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DWIGHT ILLINOIS

THE KISS STEALER

He Was Very Adroit In His Thefts

By F. A. MITCHEL

The railroad, like everything else, is a development. The first rails were strap iron on wooden beams. The first car was a stagecoach, then several stagecoaches together mounted on wheels. Then came the passenger car of the present day, only much smaller. When these cars were pulled through a tunnel the passengers were left in total darkness. Indeed, the lighting of railway cars passing through tunnels is a feature of recent years.

When Tom Arnold was about to return to college for his sophomore year he was asked if he would escort a little girl who was going in the same direction to boarding school. Tom didn't like being burdened with the care of a "little girl," but he couldn't very well decline. When he saw his charge he didn't mind taking care of her so much as he had thought he would. Lucy Atwood was fourteen years old, but tall enough for a girl of sixteen. She was very demure and appeared to be utterly devoid of conversational powers. Her protector, having reached the advanced age (to her) of eighteen, probably filled her with such awe as to prevent conversation with him.

But if Miss Atwood was tongue tied she was very pretty. There is nothing more delicate, to a young man especially, than a pair of pink coral lips. Lucy's complexion was as soft and downy as a peach, and her lips were a combination of beautiful curves. Tom couldn't keep his eyes off them. He was young and a sophomore in college, a combination that can occur but once in a man's life. His thoughts, his arguments, therefore were soporific: "I have been burdened with the care of a tongue tied kid without recompense. It behooves me to look out for my own reward. I don't know any payment that would suit me better than just one kiss of those lips. In half an hour we'll get to the tunnel. It requires three minutes for a train to go through it, and one can do a great deal in three minutes."

This was the basis of a plan Tom formed. Before reaching the tunnel he would go into another car, first noting the exact position of his charge. As soon as the train plunged into darkness he would re-enter, make his way to where Lucy sat, take the kiss and retire. Some time after the train had emerged into the light he would go back to his seat, yawn, take up a newspaper and begin to read as if unconscious of anything eventful having happened.

It was a very pretty scheme, but more tempting to a youngster of eighteen than to a full fledged man. There was one thing about it, however, that Tom didn't like. The kid had been placed in his care, and he didn't consider it quite honorable to avail himself of the situation to take what didn't belong to him. But the more criminal the act, the more horror attached to being found out, the more attractive the scheme.

Tom sat looking sideways at those lips, before which every vestige of honor faded. Nevertheless as the train approached the tunnel his courage began to fall him. What an awful thing for him to do! But how nice! Suppose the girl should scream and some one should grab him! The very thought gave him the shivers. But he was at an age when the greater the risk the greater the temptation. He fell, and great was the fall thereof.

He had often been through the tunnel and knew the approaches well. Some ten minutes before the train reached it he told his charge that he would go into the smoking car for a while if she didn't mind sitting alone. She said she didn't, and Tom, having noted that the seat was the third one from the door on the right, left the car. He didn't smoke, fearing that the odor of tobacco would give him away. He sat looking out through a window, a prey to numerous emotions.

When the train entered the tunnel, summoning all his resolution, he hurried into the car he had left and counted the seats on the right by putting a hand on each till he came to the seat required. Folding Lucy in his arms, he took the desired kiss. There was a smothered cry, followed in a few moments by the sound of an opening and closing door, then no other than the rattling of the train.

When daylight came again several passengers who sat near Lucy looked in her direction for an explanation of the cry they had heard. She gave no indication of anything unusual. She was wiping the dust from her face with her handkerchief. She would remove a portion of it, look at the smudge it had made on her handkerchief, then rub off some more, scrutinizing it also, especially in one corner.

Some twenty minutes after the train had left the tunnel Tom Arnold came back and sat down beside his charge. Had Lucy looked him in the face she would surely have seen signs of guilt which, despite his efforts, he was unable to conceal, but she was looking out through the window and did not give him a glance.

Tom was delighted with the success of his scheme. It was not the kiss

that pleased him, for to have enjoyed that he should have been intent upon it rather than on committing a robbery. It was the fact that he had carried out his scheme without having been detected. He wondered that Lucy made no mention of the stolen kiss, but a very young and delicate miss might feel abashed at communicating such a thing to a young man.

When the journey was ended and Tom left his charge at the door of her school he looked scrutinizingly into her eyes to see if he could detect any evidence of her suspecting him. She returned his gaze with a childlike simplicity that reassured him, and he left her feeling very comfortable.

One June morning, when the trees, the flowers and especially the roses were in bloom, a young man who had been invited to spend a week end at the country place of a friend sauntered out on the veranda in negligee summer costume, plucked a rose, sniffed it, put it in the buttonhole of his flannel coat, descended the steps and strolled about the grounds. Having examined the tennis court, the stables and other features of the place, he sauntered toward a hedge, which was just the height to enable him to look over it. In the adjoining grounds was a pagoda, in the pagoda a hammock and in the hammock a feminine figure. But whether the lady was old, middle aged or young he could not see. He thought he would like to satisfy himself on this point. Walking back and forth along the hedge, he looked for an opening. At length, finding a place where the hedge was thinner than at others and stooping, he wormed his way through, though when he reached the other side his costume was somewhat disarranged.

Brushing off the dirt and straightening the hang of his clothing, he sauntered toward the pagoda. There was no movement of the figure in the hammock, and, the morning being warm, he fancied the occupant might be asleep. He had no business in the grounds, but he was a venturesome fellow, with no end of resource and assurance, and had an excuse ready in case he met any one. Drawing gradually nearer to the pagoda, he finally reached a point near enough for him to see a lady asleep in the hammock.

She was young—about twenty—and fair to look upon. She seemed to be sleeping so soundly that the young man drew nearer, even to the steps of the pagoda. There was something in the face of the sleeper that seemed familiar to him. He thought that he had seen her before, then that he had not, vibrating between these two opinions, at last deciding that he had not. One feature especially charmed him—the lady had a very kissable mouth.

For a young man to stand looking at a young lady asleep with a kissable mouth is dangerous—not so dangerous to the young lady as the young man, for there is certainly no harm in one being kissed who doesn't know of the fact. But the young man taking that which does not belong to him is liable to the consequences of his rash act. Then suppose the lady is awakened by the process! Such a contingency would naturally strike terror into any sensitive man.

The watcher drew nearer and nearer on tiptoe till he reached the hammock, then, bending over the sleeper, in one of the alternate risings and bendings finally lightly touched the lips with his. The sleeper slumbered on. Not a muscle twitched. The young man was tempted to take another, but suddenly the abyss on which he stood occurred to him, and, turning, he tiptoed away to the opening of the hedge and passed through. Then he began to wonder at the recklessness, the folly, the awfulness of what he had done.

When he untied his scarf at dressing for dinner that same evening he missed a stickpin surmounted with a horseshoe that he had worn during the day. He wondered how and where he had lost it. Then he remembered working his way through the hedge. He must have dropped it there. He was tempted to go out and look for it, but he had barely time to dress for dinner, so he must needs put off the search till morning.

When he went down to dinner whom should he see but the girl he had kissed in the hammock. He was seized with a terrible fright, but on being presented to her she gave no evidence whatever of ever having seen, met or heard of him before. He was assigned to her for a dinner companion, and by the time they were seated at table he had regained enough of his equanimity to remark that it had been a very hot day, that he hoped it would be cooler tomorrow and that he feared the summer would be an oppressive one.

However, the lady made it easy for him by being agreeable, and he gradually forgot that if she knew how he had robbed her she would despise him. After dinner the company strolled out on to the veranda and spent the evening under the moonlight amid the fragrance of roses. The thief of the kiss quite recovered from any qualms of conscience and was glad he had done it, especially since the girl had not awakened.

On Monday the young man took an early train to the city. When the postman arrived during the afternoon he brought a small package addressed to Thomas Arnold, Esq. Opening it, the recipient took out a handkerchief. In one corner of which were his initials and a stickpin with a horseshoe mounting.

Arnold sank down in a chair, with a moan. He saw it all. When he had kissed the girl in the tunnel she had snatched his handkerchief from his pocket. She had since grown to be a young lady, and after he had kissed her a second time she had found his stickpin under the hedge.

KINSMAN.

Continued from page 3)

Whalen, autoed to Odell Wednesday, where they visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Whalen.

Misses Cathalene and Celia Carey spent Wednesday and Thursday in Joliet, where their cousin, Miss Hildegarde Carey graduated from St. Mary's Convent on Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Geo. White, Mrs. F. L. Root and daughter, Bethel, and C. Wagner, of Gardner, and Mr. Chas. White and son, Chas., of Des Moines, Iowa, autoed here on Wednesday and visited at the F. White home.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Coveny and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. John Coveny and sons and Rev. J. J. Byrne went to Joliet on Wednesday, where they attended the graduating exercises at St. Mary's Convent. Miss Marie Coveny, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Will Coveny was one of the graduates.

GOODFARM

Miss Thelma Thompson, of Onarga, spent the past week at the home of her cousin, C. O. Thompson.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Greenwalt and daughter, of Verona, were Tuesday visitors at C. O. Thompson's.

Little Miss Blanche Cripe, of Streator, spent the past week at the home of her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. D. Lewis.

A large attendance was present at the Children's Day exercises Sunday at the chapel. All took their parts very well.

Miss Nellie Murphy and her uncle, Michael Murphy, of Dwight, spent over Saturday and Sunday at the J. Paxton home.

Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Thompson and company from Aurora, were Starved Rock and Deer Park visitors Saturday last week.

Mrs. Eva Merritt, of Chicago, returned to her cousin's, Mrs. Jas. Williams, after a few days visit with relatives in the city.

Chas. Thompson, while riding in an auto with his uncle last Friday, was thrown out, as was his uncle too, when the car turned turtle and both were quite badly bruised up. Vernon, who was riding in the back seat, was also thrown, but not caught under the car as the other occupants. All suffered a severe shaking up and it is a miracle they were not all more seriously hurt.

Wednesday at the home of the bride's parents in Garfield township occurred the marriage of Miss Vina Bridge to Mr. William Poole, of Chicago, whose parents reside in Goodfarm township. Mr. Poole is a railway mail clerk on the Santa Fe, this being his occupation for the past eight years and is a young man of highly respected qualities. The bride is very well known, and acquainted in Goodfarm, and is a very capable young lady. Mrs. Poole has been the recipient of a bounteous number of presents, having two showers last week. The couple were attended by Mr. Benj. Poole, brother of the groom and Miss Anna Bridge, sister of the bride. Mr. and Mrs. Poole will reside in Chicago and the best of wishes from Goodfarm friends go with them.

UPPER GOODFARM.

Miss Nellie Barron is staying with her grandfather for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Ardine Klinefelter spent Wednesday afternoon in Dwight.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Wilson spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Ed Barron.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Burkhardt spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Rogers.

Miss Lena Laase assisted Mrs. Johnson, of Mazon Creek, in taking care

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Congregational Church—Rev. F. F. Farrington, pastor. Services for Sunday, June 28: Sunday School, 9:30 a. m. Morning service, 10:45 a. m. Children's sermon, "Fourth of July;" morning sermon, "The Protecting Shield." Evening service, 7:45 p. m.; subject, "Better than Silver." A welcome to all.

Methodist Episcopal Church—G. H. McClung, pastor. Sunday School, 9:30; Morning worship, 10:45; Epworth League, 6:45; Evening worship, 7:30. Next Sunday evening will be the last Sunday evening preaching service until the first Sunday in September, when the regular evening services will again be taken up. The Pontiac District Epworth League Convention will be held at Odell next Monday and Tuesday. A large number of our young people will attend.

Zion Evangelical Church—C. A. Koten, pastor. There will be no preaching service in the morning on account of the Children's Day program in the Salem Church, where the presence of the pastor is expected. But there will be Sunday School at 10 a. m. and Children's Day exercises in the evening commencing at 7:30 p. m. A good program has been prepared. Come and see. The Children's Day exercise at the Salem Evangelical Church will begin promptly at 10 a. m. Come, see, hear and enjoy.

Bethel Danish Ev.-Luth., Church—Rev. Chr. Sorenson, pastor, W. Seminole St., Sunday School, and Bible Class 9:30 a. m. Services 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. second and fourth Sunday in the month. Young peoples meeting every Wednesday 8 p. m. Other services and meetings will be announced at the Church. Everybody welcome.

Silencing Watch Ticks. Some sick people want the time handy but cannot stand the ticking of a watch. If this is the case, place the watch beneath an ordinary drinking glass. The patient can see the time but the ticking will be silenced by the glass.

We Should Worry. If the country is being flooded with counterfeit \$50 notes ordinary citizens do not know it.—Philadelphia Ledger.

UNION HILL

Geo. Berger entertained friends from Buckingham Sunday.

Quite a number of young people went to Starved Rock Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Riordan are entertaining relatives from Essex.

Geo. Berger and Will Schott autoed to Kankakee last Wednesday afternoon.

Rufus Felix, of Buckingham, is visiting his brother and sister, Will and Laura Schott.

John Wepprecht, Gus Berger and James Lonergan were business callers in Kankakee Monday.

Percy Cook and Louis Cook, of Kankakee, called on Ed Unz, of near Reddick Sunday morning.

Russell Cook returned home Tuesday afternoon from a week's visit with his sister, Mrs. Harry Cooper, of Essex.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Cook and son, Lawrence, of Kankakee, spent Sunday with the former's brother, Chas. Cook and wife.

Mrs. Thos. Houghton and daughter, Miss Belle, spent Sunday with the former's granddaughter, Mrs. John Elde, near Herscher.

Mr. and Mrs. John Campbell, of Kankakee, and Mr. and Mrs. Earl Van Voorst spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Van Voorst.

Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Dyer entertained for dinner Sunday the following families: John Schott, Geo. Geiger, Percy Cook, Aug. Krieg and Carl Dornburg and sister, Miss Elsie.

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