

WHO'S GUILTY?

SIXTH STORY
Sowing the Wind.

There were two pictures on Marjorie Turnbull's dressing table. But in her heart there was only one. On the table, nestled in his 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 alone.

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 qualities made him manager of the firm.

Hugh frankly hated work. As a result he had more of it to do than had his more ambitious brother. Being only mortal, he naturally laid his misanthropy at the door of hard luck and would have sworn that his brother owed his rise to fortune, plus favor. Moreover, he loathed sullenly over his own daily tasks.

There was one glint of light in Hugh's dim, gray routine, and that was his employer's only daughter, Marjorie. He was crazily in love with the pretty 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. You've ruined father by being 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 I heard her saying to father: 'If you don't look out she will be marrying Mr. Hugh Scott instead of his brother.'"

"She said that?" exclaimed Hugh. "What did your father—?"
"Father had no chance to answer her at all. I walked right in on them."

MRS WILSON WOODROW

AUTHOR OF "THE SILVER BUTTERFLY," "SALLY SALT," "THE BLACK PEARL," ETC.
NOVELIZED FROM THE SERIES OF PHOTOPLAYS OF THE SAME NAME RELEASED BY PATHE EXCHANGE.

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

The bond envelope was at the rear of the desk, where Hugh had tossed it, after jotting down the numbers. And now, the sudden jostling of 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 office, Henry Scott and his employer had reached a decision on the business question they were discussing.

"If it comes to a question of further collateral in the Bogardus loan," Henry said, as he was leaving the room, "Hopkins says we can put up that block of bonds he deposited with us. The face value is \$76,000; and they mature—they mature in—I forgot the date. But Hugh will know. I left them with him an hour ago."

He stopped 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 papers 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, hesitatingly, "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?"

"Listen, old chap!" cried Hugh, in glad triumph. "I've got a whole of a secret to tell you. We're married, Marjorie and I!"

Henry staggered back a step as though he had been struck across the face.

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

"The bonds?" repeated Hugh, in a bewilderment that his brother's disordered 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 guilt. "They are searching the city for you, at this minute. The—"

"The police?" quavered Hugh, changing color. "For me? I—I don't understand."

"The police?" echoed Marjorie. Henry turned on her in a sudden flame of anger.

"Your dear husband," he said hotly, "has stolen a packet of bonds, whose face value is \$76,000. The proof against him is complete. Mr. Turnbull has notified the police."

"It is not true!" flashed Marjorie, as wrathful as Henry. "There is not one word of truth in it! Hugh!" she cried, turning to her bridegroom. "Tell him it is not true."

"It is true," reiterated Henry. "And briefly he set forth the evidence against his brother. As the chain of circumstances was completed Marjorie shrank back with a gasp of dismay."

"The police have already spread the net for him," finished Henry. "And the moment he steps into the street he will be caught. He—"

"No affair of mine!" said Henry, divinely. "No affair of mine when you threaten to turn my wife out of your house? Where Marjorie goes, I go. I had hoped you would take the news of our marriage less angrily."

"Turnbull's jaw dropped in amazement. He tried to speak. His arm still about Marjorie, Henry turned to leave the room. As he led the bewildered girl with him, he whispered quickly: "It is the only possible way to save you. Keep up the pretense. You can divorce me in another state later on—I'll never force my love upon you."

ing on the envelope; and I thought perhaps it was some message I could tell you over the telephone. So I opened it."

Marjorie made a futile and belated effort to snatch the luckless note. But it was already in her father's hands. "You have disgraced yourself and me!" thundered Turnbull, "by marrying a thief! He is a fugitive from justice. Go and join him. I'm done with you!"

"Pardon me, Mr. Turnbull," intervened Henry, stepping forward, and putting one arm about the half-fainting girl as he faced her father. "This is—"

"This is no affair of yours!" raged Turnbull. "Keep out of it!"

"No affair of mine!" said Henry, divinely. "No affair of mine when you threaten to turn my wife out of your house? Where Marjorie goes, I go. I had hoped you would take the news of our marriage less angrily."

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Before they could reach the door, Turnbull had rallied from his trance of bewilderment. With a joyous cry, he fairly flung himself upon them, shaking Henry's hand with effusive delight; kissing Marjorie again and again; vowing that this was the happiest day in all his whole long life.

He overwhelmed the wretchedly unhappy couple with congratulations.

"And now," interrupted Henry, when he could make himself heard, "I am going to Syracuse on that Sanders loan. I got a telegram about it ten minutes ago. I'll be back as soon as I can. I leave Marjorie in your care, sir."

"Going to leave your wife on—on your wedding day!" stammered the astonished old man.

"Business can't wait," said Henry, briefly. "Happiness can. Good-bye. I've just time to catch my train."

He was out of the office before Turnbull could find his voice.

Next day, on the bank of a river, some miles away, a rural constable found Hugh Scott's hat. In it was a note that read: "I am innocent. But I cannot prove my innocence. So I am going to end everything."

"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 momentary silence by the awful look that distorted Hugh Scott's features. Murder—stark murder—glared from his 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 smitten with blindness.

Mrs. Hardy for once lost her cold poise. Trembling, she ran to Cyrus Turnbull's study and burst in upon the dozing old man.

"Mr. Turnbull!" she called, shaking her employer roughly by the shoulder. "Wake up! Something terrible has happened. Hugh Scott is alive. And he's started for his brother's house to kill him and Marjorie! Come, let us hurry and go to them!"

Red rage in his heart, Hugh Scott reeled out into the street. One great purpose obsessed his soul—revenge on the man who had stolen his wife.

In Henry Scott's new home an hour before Henry himself had sat writing at his library table. In earlier days he had pictured a home like this and just such peacefully busy evenings. But in those visions Marjorie had always been sitting beside him with her book or her needlework ready to smile back at him whenever his eyes should stray from his task to her dear face.

In actually 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.

Marjorie had her own suite of rooms and he, 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 heart-broken.

As he sat there, bent over his desk, noiseless steps entered the library behind 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," Marjorie 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.

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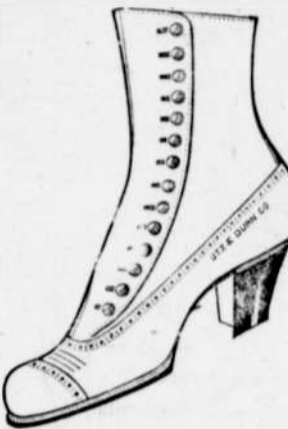
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from the rectory to their own home. At last the wretched farce of false relations was ended. They were now actually husband and wife.

Into the library they came from the outer hall—into the room that must henceforth be sacred to both of them, as the scene of their first avowal of love. Henry Scott's heart was too full for words. Stretching out his arms he gathered his happy bride to his breast. And again their lips met.

The heavy portiere in front of the bay window twitched violently. Forth from behind its folds strode Hugh Scott. His face was greenish white, his eyes were blazing like a maniac's. His right hand gripped a pistol.

As her glance fell on him, Marjorie shrieked. Henry felt his own brain reel. Before either of them could move or speak Hugh moved toward his brother, snarling from between writhing lips:

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

His finger tightened on the pistol-trigger as he spat the words. Henry, shaking off the bewilderment that had held him, read the murderous intent in Hugh's eyes.

With a leap, Henry cleared the space between the madman and himself, seizing Hugh's pistol-hand and at the same time catching him by the throat.

To the floor crashed the brothers in their death-grapple. Over and over they rolled, fighting like rabid beasts. Chairs and tables were overturned. Twice the pistol cracked; but both times the bullet struck only the wall of the room.

Presently the meager and unwholesome life of the past three months began to tell upon Hugh. Struggle as he might, he could not hold his own against his stronger foe.

(END OF SIXTH STORY.)



"The Hopkins Bonds Are Missing!"

Hugh saw that neither his bride nor his brother believed him. He turned and ran to the window and looked down into the street. Directly below on the sidewalk, stood a policeman. The bluecoat chanced to be looking upward. His gaze lighted with quick and eager recognition as it fell on Hugh. Breaking into a run, he dashed into the building.

This completed Hugh's growing panic. His nerve and his power to think both at once deserted him. He was now obsessed by an insane impulse to flee, for he believed this to be the only thing left him to do.

At a stride he was beside the horrified Marjorie. He caught her in his arms, kissed her, and then ran headlong from the room.

Before either his bride or Henry could stop him, Hugh had bolted down the corridor at top speed.

An unoccupied office door stood open. Hugh sped into the room and to the window. In another second he was dashing down the fire-escape.

Marjorie gave up to a flood of tears. "Don't cry, my dear," Henry said, soothingly, and keep your head. Your father is not going to prosecute him. He has promised me that. But we both agree that the fright will save him and make an honest man of him again. He is in no danger. Oh, how did you ever come to do so mad a thing as to marry secretly?"

"He—he was so unhappy!" faltered the girl, between her sobs. "He needed me so! Everyone else was against him. Henry, he can't be guilty!"



"The Police Are After You," Said Henry.

Henry Scott did not want to hear any more. With the joyous yell of a schoolboy newly let out from study, he bolted down the street at a dead run.

And he ran the harder as he drew near the Turnbull house.

A prim and white-capped maid answered his summons at the Turnbull door.

But he pushed his eager way past her. Into the house, crying: "Marjorie! Marjorie!"

Mrs. Hardy had come out into the hall. In blank fear she gazed on the returned wanderer. But she was a woman of chilled-steel nerve. And, on the instant, she realized what had occurred.

"Where's Marjorie?" demanded Hugh, breathless. "Where's my wife?"

"I don't know where your wife is," returned Mrs. Hardy, puzzled at the query. "I didn't even know you had one. But Marjorie isn't living here any more. She is at—"

"Not living here?" he exclaimed. "Why not? Where is she? If—"

"She is at her husband's house, of course," said Mrs. Hardy. "Where else would she be? Though, for that matter, she might as well have stayed here, for all the home life she has. He and she have sixteen rooms at opposite ends of the house, and—"