

# ENEMY'S KISS

by Evelyn M. Welch

**SYNOPSIS:** Alison Kross has come from school in hysterics to meet her father at a house outside London. He is supposed to have been shot, but while searching for the light of her pocket torch she is startled by a hairless man who seems to be a thief. She runs downstairs and sees intercepted by a rather handsome young man who will not let her go until she explains what she is doing in what should be a deserted house.

### Chapter Three EXPLANATION

ALISON hesitated. There was a ring of authority in the man's voice. In his old tweed coat, baggy trousers, with no hat, he had not looked like a burglar, but still—she tried to push his arm away but it held her the more firmly.

"Come on now!" She yielded.

"I—I was upstairs in the bathroom, and—something tried to come in."

"Something? What do you mean?" incredulously.

"I don't know. A dreadful-looking sort of man. Horrible, like a ghost. I was frightened and—"

"Are you alone here, then?" He sounded more astonished.

"Yes."

The instant she had said it, she realized that it would have been better to pretend that there were servants in the house, sleeping. But now it was too late. He gave a faint whistle.

"This is your house?"

"I don't know," she admitted. "I suppose so..."

"You don't know?" On the whole, his astonishment was justified. She heard him grope for the switch, heard it click uselessly. The lantern glimmered again as he asked, "Where's the main switch?"

"I don't know. I've never been in the place before." He was looking at her with such disbelief that she went on quickly, "I came here to meet my father. You see, I had a wire from him to come here and wait until he came. And now he hasn't come—her voice trailed off lamely, "and I don't know what's happened!" That ended in a slight snip.

"There! Don't!" He had let her go now, was patting her arm comfortingly.

"I'm not!" said Alison. A manifest lie.

By way of answer, he extracted a large, and clean silk handkerchief and handed it to her. She took it gratefully. Her own was in the bathroom in her bag. It was a minute or two before she reappeared from the handkerchief, shakily and with shiny nose, to meet two perplexed blue eyes. When he frowned like that, he looked much older and sterner.

"Look here, what house is this?"

"The Croft House, Warley, isn't it?" Alison looked up with surprise. Was that the solution, she wondered? Had she got into the wrong house by mistake?

But he nodded.

"That's what I understood," he agreed. "Does it belong to your father?"

"I don't quite know. That's the queer part of it. I'd never heard of it before. But I know he was going to take a country house and his wife said the Croft House, Warley, all right. And the man at Warley in the garage seemed to know it." Alison explained confusedly. "I expect that father's just moving in—you see, he's getting married again."

"I see." The young man said that doubtfully, surveying Alison with puzzled eyes which took in her pretty face, well-cut tweed suit, good shoes and daintily-kept hands.

After a moment he added, "I was out there in the road, taking a stroll before I turned in, and I saw someone get in through this window. It struck me as not exactly orthodox—so I followed. And the next thing I knew was you shoving your hand into my face."

He spoke so frankly, that she had to believe him; she smoothed back her thick chestnut curls, thinking, "He's nice."

The young man remarked briskly, "Look here, you wait down here. I'll have a look round for your bathroom friend."

"No!" She could not help grabbing at his arm, though she dropped it at once, ashamed. "I—I'd rather come with you."

He looked down at her trembling mouth and eyes big with fear and nodded.

"All right. Keep behind me, that's all. Have you a candle?"

There was a pile of old newspapers in one corner of the pantry; he took up one and rolled it tightly, twisting one end. His hands, Alison noticed, were brown, strong and very finely shaped, almost too delicate for so big a man. The lantern flared up as it caught the end of the paper.

"Now, where did you see this 'ghost'?"

"He was coming after me, downstairs."

"He hasn't passed this door."

"He must have gone that way, then, into the kitchen."

Together, by the smoky flare of



Together, they explored the passage

the improvised torch, they explored the passage, a long straight passage with a thick, ugly carpet in a Persian pattern, which ended in a flagged kitchen on the left and a back door, with some stone steps leading to a cellar on the right.

The back door was locked.

"We'll take it room by room. In ghost-hunting, one can't be too careful," said the man beside her, lightly.

He was tall, six feet or more, but did not look it, being broadly built; there was something definitely comforting about those large square shoulders as he moved ahead; but in spite of that, Alison could not help looking back nervously, starting at each sound.

"Dining room." He had swung open a door and was waving the rolled newspaper so that its light fell into each part of the room. Faded green rep curtains were looped high, an oak table, much the worse for wear, stood bleakly in the middle with eight cane-seated chairs in a row against one green-distempred wall; the whole room was visibly free of ghosts and had the barren look of an unoccupied house.

"Ah!"

He pointed triumphantly to a stable lantern which stood on the shabby oak sideboard.

"Hold this a minute," Alison took the newspaper; after a moment's wrestling he got the lantern open and lit it. "Now we're all right." The smell of smoldering paper filled the room as he stamped the torch out in the grate.

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A crash frightens Alison, tomorrow by the route.

## ANNUAL PLAY DAY AT ANTELOPE FOR NEARBY SCHOOLS

ANTELOPE, May 14.—(Sp)—Annual play day was held at the Antelope school May 9. Other schools taking part were Brownsboro, taught by Miss Sidley, Liberty, by Mrs. Pellet, and Little Butte Creek, by Miss Pittinger. A basket lunch was served at noon. Antelope school won 42 ribbons; Liberty 27; Little Butte Creek 9, and Brownsboro 4.

High score in high jumping, from first to fourth grades, was made by Barney Riggs Jr., Antelope; high score held in high jumping from fourth to eighth grade, Melvin Hickey, Liberty.

Girls' baseball throw, first to fourth Catharine ( ), Little Butte Creek; fourth to eighth, Helen Williams, Liberty.

Girls' 50-yard dash, 1 to 4, Alice Day, Antelope; boys 50-yard dash, 1 to 4, Barney Riggs, Antelope.

Girls' 75-yard dash, 1 to 4, Jean Beck, Antelope; 4 to 8, Louis Wright, Brownsboro.

Girls' sack race, 1 to 4, Alice Day, Antelope; boys sack race, Teddy Yorton, Antelope; girls, 4 to 8, Annabelle Riggs, Antelope; boys sack race, 4 to 8, David Shelley, Antelope.

Girls' three-legged race, 1 to 4, Patay von der Hellen, Liberty; boys' three-legged race, 1 to 4, Barney Riggs, Jr.; girls' three-legged sack race, from 4 to 8, Jean Beck and Annabelle Riggs, Antelope; boys'

three-legged race, 4 to 8, Charles Anderson and Melvin Hickey, Liberty. Prizes were given in first and second grades, (1) Lorraine Blaes, Brownsboro; (2) Henry Williams, Liberty.

Boys' standing broad jump, Bob Allen; girls' standing broad jump, 1 to 4, Clara Mae Bigham, Antelope; 4 to 8, (1) Alice Allen, Antelope; (2) Coza Bigham, Antelope; (3) Jean Beck, Antelope; boys, 4 to 8, (1) Robert Aerea, Antelope; (2) Marvin Wood, Antelope; (3) Elmer Blaes, Brownsboro.

## CAPITOL COLUMNS TO BE COLONNADE

SALEM, May 14.—(AP)—The 12 columns of the old state capitol will be preserved for use in a colonnade for the state grounds, the board of control announced today. The action of the board was based upon the condition the raising of the walls would be permitted and subject to legal authorization.

The use of the columns on the historic building for such purposes was recommended by Governor Martin in opening the session of the board here today. The only other matter relating to the disastrous fire of April 25 was approval of a bill for \$60 for inspection of the walls by two engineers as to their condition. The report of the engineers was filed with the attorney general and used in connection with the injunction suit against removal of the walls.

WINDOW GLASS—We sell window glass and will replace your broken windows reasonable. Trowbridge Cabinet Works.

## TELEGRAM FLOOD ADVOCATES BONUS

WASHINGTON, May 14.—(AP)—Twenty-three thousand telegrams favoring the Patman cash bonus bill by 8 to 1—were on President Roosevelt's desk today when he returned from a week-end fishing trip.

Nevertheless, White House attaches looked for the president to return the measure to congress with a veto soon after it reaches him, probably tomorrow.

On Capitol Hill where the expectation is that Mr. Roosevelt will include a stand against inflation among his arguments for not approving the new money bill, congressional leaders believed they had a narrow margin of votes in the senate by which a veto could be upheld.

Stephen Early, a presidential secretary, made the estimate that the deluge of telegrams were 8 to 1 for the bonus. In addition, he said, there were between 2,000 and 3,000 letters on the subject.

## ANNE LINDBERGH PLANS BOOK ON ORIENT FLIGHT

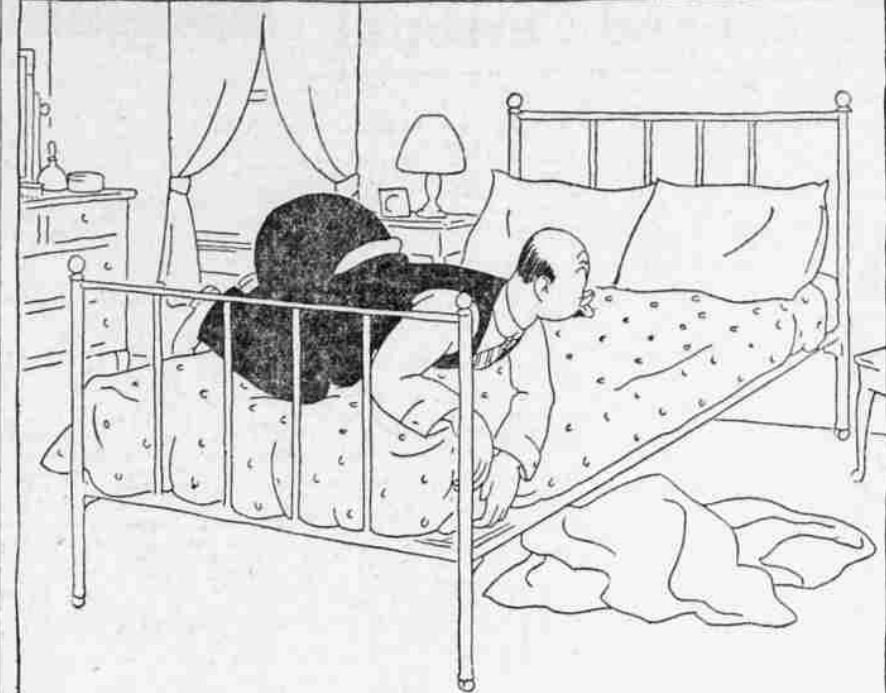
NEW YORK, May 14.—(AP)—Anne Morrow Lindbergh, wife of the flier, will tell the story of the Lindberghs' flight to the Orient in a book to be published this fall. The volume, entitled "North to the Orient," will be illustrated by maps drawn by Col. Lindbergh.

The flight was made in the late summer of 1931.

Lawnmowers: Sharpened. Phone 261. Medford Cycles, 23 N. Fir.

## THE WORLD AT ITS WORST

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



AFTER WEARING YOURSELF OUT TRYING TO BE HELPFUL BY MAKING THE BED YOU DISCOVER THAT YOU'VE LEFT OUT ONE OF THE SHEETS

5-14

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GLUYAS WILLIAMS

## R-MATTER POP



TAILSPIN TOMMY—Into Enemy Country



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Final Instructions!



THE NEBBS—The Mistake



THE BUNGLE FAMILY—Brother, Sister!



## GYPSY 'HEALING' COST AGED MAN \$75, CLAIM

PENDLETON, May 14.—(AP)—A man and two women whom police described as Gypsies, and who gave the names of John, Maria and Rosalie Lee, were held in the county jail here today on a larceny charge after having been arrested by state police in Baker on a charge of taking \$75 from Richard Withers, 85, of Meacham.

Withers said the money was taken from his pocket. The Gypsies had "healed" him, he said.

Planes Visit—Two Douglas O-23s, piloted by Captain Glazier and Major McCoy, visited briefly Monday at the municipal airport. Capt. Glazier was enroute to Fort Lewis from Crater field, and Capt. McCoy was from Pearson field, going to Crater.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

## CHAIN LETTER BROKER FACING LOTTERY TRIAL

PORTLAND, Ore., May 13.—(AP)—A woman slugging him with conducting a lottery was served today on H. V. Bancroft, proprietor of a chain letter brokerage office, as the city attorney moved to test the legality of the operations of the well-known establishment. Bancroft was released on \$25 bail. It was expected the "lottery" office would continue to function pending a decision by the courts.

## BIG 1935 TURKEY CROP PREDICTED FOR WEST

SALT LAKE CITY, May 14.—(AP)—Reports from all sections of the west indicating the 1935 turkey crop will be considerably larger than that of last year were made at the annual convention of the Northwest Turkey Growers association here today.