

AS A MAN SOWS

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BY HELEN WALLACE.

Author of "The Greatest of These," "Their Hearts' Desire," Etc.

"Quite right," said Conyers, heartily. "I think the whole thing should be dropped now, and we should try to forget it, as Isobel has done. We've got her back again, her own sweet self, and more—"

"No, there are some things we can't forget—there are honor and duty! Your father was at school with me, Basil," with sudden apparent irrelevance. "We were friends till his death. I should be false to my old friend, to you his son, if I now—"

He looked up and met the wonder in the young man's face and eyes, and distress flared out in sudden futile anger. "You know what I mean. Do you think it is easy for me to say this? I am trying to act by your father's son as I believe he would have acted toward me. Those past days have altered everything; we can't shut our eyes to it, and if you see it in that light, if—if you don't see your way to starting things on the old footing again," he kicked at a smouldering log, sending a flight of orange sparks dancing up the wide chimney. "Well," with a gulp, "I shall have no blame for you."

Basil Conyers' pleasant young face had grown hard and tense. He understood now. Reality plucked him down from the high sunny world of dream-joys and dream-hopes and bade him look at life as it appears to myriad eyes. He knew well enough, what would be said and thought by men and women, and means especially disposed to evil thoughts. Had not his former guardian, who had been so keen upon the marriage, written to him, ostensibly to congratulate him on the safety of his fiancée, but really to counsel delay "till matters

were cleared up a bit." He had flung the letter aside, and the advice, too, with an angry flush and an angrier word. General Cotterell did not know Isobel; that must be his excuse, he had said to himself. And now her own father!

"I am sorry you should think so poorly of me, Sir David, and so poorly of my word and of my honor," she said, all the colder for the hot flame of anger within. "Unless you have some fault to find with me things are, I hope, on the same footing as they were a month ago. I would have held myself bound to keep my word—until I didn't say that; but now—his voice breaking from hurt constraint—"well, your consideration comes a little too late, since I have seen Isobel."

"I might have known this would be your feeling, Basil. It does you honor, but I can't see it that way," said Sir David. "Not, until she remembers"—the words came with a sort of gasp—"we must wait till then—it would not be fair to you."

"Does he honor?" broke in Conyers, with a fine scorn. "Does he honor to seek my one desire? Why should we wait till she remembers? If there's any risk, I'm ready and willing to take it, and if Isobel will have me now—if she cares for me now—I believe there's a brighter prospect before us than ever there could have been before. And as for anything else," (his face clouding)—"Well, seems a shame even to speak of it, but the surest way to silence silly tattling is to give no more occasion for it. We were to have been married before Christmas" (his face lit up). "It was not with calm acquiescence that I would let forward now." Give me my chance with Isobel, and if she consents let it be as soon as may be."

He paused, and then said, in a low, moved voice: "I feel that whatever has gone through she has been protected in a marvelous way; whatever evil she may have heard or seen has wholly vanished from her mind—not that I believe it could have harmed her any more than the mud at the bottom of Loch Lomond. God knows, I'd put her peace and happiness before all else, and if it were to harm or distress her I would not speak; but we don't urge, and of relief or regret I couldn't bear it—not now—for since I looked in her face today—I can't explain it, but the world is changed for me."

Sir David looked at him, startled, silent. The young man's new purpose and passion seemed to bear down his opposition somewhat. "Wait a while at least," he said, in a changed voice, "till Christmas; that is not much to ask. Promise me." "Till Christmas!" echoed Conyers. "Oh, impossible! This is only September. Why we should have been married before Christmas, and now you ask me to wait till then even to speak to her. It is too much. I can't!" bluntly.

"But you must!"—with the sudden violence of an irresolute nature pushed to extremes. "You don't know—you don't understand; it's for your own sake. You may thank me yet, though God forbid!"

"I certainly don't understand," broke in Conyers; "above all, why it should be for my sake. Have I not said already—? Then something in the older man's face made him pause—something in the eyes, wild and yet shifty. "Well, be it so," drawing a long breath—"till Christmas; but you are setting me a hard task—a task that may be too hard for me yet!"

"At least I have done what seems to me right," said Sir David, as if he had not heard the last words, and, sitting down in his writing chair with a heavy sigh, whether of relief or regret it would have been heard to say. He seemed to speak to himself rather than to Basil, and after lingering a moment the young man left the room, feeling perplexed and doubtful. What was wrong? Was his old friend's mind in some way affected by the terrible strain? Why should his be the only face at Stormont without a smile?

Left alone, Sir David sat staring at a moment, then opening the lower drawer, cunningly contrived, slid out from beneath. He averted his eyes for a moment and then looked, as if against his will, at its contents. There were merely some letters and the little Testament.

"I have done what I could," he muttered unconsciously, half aloud. "He cannot say that I did not—I even said 'till she remembers'." A shudder seized him. He looked from the open drawer to the glowing fire. "Why should I keep these to

haunt me?" He made a swift motion, as if to snatch the book and papers from the drawer, when a step sounded outside the heavy door. Hastily he thrust back the drawer and closed the flap again.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Two Portraits.

Charity, as we are often told, may begin at home, but "charities," and in this case the plural implies much more than a mere increase in numbers, undoubtedly require transplanting to a wider field and a more stimulating soil, if they are to flourish at all. And, as is the case with all overcropped ground, the needed stimulant has to be supplied by artificial means, the old-fashioned natural ones not being strong enough.

Therefore, though the Dundas Cottage Hospital and District Nursing Association were acknowledged far and near as a most beneficial and much needed institution, its committee, like most others which depend "on voluntary contributions only," would have had even greater difficulty in squaring its accounts had it not been for the yearly garden party, with the inevitable Sale of Work thrown in, at Stormont. Thither the whole country flocked, the grouse got a respite for the day, and reluctant sportsmen were dragged from the moors consigned to don conventional garments, and saunter about the lawns, when they would fain have been tramping the heather.

When, therefore, the Heathshire Herald declared that the Heathshire affliction which had befallen our much-respected member, Sir David Stormont, had cast quite a gloom over the county, that phrase was by no means so figurative as it usually is. Dundas crouched in the garden, and the hospital committee was in despair, and to add to its difficulties, the Rudgeleys, or Miss V. rather, had rushed in with an offer of Balachalan, and all its resources, an offer which was equally difficult to accept or to refuse. The Rudgeleys must not be offended, but would the "best people" go to them even for the sake of the hospital? Then Dargan Castle was too far off, even if this grace would be consented to throw open the grounds without the entrance fee, which, it was whispered, added considerably to the list of all the great houses, everywhere there was some lion in the path.

When Sir David's letter was received, stating that he had decided to build the long-sighed-for new wing as a thank-offering for their daughter's safety, it is to be questioned if the multifarious proposal awakened as much widespread gratitude as the renewal of the offer of the Stormont Park for the annual fête.

Both suggestions had originated from Lady Stormont, and she had been surprised and a good deal hurt that her husband had been so slow to respond. He was never ungenerous in money matters, and there had already been some discussion between them of giving the new building to Isobel's majority or on her wedding, but why wait till then, she had urged, and the more earnestly Sir David seemed to have no definite reason against it.

As to the second proposal, he had plenty to say. "Why bring all the cackling crowd of old wives from Dundas and miles around to stare at Isobel and pull her and all of us to pieces at the club or over their tea-cups afterward?" he had groaned, and Conyers had seconded him with all the energy of a young man who sees himself threatened with a long afternoon of indiscriminate sociability.

"Isobel need not appear unless she likes," said Lady Stormont; "and since it seems to give pleasure, though heaven knows, it's hard to realize it. I don't like to refuse—now of all times."

"Not much fear of Isobel's liking to appear," growled Conyers; but, to his amazement, when the great day came, and Lady Stormont appeared upon the terrace, seated in her gray silk and lace, there was a tall slim figure beside her in moonbeam white. "You here!" he exclaimed, recalling how Isobel would once have fled to the depths of the woods, to the top of Ben Vair if she could, to escape such a function.

"Why not?" she said gaily. "I have turned over a new leaf, and find people immensely interesting. Besides, please remember, this is my very first garden party, and I think it is a very pretty sight," looking down at the lower lawn, whence a couple of gaudily-striped marquee were pitched and over the gentle slopes of the river and the dark pine-clad slopes for a background.

"Yes, it is a pretty sight," assented Conyers, mechanically, but then he was looking at the speaker, not at the surroundings, and as the day had done so often in these past few days, he had marveled anew at his former blindness, and had chafed at the promise which Sir David had exacted from him. Why had he done it, for was ever man a more maddening, tantalizing position than he, Basil Conyers, now was? There was his promised wife in breathing beauty, in sweet unconsciousness before him, her every look and word hurrying his pulses, quickening his breath, firing his blood, and yet his promise bound him to silence, and in that silence the fire burned but the better, for a consuming jealousy rage came to add fuel to the flame. To him it seemed that every man must be his rival, and as true love ever abases as well as exalts a man, he took a very humble view of his own pretensions, while he knew but before his lips were unscaled some other one might find favor in Isobel's eyes?

And to that favor there was at least no lack of pretensions. The girl was soon surrounded by a little court, while from a distance the less privileged gazed at her with a devouring curiosity and interest only possible in a stagnant county town, seared above a chaste squabble or the misdoings of a maid servant.

(To be continued.)

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RHEUMATISM NOW IS EASILY CURED

Get These Ingredients and Mix Them Yourself to Relieve Dreaded Disease.

Recent hospital reports show that the dread disease, rheumatism, is steadily increasing throughout the country. All known means of relief are being suggested to save the great amount of suffering this winter, especially among those who are shut in a position to pack up and visit the noted health resorts to be treated. Recent tests prove rheumatism not exactly a disease in itself, but a severe symptom of kidney trouble, a condition caused by clogged up pores of the eliminative tissues in the kidneys, which fail to filter the poisonous waste matter and uric acid from the blood, permitting these substances to remain in the veins and decompose, usually settling about the joints and muscles, causing the intense pain, swelling and stiffness of rheumatism.

There are numerous remedies known which many persons believe will relieve this suffering—sulfate of soda, colchicum, opium, etc.—but these drugs are terribly hard on the stomach, often ruining this most important organ, and they fail as often as they relieve.

A well-known specialist, who has probably treated more cases of rheumatism than anyone else, and who is also the most successful, gives the following simple treatment, which is harmless and inexpensive, and so simple that anybody can mix it at home. The ingredients are: Fluid Extract of Dandelion, one-half ounce; Compound Kargon, one ounce; Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla, three ounces. Go to any good prescription pharmacy and get these three vegetable ingredients and mix them by shaking in a bottle, taking as a dose a teaspoonful after each meal and again at bedtime.

There is nothing better in the world for backache, kidney and bladder trouble, too. Such symptoms as frequent and painful urination, soreness, weakness, general and nervous debility are caused by certain acids and poisonous waste matter, decayed tissue, etc., in the blood, which the kidneys will clean and purify after a few doses of this prescription.

SPYING OUT THE COBALT LANDS

Large Party of American Financiers and Scientists Visit the Fields

Cobalt, Oct. 12.—Things about the camp this week have been comparatively quiet, the only excitement of any extent being aroused by the report of the strike on the Silver Leaf property. The absence of O'Connell Roadhouse from the camp, and the fact that the weather has become too cold for the leaders to do any public speaking have practically caused the strike to become a dead issue. The week, however, has been marked by the visits of prominent American capitalists to the camp, one party examining the Cobalt Central mine and the other going over the Kerr Lake Mining Company's property.

The visit of so many outsiders to the camp this year is sure to have a material effect upon the camp when it is taken into consideration that those influential men from both England and the United States, after seeing the amount of work done during the month of November, and two in December. The main shaft on the property is being sunk to a depth of 200 feet by contract, and will be completed by Saturday. At this level cross-cutting will again be started for the big vein. Five drills will be in operation next week, and the force of men increased to 55. The company have a complete plant, consisting of a 100-horsepower boiler, a 6-drill compressor, dynamo for electric lighting, large hoist, etc. The company have accommodation for 60 men. Adjoining this property is the Gans, in which the Temiskaming Company have a half interest, and on which a shaft has been sunk 48 feet. A strong vein 12 inches wide, containing nicotia, smallite and silver, has been located. This vein lies 350 feet from the main shaft, and will be connected to the shaft by a cross-cut from the 75-foot level. Extensive drifting will be done from this point, and hoisting will be carried on through the Temiskaming shaft. During the winter the Gans property will be equipped.

WINCHESTER SENTENCES. Toronto, Ont., Oct. 12.—Judge Winchester this morning sentenced prisoners as follows: Clarence C. Chandler, theft of postal letters, three years in penitentiary; John Wesley Moore, indecent assault, one year and 364 days in Central Prison and 10 lashes; Chas. M. Baquetto, wounding, with intent, three months; Henry Chantler, horse stealing, four months; John B. Jacob, highway robbery, three years in penitentiary; George R. Cummings, sending immoral letters through the mails, one year and 364 days in Central; Ernest Morrow, housebreaking and receiving, three years in penitentiary.

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YOUR RAW, SORE THROAT. A recent visit to the Temiskaming mine showed that company were making big strides in development work. The main shaft is now down nearly 200 feet, and at a depth of 43 feet scattered bunches of silver were found. At the 50-foot level cross-cutting was in progress.

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