

**USE POND'S EXTRACT**

FOR PILES, BURNS, SORE EYES, SORES, Headache AND ALL PAIN.

Have the early frosts or too late a lingering by the garden gate again aroused that RHEUMATISM so peacefully slumbering the summer long? Well, if it's very bad you must change your diet and perhaps take some distasteful drug—the doctor will tell you what—but first rub thoroughly the part afflicted with POND'S EXTRACT, then wrap it warmly with flannel, and the rheumatism will wholly disappear. It will certainly be much relieved. Now that you have the POND'S EXTRACT try it for any of the many things its buff wrapper mentions. It's a wonderful curative. But don't accept substitutes. POND'S EXTRACT CO., 76 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

**FOR COLDS, BRUISES, SORE THROAT, Catarrh AND AFTER SHAVING.**

As the dog days dragged on Zenas' hammock under the trees became more and more attractive. Lying in a lounge place until finally the little man, who had often slept out of doors in the woods when he was a country boy, ventured to be young again and spend an occasional night in the hammock. The first effort was quite successful, but during the second night he was aroused from an awful dream of an anaconda gliding through the grass near him, and casting a rusty snake as any anaconda could be depended upon to make. Starting up in affright beneath his low-hanging covert of boughs, he saw what at first seemed really a huge serpent about to cross the fence and enter the Maytham estate. Through well-rubbed eyes, however, the monster resolved itself into a ladder, evidently brought from a house in course of building not far away. Of course, the ladder was not intended for its own volition; a man was under it.

For a moment or two there was a fierce struggle; then the man, appearing to yield, turned on his side. Zenas, fearing he had killed the fellow, relaxed his grasp, but in an instant he saw a hand drawing a pistol from a jacket pocket. Quickly the weapon was wrested away and tossed aside, and the struggle by natural arms began again. Zenas recalled as if by magic all the long-forgotten fistic lore of the school-yard and village green, but his antagonist was larger than he, so the little fellow devoted himself to dodging, and even some skill at this art did not entirely save him. First he became conscious that he could not breathe through his nose; then the right eye of one of his assailants came in contact with his cheek, and he felt another youthful trick, practiced by small boys who were attacked by bullies—he got behind his antagonist and secured a tight collar-grasp with both hands, brought up his knee sharply against the burglar's back, and quickly had the fellow securely pinned to the ground.

While the struggle had been going on, the burglar had been blind as a bat, and a startled exclamation in a voice he remembered well—the voice that had uttered the word "gang." Now, as he tried to breathe he heard a soft rustle, and looking up saw, all clad in white, and with hair disheveled, his handsome neighbor.

"Madam," he gasped, "this—this burglar—tried to get into your house. I saw him—he tried to shoot me with his pistol before you came in. Find it, please—first it—fast—make an alarm—bring help."

But what could the unsuspected observer do? He could not move toward his own house without being seen and heard; even were he within his doors he had no firearms, no telephone, no burglar alarm. He might slip out through the shadows to his gate and thence to the police station, nearly a mile away, but before any of these things the robbery would be accomplished. Worse still, the fellow, flushed with success, might move the ladder across the fence and enter the Bortley home. True, Zenas owned no pistol, could not enter his own house any way he chose, when he's not expected—has no key? Let him go. Don't you hear me say he is my husband?"

**NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBORS.**

BY JOHN HARBERTON.  
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CHAPTER I.

WHEN Zenas Bortley moved from the city to a suburban village, in search of better air for the children and for his own asthma, he sold his city flat and bought a new one in a suburb. He had a very good reason for this. His next-door neighbor—an experienced matter—had been granted in the city. Mrs. Bortley, born and reared in a thickly settled portion of the metropolis, believed her husband's statement, for had not Zenas always been a "country boy" until he came to New York to make his fortune? Had he not described to her, again and again, the ideal society of his native village of Grasshopper Falls, where everybody knew everybody else—where one man was as good as another so long as he earned his living, paid his bills and went to church on Sunday, and where every woman was a lady if she had a black silk dress, no matter how plain, in which to receive calls? Had not Zenas' own mother, wife of the bookkeeper of the local lumber company, been asked by the congressman's wife to help out some distressed and misguided guests from another state? And it had been so delightful when Mrs. Zenas had been ill or feeble, in her little flat in the city, to hear her husband tell how in the country any man whose wife was feeling poorly could borrow a neighbor's carriage or sleigh and take the dear woman out for an airing. Mrs. Zenas never had an outing except in a horse car, for her husband, though strong in affection and self-reliance, had but a small salary, and the olive branches which were the family's only riches allowed something to carry for an hour or two.

So the Bortleys went to the country, and a blessed change they found it. The children began to grow like weeds, their mother's cheeks became fuller of roses than the garden, and Zenas himself, though he was obliged to breakfast early and sup late in order to make a full day at the store in which he was entry clerk, found his asthma disappearing with unexpected rapidity. His cottage cost less per month than a flat, he had a little garden which, thanks to his boyhood's experience, yielded many vegetables which tasted better than any he had ever bought, and some of the children had a swing under an old apple tree and rolled in the grass; the hearts content; the pastor of a church called after seeing the heads of the family in his congregation, and Zenas was invited to join the local club of his political party, and also to subscribe to a course of lectures to be delivered in the local academy of music during the following winter.

Yet Zenas was not happy. The neighborly affection which he had promised his wife did not come about. He waited for it a few weeks, for he was a dignified fellow, and had some knowledge of the manners of good society, but when his wife reminded him that the summer had nearly passed and no one had called who had not some semi-business purpose in affection and self-interest, he was obliged to himself, with a mighty pull at all his faculties, that something ought to be done. What most irritated him was that his next-door neighbor, a handsome woman whose husband, so the agent of Bortley cottage had said, would be obliged to

ened with a sharp snap. A moment before Zenas had felt bent as well as short; a moment after the woman's pride had straightened him until, he strode across the fence, he felt as tall as Goliath of Gath. He hastened to himself, he told his wife, but he checked himself; he adored that wife of his; he always was encompassing her with his arms that she might be shielded from the slings and darts of an unappreciative world; she should not know that anyone had alluded to her and her ministrations as a "gang."

Yet his own heart grew sore as it was chafed by the word which could not be forgotten. The expression and the tone in which the word was uttered upon him, bidden in his dreams and named him from needed rest—came to him as he read the morning paper while dashing by rail to the city—came to him as he added numbers to figures at his desk, and caused him to be a more blundering "Gang." Although he was a mild-mannered man, and a member of the church besides, he came to regard his next-door neighbor, woman and child, with a deadly hatred. So intense did his dislike become that he sat in the window one sultry moonlight night and gleefully beheld the stars enter the Maytham garden and do more damage than any blizzard could undo at that season. "Gang," indeed.

In fact it was more with joy than sorrow that Zenas learned from a chance acquaintance that there were special reasons why Mr. Maytham would be away from home for some time, for the man was a defaulter and fleeing from justice. The Bortleys agreed that it was providential that the families had not been acquainted for some time, for Zenas, like a good man, tried to pity sinners while he hated sin, he told his wife that a mere entry clerk could not afford to be known as an acquaintance of that defaulter's family. Everybody seemed "down on" the Maythams, people said it was only because the house was in the wife's name that Mrs. Maytham had a roof over her head—that the couple had not lived there long, and never had become acquainted in the village anyway.

Though he still was full of bitterness, Zenas began to be interested in his handsome neighbor, for he never before had seen the wife of a criminal—one of Mrs. Maytham's class. Crimes had been committed at Grasshopper Falls, and wives of thieves and rowdies were too numerous, as occasional subscriptions for their relief showed, but they were a shabby, forlorn, characterless set, just like their husbands, while here, in the very next house to Zenas, was a criminal's wife who was rich and even scornful of the honest "gang."

Zenas thought of Mrs. Maytham until he became almost fascinated by her. His eye sought her each day as he left home and returned. Finally, when he got his customary summer vacation of a fortnight, he spent hours of each day in a hammock under the trees, looking slyly for Mrs. Maytham and following her with his eyes whenever she sauntered about her finely-kept grounds. He was sorry for her; he could understand why she did not care to make new acquaintances; he could not see anything in her face that indicated complicity in her husband's crime; he so pitied her in her loneliness and probable gloom that he prayed earnestly for her—but do what he would, he could not forget the tone in which she had called his delectable family a "gang."

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burglar did not seem to mind this, for he already had a foot on the lowest rung when Zenas, springing in front of him, gave the ladder a push and shake that threw it backward. The unknown man sprang off quickly, but in an instant Zenas had him by the throat, and, bearing him backward, got him upon the ground.

For a moment or two there was a fierce struggle; then the man, appearing to yield, turned on his side. Zenas, fearing he had killed the fellow, relaxed his grasp, but in an instant he saw a hand drawing a pistol from a jacket pocket. Quickly the weapon was wrested away and tossed aside, and the struggle by natural arms began again. Zenas recalled as if by magic all the long-forgotten fistic lore of the school-yard and village green, but his antagonist was larger than he, so the little fellow devoted himself to dodging, and even some skill at this art did not entirely save him.

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"Yes, madam, and sorry I am to hear of it, for I've heard it was your husband's pistol." "Listen to me, madam! As God lives, my husband is innocent of the charges against him—I know he is—I know all the facts. He's a victim of a conspiracy that must be exposed before long, or he has risked everything to-night for the sake of see-

ing his wife—his wife, do you hear me?—against his life—his place—for your wife's sake—for the one person alive who trusts you."

"It's no use, Agnes," groaned the man. "The fellow's a brute. Those men are almost here—I'm too weak to run far if I try—I'm gone."

"Oh, God!" the woman moaned. "Has Heaven no mercy for the innocent?" Zenas looked into the face before him—a woman's upturned face, full of agonies, and positively granted to give that it every line was visible. Then he said softly and quickly:

"Yes, madam; Heaven has mercy, as man will show you." He relaxed his hold and thrust a hand into his pocket, continuing to talk fast, as if he were weak to run far, you won't be safe in your own house—hurry into mine—here's the key to the back door—go up—

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stairs as softly as you can—there's nobody on the top floor, and there's light enough in the halls for you to see your way. Don't make a noise, or you'll rouse my family. Now's your chance—knock me aside and hurry across the fence—quickly. Go softly—on your toes—keep in the shadow."

Away sped Maytham, and Zenas continued, as two men came hurrying into the garden gate.

"Remember, madam—was a burglar—he ran across my back yard—he hurt me badly—you're trying to restore me—make them help you—don't let them take me into my house till I'm restored."

Then, for the men were almost upon him, that good little man played hypocrite with consummate ability. He begged the men not to leave him, bade them see how terribly injured he was, and although he only had a wound for water and stimulants, he told the story of the attempted burglary at great length, until one of the men said:

"Well, I suppose 'taint no use to try to find the fellow, he's got to get away, start. It's only by chance we followed him anyway. I thort I heard a ladder bein' took from a house next me. 'Thieves,' says I to myself. I peeked out of window, and side an' another then I woke brother Jim an' he an' me went out kinder keener like. We would see in the moonlight where the ladder had been dragged along in the dust of the road, and we would see a bend in the road, and we would see a ladder alts make a noise when they bump a wooden house, an' it's a kind o' noise you can hear a good way in a still night like this. We began to run then, an' when we heard the hollerin' we knowed where to come."

"So good of you," whispered Mrs. Maytham.

"Ever so much obliged," said Zenas. Then, realizing for the first time that Mrs. Maytham was in the village, he whispered something to the men, who abruptly turned, said: "Good-night" and went away.

"Mr. Bortley," said the woman, seizing her neighbor's hands, "you are a noble man."

"Madam," said the little man, who, in spite of a broken nose and closed eye, felt himself the equal of anyone alive, "you are a true woman. Try to feel easy about your husband. He will be safer in my house than in his own, until we see how the authorities regard the burglar's story. They can't suspect me, with this face and closed eye. Then he turned quickly and entered his house. Softly he went up the stairs and searched the top floor, light in hand, until he found the fugitive, to whom he whispered:

"That friend and dreadful disease! What shall stay its ravages? Thousands say Scott's Emulsion of pure Norwegian cod liver oil and hypophosphites of lime and soda has cured us of consumption in its first stages. Have you a cough or cold acute or leading to consumption? Make no delay but take

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