

WHEN THE GATE CLOSED

By DONALD HOPPER.

(Copyright, 1915, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

It was a lovers' quarrel. It was even more serious than a lovers' quarrel, for they were no longer engaged.

Nancy had given Robert his ring—and he had taken it. She could hardly forgive him for that!

Mrs. Arden sat in the living room, reading the evening paper. The windows were open to the balmy night. She knew Nancy and her lover were walking in the garden.

Her daughter came in. She was quite pale, but her blue eyes gleamed strangely.

"What was that sound I heard?" went on Mrs. Arden. "A creaking sound—did you hear it?"

Nancy flushed.

"It was the gate," she said.

"The gate!" Mrs. Arden's voice expressed her wonder.

"Bob closed the gate," said Nancy.

"But—why?"

"I told him to, mother."

"It has never been closed all these years. I don't understand it. I don't like it." The little lady was visibly disturbed.

"I told Robert to close the gate; our engagement is broken," explained Nancy.

Mrs. Arden was silent for some time. Her eyes were thoughtful, and she did not reproach her daughter, as Nancy expected.

"Perhaps it is just as well, my dear. Of course you and Bob are almost too young to be quite certain of your hearts. We were all very happy over the thought of the families being united; still, it may be for the best, after all."

"Why, mother?" asked Nancy in a queer tone. "Best for me—or for Bob?"

"I was thinking that now Bob would be free to take that trip to India with Professor Morrison. Colonel Leigh said it would be a world of benefit for Bob to go merely as the professor's private secretary."

"They are to be gone a year," said Nancy, slowly.

"Eighteen months, I believe," said Mrs. Arden, picking up her paper. "I've just been reading about it—the expedition sails day after tomorrow. Bob will have to hurry."

Nancy stared into space.

Colonel Leigh looked across the table at his placid wife.

"What was that sound, my dear?" he inquired.

"It sounded like a gate," she said.

"It could hardly be a gate," said the colonel. "There is only one gate on the place, and that has never been closed."

Just then Robert came in, tall and grave.

"Your father thought he heard the gate closing," smiled Mrs. Leigh; "but I told him the idea was absurd—the gate has never been closed."

"It is closed now," said Robert grimly.

Two pairs of eyes questioned him.

"Why?" asked his mother.

"It's all off between Nancy and me—we are no longer engaged." Robert picked up a magazine and sat down under the lamp.

The colonel and his wife stared at each other in consternation. Then Mrs. Leigh dropped her eyes to her knitting and a long-forgotten dimple appeared at the corner of her mouth.

Her husband recognized that dimple—in younger days he had surrendered to its wiles. Now he watched it, fascinated.

"So the engagement is broken," murmured Robert's mother. "Dear me, I am sorry, but perhaps it's all for the best. Nancy is a dear girl, but perhaps she would get along better with a man who could manage her more than you do, Bobby dear. But I shall finish that luncheon set I am embroidering for her. It will be ready as soon as she does marry. There's that young Kenyon from Overbrook—he is very devoted."

Mrs. Leigh rambled on, her dimple always in evidence.

The colonel watched his wife, and Robert stared at nothing.

"It's not too late to join Morrison's expedition," reminded the colonel, after a while. "Of course, we hate to let you go, son, but if you feel now that you are free—why hello—where's the boy gone?"

He stared at Robert's empty chair.

For the first and last time in her conventional life Mrs. Leigh actually winked at her husband.

Somewhere in the distance a bell was striking ten.

The moonlight still flooded the garden, and shone on the closed gate.

Nancy stepped hurriedly down the path to the closed gate. She laid her hands on the gate to push it open. At the same instant a pair of warm, strong hands covered hers.

"Nancy!" exclaimed Robert. "What are you doing here, dear?"

"I came to open the gate," she whispered. "Oh, it must never be closed between us again!"

"Never, sweetheart," he said tenderly, and then, together, they opened the gate.

Mrs. Arden heard the sound and she looked at the picture of Nancy's mother and sighed and smiled.

The Leighs heard it, too, and Colonel Leigh bent over his wife and kissed the dimple.

MEXICANS KILL 2 AMERICANS

Bullet-Riddled Bodies Are Brought to Brownsville After Discovery.

BANDITS FLEE AFTER FIGHT

Leader of Band Believed to Be Signer of Circular Urging Uprising.

Brownsville, Tex., Sept. 3.—The bullet-riddled bodies of two Americans who were kidnapped by Mexican bandits about twelve miles north of here, were found in the bed of a dried lake about twelve miles north of here.

The men were Earl Donaldson, a farmer who came here from Fayette, Mo., two weeks ago, and an engineer named Smith, engaged in construction work on an irrigation canal.

These men, with Stanley Dodds, the contractor in charge of the canal work, were taken prisoners by the bandits, who burned the trestle north of here last night. Because one of the Mexicans told the other Dodds was a German he was not harmed.

Dodds escaped when the Mexicans became involved in a fight with United States soldiers and telephoned from a distant ranch.

There were sixteen Mexicans in the band which met half a company of United States infantry north of Brownsville late today. The Mexican was killed and the others escaped. No soldiers were hit.

ANOTHER POSSUM HUNTER GIVEN TWO YEARS.

Hartford, Ky., Sept. 3.—The trial of Mike Wydix, charged with intimidation, was concluded Thursday, the jurors finding the defendant guilty and fixing his punishment at from one to two years in the penitentiary. The indictment against William A. Owen of Fordsville, charged with arson, is being tried. It is charged that due to an alleged grievance, Owen set fire to the Westfield tobacco factory at Fordsville last spring, which resulted in its destruction. Wydix, it was shown, joined the possum hunters in order to intimidate an aged man whose daughter Wydix had ruined, it is said.

Gen. Orozco Killed.

El Paso, Tex., Sept. 1.—Government officials here last night said they had received reports confirming earlier rumors that Gen. Pascual Orozco, prominent military leader during Mexican revolutions of the last few years, had been killed in a fight between Mexicans and an American posse. Civilians, United States customs officers and members of the Thirteenth U. S. cavalry participated in the battle, which according to reports, was fought in the Green river canyon, Colburn county, Texas. After a raid on the Dick Love ranch yesterday, Orozco and four companions were pursued from the Sierra Blanca country into the foothills. Orozco died at dusk last night. Four other Mexicans were killed.

Man Fights Eagle.

J. G. Stephens, a teacher at Middletown, Tenn., located a few miles west of town, was returning home from school and passing through some dense woods when a big eagle sprang from a log beside the roadway, and with wings outstretched and a hissing shriek attacked him. Dropping a dinner pail, Mr. Stephens picked up a stone and succeeded in hitting the eagle with it. Then seizing a club he soon killed the bird. The eagle measured four feet six inches from tip to tip of its wings. It was very thin in flesh, and it is thought that hunger drove it to the desperate attack, as it is seldom that one attacks a person.

Rear Admiral William H. Fullhan has been relieved as superintendent of the United States naval academy, to be succeeded by Capt. E. W. Eberle, now commandant of the Washington navy yard and superintendent of the naval gun factory. Admiral Charles F. Pond in command of the Pacific reserve fleet at Puget sound, who is ordered to Portsmouth, N. H., as commandant of the yards there.

A SUBSTITUTE CHAPERON

By FANNY KENDERDINE.

(Copyright, 1915, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

A bellboy had just brought the telegram to Mrs. Ramsey. She regarded it with vexed resignation.

"Girls," she said, addressing her pretty daughters, "you must go home with me. Mrs. Kittredge wires me that she will be in Boston on the 20th—tomorrow—to make me the long-promised visit. I must be there to greet her." Her tone was final.

"But, mother," objected Katharine, "why can't you write Mrs. Kittredge and tell her to visit us here in New York? We can have heaps more fun."

"There is no reason why we should not remain until after the Beasley concert—" began Rosalind, but the look on her mother's face checked her words.

"Unchaperoned?" asked Mrs. Ramsey, in horror.

"Find us a chaperon for the remainder of the week, and then we'll come home and help entertain Mrs. Kittredge," urged Katharine.

"There's no one in town of whom I would ask such a favor, but there is my cousin, Algernon Mudge—"

Algernon Mudge!

Visions of his portrait in an obscure corner of the library at home assailed the mental vision of the girls. Cousin Algernon Mudge was small and pale and very learned looking. His little moonlike face was almost obscured by a pair of huge tortoise-shell rimmed spectacles.

Surely one would be safe with Algernon Mudge, their mother's second cousin.

When they reached their sitting room after their mother had gone, they were confronted by a servant bearing the card of Mr. Algernon Mudge.

All this for the benefit of a little, near-sighted student!

"Come!" said Katharine, and they went down to the red parlor where the visitor awaited them.

But the only occupant of the red parlor was a tall, big-framed young man, smartly arrayed in most flawless clothes.

The young man bowed profoundly.

"I am here," he said pleasantly.

"You—you are mistaken," said Rosalind haughtily. "We are looking for our cousin, Mr. Mudge."

"I am Algernon Mudge," insisted the youth, placing a card on the table. "My father is laid up with an attack of rheumatic gout and he sent me—as a sort of substitute chaperon. I—hope you don't mind."

Katharine looked appealingly at her elder sister.

"We didn't know that Cousin Algernon had a son," confessed Rosalind.

"We thought he was a childless widower. But we are glad to see you, Cousin Algernon; but we were surprised."

"No wonder," said Algernon, shaking hands vigorously. "Expecting a neat little chaperon like dad, and finding me!"

"I'm sorry, but I'm afraid you won't do," sighed Rosalind.

"Oh, bother!" said young Algernon.

"Let me take you about a bit. How long have you been here?"

"Arrived last night," announced Rosalind, tragically.

"Say, that's bad luck, isn't it? Ever been here before?"

"No; we live in Boston, and it hasn't seemed—seemed necessary," went on Rosalind. "But now we are here there are so many things we wanted to see; just common everyday 'sights' that you will laugh at."

The girls went away with Algernon Mudge and from the moment they mounted to the roof of a Fifth avenue bus until hours afterward they were set down at the Mudge home in Washington square, they forgot everything save that they were seeing things about which they had read and talked for years.

And Algernon Mudge, senior, sort of balanced matters by proving to be exactly as they had pictured him—save that he was the most charming and delightful of hosts.

"I didn't want to disappoint your mother, my dears," he said patting their heads; "so I just sent my big boy along. Algie works too hard anyway. A little play will do no harm."

After dinner Jack Kenyon, a friend of Algie, dropped in and Cousin Algernon insisted upon music.

And the next day there were four who set forth upon adventure in Manhattan.

It was a double wedding the following October.

After Katharine and Algie and Rosalind and Jack had left the house, Mrs. Ramsey looked at Cousin Algernon Mudge, who beamed back at her through his goggles.

"I'm afraid you're an irresponsible chaperon," sighed Mrs. Ramsey. "Through you I've lost both my girls!"

Cousin Algernon squeezed her hand gently.

"A reliable chaperon usually arranges a desirable marriage," he hinted, "and, remember, Sally, that I am alone, too—and, well—if we had met years ago we would have been sweethearts. What do you think—eh?"

Mrs. Ramsey blushed.

"I don't know, Cousin Algernon—but they say—it's never too late—"

But Algernon Mudge did not wait for her to complete the sentence.

Monday, Sept. 13, 1915

At Court House Door in Princeton, Ky.

LAND SALE!
600 ACRES

Some of the best lands in Caldwell County, Ky., four miles south of Princeton, Ky., on the Princeton and Eddyville road. This is known to be one of the best farms in this portion of the state. Fine residence, nice lawn, all necessary out-buildings, three large barns and an abundance of water.

Springs, Cisterns and Ponds---Running Water All The Year.

LAND WELL ADAPTED TO THE GROWING OF

Tobacco, all Grains and Grasses.

LAND WILL BE SOLD IN SIX AND TWELVE MONTHS TIME, WITH INTEREST AND BOND, WITH APPROVED SECURITY.

Sold in Lots Or Parcels Or As a Whole.

SOLD FOR A DIVISION.

The lands will be shown to any one desiring to purchase by A. J. Hollingsworth, J. D. Wallace or M. J. Groom. Call or write either of them at Princeton, Ky., for other information.

Don't Forget This Opportunity To Purchase The Best Home In Caldwell County, Kentucky.

M. J. GROOM, Executor,
J. W. HOLLINGSWORTH, Deceased.

Pleads Guilty to Murder.

Hartford, Ky., Sept. 1.—The indictment against Jessie Fulkerson, charged with the murder of Harrison Maddox at Rockport last spring, was called in circuit court today, and after the jury had been impaneled Fulkerson agreed to plead guilty and take an indeterminate sentence of ten to fifteen years in the penitentiary. He declined, however, to go before the special grand jury now in session and make a full confession. He will be taken to Eddyville at once. It is charged by the state that Fulkerson and several other men went to the home of Maddox near Rockport during the night, where a number of negroes had congregated, and by threats they compelled them to leave the place in company with two regulators, and while they were thus under guard one of them, Maddox, attempted to escape and was shot and killed. Fulkerson, who today entered a plea of guilty, is said to be an industrious farmer, 50 years old, and lives in the vicinity of Rockport.

Laugh Cured Him.

Robert Beck of Chicago who was made deaf and dumb by an injury sustained while fighting with the British army, suddenly recovered his speech and hearing Tuesday at a moving picture show in London. Beck, who was a motorcycle policeman on the Chicago force, became a dispatch bearer with the British troops and was struck down by a sniper's bullet in Flanders. He was taken to Liverpool. From the day of his injury he had been unable to hear or speak, until he was taken with other convalescents to the "movies." While watching a comic picture he suddenly burst out in laughter. The next moment he found that he was able to talk and hear normally.

Orozco, the Mexican bandit killed while conducting a raid into American territory, is one of the men who was arrested with Huerta and was under bond when killed. His connection with Huerta of course relieves both Villa and Carranza of responsibility for its acts, evidently designed to provoke intervention.

The Balkan States and War.

If Germany can keep the Balkan states neutral she will have won a diplomatic victory counter-balancing that won by the Allies at Rome. But defeat here will be more expensive than that in the Italian capital. For, the fall of Constantinople is an event far more important to the issue of the war than the capture of Warsaw without the Russian army. One of the most dramatic circumstances in the whole struggle is now supplied by the Balkan crisis. The solution may not settle the war, but if the Allies are defeated it will materially lengthen it, and may save the Turk for many months or even years.

Rarely in human history has there been a more striking contrast than that supplied by the fortunes of Bulgaria two years ago and today. Then, she was beaten and forsaken, a pariah among the Balkan pariahs. To-day Bulgarian decision is awaited in every capital of Europe with the intensest concern, and the rulers of all the Great Powers are bidding against each other for Bulgarian favors. Even "Czar" Ferdinand's chagrin at missing that triumphal entrance into Byzantium and the world-filling ceremony at Saint Sophia must be partially forgotten today, when no King is too great to do him homage.—From "Germany's Great Sweep Eastwards," by Frank H. Simonds, in the American Review of Reviews for September.

Killed By His Horse.

Columbia, Ky., Sept. 1.—The Rev. Isaac Story, 72 years old, a Baptist minister, was kicked to death by his horse Sunday, near Gienville, Russell county.

The Tale of a Bill.

(By Mrs. Mrs. E. Berg.)

By Jingo! but I'm feeling blue. For I've not had a single sou. Since I escorted Dolly Bright Unto the show the other night. I cannot help but get a chill. Whene'er I think upon that bill. Now, here it is in black and white. Something fierce? You have a right! Taxi fare and tip to driver, Got away with one whole.....\$5.00 Tickets, a cold row (quite nifty), Also opera glasses.....\$3.50 Hat rack, tips to sundry gents, Cost the whole of.....50 And then a feed at cafe, Shuck!

I wish I'd kept those.....\$2.00 When we came out I did contrive To slip the doorman.....05 And then a small bouquet I bought 'er— For that I only coughed.....25 At last for starting home 'twas time, We took a homeward car.....10 Ther, heavens! I was in a pickle! I had to ask her for.....05 To get back home. That night I swore I'd be a "live one" never more, Hereafter for no girl alive Will I spend.....\$11.25

Battle Fought on Skis.

Geneva, Sept. 1.—In Carnia, for the first time in the history of warfare, a battle in which all the participants of both hostile forces were fighting on skis has occurred. A heavy fall of snow preceded the fight in which the Italian Alpine troops put the Austrians to flight.

Old newspapers for sale here.

Mammoth Cave

REGULAR MORNING TRAIN SEPT. 21 FROM HOPKINSVILLE AND WAY STATIONS

Round trip Railroad Fare \$3.40. Board at hotel including the routes in the Cave for \$5.50. An all-expense two days outing for \$9.90. Write or phone L. & N. Agent for particulars.