

A RIVAL'S DOWNFALL

Out of Bitterness the Lovers
Snatched Happiness.

By ESTHER AINSLEE.

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If Dalzell's store advertised a sale of silk dress goods in the Monday issue of the Rosemont Banner it was a certainty that the paper's Tuesday night number would contain an ad. from Thompson's store across the street telling of bargains in satins, with a side line of embroideries, at which Rosemont smiled appreciatively and reaped the benefit.

The town was proud of the proprietors of the two leading dry goods stores, for most of the young men left for the adjacent big city when it came time to make their way in the world, but Malcolm Dalzell and Lewis Thompson within a year of each other set down to make a living in their home town.

Perhaps it were better to say Rosemont was proud of their enterprise, for Lewis Thompson was not the type to inspire affection in the hearts of his townsmen. A man cannot be blamed for lack of magnetism and an attractive nature, but nevertheless he suffers for it, and Thompson possessed besides these drawbacks a hot headed, quarrelsome disposition and a theory that every man had a right to look out for himself to the exclusion of any possible rights of others.

His aggressiveness made him enemies where Malcolm Dalzell won friends by his mere cheerfulness and diplomacy. But each flourished on his own side of the street.

Not only were they rivals in business, but from the days of carrying schoolbooks there had seemingly been but one girl in the world in the eyes of each. Milly Walwright, with the waves of soft brown hair and eyes that matched, with the sweet voice and appealing little ways.

Shrewd people even said the reason both boys stayed in Rosemont was that each was afraid to leave the other a clear field with Milly, who had never shown any preference between the two.

Lewis Thompson was a different man with her. Her mere presence smoothed and softened the aggressive young business man, and she smiled incredulously when stories of his cold shrewdness and overreaching deals came to her ears.

Yet unknown to herself Malcolm Dalzell occupied a place in her life from which no one could dislodge him. Milly was in the delicious and dreamy state of indecision which a girl always prolongs unwittingly. Life was sweet to her, and even the growing wildness of her younger brother, Dick, which was aging her father and mother, had not power to do more than depress her momentarily.

"It's only because Dick is young," she told her mother half indignantly. "He will see the mistake of his ways before he ever does anything really wrong. Why, Dick wouldn't be really bad. It's absurd!"

She was great chums with the handsome eighteen-year-old brother, and because she did have faith in him the boy turned to her always in his rare spells of repentance. At present he had gone to work in a bank in the next town, six miles distant.

The Rosemont Banner had two columns of description, speculation and denunciation when Thompson's store was robbed. Malefactors were rare in Rosemont, and the night watchman's work was perfunctory, but nevertheless Lewis Thompson discovered a back window pried open and nearly \$200 worth of silks and laces missing.

Three weeks later he was reduced to explosive rage by the discovery that again his store had been entered. This time a hundred dollars' worth of goods vanished. In his wrath the owner of the store telegraphed for a city detective and established a night patrol for the block. The city detective looked important, smoked good cigars of the leading citizens, who wanted to tell him their theories as to the robbery, had a very pleasant time and departed with dark hints as to future developments.

"At any rate," Lewis Thompson said vigorously, "with Maloney on hand as a watchman the thief won't get another chance!"

"It's hard luck, Lewis," sympathized Malcolm Dalzell with his business rival. Thompson regarded him coldly. Of late Milly had been in Dalzell's company more than he liked.

"Thanks," he said. "It's funny the thief doesn't attack your premises, Malcolm. I don't understand such favoritism unless it's because he knows where the best goods are!" He smiled somewhat maliciously as he made the fling.

"Superiority has its drawbacks, then," Dalzell said quietly, holding his temper. He understood Thompson's grudge against him and could afford to be magnanimous, for he had begun to cherish a certainty that he had distanced Thompson with Milly. For her he would endure much.

Lewis Thompson did not relax his vigilance as the weeks went by. One Thursday night, as he made one of his personal trips of inspection, about 1 o'clock he started for his store on a run after finding the watchman, Maloney, knocked senseless at the corner. And he was rewarded. The revolver in his hand covered the dark form of the man standing at the rear window with the faint gleam of a dark lantern on the floor beside him.

Yet even Lewis Thompson was

speechless when after his trembling fingers had turned on the rear light he saw the man before him was none other than Malcolm Dalzell, who stood white and quiet facing his captor.

"I—I can't comprehend," Thompson almost stammered, still covering the marauder with his revolver. "You—of all people!"

The man before him moistened his lips. "Lewis," he said at last, "will you believe me if I say, in spite of this, I'm not the robber—that it's just unfortunate circumstances that have brought this about? Will you?"

Lewis Thompson recovered his coolness, and he laughed shortly, sarcastically, glancing significantly at the dark lantern, the fallen jimmy, the goods piled at hand for removal.

"I don't see any one but you, Dalzell," he said curtly. "You've got to take your medicine. You can plead kleptomania, you know. Rising young business man, easy circumstances, no need to rob—why, of course, it's kleptomania!"

There was a little triumph edging into his laugh as what this meant to his rival dawned upon him. And it was likewise dawning upon his captive, who shut his jaw when the marshal, hastily summoned, almost refused to obey Thompson's command to take the prisoner to the jail.

"Go ahead, Smith," was all that Malcolm Dalzell would say, and he walked to the lockup with his head in the air.

The whole town shared the sensations of Smith the next morning, and the Rosemont Banner exhausted all its heavy black faced type that evening and paused only for absence of more space. It was paralyzing, horrifying, this downfall of a man like Malcolm Dalzell, one of those queer croppings out of hidden tendencies that sometimes destroy the world's best.

The three days that intervened before his preliminary hearing drew lines in Dalzell's face and gave him a pallor that usually it takes age to bring. Yet he maintained those close shut lips and, further than stating he was not guilty, refused to talk.

When he faced his friends and neighbors at the preliminary hearing there was a trace of proud defiance in his glance that yet was strangely hurt, for on many faces he read a dawning wavering in allegiance to him.

Much talk had bred suspicion, and every one knew of the long rivalry between the two men. What more natural than that Dalzell should attempt to harass, to ruin his opponent? So they waited for the sensational disclosures.

The sensation came. As usual with sensations, it was quite different from what was expected. This white faced girl, with eyes reddened by tears, who suddenly presented herself struck pity from the heart of the hardest. She spoke rapidly, breathlessly.

"Malcolm did not do it!" she protested, with tight clasped hands. "If he won't tell I will, now that I know the truth! It was Dick, my brother, and Malcolm, who also was watching, saw him and entered Thompson's store to save him, to get him away, to help him, and when Lewis Thompson came upon him—he, Malcolm, would not tell because—"

Milly Walwright's voice died away, but the end of the sentence was furnished by Malcolm Dalzell's quick step to her side and hiding her tears on his shoulder. Both had made their sacrifice for each other and out of the bitterness had snatched happiness. And Rosemont, with the fickleness of the human race, said it served Lewis Thompson right and he should have had more common sense.

Steeplejack in Wrong.

Bob and Jim were Jacks of all trades and worked together. One summer's morning Bob came round to Jim's house at the early hour of 3 and managed to wake him.

"Now, then," he cried, "hurry up. There's a big factory chimney wants pulling down about a mile away from here, and I got the tip from the factory foreman that if we could knock twenty feet off it before the authorities were about it would save the factory the expenses of a scaffold and it would mean a five pound note apiece for you and me."

"What, ho!" cried Jim. "Let's go." Their destination reached, they climbed to the top of the chimney, and soon masses of brickwork were falling to earth. A man who lived near was disturbed by the noise and started to make a fuss. "Here, Bob," cried Jim, "you climb down and quiet that fellow. Keep him talking while I finish this job up here." So Bob climbed down and engaged the indignant man in conversation.

Suddenly Jim heard Bob calling to him and, looking down, saw his friend gesticulating wildly and beckoning him to come down. So down Jim came. "What's the matter?" he asked. "Let's go home, Jim, thundering quick. We've been pulling down the wrong chimney."—London Answers.

Indignant.

D'Auber is a big, healthy, bearded man who looks as though he could lift half hundredweights in each hand as easily as he picks up his palette.

An elderly rustic, who had been standing watching him painting by the roadside, approached him.

"No offense, sir," he began, "but is there anything the matter w' yer?"

"No," answered D'Auber. "What makes you ask?"

"Yer hain't lame, are yer?"

"Lame! Good gracious, no!"

"Yer hain't 'ad a misfortune in any way—the catclaw or lumbager—that's kind o' laid yer by?"

"No, I'm as well as I have always been."

The rustic drew himself up and gazed scornfully at the artist.

"An' yer call yerself a man an' can sit there a-doin' o' that?" he said.

"Well, I'm blest!"—Exchange.

NOTICE

All creditors of the desolved farming partnership of Foard Brothers, of Longview, Kentucky, are hereby notified to present a statement of claims held by them to me at Longview, Kentucky, Rural Route No. 1, or to my attorneys, Downer & Russell, at Hopkinsville, Ky, on or before August 1st, 1909.

This May 22, 1909.

JESSE FOARD.

Surviving partner of Foard Bros.

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Excursion Fares to Chautauqua, N. Y. and Return. Two Special Excursions, July 2 and 23, 1909.

Illinois Central will sell round trip tickets to Chautauqua, N. Y., at the rate of \$20.20 for the round trip. Dates of sale, July 1st and 22nd, 1909, only. Return limit: Tickets good returning to leave Chautauqua not later than August 3rd. For further information call on agent I. C. railroad. T. L. MORROW, Agt.

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This is Only the First
Part of the Story

READ THE REST!

The State Fair

Has become a great annual gathering of the people of Kentucky, with many pleasant features and attractions of surpassing interest to the public. This year the Fair will be bigger and better than ever and a visit to Louisville during Fair week is by far the most delightful trip to be planned for a contest party this summer. It will be held about the middle of September, after the hot weather is over.

Districts.

DISTRICT NO. 1—All the portion of Christian County outside of Hopkinsville and North of the Fairview pike and the I. C. railroad.

DISTRICT NO. 2—All that portion of the County outside of Hopkinsville, West of the T. C. railroad and South of the I. C. railroad.

DISTRICT NO. 3—All that portion of the County East of the T. C. railroad and south of the Fairview pike.

DISTRICT NO. 4—All that portion of the city of Hopkinsville North of Ninth street and the West fork of Little river.

DISTRICT NO. 5—All that portion of the city of Hopkinsville South of Ninth street and the West fork of Little River from the I. C. depot to the Western boundary of the city.

DISTRICT NO. 6—All of Trigg County, Kentucky.

Read Carefully Our Plan!

THE KENTUCKIAN will send to the Kentucky State Fair in Louisville in September the five most popular young women in Christian county and one from Trigg county. The Kentuckian will pay every cent of expense, including railroad fare, hotel bills, street car fare, admission to grounds and side trips to points in the city of Louisville.

The contest is open to any young lady making her home in the counties named. For each year's subscription to the Kentuckian at \$2.00 the subscriber will be entitled to cast 200 votes.

Our Contest to Begin June 1
and continue for 3 months;
to September 1

YOU choose the candidate—WE don't. The minute a vote is cast for a young woman she becomes a candidate and her name is placed upon the published list, together with the total vote cast for her up to the time the list is published.

When a subscription is received at this office the subscriber is first credited with the amount of his or her subscription and the number of votes the subscription represents is credited to the candidate named by the subscriber.

The vote will be COUNTED EVERY FRIDAY at noon and each candidate will be credited with her new vote and her total vote to date and the result will be published in the Kentuckian.

Kentucky State Fair Contest.

This coupon is good for Five Votes

FOR

Who resides in District No. _____

Clip this coupon out and return it to the Kentuckian office before the end of the present month. Not good after June 30. (Coupons mailed on last day of each month will be counted on arrival at this office.)