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"AS A MAN SOWS."

BY HELEN WALLACE

Author of "THE GREATEST OF THESE," "THEIR HEARTS' DESIRE, ETC.

(Continued)

"The likeness, remarkable though it is, would be a small matter. One might let it pass if you can explain the mystery of the Testament to me. The 'Elsie' to whom it was originally given died in Hebden workhouse, leaving it to her child, whom with her last breath she asked to be called Isobel. The child was brought up in a home for friendless girls in which our friends, the Thistlethwaites, take a somewhat excessive interest, and from which she ran away at the beginning of last August. Now, how did that very Testament come to be in the possession of Isobel Stormont, when Basil Conyers as he believed, and as everyone else believes, found her half-dead in that ruined cottage on the hillside?"

"I do not know what may have happened then, as you very well know, but a change of clothes would account for that. I had nothing left of my own—but the very idea is utterly absurd. I will not be subjected to this cross-examination. I have borne it too long. What right have you?" cried Isobel but she was speaking at random now. Basil's name on Ashe's lips had flung her into a confusion of dread and shame. He, to hear this story, and not from herself, when he might have had some mercy, but from this man!

Ashe smiled at the feeble retort. "I am afraid it would be rather difficult to account for it in that fashion. There seems to me only one explanation, and if the facts were known, I think most people would agree with me, and that is that the young lady who is now known as Isobel Stormont is more likely Isobel—Brown!"

"Do you threaten me, Mr. Ashe?" cried Isobel. She stood at her full height, her slender neck lifted, her gray eyes steel-bright like the sparks struck out by the jar of crossing swords.

"Need we keep this up? You have made a brave fight of it," said Ashe, with a sudden change of tone. "Do you think that I don't understand—that I don't honor you for it? I know that it is not for yourself. I can see what it is costing you, Isobel. Listen to me. When I first saw you do you think that the knowledge that you were a great heiress, the last of an old line, could blind me to your beauty, your sweetness, to all that makes you what you are? No; but it

could shut my mouth, it could make me feel how mad I was even to lift my eyes to you, a poor man, with nothing but an old name, though an honorable one, to bring you. But I was only a man after all; I couldn't be near you and not love you, not long for you, not strive for you. Isobel, we are on a level today, there is neither name nor riches between us. You know that what I have said is true. Isobel, I can protect you now, I can ask you to be my wife now."

"When the Hon. Evelyn Ashe can gain Stormont and its heiress by giving his old and honorable name to Isobel—Brown cried Isobel, wrought up to the last pitch and with a laugh, which might have flayed the least sensitive.

Ashe had his traditions, if nothing more. The blood rose dark to his face his breath caught in his throat. He snatched at her hand between rage and roused passion.

"By God, you're worth winning! Say what you like, despise me as you please, you must listen to me—there's no other way out. But that's the least of it, Isobel, I love you—I love you—I love you!"

For once the young man was wholly mastered. He had no art, no words to plead his cause. "I love you"—it was more than enough the words left no doubt, they burned with devouring desire. In the veiled eyes a spark kindled and grew—"the strange fire" which burns on unhalloved altars.

With a sharp shudder Isobel snatched her hand away.

"You love me—you!" the long emotion rushing into speech at last. "Love! What do you know of it—what can you know of it? Love! Good God, why isn't there some other word which a man like you could take into his mouth!"

She had darted out from under the cold shadow of the portico. The sun, a mighty round of pulsing, intolerable splendor, was touching the southern ridge, and as she turned and flung back her passionate words at him, the last long rays seemed to enwrap the tall figure, the fair face in a sudden glory of light.

Another moment and she had disappeared behind the dip of the hill, taking, as it seemed, all the light with her, for the sun sank, the glow vanished, the darkness of the valley. But with Ashe the glow glimmered ashen; night had already claimed the valley. But with Ashe the glow

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



THE ALL-ROUND SERVICEABLE ULSTER.

There is no more practical garment in the feminine wardrobe than the serviceable ulster of novelty serge adapted to all kinds of outdoor wear. This garment serves many purposes; it may be used as a raincoat or travelling coat, and once one possesses such it becomes practically invaluable. The pictured model shows a new cut with bias center back seam, giving a skirt fullness below the Empire waistline which is very graceful, and an extremely broad shoulder effect created by double strappings of the serge stitched flat over the shoulders, and trimmed with buttons both front and back at the Empire waistline. It is almost a full

length coat, reaching to within five inches of the ground, and finished with a narrow stitched hem. The fronts are double breasted and buttoned close around the neck which is finished with a turnover collar inset with dark green grosgrain silk complementing one of the colors in the Scotch serge of which the coat is made, the other color being navy blue. The sleeves are full and gathered into wide cuffs inset with silk, and there are large patch pockets set on both fronts trimmed with buttons smaller in size than those which fasten the fronts. A very nobby hat of blue felt in English walking shape is worn with this coat, its trimmings being a plain band of blue velvet around the crown and a coque rosette and plume at the side.

ing vision remained, and he lingered for a while, indulging it to the full. He tingled from the smart of her last words as from a stinging blow. They would never be forgotten—no, nor forgiven—not one tone or glance of disdain; and some day he would know how to exact payment for them, but meantime it was Isobel in her radiant fairness, Isobel with her rich inheritance, he wanted whether he gained her love now or not. She would learn ere long to render him his dues. And, as in his turn, he descended the slope, his grasp seemed almost closing upon both. It was no Al-naschar dream now, as it had been on that sunny afternoon when he had heard Isobel's story from Vi Rudgeley, and when from the heathery slope he had first seen the great grey pile of Stormont lord-ing it over the valley. After all, his luck had not failed him; chance had played in to his hands in the most marvelous fashion. Now Sir David could not deny him whatever price he chose to put upon his knowledge. Isobel would have to strike her flag, bend her pretty neck, and then—and then—The rough, stony track might have been strewn with roses, the twilight was hung with golden visions.

And speeding far before him a shadow amid the shades, Isobel had fled down and down until a distant whisper grew to a hoarse roar, which seemed to flood all the stillness of the valley. She was at the

bridge again, and she paused, grasping the rail. Down here in the gorge, with the black pine boughs shutting out the sky, night seemed already to have come. She could hardly see the water raving below, only now and then its tossing mane glinted white in the fast fading light. As she stood for a moment to recover breath, both mentally and physically, before she would mount the opposite slope and face as best she might the lighted hotel, the long dinner, the longer evening, the rail against which she leaned cracked and shivered. She started and stood erect, remembering the flakes of wood which had crumbled under her fingers.

The vague vision of a swift fall from far-off icy heights which had floated before her earlier in the day suddenly took a new and definite form, and a frightfully possible one. She had only to throw herself against the rail—there would be a yawning gap, which would explain everything—it could have been nothing but an accident—and in that welter of raging water it surely couldn't take long to drown. It would break her mother's heart—so in her own heart she was still fain to call her—but better surely to mourn a dead child, to cherish a pure memory, than to face a living lie in her lost child's very shape and form. If, to save her mother from that, there was no other way than to strike that monstrous bargain

with Evelyn Ashe, then—then better the mercy of the wild waters than this.

Nearer and nearer, she stooped, heavier and heavier she leaned on the frail yielding rail, when a step rang out on the sounding planks. Evelyn Ashe! Was he to come between her and deliverance? It was the last touch to the trembling balance.

Half-delirious, she flung herself backward for the one last effort needed, when a hand caught her arm. "Let me go!" "Let me go!" "Let me go!"

Indigestion

Stomach trouble is but a symptom of, and not in itself a true disease. We think of Dyspepsia, heartburn, and indigestion as real diseases, yet they are symptoms only of a certain specific nerve sickness—nothing else.

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SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

MONTREAL, Sept. 3—August customs collections for the port of Montreal showed an increase of \$219,408 over the same month last year, but were not quite up to July of this year, which yet holds the record, \$1,647,000. The August total was \$1,522,104.

HOME PAPERS THE TELEGRAPH AND TIMES

THESE PAPERS are delivered to St. John residences BY CARRIER. They are taken into the homes of responsible and desirable people who pay for the privilege of reading them.

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OBITUARY

Mrs. Allie Titus

The death of Mrs. Allie Titus, wife of C. D. Titus, occurred last Sunday at her home at Jemseg. Mrs. Titus had not been in good health for some months, but she passed away quite suddenly, a fatal termination to her illness not being looked for. She was the daughter of the late Rev. Gilbert Springer, of Jemseg, and besides her husband leaves three sons—Fred, and Ethelbert, residing at Jemseg, and Leonard, in the employ of the St. John Railway Company; also one daughter—Mrs. George White, of Mill Cove, Grand Lake. George S. Springer and N. F. Springer, of this city, are brothers, and there are several other relatives in St. John.

Mrs. Titus was in her forty-ninth year, and had resided in Jemseg all her life. She was a member of the Baptist church. The funeral took place yesterday at the family burial ground.

James Lenihan

James Lenihan died at his home, 17 North street last night after three weeks illness. He was a well known man, son of the late Jeremiah and Anna Lenihan and is survived by three brothers—John in Minneapolis, Jeremiah and William in this city.

Mrs. Williston

Mrs. Charles Babbitt yesterday received news of the death of Mrs. Williston, wife of the late Judge Williston, of Newcastle. She died in Chicago. Mrs. Williston spent some time with Mrs. Babbitt in this city, but left a couple of years ago for Chicago, and was with another daughter there. She was eighty-three years of age and survived by six sons and four daughters. Two of the sons are in Newcastle, two in Halifax and two in San Francisco. The body will be interred in Newcastle, and Mrs. Babbitt left last evening for there.

Many friends along the North Shore and in this city will hear with regret of Mrs. Williston's death.

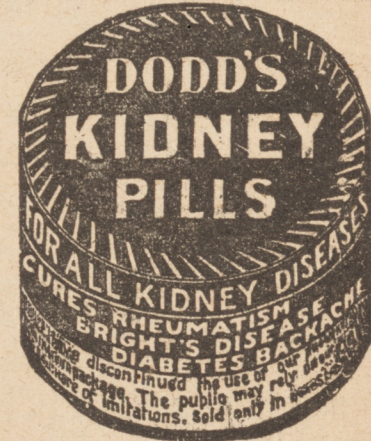
Barton W. Ward

Burton W. Ward died recently in St. Joseph's hospital, Victoria (B.C.). He was seventy-three years of age and had been ill for several months. He was born in 1834 in St. John, a son of Lieut. Col. Ward. Fifty years ago he went to Vancouver and during that time he had been engaged in mining in various portions of the province.

Mr. Ward was the third son of Col. Ward and the only surviving brother of Clarence Ward, of this city.

Mrs. Eva Broad

The death of Mrs. Eva Broad, daughter of the late Capt. Thomas McBeth, occurred on Aug. 11 in New Bedford (Mass.) She is survived by her mother, Mrs. Elizabeth McBeth, and two sisters—Mrs. Wm. Cunningham and Mrs. Edw. Lambert, of St. John west, and by her brother, Geo. McBeth, quartermaster on the steamer Calvin Austin.



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"Let me go!" she panted. "Let me go!"