

# A Kiss In the Dark

By ARNOLD BARTON

George Lockwood, a young American, was travelling from Milan, Italy, to Lucerne, Switzerland. From Lucerne northward the railroad ascends a valley till it reaches a tunnel through which trains go under the St. Gothard pass, entering Switzerland at the northern opening of the tunnel. The time of passage is fifteen minutes—so long a time underground as in any other such passage in the world.

On entering his compartment at Lucerne George took a seat opposite a party of ladies who were evidently travelling together. One was apparently about thirty, while the other two were young girls. The elder had chestnut hair, fair complexion and brown eyes. One of the girls was of a northern type, very fair, while the third, evidently the youngest of the three, was certainly Italian, with the dark hair, eyes and complexion of Italy.

As for George, he was not only very handsome, but had one of those smiles that are so winning in either man or woman—a smile through which a loving soul speaks to all who look at it. He was twenty-two years old, an age when a man's attractiveness is usually at its best.

All the morning George Lockwood sat opposite these three ladies, who were evidently tourists and chatting with one another, now in French, now in Italian, and once he heard the fair-haired girl speak a few words that sounded to him so like English that he put her down as a Swede. Since he did not speak any but his native tongue he did not understand what they said, but saw they were evidently bent on enjoying themselves. One of them during their chat clasped her hands and looked up toward heaven, smiling, as though describing something extremely engaging. If he had been more connected he would have inferred that the ladies were talking about him.

The train stopped a few minutes at the mouth of the long tunnel, and George got out to stretch his legs. He resumed his seat, and the train pulling out from the station, entered the black-hole in the mountain. There was a lamp in the compartment, but through some oversight it had not been lighted. George drew forth a match from his pocket, struck it and held it aloft to see if the omission could not be remedied. But, there appearing no feasible way of doing so, he sat down to pass a quarter of an hour in the dark.

Above the rumble of the train he could hear whisperings between the ladies opposite, but they were not loud enough to be understood even if he knew the tongue in which they were spoken. "When about half the distance in darkness had been traversed, suddenly he felt a pair of arms clasped about him and the next instant he was taken by surprise to find that he did not on the instant think to hold the kisser. When he did make the effort he felt a pair of sleeves of some fine material passing through his hands.

There were about seven minutes left for the lady who had kissed him to recover her self possession before merging into the light of day. George prepared himself to scrutinize each face, believing that she would in some way betray herself. But seven minutes is a good deal of time on occasion. Besides, when the train shot out of the tunnel it stopped at a station only a few hundred yards from the mouth. Instead of being able to scrutinize the ladies opposite him he found them preparing to alight at the station.

Baffled, he determined to get out also, and if they remained at the station he would do likewise, but when he saw that they left their hand baggage in the racks he felt easier and remained in his seat. The ladies evidently got out that the kisser might have time to collect her faculties, for the train stopped but a short time and they were soon in their seats again. Each one seemed to have a good deal to do to get settled, and the train was well under way before any of them saw George. An opportunity to look her over. By that time it was too late, the kisser, whoever she was, had completely recovered her composure.

The ladies on arrival at Fluelen, a station on Lake of the Four Cantons, took the boat for Lucerne. George gazed the ladies occasionally while he walked on the deck, but refrained from giving any evidence that anything unusual had happened. The trio in turn never looked at him, ignoring him as thoroughly as if they had never seen him before. Nevertheless he resolved to shadow them and stop at the same hotel as they at Lucerne. On going ashore he followed them at a distance and settled himself under the same roof with them.

They remained in Lucerne a week, making all the excursions to be made in its environs. One morning George, walking along the lake shore, saw them all going on to the boat that had brought them from Fluelen. As it left the dock when he could not follow them—the youngest of the party, the dark girl of Italy with a smile showed him a kiss.

"That's all I want," remarked George to himself, and going back to the hotel, he took down the names of the party from the register with their address, which was in Milan. Within a week he was in Milan and a few days later located the girl who had thrown him a kiss. Six months later they were married.

## The Highest Inland Sea.

The highest navigable body of water in the world is Lake Titicaca, which lies in South America about midway between the Horn and the equator. With a size nearly as great as Lake Erie, it is two miles above the level of the sea and is continually shrouded in the clouds and mists of the Andes. Ragged, rocky islands dot its surface, and it possesses dozens of great, unexplored bays. Its average depth is 1,000 feet nearly twice that of Lake Superior but in many places bottom has never been found. The lake never freezes, although, because of its height, it is situated in a land of almost perpetual winter. Along the shores are ruins of great cities, probably of the Incas but so ancient are they that even the Indians have no idea of their origin or history. Several steamers ply over the lake and carry on a valuable trade in gold and other products of the mountains. New York Mail.

## The Too Good Alibi.

There is no defense so familiar to criminal courts as the alibi, proof that the accused was not near the scene of a crime when that crime was committed. There is no defense more satisfactory, except when it is too good. A good alibi is one of the most suspicious things on earth. When an accused man brings witnesses who swear to his whereabouts for each minute of the period in question the jury begins to doubt. The foreman of the jury cannot prove where he was at the same time with that man's assurance. Probably the judge cannot. How does the accused man happen to have that proof which others lack? Are his witnesses living, or was the crime committed earlier than the state thinks, and is the alibi a "plant"? Honest men, going unthinkingly about honest business, can seldom prove their whereabouts minute by minute. The fellow who knows the need of an alibi has one ready. —Chicago Journal.

## How He Would Take It.

President Lincoln used to tell a witty and curious story. It was to the effect that he was going down the Mississippi river on a steamboat when the pilot announced to the captain that they were out of wood. The captain said, "Well, put into the first wood you see."

The pilot bottomed the boat was run up to the mud shore, and the captain hired a man who was walking around several piles of wood.

"Will you sell your wood?" he shouted.

"Yes," came the reply.

"For cash?"

"Yes."

"Take wildcat currency?"

"Certainly."

"Well, how will you take it?"

The answer came back without hesitation. "Cord for cord." —New York Times.

## What Would You Do?

"What would you do if you were a millionaire?" was the question propounded to the little boys of an east side school the other day.

The little east side answers were interesting. Some of them wrote:

"I would have a house with rooms for each kind of use, such as sitting room, bedroom and dining room."

"I would buy banks and be a bank president at a large salary."

"I would live on Fifth avenue in a clean house and buy autos and chariots."

"I would be proud of my situation and also glad, and I would own autos and earn money by hiring them out."

"I would feast my peasants, also institute an education school."

"I would buy the subway and get rich by charging 10 cents." —New York Tribune.

## A Quaker View of Education.

Opposition to state education in the past was due largely to a belief that too much learning was not good for the masses. The worthy Hannah More even, who was one of the most earnest supporters of the movement for the establishment of schools for the poor in England, had very definite ideas as to how far the children should be educated. The curriculum, she declared, should comprise only reading, the Bible and the catechism, and such course works as may fit the children for service, adding decisively, "I abhor the use of writing for the poor." —Chicago News.

## Way Behind the Times.

He is this the new cook's bread? I never ate better. She—Yes, but she woefully unscientific—not up to date at all. I asked her if she knew what caused the bread to rise and she said it was the yeast. Said she'd never heard of fermentation. I'm not at all sure I want to keep her. —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## Good Enough to Dine With.

"These Millers are dreadful people hardly fit to be associated with."

"Yes; if they didn't give such excellent dinners they would be altogether unbearable." —Ellegende Blatter.

## When Language Falls.

Wife of His Boss on course of domestic difference—Coward! Brute! Ruffian! Pig! Monster! Beast! Oh, I wish you knew what I thought of you! —London Punch.

## Not His Say.

Beggs—What do you say to your wife when you come home late at night? Jaggs—Foolish man! What makes you think I get a chance to talk?

# Miss Gooding

By REGINALD ATWOOD

I had often heard of the maudlin Miss Gooding and how well beloved she was by the poor. She had inherited a great many millions, which had been accumulating through successive ancestors for a century. My idea of her was that she was an elderly lady with a benevolent face and two little gray curls on each side of her forehead. Why I formed this idea I don't know. I think we involuntarily form a mental picture of every person we hear about, but when we see the original it is very different.

When I was thirty years old I became the business manager for the wealthy John Dobson. One day he called me into his private office and told me that he was interested in a hospital and wished to get Miss Gooding to give something toward its support. He directed me to go to her with a proposition that he would give \$100,000 toward its endowment if she would give an equal amount.

I called on Miss Gooding on an afternoon and was ushered into a room containing a large desk and a cabinet for papers. At the desk sat a lady who very nearly corresponded with the mental picture I had formed of Miss Gooding, including the two curls on each temple. She motioned to a chair beside the desk, and, seating myself, I began the work which Mr. Dobson had assigned me. I was coming to the climax of my talk when a maid said the lady was wanted.

Excusing myself to go, she went out, and I waited for her return. Some twenty minutes elapsed when a young woman entered, bowed to me pleasantly and seating herself at the desk, said: "I am sorry to put you to the trouble of stating your business again, and this time to me, but I assure you it is unavoidable."

"I am sorry to put you to the trouble of stating your business again, and this time to me, but I assure you it is unavoidable." "Will it be the same as if I state it to Miss Gooding?" I asked. "Somehow I don't think so," she said. "I am sorry to put you to the trouble of stating your business again, and this time to me, but I assure you it is unavoidable."

"I am sorry to put you to the trouble of stating your business again, and this time to me, but I assure you it is unavoidable." "I am sorry to put you to the trouble of stating your business again, and this time to me, but I assure you it is unavoidable."

"I am sorry to put you to the trouble of stating your business again, and this time to me, but I assure you it is unavoidable." "I am sorry to put you to the trouble of stating your business again, and this time to me, but I assure you it is unavoidable."

"I am sorry to put you to the trouble of stating your business again, and this time to me, but I assure you it is unavoidable." "I am sorry to put you to the trouble of stating your business again, and this time to me, but I assure you it is unavoidable."

"I am sorry to put you to the trouble of stating your business again, and this time to me, but I assure you it is unavoidable." "I am sorry to put you to the trouble of stating your business again, and this time to me, but I assure you it is unavoidable."

"I am sorry to put you to the trouble of stating your business again, and this time to me, but I assure you it is unavoidable." "I am sorry to put you to the trouble of stating your business again, and this time to me, but I assure you it is unavoidable."

# News From Ireland

**Antrim.**  
Margaret Hayes of Little Corporation street, Belfast, died on February 7 from the effects of a burning accident.  
At Carrickfergus a woman named Ellen McLaron was found dead at her residence, Irish Quarter West. Deceased was about 70 years of age and lived alone.

**Armagh.**  
Lurgan Rural Council has secured a loan of \$51,000 for the erection of laborers' cottages in the district.

**Cavan.**  
Married.—January 16, at the Cathedral, Cavan, by the Rev. T. Small, C. C. (brother of the bride), John, fourth son of John McKiernan, Corlismore, to Annie second daughter of the late Hugh Small, Cavan.

**Clare.**  
The Estates Commissioners have consented to hand over the Cricket field in the Vandeleur demesne to the Kilrush Urban council as a recreation ground for the people of the town.

**Derry.**  
William Ditty, aged 15 years, of Killyfaddy, died on February 9, as the result of wounds received by the accidental discharge of a gun on February 1.

**Donegal.**  
The death has occurred of Hugh Hegarty, Water lane, Donegal, who reached 100 years of age. For many years Mr. Hegarty was a postcar driver, and was noted for his "tales of the road."

**Dublin.**  
In consequence of a severe epidemic of measles in Newry, several of the public schools have been closed for the present. There are also several cases of typhoid fever in the hospital.

**Dublin.**  
On February 10, W. J. Fox, principal of the firm of Messrs. Fox & Company, merchants, 17 and 18 Sycamore St., Dublin, was accidentally drowned at Greystones.

**Fermanagh.**  
The death has occurred of James Murphy, 88 years of age, and resident all his life in the Maguirebridge district.

**Galway.**  
Patrick McNamara, 43 years a member of the post office staff in Athenry, has retired on pension.

**Kildare.**  
The late Benjamin Jackson of Narraghmore left personal estate valued at £4,437.

**Kildare.**  
Married.—February 3, at St. Joseph's, Germanstown, by the Rev. M. Clarke, P. P., Patrick, son of the late Patrick Dowling, Thomastown, County Kildare, to Elizabeth, third eldest daughter of the late John Fay, Gormanstown.

**Kings.**  
The people of Rhode and district have decided to erect a memorial to their late parish priest, Rev. J. Kelly, who died recently.

**Leitrim.**  
The death took place on February 5 at Mullaghmore, Killarney of Ellen, youngest daughter of Philip Waters and Mary Sheridan Waters.

**Limerick.**  
Miss Ellen Meany of the Union hospital, Limerick, has been appointed to a like position in the Newcastle West union.

**Social Occasions**  
Can always be made more enjoyable if a good, healthful, palatable beverage is served.

**Bartholomay**  
ROCHESTER

**Beer or Ale**  
is famous for its good qualities. It is pure, appetizing and nourishing, and is sure to delight all who drink it.

**BARTHOLOMAY BREWERY CO.**  
ROCHESTER, N. Y.  
"Bartholomay means Quality"

Order a Case Now for Easter  
Both 'Phones 10

**PITTSBURGH**  
All-Steel Pullman Sleeper  
Leaves  
Rochester

**9.05**  
EVERY NIGHT

Via  
**BUFFALO,**  
**ROCHESTER**  
&  
**PITTSBURGH**  
RY.

**Rosaries, Rosaries, Rosaries**  
The finest quality made  
\$1.25, \$1.65, \$1.95

**Snyder's Jewelry Store**  
81 North Street  
Open Evenings

**Fred'k Baelzel Dealer in COAL**  
438 Exchange St  
Tel. Stone 5322 Main 1608

**For Pure Ales Wines and Liquors**  
Send your orders to  
**Matthews & Servis Co.**  
95 STATE ST  
6th Phone 2075

**M. J. HYLAND**  
Certified Undertaker and Licensed Embalmer  
484 West Ave. Op. St. Mary's Hospital  
Scientific Embalming my specialty  
Graduate Reicks College Embalming, Phila  
Practicing Reicks Genuing Method

John M. Hedges Frank M. Hoffman  
**HEDGES & HOFFMAN**  
**UNDERTAKERS**  
Cor Main and Scio Sts  
Both Phones—920 Stone, 920 Chase

**Thos. B. Mooney**  
**Funeral Director**  
REMOVED  
To 93 Edinburgh Street,  
Temporary Office, 262-Plymouth Ave.  
Lady Attendant.  
Roch. Phone 3418 Bell Phone 127 A  
Home Phone 131 Bell Phone 158 Geneva

**JOHN C. ROSSENBACH**  
**Funeral Director**  
Office and Residence, 49 Wilder Street

**"WE DEFY DIRT AND WRINKLES"**  
**The Parisian Dry Cleaning Works**  
Jos. W. Hettig, Mgr.  
35 Elm St. Rochester N. Y.  
If you need your garments well cleaned Phone Main 208 Bell and Our Messager will call.

**REDUCED FARES**  
**NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES**  
Low Colonists' Fares

The Best Remedy  
**Jackson's Cough Syrup 25c**  
**Geo. Hahn**  
Prescription Druggist,  
561 State Street

**The Turkish Bath Co.**  
44-46 N. Fitzhugh St.  
Near Post Office  
Always Open. All kinds of  
Baths for Men and Women  
The Best in the State

Established 1873  
**L. W. Maier's Sons**  
**UNDERTAKERS**  
150 Clinton Ave. N.  
Phones 609

To the West, Southwest, Colorado, California, British Columbia and Pacific Coast Points. Tickets on sale daily, March 14 to April 14th.  
Consult local ticket agents for time of trains and other information.

**RYAN & McINTEE**  
**UNDERTAKERS**  
106 Main St. West  
Home Phone 2464 Bell Phone 300

The death took place recently of John P. O'Connor, merchant, Swinford.

**Mayo.**  
The death took place recently of John P. O'Connor, merchant, Swinford.

**Tipperary.**  
A farm of 73 Irish acres, sold by public auction in Thurles on February 8, realized £674, which works out at £52 an acre.