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Who Kissed Him?

A Story of the Breaking Out of the Great European War.

By JOHN Y. LARNED

Edward Brewerton was considered the handsomest man in his class at college. His was not that class of beauty that is purely physical; he was an intellectual fellow, a man of character, and this was stamped upon his features. Moreover, though there were girls who were stupid enough to tell him that he was an Apollo, instead of making him conscious of his beauty, it disgusted him.

On leaving college Ned concluded to see something of the world before settling down to work. He sailed with the American multitude in June for Genoa, from there proceeded to the Italian lakes and thence on into Switzerland through the St. Gothard tunnel. In the train leaving Lugano and in the same compartment with him were half a dozen American girls traveling under the care of a middle aged lady. The girls were evidently having the time of their lives. Their duenna was giving them instructions by the way, pointing out this and that object of interest, a peak, a cascade, the track of an avalanche, anything that they should notice.

Ned had met no Americans in his journey thus far—at least had made no acquaintances among them—and was at once seized with a desire to know these young ladies. One does not realize how precious one's fellow countrymen are till he meets them in a foreign land. Not only were these ladies fellow countrywomen of Ned, but they were all pretty, some of them very pretty, and there was one of them that had a pair of the most kissable lips he had ever seen.

The young man, though desirous of forming the acquaintance of this party, and especially the one with the kissable lips, sat with them for some time without meeting any excuse for doing so. One of them dropped a guidebook, but before Ned could pick it up the girl recovered it herself. Though he watched for an opportunity, none came. At last an idea came to him.

It occurred to Brewerton to put this party off their guard by pretending to be a foreigner and ignorant of the English language. He spoke German indifferently and French tolerably. When the guard took up the tickets Ned asked him some questions in German. This was sufficient to indicate his nationality. Later when the duenna asked him in English how many minutes were required for the train to pass through the tunnel he replied in German that he did not understand her.

This loosened the tongues of the girls. "Lill," said one to another, "you've lost your bet that he is Italian." "And you've lost yours that he is English."

"I knew he was German. He is my ideal of the principal character in Wagner's opera of 'Lohengrin,'" said another.

These remarks were made in a low tone, with continuous glances at Ned, who was apparently intent on the splendid scenery through which the train was moving. He did not hear all that was said, but he heard enough to tell him that he was an object of interest to his fellow travelers. Indeed, he received more attention than the peaks and the waterfalls along the route.

The kissable young lady in the party was, judging from a mischievous smile that hovered about her pretty lips, the arch mischief maker of the lot. They called her Jack, all except the duenna, who addressed her as Jaquelin. To her not even the most magnificent peak lifting its head far above the clouds was a matter of serious consideration. It was of red stone, and she spoke of it as the "red headed one." She made several comical remarks about Ned which he heard plainly and caused her companions to laugh.

There is a station near the southern entrance to the St. Gothard tunnel, where all trains stop before plunging into the mountain, and many of the passengers alight to stretch their legs. Ned got out and walked back and forth beside the train. When he passed the compartment occupied by the girls two of them were at the window. They looked at him, their eyes dancing with mischief.

"I should not be surprised," he said to himself, "if, before this journey is over, those imps will play some game on me."

When the train was about to start he re-entered the compartment, and the few hundred yards separating the

MAGIC READ THE BAKING LABEL NO ALUM POWDER

station and the mountain were soon passed. Just before leaving daylight he glanced up at the roof of the car and observed that the light had been covered by a woman's traveling hat, but had no time to determine how the feat had been accomplished. When the train entered the tunnel there was not a ray of light in the compartment.

It requires just a quarter of an hour to pass through the St. Gothard tunnel. Not a word was spoken during the passage. Some five or six minutes had elapsed when suddenly Ned felt a pair of lips pressed against his. That they were feminine was evident from the fact that, besides himself, there were only women in the compartment. Ned made a grab, his hand slipped over a fabric of woman's apparel.

One of the girls had kissed him. Whoever she was she must have made a careful observation as to his exact position, for she could not see him. She first struck his cheek, but instantly passed to his lips. The whole contact occupied only one or two seconds. Nine or ten minutes of darkness remained, during which the perpetrator of this bit of mischief might compose herself. Doubtless all the girls were conspirators and would bear themselves in such manner as to protect the guilty one. Probably the kissing had been done on a bet. Ned's opinion was that Jack had been the perpetrator, but he could not be sure.

The matter must have been well arranged during the stop before the train entered the tunnel, for when it emerged there was not the slightest indication on the face of any of the girls that anything unusual had occurred. Ned scanned the features of each with-out observing any betrayal. As for Jack, she began at once as soon as there was light to read a guidebook. The only person in the party who did not seem to have a secret was the duenna, and Ned made up his mind that the mischief had been hatched without her knowledge.

The ride to Lucerne was not long. Though Ned kept his ears open for information, not a word was spoken that would give him even an inkling as to which one of the girls had kissed him. He watched to see if the party were going to a hotel, intending to go to the same hotel. But they went to a pension, and he lost track of them.

One day while Ned was in Munich a clap of thunder came from a clear sky in a declaration of war by Austria against Serbia. It was followed by another from Russia, another from Germany, from France, England and the rest.

Ned, who was intending to return to America by way of England, had drawn the balance on his letter of credit, consisting of some \$600. It was evident to him that he had better get out of Europe as quickly as possible. But by what route? To make his way through France seemed next to impossible. Italy was a neutral country, and the distance compared with any other route was short. He would go to Italy.

But the only mode of conveyance was legs. This did not trouble him. Indeed, he had been making pedestrian tours among the Alps. Putting what clothes he could carry in a pack on his back, he sallied forth to walk something like a hundred and fifty miles. Unfortunately he must pass through a portion of Austria. As soon as he struck the border he found everything in confusion. He was obliged to show his passport continually, and, as for getting a conveyance for any part of his journey, that was out of the question.

One morning while he was trudging along within ten or twelve miles of the Italian border he saw an Austrian officer with several soldiers stop an automobile and say something to some women in it, and they got out. Then the officer put one of the men in it for a chauffeur, and the machine sped away, leaving the women in the road.

Ned inferred that the machine had been taken by the Austrian government and hastened to offer his sympathies. He found a despairing group. And to his astonishment they were the duenna and the girls with whom he had passed through the St. Gothard tunnel. Forgetting that he was supposed to be a German, he said in good American English:

"Ladies, can I be of any assistance to you?"

"Oh, my goodness gracious!" exclaimed all the girls in a breath.

"For heaven's sake," said the duenna, "what are we going to do?"

"It is ten miles to the Italian border," replied Ned. "If you are able to walk I think we can get a conveyance of some kind there."

"But we haven't a dollar with which to hire a conveyance."

"Don't trouble yourselves about that. I am well provided."

Under Ned's guidance and protection

the party set out for the Italian border, striking it on a railroad north of Verona. They succeeded in getting transportation to Milan and thence to Genoa.

All expenses were paid by Ned until the party reached Genoa, where they found that certain Americans in Italy desirous of going home had chartered a steamer. The women were still without money, and Ned had just enough to carry them all home.

"I will pay the passage of each and all of you," he said to them, "on one condition."

"Name any condition you like," said the duenna.

"Tell me which one of you kissed me in the St. Gothard tunnel."

"Never!" exclaimed all the girls at once.

"Very well; then you'll remain in Italy."

Finally Jack broke the deadlock. "I cannot tell a lie. It was our chap-eron."

There was a burst of laughter, and Brewerton gave in, pretending to take Jack's confession for a real one, though he knew that she was the guilty person.

The girls and their duenna occupied one stateroom on the return voyage, and Ned slept on deck.

Ned and Jaquelin on moonlight nights sat on deck a great deal. There is no further record of any more kisses between them, but Ned having tasted the lips of his companion once was not likely to sit in the moonlight without tasting them again.

A month after their arrival Ned and Jack became man and wife.

SONG OF THE SHREW.

It is Pitched So High That Only Sharp Ears Can Hear It.

The high pitched squeaking or whistling of the shrew is a curious sound and frequently acquires quite a song-like character. More often, however, the voice of the shrew is raised in anger, for it is a pugnacious little animal, and the males have fierce combats in the spring of the year. It is a curious fact that many people are unable to hear the shrew's squeaking, not that the sound is not loud enough, but because it is so highly pitched that only sharp ears can record the vibrations.

Though often spoken of as a mouse, the shrew is of an entirely different species, being insectivorous and having sharp teeth on each side of the mouth instead of front teeth, suitable for gnawing, such as are possessed by mice and other rodents.

Though it exists in very great numbers and can very frequently be observed, much remains to be discovered regarding the life of this little creature, an Italian species of which is our smallest known mammal. It is still a mystery why so many dead shrews should be found about the roadsides and pathways. They are fearless little animals, and even when disturbed in their spring journeys from one place to another they do not allow themselves to be put out of their course by a trifle. —London Spectator.

Mamma's Swell Blowout.
"Mamma! give a swell dinner the other day," little Jacky was telling Uncle Bob, who had dropped in to pay his sister a short visit.

"What sort of a dinner was it, Jacky?" Uncle Bob asked, looking up admiringly toward Jacky's mother. "One of mamma's real swell course dinners?"

"I dunno," said little Jacky reflectively. "Uncle Bob, they kept bringing it in for over an hour, and there was a little recess in-between every time you eat sumpin'." —Exchange.

Just What He Wanted.
A fresh sort of chap entered a restaurant the other day, and after he had ordered lunch the waitress, who was well known for her obliging disposition and ready wit, handed him a newspaper so that he might profitably while away the few minutes that would elapse before he was served.

"Thank you, Josephine," he said familiarly, "but I prefer something funny to look at while I am eating."

The waitress looked at him contemptuously, then replied:

"That need occasion you no inconvenience, Percy; there's a looking glass straight in front of you!" —London Mail.

Dogs That Froth at the Mouth.
There is a prevalent impression that "frothing at the mouth" is proof that a dog is "mad." The rabid dog does not "froth." The dog that does usually has some stomach trouble or has been running hard and shows it, just as a hard driven horse does. Remembrance of this fact should prevent a lot of cruelty to sick, lost, tired and frightened dogs. When you see a dog "frothing at the mouth" don't yell for policemen and guns. Just let the poor beast alone, or try to get it into a quiet corner where it can lie down and rest. Then give it a dish of cold water and keep on letting it alone, and insist that your neighbors do likewise.

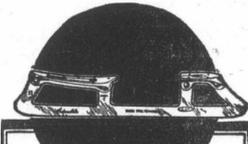
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