

Wanted by the D. A.

*A Nemesis Lurks in the
Sweet Scent of a
Rose!*

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"Last Bullet," "Piped Orders," etc.*



UNDER ordinary circumstances Carter Morris did not resemble the popular conception of a crook. Known on the Street as the head of Morris and Company, reputable brokers, his shock of white hair, his hard lips and firm chin were generally construed to be the trademarks of an honest dealer in bonds and stocks.

But just now, crouched over the desk in his ornate Westchester home, Carter Morris did not in the least look the part of a respectable Wall Street broker. His white hair was ruffled, there was a dampness on his forehead not brought about by the June weather.

Morris worked feverishly with the papers on the desk. There were bundles of

securities, pads of bank notes, all of large denomination, more money in loose piles.

"Sixty thousand in cash!" Morris mumbled as he worked. "An even hundred thousand in securities! I can cash them anywhere. Get this matter straight and I'll grab the first boat for Europe. One's sailing tomorrow. That'll give me time." He rubbed a hand across his face.

"God!" he whispered. "I've got to get away before they find out about that Texas oil deal. Hundred and sixty thousand! That'll keep me for a time. It'll blow over. Sure it will! It'll blow over."

He was trying to bolster up the courage he had felt slipping away during the last hectic week, during which time he worked over the

books of his company, endeavoring to falsify the accounts, stave off the pending investigation he knew would shortly take place. Hadn't two of his investors demanded an accounting of their money placed in his keeping on that Texas deal?

Morris cursed bitterly. Thirty years on the Street thrown over by one stupid move. Like many others on the Street, Morris and Company had been hit hard. Carter Morris had seen a chance to make a cleanup, recover some of his losses. It was on the shady side of the ledger but he had taken it—and lost out.

Even now the D.A. was after those in on the Texas deal—and he was one of the principal fish.

Morris worked feverishly for another ten minutes, stuffed the money and securities into a bag, locked it, thrust the key into his pocket, rose and crossed to the window.

Visions of newspaper headlines flashed before his eyes. He saw them as if they were reality and not figments of his fevered brain:

CARTER MORRIS, FINANCIER
AND FLOWER FANCIER
ARRESTED BY D. A.'s OFFICE

Reported Moving Spirit Behind
Huge Texas Oil Swindle

MILLIONS LOST BY INVESTORS

Morris' breath choked him, sweat made his hands and face clammy. In an effort to divert his mind from the subject, he swept the lawns and gardens with a swift glance. Everywhere was a riot of color. Hundreds of rosebushes clustered around the lawn. Roses he had trained and watched, treated and experimented with. Roses of every color under the sun, cross-strains he had grown by himself. Roses he loved—his hobby.

Morris tore his gaze from their beauty

and stumbled back into the room. As he reached the desk, the sound of a car rolling across the gravel drive brought him back to the window in a single leap. It was a big car. It contained four men.

Four letters on the side door sent Morris lurching against the window edge, grasping the wood for support. The four letters were U.S.D.A. Morris' face lost its color.

"The district attorney's men!" he whispered, the sound coming from between shaking lips.

He whirled to the desk, tossed the bag containing the cash and securities into a lower drawer, locked it. His eyes roved wildly around the room. The front doorbell chimed.

The broker lurched again to the window and what he saw there sent his knees weak. One man from the car stood near the bottom of the steps. A second wandered around towards the rear of the house out of his sight, a third bent over a rosebush, apparently examining the beauty of the flowers. The fourth was not in sight.

Wade, Morris' butler, knocked on the door of the study, entered. If he noted Morris' terror-stricken condition he made no sign.

"A gentleman to see you, sir," his dry voice said. "Says it's important."

Morris choked before he replied. "Tell him to wait! I'll see him in a moment."

Wade withdrew. Morris pounded the desk with clenched fists.

"Caught!" He mouthed the word.

No use trying to get away. The man who had gone around to the back would block that exit. There was no other way out of the house except the front and back doors. The windows! No, they'd spot him for sure, one of them. Bluff it out! He didn't have the nerve.

He glared wildly around the room. A short barking laugh bubbled from his lips. There was *one* way out—

"MR. MORRIS will see you in a moment,

“sir,” said Wade to the man at the door.

“Sure! Just wanted to—”

The words were cut short by a crackling shot from the study. Both men plunged into the room. Wade jerked back with a cry.

Carter Morris sat at his desk, his head on the blotter. A thin trickle of blood seeped from a hole in his right temple, staining the blotter; smoke floated from the gun clenched

in his right hand.

“Mr. Morris!” cried Wade.

The other man whistled. “Whew! this looks like a case for the coroner. My business will have to wait. I’m from the Department of Agriculture. We wanted a few roots of that Blue Giant rose he developed recently. Wanted them for the President’s garden at the White House. But I guess that’ll have to wait—now.”