Have the early frosts or too late a lingering by the garden gate again aroused COLDS that RHEUMATISM so peacefully slumbering the summer long? Well, if CUTS it's very bad you must change your diet and perhaps take some distasteful drug BRUISES —the doctor will tell you what—but first SPRAINS rub thoroughly the part afflicted with WOUNDS POND'S EXTRACT, then wrap it warmly with flannel, and the rheumatainly be much relieved. Now that you

tism may wholly disappear. It will cerhave the POND'S EXTRACT try it for any of the many things its buff wrapper AFTER mentions. It's a wonderful curative. But don't accept substitutes. POND'S EXTRACT CO., 76 Fifth Ave., N. Y. SHAVING

"I hope I don't intrude, but good let-

tuce is scarce at this time of the year,

"Bridget!"

"Yes, mem."

"Who was that?"

"Misther Bortley, mem."

"The owner of that gang next door?

"I HOPE I DON'T INTRUDE?"

short; a moment after the wound to his

pride had straightened him until, as he

strode across the fence, he felt as tall

as Goliath of Gath. He hastened to the

house to tell his wife, but he checked

himself; he adored that wife of his; he

always was encompassing her with his

love that she might be shielded from

one had alluded to her and her nestlings

added columns of figures at his desk,

and caused him to make some terrible

blunders. "Gang." Although he was

come that he sat in the window one

sultry moonlight night and gleefully

beheld a stray cow enter the Maytham

garden and do more damage than any

florist could undo at that season.

In fact it was more with joy than sor-

row that one day Zenas learned from a chance acquaintance on the train, that there were special reasons why Mr. May-

tham 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 become acquainted, for

although Zenas, like a good man, tried to pity sinners while he hated sin, he

told his wife that a mere entry clerk

with a family dependent upon him

could not afford to be known as an ac-

quaintance of that defaulter's family.

Everybody seemed "down on" the

Maythams; people said it was only be-

cause 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 ac-

Though he still was full of bitterness,

before had seen the wife of a criminal

-one of Mrs. Maytham's class. Crimes

Zenas thought of Mrs. Maytham until

Simmons Liver Regulator is an excel-

lent remedy for dyspepsia.-C. Master-

son, Sheriff of Bibb Co., Ga.

quainted in the village anyway.

"Mem."

vain, too, did she display her children, who really were pretty and well dressed, when her neighbor walked alone through the well-kept garden which the Bortleys coveted for its rare display of flowers; Mrs. Maytham

BY JOHN HABBERTON. [Copyright, 1890. All Rights Reserved.]

HEN Zenas

change his crown. Bortley moved Zenas, however, had no idea of giving from the city to up, and the unexpected lack of new aca suburban vilquaintances-a peculiarity of suburban villages-added to his determination to of better air for know his nearest neighbor. While wathe children and | tering his late lettuce one Saturday affor his own ternoon and felicitating himself upon asth matic his success during hot weather with this lungs, he told succulent but capricious vegetable, he now she could his neighbor's kitchen garden. Just as have the pleas- he had suspected, the only rettuce there ure of knowing had run to seed. In a moment Zenas her next-door was upon the ground again, and pulled

neighbors-an experience she never had some finely blanched plants which he been granted in the city. Mrs. Bortley, took to his neighbor's kitchen door, born and reared in a thickly settled saying to the cook: portion of the metropolis, believed her husband's statement, for had not Zenas always been a country boy until he and as mine is very fine I thought percame to New York to make his fortune? haps your mistress would enjoy Had he not described to her, again and some. 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 a window blind open and a voice callwhere every woman was a lady if she | ing in a low tone: 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 entertain some distinguished guests from another state? And it had been so delightful when Mrs. emphasized by so vigorous a closing of 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-sacrifice, had but a small salary, and the olive branches which were the family's only riches always needed something which cost about as much as a carriage 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 city 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 from a grocer; the children had a swing under an old apple tree and rolled in the grass to their hearts' content; the pastor of a church called after seeing the heads of the family in his congregation, and Zenas was the slings and darts of an unappreciainvited to join the local club of his political party, and also to subscribe to a course of lectures to be delivered in the as a "gang." local academy of music during the following winter.

Yet Zenas was not happy. The neighborly affiliation which he had promised his wife did not come about. He waited for it a few weeks, for he was a dignified little 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 semibusiness purpose, he informed himself, with a mighty pull at all his faculties, that something ought to be done. What his next-door neighbor, woman and handsome though she was, with deadly hatred. So intense did his dislike bemost irritated him was that his next, door neighbor, a handsome woman whose husband, so the agent of Bortley



never called. Mrs. Maytham, the lady in question, was distinguished looking as well as handsome; her house was a palace compared with the house which Zenas began to be interested anew in Zenas had hired, and she drove almost his handsome neighbor, for he never daily behind a fine pair of horses. She was a good woman, too, or Zenas was no judge of human nature, and as she had been committed at Grasshopper had no children the little man, who Falls, and wives of thieves and rowdies could not imagine that anyone regard- were too numerous, as occasional subtion which he bestowed upon his dar- they were a shabby, forlorn, character- making considerable noise, but the igs, was sure that if Mrs. Maytham less set, just like their husbands, while could know his brood she would in her here, in the very next house to Zenas, loneliness have an unfailing source of was a criminal's wife who was handconsolation. As for Mrs. Bortley, some, self-contained, proud, apparently Zenas' loyal soul profoundly pitied any- rich and even scornful of the honest one and everyone who did not know "gang."

MR. CORTLEY TALKS OF THE COUNTRY.

Yet the two women did not become he became almost fascinated by her. acquainted. Mrs. Maytham did not call, His eye sought her each day as he left and, when Mrs. Bortley felt hurt, her home and returned. Finally, when he husband suggested that perhaps the got his customary summer vacation of older resident was from one of the a fortnight, he spent hours of each day southern states in which calls must in a hammock under the trees, looking first be made by newcomers upon the slyly for Mrs. Maytham and following old families. Mrs. Bortley acted upon her with his eyes whenever she saunthis suggestion, but was unfortunate to select an hour when her neighbor was out; she made a supplementary effort when her husband explained that counselect an indicate the with his eyes whenever she sauntered through 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 anytry people usually became acquainted thing in her face that indicated com-by borrowing small necessities from plicity in her husband's crime; he so one another, but when Mrs. Bortley begged the loan of a cup of ground coffee one morning she saw only her neighbor's servant, and the same result attended the payment of the loan. In

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Furniture! Furniture, at Young's. at Young's.

CHAPTER IL As the dog days dragged on Zenas' hammock under the trees became more and more attractive as a lounging 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 causing a rustle such 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 moving of its own volition; a man was under it. Zenas was at once as wide-awake as if no such condition as sleep had ever existed; he also was in abject terror, and was conscious of the outbreak of the cold sweat of which he often had heard, but never before experienced. What should he do? What could he do? seemed to ignore the very existence of Pshaw! Perhaps the man was a carpenthe well-behaved children for whom an emperor might have been glad to exter, who had been after a bit of his own property, to have it ready for use somewhere else. But no, the clock of one of the village churches struck two just then; it was impossible that any honest mechanic could be going to work at that time of night, brightly though the moon shone. Maybe the fellow was a fruit-tree plunderer-Zenas had been warned to gather his own early pears

if he did not wish the tree to be dehis wife that suddenly climbed a tree and inspected nuded some moonlight night by unbidden gatherers. Well, if the man was bent on stealing fruit from the Maytham place, let him steal; it was a shame that such things should be, but Zenas was not one of the village's three policemen, and, as he would rather have his own single pear tree stripped than attack a midnight prowler, he could not be expected to protect his neighbor's property-the property of a neighbor who had called his family a "gang."

But, horrors! The man was no fruit thief, for he had taken the ladder to-The servant took the crisp present without a word. After moving several ward the Maytham house-placed it in steps toward home, Zenas stopped sud- the shadow cast by the moon, and stood dealy to admire a brilliant clump of motionless a moment as if to rest. Evitritomas. As he stood gazing he heard dently he was a burglar and knew his business, for it was town talk that the Maytham house was expensively furnished, and contained much solid silverware, besides a great deal of bric-a-brac worth its weight in gold. Probably the windows, inside the blinds, were wide open-all country windows were during the dog days. Let that ladder once be raised, and the thief at its top, and "Umph!" The last expression was Zenas was sure that the frail blinds Zenas had been ill or feeble, in her the window blind that the eatch fast would prove no obstacle to the fellow's wicked designs.

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 local police station, nearly a mile away, but before any-officer could come 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 valuables except his wife and children, but the thought of the ruffian prowling about his sanctuary was not to be endured for an instant. Could he scare the fellow away by making a noise? Perhaps: but he had heard of burglars who ran right at a noise instead of away from it. Should the burglar attack him, there would be nothing to do but give up the ghost at once, for his heart was already in his 'throat, and he felt unable to move hand or foot. And his life was insured for only a thousand dollars!

Terror and excitement had made him so wild that exhaustion speedily followed, with its consequent apathy. of his will and became utterly demoraltive world; she should not know that any- ized. It was too bad, on general principles, that a house should be robbed, but that particular house, probably furnished with the wages of Maytham's chafed by the word which could not be crime-well, the little man recalled forgotten. The expression and the tone | without a bit of shame, and to his great in which it was uttered came to him un- satisfaction, the infamous old saying bidden in his dreams and roused him that "the second thief is the best from needed rest-came to him as he owner." And really-this as his conread the morning paper while dashing science attempted to rally-might not by rail to the city—came to him as he spoliation be a judgment upon the sate and brutal as to call the Bortley family-the larger and better part of it. a mild-mannered man, and a member of a "gang?"

the church besides, he came to regard | But why all this worry and terror? Probably the man was after all only a common fruit thief. Only a few feet from where the ladder had been dropped was a great tree of "strawberry" apples, which the Bortley children had been [eying wistfully for a fortnight, as the blush on the fruit had deepened to crimson. Such apples commanded a high price, as Bortley had learned to his sorrow. Well, if the tree were robbed his children would be delivered from farther temptation; such trees were not safe when he was a boy. He recalled, with a wicked chuckle which was almost audible, how he once had braved bulldog and shotgun to despoil just such a tree. Perhaps a tree of apples might not seem worth

much to that proud woman. Just then the man began to raise the ladder, not to the apple tree, but against the side of the house. At the same instant Bortley's heart and head began to throb as if they would burst. He feared heart disease and apoplexy. He closed his eyes and tried to think of something else. What was in his mind a moment before? Oh, yesthat proud woman-woman-woman-

In an instant the little fellow slipped out of the hammock, and, with jaws tightly set and nerves and muscles like bundles of steel wires, had bounded across the fence and toward his neighbor's house. Short though the distance was, he had time, as he ran, to realize that his wits had never before been so clear since the night he proposed to the angelic girl who afterward became his ed boys and girls except with the adora- scriptions for their relief showed, but wife. The ladder had touched the wall,



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he already had a foot on the lowest shake that threw it backward. The throat, and, bearing him backward, got your toes-keep in the shadow." him upon the ground.

For a moment or two there was a tinued, as two men came hurrying into flerce struggle; then the man, appear- the garden gate: ing to yield, turned on his side. Zenas, "Remember, madam-'twas a burglar fearing he had killed the fellow, re- -he ran across my back yard-he hurt laxed his grasp, but in an instant he me badly-you're trying to restore mesaw a hand drawing a pistol from a make them help you-don't let them jacket pocket. Quickly the weapon was take me into my house till I'm rewrested away and tossed aside, and the stored-" fellow devoted himself to dodging, and was, sent Mrs. Maytham into her house even some skill at this art did not en- for water and stimulants, and told the tirely save him. First he became con- story of the attempted burglary at great scious that he could not breathe through length, until one of the men said: his nose; then he lost the sight of one eye, and his chest ached dreadfully, but | find the feller now-he's got too much he availed himself of another youthful start. It's only by chance we followed trick, practiced by small boys who him anyway. I thort I heerd a ladder were attacked by bullies-he got behind bein' took from a house next me his antagonist and secured a tight collar-grip with both hands, brought up out of winders one side an another;

curely pinned to the ground. membered well-the voice that had ut-



"ZEANAS HAD HIM BY THE THROAT."

tered 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-tried to get into-your house. I saw him—he tried to shoot me. His pistol is somewhere-in the grass. Find it, please-fire it-fast -make an alarm-bring help." But the woman, instead of looking for the weapon, fell upon her knees,

looked at as much of the man's face as was visible and mouned: "Oh, Arthur!" Then she sprang to her feet and hissed rapidly:

"He's no burglar, man. Let him godo you hear me? He's no burglar, I say. He is my husband." "Your husband!" gasped Zenas, relaxing his hold, a movement of which

the prostrate man endeavored to take "Yes-yes! Hasn't a man a right to enter his own house any way he chooses, when he's not expected-has no key? Let him go. Don't you hear

me say he is my husband?" "Yes, madam, and sorry I am to hear it, for I've heard of your husband's-" "Agnes," moaned the captive, "find my pistol, quick, and shoot the fellow. Put it close to his arm and fire; then break the other in the same way-that will make the devil loose his hold. I

hear men running-they are coming this . "Help! Murder! Help!" roared Zenas, who also heard quick footsteps on a sidewalk not far away. Then he said quickly: "Madam, before you can find that pistol I can kill this man, with my hands at his throat. I've had to fight

savage animals with my hands." "God have mercy!" exclaimed the woman, again dropping on her knees beside the two men. "Listen to me, man! As God lives, my husband is innocent of the charges against him-I know he is-I know all the facts. He's the victim of a conspiracy that must be exposed before long. He has risked



ing his wife-his wife, do you hear me? Imagine yourself in his place-for your wife's sake-for the one person alive who trusts you-" "It's no use, Agnes," groaned the

mah. "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 agony, the moon shining so full upon it that its 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. weak to run far; you won't be safe in drew, but stopped at the threshold and here's the key to the back door-go up-

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burglar did not seem to mind this, for stairs as softly as you can-there's nobody on the top floor, and there's round when Zenas, springing in front light enough in the halls for you to see of him, gave the ladder a push and your way. Don't make a noise, or shake that threw it backward. The you'll rouse my family. Now's your unknown man sprang off quickly, but chance—knock me aside and hurry in an instant Zenas had him by the across the fence-quick. Go softly-on Away sped Maytham, and Zenas con-

struggle by natural arms began again. Then, for the men were almost upon enas recalled as if by magic all the him, that good little man played hypolong-forgotten fistic lore of the school- crite with consummate ability. He yard and village green, but his antag- begged the men not to leave him, onist was larger than he, so the little bade them see how terribly injured he "Well, I 'spose 'taint no use to try to

'Thieves,' says I to myself. I peeked his knee sharply against the burglar's then I woke brother Jim an' he an' me back, and quickly had the fellow se- went out kinder keerful like. We could see in the moonlight where the ladder While the struggle had been going on had been dragged along in the dust of Zenas heard window blinds open, and a the road Comin round a bend we startled exclamation in a voice he re- thort we been it hits mel'in'-ladders allus 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 not in daylight attire, he whispered something to the men, who abruptly turned, said: "Goodnight" 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 now 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 story. They can't suspect me-with this face."

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:

"Take the room with the bed in it. Turn the key, so none of my children happen in on you in the morning. I'll arrange for your wife to come in. I'll some way after breakfast, and we haven't any servants to poke around. Good night."

Then the little man proceeded to bury himself in his own reflections and a wet towel with a lump of ice in it. With a clearer head than he ever had taken to his desk in the city he nevertheless had many conflicting emotions. Within a single hour-a mere quarter of an hour, indeed, he had been guilty of cowardice, suspicion, heartlessness and several other unpardonable sins; he also had indulged in violence, dissimulation and a threat to commit murder, or at least manslaughter. He had imagined himself dying of fright; he had fought a larger man without the slightest sensation of fear. He, a member of the church, was even now hiding a fugitive from justice; he, a married man, had stood some moments in the presence of another man's wife who was in light evening attire before he was conscious of the delicacy of the situation. He had sprang to the rescue because the intended victim—as he supposed-was a woman, yet that very same woman had called his incomparable family a "gang." As he reviewed the evening's experiences his mentality became clouded to such an extent that he crept into bed to seek refuge in sleep. As he softly stretched himself his wife sighed, half wakening: "I thought I-heard a noise-little

while ago." "Yes, dear; I tumbled down. It's all right now; go to sleep."

CHAPTER IIL Amazement sat enthroned on the family visage in the morning, when the disarranged countenance of the head of the family was exposed, but Zenas said it would all pass off during the day. All he needed, he said, was absolute quiet, and he absolutely ordered his wife to take all the children on a steamboat trip to New York and back, taking the earliest boat, and bringing him up a first-rate breakfast just before they started. His wife obeyed him under protest, and no sooner were the family out of the gate than Zenas, in his panjemus, took the loaded tray, ascended to the top floor and kicked softly at the door of his guest. As the door opened Maytham looked more at the man than the breakfast and exclaimed in contrite tones: "Did I do all that?"

"Don't mention it," said the little fellow with a reckless air. "I haven't had such a bully fight since I left school. Eat your breakfast before it gets cold, so I can bring your wife up to see you. The coast is clear; I've got the whole family out of the house-first time in my life I ever was glad to do it. Everything here?-water, towels, comb and brush? She deserves to see you looking your best."

Then the little fellow dressed hastily, hid his face as much as possible in a bandage and slipped out upon the rear piazza. As he suspected, Mrs. Maythem was in her garden and saw him; he beekorled, in real country style, and she was beside him in a moment.
"Allow me, madam," said he with a

bow which was dignified in spite of his aspect, "to conduct you to your husband." He led the way upstairs, and soon husband and wife were in each "Mr. Maytham, you say you're too other's arms. The host discreetly with-

"Don't feel the least bit uneasy; no Continued on 2nd.page



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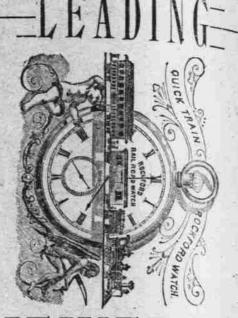
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