around the difference?" had difference?" he said, waving his hand around the difference?" he said, waving his hand around the difference?" he had difference?" he

Dago George ripped the envelope open and read the contents

went on again then, turned a corner.

Georges Vardi, Prop.

comes dots and his right, pend was the restaurant which he had already seen through the window. Facing ogress under the stars from the hall in cutrainer to the kitchen perhap which might be in the color, for th color mount and crimson her tase as it which might be in the cellar, for the water had disappeared in that directions

is t seen her.

He had not forgotten Teresa, he had not tried to; he had even invited those mental pictures of her. It was like some fragrant and alluring memory that had seemed to cling to him, and he had clung to it. Some day he wanted to see Teresa again—and she was the only woman toward whom he had ever felt that way. He wasn't in love with her, that way ridiculous, unless he had fallen in love with her since he had left her; But of one thing he was distinctly conscious, and that way that her attitude on that last night, when she had left her last of an introder's blentity and business, even though the intrusion upon his privacy might be unwelcome.

Day Henderson smiled, as he picked up his dress-sult case and stepped for-Perhaps Nicolo Capriano would suff ease in front of the blocked door.

Australia, or South America — or way, and noted an almost imperceptible Dave Henderson shrugged his shoularts a little helplessly, and smiled fromically at himself, as he reached and enically at himself in the oresity. It was there, had enically at himself, as he reached and went into his pocket for Nicelo
Capriano's letter—but his diverse how there.

He was curious now to see, or, enther,
to compare the reception of a stranger
with the rec frown cross Dago George's face as

"You will excuse, while I read it—
ves?" he inurmured, already engressed in its contents.

Dave Henderson, from the proffered chair, looked around the room. It was blatantly a combination of sleeping room and office. In one corner was a bed; against the wall facing the door there was a safe; and an old roll-top desk flanked the safe on the other side of the only window that the room possessed. His eyes, from their cursory survey of his surroundings, reverted to Dago George. The man had folded up the letter, and was stretching out his hands effusively.

"Ah, it is good!" Dago George ejaculated. "Yes, yes! Anything—anything that I can de for you is already as good as done. I say that from my heart. You are Barty Lynch—yes? And you come from the old master! Well, that is enough. A room! You may be sure there is a room! And now—ch—you have not perhaps dimed yet? And what else is there? It is long, very long, since I have heard from him—yes? He is not very slex, perhaps?"

"I don't know," replied Dave Henderson sleepily. "He's been laid up in bed for three years now. I think." "Red-ridden!" ejaculated the Italian. "Is that so! But tomorrow—ch?—we will talk tomorrow. Good-night, my friend! Good-night—and sleep well"

Dave Henderson shook his head. No." he said, and smiled.

refused! We will drink his health—the health of Nicolo Capriano! Eh? Wait! Wait!" And he rushed pellmell from the room, as though his life depended upon his errand. Dave Henderson laughed again. The

man with his volubility and efferves-cence amused him. Dago theorge was back in a few minutes with a tray and two glasses of wine. He offered one of the classes with an elaborate how to Dave Hen-

he said, and held the other glass aloft to the light. To Nicolo Capriano! To the old master! To the master of his wine on his tongue like a cou-

Dave Henderson desined his glass.
"To Nicolo Capriano." he whoe! heartily

"Good!" said Dago George brightly.
"One more little glass? No? You are Well, you have said that you

and somehow, both physically and mentally, he suddenly, and for the first time, bring the money much faster. I am you comfortable! Come along with desolated to turn you away; but since me!" He picked up the dress-suit and somehow, both physically and mentally, he suddenly, and for the first time, real zed that he was tired.

"Chatham Square." he told the starter, as he climbed into the taxi; and then, as the car moved forward, he leaned over and spoke to the chauffeur: "There's a fellow called Dago George who keeps a place right near there," he said. "I don't know exactly where it is, but I guess you can find it, can't you?" said the chauffeur heartly, with an extra tip in sight. "Sure! Leave it to ine!" Sure! Said the chauffeur heartly, with an extra tip in sight. "Sure! Leave it to ine!" I awa not sorry to learn that the Iron Tavern was ultra-exclusive. "That's too bad." he said quietly. "I've come a long way—from a friend of yours. Perhaps that may make some difference?" "A friend?" Dago George was discreetly interested.

"A friend?" Dago George was discretely interested.

"There's a fellow called Dago George was discretely interested.

"There's a fellow called Dago George was discounted the taxi; and then, as the desolated to turn you away; but since I have no rooms, ch? Is we of rooms, I have no rooms, ch? So what can I do?"

Dave Henderson studied the other's face complacently. The man was not as old as Nicolo Capriano; the man's har was not Nicolo Capriano perhaps would not have sent you here? Well, well—to the Iron Tavern was ultra-exclusive. "That's too bad." he said quietly. "You come and you go, and you talk, the Iron Tavern was ultra-exclusive. "That's too bad." he said quietly. "You come and you go, and you talk, the Iron Tavern was ultra-exclusive. "That's too bad." he said quietly. "That's too bad." he said quietly. "You come and you go, and you talk, the Iron Tavern was ultra-exclusive. "That is too bad." he said quietly. "You come and you go, and you talk, the Iron Tavern was ultra-exclusive. "That is enough." He paused at the second-story landing, "You come and you go, and you talk, the Iron Tavern was ultra-exclusive. "That is too bad." he said quietly. "You come and you go, and you talk, the Jeron Tavern

mose for which he has schemed so long and craftily.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

The First Guest

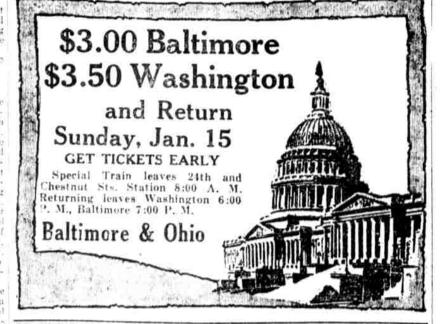
DLIND to his surroundings, mechanilogilar than the state of the state. He was stated of the bitter of the state of the s

Dave Henderson laughed.

"There is nothing else—and not even that." he said. "There was a dining-car on the train tonight. There's not described." Good-night—and sleep well!" "Good-night." responded Dave Henderson has been described.

THE STREET STREET, STR





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