

Sowing the Wind.

There were two pictures on Marjorie Turnbull's dressing table. . But in her heart there was only one. On the table, nesHing in big silver frames, were the photographs of Henry Scott and of his handsomer and younger brother, Hugh. In her heart the image of Hugh Scott reigned

Cyrus Turnbull had been guardian to both the orphaned Scott boys, And he had taken both of them into his

fast-growing brokerage firm. Henry Scott was a man after the old broker's own type-honest, clever, a glutton for work. And in time these conlities made him manager of the

Hugh frankly hated work. As a resuit he had more of it to do than had his more ambitious brother.

Being only mortal, he naturally laid his mischance at the door of hard lack and would have sworn that his brother owed his rise to fortune plus favor. Moreover, he loafed sullenly over his own daily tasks.

There was one glint of light in Hugh's dreary, gray routine, and that was his employer's only daughter, Marjorie. He was crazily In love with the preity and willful girl.

And ardor was for once rewarded. For Marjorie was quite swept off her feet by Hugh Scott's whirlwind courtship.

One noon she went downtown in her little runabout to take her father home to lunch. When she arrived Turnbull and Henry were closeted together, discussing a bit of important business in the former's private room Hugh was alone in the outer office, correcting a 'balance sheet. "Oh, sweetheart!" said Hugh. "It's

like a check in a letter to see you! This has been such a rotten morning. Just one of those days nobody wants Everything's gone crosswise. Your revered father has been calling me down. He told me that if I didn't take a brace he'd fire me."

"How beastly!" she consoled. "You poor, poor boy! I do wish I could help! I know how it feels to have people spoil one's day. Mrs. Hardy spoils mine nearly always."

"Mrs. Hardy?" repeated Hugh, surprised. "But how?"

Oh, ever since she came to us as housekeeper she's been setting her cap to marry father. She thinks if I were safely married and out of the way he'd be so lonely he'd marry her And she's forever nagging at me to marry Henry. This morning, as I was coming into the breakfast room l heard her saying to father: 'If you

85 1RS WILSON face. WOODROW AUTHOR OF "THE SIL VER BUTTERFLY,""SAL-LY SALT," "THE BLACK PEARL," ETC. NOVELIZED FROM THE SE-RIES OF PHOTOPLAYS OF THE

SAME NAME RELEASED BY PATHE EXCHANGE. uright, sart, bo Mes. Wilcom St

pers together so that he could bundle them into the safe.

The bond envelope was at the rear flame of anger. of the desk, where Hugh had tossed , after joiting down the numbers. "has stolen a packet of bonds, whose And now, the sudden jostling of face value is \$76,000. The proof it, after jotting down the numbers. the other papers against it, sent the envelope sliding to the floor and hidden from sight by the back-board of the desk.

Hugh did not notice its fall. Meantime, in Turnbull's private ofce, Henry Scott and his employer him it is not true."

had reached a decision on the business question they were discussing. "If it comes to a question of further Henry said, as he was leaving the

room, "Hopkins says we can put up dismay. that block of bonds he deposited with they mature-they mature in-I for- the moment he steps into the street get the date. But Hugh will know. I he will be caught. He-" left them with him an hour ago."

He stepped to the door of the outer office and then reported:

"Hugh isn't here. He must be out at lunch. But, for once, he's put all his papers back in the safe. He-" "If he has," growled Turnbull, "it's

the first time on record. He must be ill. Just take a look through the safe,

will you, and find the date when those Hopkins bonds mature?" Henry crossed to the safe and

opened it. Patiently he sought to put the pa pers to rights, at the same time searching for the bond envelope.

The envelope was not there. His brow clouding, Henry went back

to the private office. "The Hopkins bonds," he said, hesi-

tatingly, "are missing." "Missing?" roared Turnbull, leaping to his feet. "Missing? Seventy-six thousand dollars' worth of negotiable securities missing? And Hugh Scott

is 'missing,' at the same time!" "No!" denied Henry, fiercely. "You're wrong, sir. My brother-" "Your brother is lazy, pleasure-loving, extravagant. He lives above his salary, as I happen to know, and he is in debt. His creditors are bothering him. And this morning I threatened to discharge him. He was in a tight corner. And he vanished. The Hopkins bonds vanished, too. What is

the answer?" "I don't believe it." declared Henry,

"I won't believe it." Turnbull wheeled about and caught could stop him, Turnbull had called down into the street. Directly below up police headquarters and was tell- on the sidewalk, stood a policeman. ing his story to the desk lieutenant. as he set down the instrument. "That's and eager recognition as it fell on sir." settled. The police are going to send out a general alarm at once." Hugh. Breaking into a run, he dashed into the building.

"Mr. Turnbull!" broke in Henry, his face white, his jaw set. "I believe you panic. His nerve and his power to "Busi are doing my brother a certible injus- think both at once deserted him. briefly.

"Listen, old chap!" cried Hugh, in ing on the envelope; and I thought glad triumph. "Tve got a whale of a secret to tell you. We're married, Marjorie and I!" perhaps it was some message I could tell you over the telephone. So I opened it." Henry staggered back a step as Marjorie made a futile and belated though he had been struck across the effort to snatch the luckless note. But

"Where are the bonds? What have you done with them?"

"The bonds?' repeated Hugh, in a ing a thief! He is a fugitive from bewilderment that his brother's dis- justice. ordered senses twisted into an aspect of guilt. "What bonds?" "The police are after you." said Henry, stung to anger by what he regarded as Hugh's attempt to deny his ing girl as he faced her father. "This guilt. "They are searching the city isfor you, at this minute. The-"

"The police?" quavered Hugh, Turnbull. "Keep out of it!" changing color. "For me? I-I don't "No affair of mine?" said Henry, understand." "The police?" echoed Marjorie.

Henry turned on her in a sudden "Your dear husband," he said hotly, ment. He tried to speak.

against him is complete. Mr. Turnbull has notified the police." "It is not true!" flashed Marjorie, as wrathful as Henry. "There is not pered quickly: one word of truth in it! Hugh!" she "It is the only cried, turning to her bridegroom. "Tell

"It is true," reiterated Henry. And briefly he set forth the evi-

dence against his brother. As the Turnbull had rallied from his trance collateral in the Bogardus loan." chain of circumstances was completed of bewilderment. With a joyous cry, Marjorie shrank back with a gasp of

"The police have already spread the The face value is \$76,000; and net for him," finished Henry. "And again; vowing that this was the hap-

piest day in all his whole long life. He overwhelmed the wretchedly un-

Hugh saw that neither his bride nor happy couple with congratulations. his brother believed him. He turned "And now," interrupted Renry, when up the telephone. Before Henry Scott and ran to the window and looked he could make himself heard, "I am going to Syracuse on that Sanders loan. I got a telegram about it ten The bluecoat chanced to be looking minutes ago. I'll be back as soon as I "There," said the older man, at last, upward. His gaze lighted with quick can. I leave Marjorie in your care,

This completed Hugh's growing astonished old man. "Business can't wait."

"Married?" said Hugh, dazedly. "Married to whom?" "Why, to Henry. Three months ago. Oh, I forgot. It was after you'd gone

The same day, but-She paused, stricken into momenit was already in her father's hands. tary silence by the awful look that "You have disgraced yourself and me!" thundered Turnbull, "by marrydistorted Hugh Scott's features. Murder-stark murder-glared from his

justice. Go and join him. I'm done with you!" bloodshot eyes. He tried to speak; choked, and, wheeling, staggered out of the house, holding his hands in front of him as though he had been "Pardon me, Mr. Turnbull," intersmitten with blindness. vened Henry, stepping forward, and Mrs. Hardy for once lost her cold putting one arm about the half-faint-

poise. Trembling, she ran to Cyrus Turnbull's study and burst in upon "This is no affair of yours!" raged the dozing old man.

"Mr. Turnbull!" she called, shaking her employer roughly by the shoulder. quizzically. "No affair of mine when "Wake up! Something terrible has you threaten to turn my wife out of happened. Hugh Scott is alive. And your house? Where Marjorie goes. I he's started for his brother's house to kill him and Marjorie! Come, let go. I had hoped you would take the news of our marriage less angrily." us hurry and go to them!"

-Turnbull's jaw dropped in amaze Red rage in his heart, Hugh Scott reeled out into the street. One great His arm still about Marjorie, Henry purpose obsessed his soul-revenge on turned to leave the room. As he led the man who had stolen his wife. the bewildered girl with him, he whis-.

In Henry Scott's new home an hour "It is the only possible way to save before Henry himself had sat writing you. Keep up the pretense. You can at his library table. In earlier days he had pictured a home like this and divorce me in another state later on just such peacefully busy evenings But in those visions Marjorie had al -I'll never force my love upon you." Before they could reach the door, ways been sitting beside him with her book or her needlework ready to he fairly flung himself upon them, smile back at him whenever his eyes shaking Henry's hand with effusive should stray from his task to her dear delight: kissing Mariorie again and face.

> In actuality the strangely mated husband and wife were even farther apart than they had been in the days of Henry's futile courtship. Henry had kept his pledge not to force his love upon the girl he had claimed as his wife.

Mariorie had her own suite of room and he his, as Mrs. Hardy had said. And they seldom met except at meal times. Patiently and tenderly Henry had tried to soothe Marjorie's grief and to make her life happier. Never since the day of Hugh's disappearance had he spoken a word of love to her, nor in any other way sought to draw her attention to himself. At every turn she was met by proofs of his considerate care for her wellbeing; but he himself stood aloof from her life. Tonight, as he toiled over some dull office business Henry felt a great loneliness that he could not wholly drown in his work. All his friends regarded him as the happiest of men. He alone knew he was the most heartbroken.

As he sat there, bent over his desk, noiseless steps entered the library be hind him.

A little pair of soft, cool hands were all at once laid over Henry's eyes. Their touch sent a wondrous thrill through the man's whole body. "Marjorie!" he cried, incredulous; and he sprang to his feet and stood staring at her.

"I-I've brought my courage to the sticking point at last, Henry," Mar jorie faltered, her averted face flaming with blushes. "I've-I've come in here to-to propose to you. It's leap year, you know," she finished, in a poor little attempt at jest to hide her confusion.

"Marjorie!" he said again, stupidly unbelievingly.

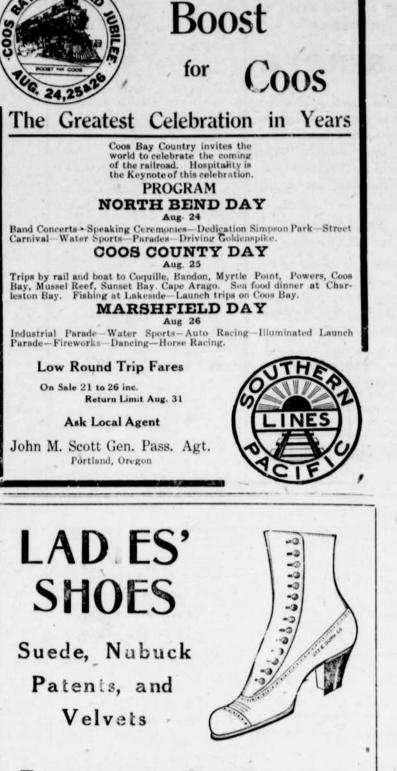
"I love you, Henry," she whispered And then with a great cry of rap "Going to leave your wife on-on ture he caught her in his arms. And your wedding day!" stammered the on his breast she sobbed out her sweet confession

splendidly in dad's office," she told

him, brokenly. "And ever since my

love has been growing stronger and

"I_I think



Lyons & Jones

Going Fishing?

If so, this is the place to obtain your supplies. We have a very complete line of

Trout Flies

and vacation equipment. Come in and let us fit you out

Special: Fairbanks & Morse 1 1-2 horse power gaso-

"The Hopkins Bonds Are Missing!"

look out she will be marying Mr. Hugh Scott instead of his Broth-"She said that?" exclaimed Hugh.

"What did your father-" "Father had no chance to answe her at all. I walked right in on them



"Is It Quite Fair to Dad?"

and I said to her: 'I am going to idiotic story! marry whom I chooser But I don't think you can."

ing her close to him. "I have an idea an idea that's so crazy it's inspired. friend." Let's get married; now, today, this 1.00n!

"What?"

"I mean it. We can go out now. The nearest justice of the peace can him a little first for his own good." marry us."

"But-but," she hesitated, the reck- a brief pause, less idiocy of the idea firing her girlish blood. "Is it quite fair to dad,

"Is it quite fair to you," he retorted, "to have Mrs. Hardy influencing him against you? Oh, sweetheart, I love And I'm so miserable withyou so! cet you! Make me happy! Marry me most men of my age. So I can make today!

Hand in hand, laughing, like two tion-on every cent of it." Hand M and, to the door. At the discuss that." reshold Hugh paused

against the rules to leave valuable pa- the safe. As he was bending over to pers lying loose on the desk,

wall desk at which he had been sitting. It was littered with papers of outer office, arm in arm, came Hugh bonds.

hands Hugh jumbled the mass of pa- lant brother.

tice. I grant you that he is weak and He was now obsessed by an insane I've just time to catch my train." foolish and rash, but he has never impulse to flee, for he believed this to be the only thing left him to do. been dishonest." "Never that we know of," countered

At a stride he was beside the hor-Turnbull. "And there must be a first rified Marjorie. He caught her in his arms, kissed her, and then ran headtime to everything, even to theft." "Hugh has always been 'little long from the room. brother' to me," said Henry, wretch Before either his Before either his bride or Henry

edly, "ever since mother left him in my care when she died. He was a the corridor at top speed. baby then, and I was a schoolboy. Ever since that time I've tried to make up to him for the loss of our window. In another second he was parents. But lately, perhaps, I've neglected him for my work. I'm as much

to blame as he. I should have watched him more closely. I-" "Nonsense!" returned Turnbull,

ble a million times; but this time you both agree that the fright will save with a policeman. can't.'

"Perhaps I can," was the steady an-

"You can't!" contradicted Turnbull.

"There is one thing I can do. And if ed me so! Everyone else was against like. I won't resist." necessary I shall do it. You handed him. Henry, he can't be guilty!" those bonds to me. I handed them stole them."

"No one would believe such an

ink you can." to prosecute," persisted Henry. "Not "Listen, darling!" said Hugh, draw-only for your own sake, but for the wincing. Besides, flight is confession, schoolboy newly let out from study. sake of our father who was your they say. What am I to do?"

Turnbull threw up both hands in untilsulky surrender.

"Have it your own way!" he snapped. the office of the justice of the peace "I promise. But you'll let me scare I scribbled a note, telling father. I swered his summons at the Turnbull Im a little first for his own good." "Yes," said Henry regretfully, after to him as soon as he got home. I But

bref pause. "One thing more," persisted Henry, didn't want to tell him face to face, her, into the house, erying: for fear he—" "Marjorie! Marjorie!"

"From the time I came here, 15 years "You didn't say it was Hugh you ago, you've advised me in the invest- had married?"

ment of my salary and my inheritance; and this advice has enabled would know. Mrs. Hardy said to him woman of chilled-steel nerve. And, on me to turn my money over faster than only this morning-" They were interrupted by the vio-

good to you on my brother's defalca- lent opening of the door leading from "Wait till he is caught before we into the outer office, hurried a tall,

Henry left the inner office, closing handsome appearance. In one hand "Whit a second," he said, "It's the door behind him, and crossed to she clutched an open letter. "Where is Mr. Turnbull?" she de- any more. She is at-"

As he spoke he turned toward the ridor that brought him to his feet. open it, he heard a voice in the cor- manded loudly. soor of the private office was staring in dull amazement. Into the opened and Turnbull came out. "I heard someone asking for me," various sorts, including an envelope that contained \$760,000 worth of with happiness.

"Hugh!" cried Henry, dumfounded. With one careless sweep of his as he stood gaping dully at his jubi- "This note was left at the house. I He and she have st ites of rooms at tory in ten minutes."

Next day, on the bank of a river. ome miles away, a rural constable found Hugh Scott's hat. In it was a me happy and to make up to me for note that read: "I am innocent. But I cannot prove could stop him, Hugh had bolted down my innocence. So I am going to end

everything." An unoccupied office door stood open. Hugh sped into the room and to the water.

dashing down the fire-escape. Marjorie gave up to a flood of tears. "Don't cry, my dear," Henry said.

ure crept through the twilight streets. soothingly, and keep your head. Your sticking close to the walls and in the father is not going to prosecute him. shadows. At a turn in the byway he "You've stood between him and trou-He has promised the that. But we was treading he came face to face

bin and make an honest man of him "Hugh Scott!" gasped the policeagain. He is in no danger. Oh, how man, seizing him.

swer, as an odd light came into the brother's sorrowful eyes. again. He is in no danger. on ad a did you ever come to do so mad a thing as to marry secretly?" "Well," sighed Hugh, helplessly. "You've got me. Take me along. I'm "You've got me. Take me along. I'm

"You are mistaken," said Henry, the girl, between her sobs. "He need-away any longer. Arrest me, if you "Arrest you?" echoed the policeman.

.

Three months later an ill-dressed fig-

He was out of the office before

Turnbull could find his voice.

"I would give my life to believe with a big laugh. "Your boss was to Hugh. At least, I just said I did, that," groaned Henry. "And I tried havin' some of the old furniture ripped If worst comes to worst, I'll tell the to believe it-even against overwhelm out of his office last week. police it was not Hugh, but I, who ing evidence-till I saw his face just pulled a desk away from the wall. And

now when I accused him. 'You saw-" there was the package of bonds on the floor behind it. Turnbull notified "You must give me your word not Ch. it was horrible! Horrible! And the chief and-

Hugh Scott did not wait to hear he bolted down the street at a dead

"Say nothing about your marriage, run. And he ran the harder as he drew

"But it's too late! On the way from near the Turnbull house,

A prim and white-capped maid an-

But he pushed his eager way past

Mrs. Hardy had come out into the

hall. In blank fear she gazed on the "No. There was no need. Father returned wanderer. But she was a the instant, she realized what had occurred.

"Where's Marjorie?" demanded the corridor. Across the threshold, Hugh, breathless, "Where's my wife?" "I don't know where your wife is," middle-aged woman of strikingly returned Mrs. Hardy, puzzled at the query. "I didn't even know you had one. But Marjorle isn't living here

"Not living here?" he exclaimed.

"Why not? Where is she? If-" "She is at her husband's house, of to be married over again by a mincourse," said Mrs. Hardy. "Where ister of the gospel. It will seem more matter, she might as well have stayed love for each other. We want you "Matter enough!" she shrilled, here, for all the home life she has, to marry us. We will be at the meerecognized Miss Turnbull's handwrit- opposite ends of the house, and-"

-for Hugh. I hoped, for a while, that you'd tell me you loved me. But I zaw you weren't going to. So-so I had to do it." Their lips met in a long, long kiss-From the spot where the hat was ir first. Then Henry, his sad face found footsteps led down into the med, commanded gently:

"Get your things on, darling, as quickly as you can. We're going to the rectory, you and I-to be mar-

ried!" While Marjorie was making ready he drew from a table drawer the wedding certificate she had given into his care. Dipping a fingertip into the ink, he smudged the name "Hugh" so from the rectory to their own home. that only its first letter was legible. Then, pocketing the certificate, he "He-he was so unhappy!" faltered sick of 'hiding out.' I couldn't keep telephoned the rector of their church. "I have a queer request to make of



At last the wretched farce of false relations was ended. They were now actually husband and wife. Into the library they came from the

outer hall-into the room that must madman. henceforth be sacred to both of them.

as the scene of their first avowal of

Henry Scott's heart was too love. full for words. Stretching out his his breast. And again their lips met. The heavy portiere in front of the

bay window twitched violently. Forth his eyes were blazing like a maniac's. His right hand gripped a pistol.

As her glance fell on him, Marjorie reel. Before either of them could move or speak Hugh moved toward his brother, snarling from between writh-

ing lips: "You 'framed' me, so you could steal the woman'l loved! There's only one fit penalty for a Judas like that."

His finger tightened on the pistoltrigger as he spat the words. Henry, shaking off the bewilderment that had held him, read the murderous intent in Hughs' eyes.

With a leap, Henry cleared the at the same time catching him by self." "The Police Are After You," Said the throat.

To the floor crashed the brothers Chairs and tables were overturned.

began to tell upon Hugh. Struggle as

line engine with built-in magneto, \$45. "Happiness can. Good-bye. very day you came to my rescue so

COQUILLE HARDWARE CO.



Inch by inch Henry worked the pistol out of Hugh's weakening grasp. Securing it at last, he sprang to his feet and stood over the conquered

Voices-the voices of Turnbull and Mrs. Hardy-sounded in the hallway outside. The two newcomers were running toward the library. Henry arms he gathered his happy bride to turned toward the door. As he did so Hugh, with a last rally of strength. leaped up and flung himself upon him. The impact caused Henry's finger from behind its folds strode Hugh to press upon the trigger. There was Scott. His face was greenish white, a report and the bullet tore through

a panel of the closed door. The door swung open-and Cyrus Turnbull's body was propelled into the room shricked. Henry felt his own brain sprawling heavily upon the floor at

Henry's feet. The bullet had struck him as he opened the door. Close upon the heels of Mrs. Hardy

followed a policeman whom she and Turnbull had called on their hasty journey to the house. Seeing the dead man with Henry crouching above him, pistol in hand, the officer rushed in and seized the supposed murderer. "Wait!" ordered Hugh, sanity returning to him as suddenly as it had deserted him. "I shot Mr. Turnbull,

officer. I shot him, do you hear? space between the madman and him- And my brother snatched the pistol self, seizing Hugh's pistol-hand and from me, to take the blame on him-

"Hugh!" cried Henry, aghast. "I-" "Be still!" snapped Hugh Scott; in their death-grapple. Over and over then, turning again to the policeman. they rolled, fighting like rabid beasts. "My brother has paid my debts oftener than I had any right to ex-Twice the pistol cracked; but both pect. But this time I pay my own times the bullet struck only the wall debt-and perhaps pay back a little of what I owe him, along with it. Besides, she loves him. Her eyes say some life of the past three months so. If I'd know that-! Officer, I shot Mr. Turnbull. I did it because he false he might, he could not hold his own ly accused me of theft. Arrest me.

(END OF SIXTH STORY.)

Henry. married, three months ago, a justice of the peace performed the ceremony. Now, we both have decided we want of the room. Presently the meager and unwhole

A half hour later they returned against his stronger foe.