

# ENEMY'S KISS

*by Evelyn M. Wlach*

**SYNOPSIS:** Alison Rode has come to England from Switzerland in response to a telegram from her father asking her to meet him at a house in the country. But he is not there, and the house is dark and deserted. While searching for the light of her pocket torch she is frightened by a ghostly intruder who runs downstairs, and is stopped by a rather reasonable young man. She and the young man are searching the house.

**Chapter Four**  
**CRASH!**

They explored a sitting room, rather pleasantly furnished in blue and dust-brown, but empty. A second, uglier room, with orange crotches, led off the sitting-room back into the hall.

A drawing room beyond contained nothing more terrible than some Victorian engravings and Benares brass and took them back into the kitchen which, with red flagstones smelling of soft soap and old corner cupboard scrubbed white, was by far the most cheerful part of the house.

"Not a sign of a spook!"  
"What about upstairs?"  
"We'll try down here first."  
"That only leads into the cellar," protested Alison.

"May's well be thorough, though." She fancied that he gave her a quick, frowning look, as she hung back.



A large gray rat darted between Alison's feet.

"What's the matter?"  
"Supposing—he's behind us and locks the door!"

The young man took a step back and dragged the cellar key out of the lock. "There."

He swung the lantern, letting its beams fall on a ladder with long stone shelves, a very modern heating stove and a recess which had once been a baking oven.

Very old, the cellars ran the whole length of the house; a chain of small, black, windowless rooms cut off from one another by close, wooden gratings and full of black, alarming corners, empty but for the peeling plaster and a smell of mice.

At the farthest end a coal cellar to the right held a foot of coal dust; a storeroom, on the left, contained shelves with half a dozen rotting apples; a narrow central room ended in a dark, deep recess under the front stairs.

Here two broken deck chairs, a shallow heap of straw, a small packing case upended and a great roll of new linoleum threw uncomfortable shadows.

BUT though they swung the light there was no sign of either man or ghost.

"Ah!" The young man stooped suddenly.  
"What?" Alison asked breathless.  
"Main switch, lighting. Half a second—"

"Oh!"  
The cry burst from her before she could stop it. He jumped back so swiftly that before the sound was out, he was beside her, ready.

Bang!

The tall roll of linoleum had been rocking, now it fell straight back with a tremendous crash into the recess under the stairs, sending a chain of echoes through cellars behind. At the same instant, from the prostrate linoleum, a large gray rat darted with a flash of pink-webbed paws and naked tail, plumb between Alison's feet and into the dark coal cellar, where it vanished.

Her companion laughed cheerfully. "For a moment I thought we had him, didn't you? But I think we'll leave the lights on, just for luck."

There were three switches and he

turned them all on; the cellars changed in a twinkling from ghost-haunted caverns of gloom and mystery to mere storerooms, lined with cobwebs and disreputable dust. Gaining the kitchen steps again, he turned the key in the door.

"There! If your friend's down there he'll have to exit by the walls. Where now?"

"Would it be an awful bother to look upstairs? I mean, before you go?" she asked shyly. "I'm not generally such a fool but—"

"It'd be no bother at all. But I'm not going till your father comes." She did not even try to conceal her relief.

"That's awfully good of you."  
"Not a bit!" He said it warmly. So warmly that it embarrassed them both, and he was quick to add, "What about some light on the situation?"

"Let's turn them all on," agreed Alison.

SITTING rooms, hall, kitchen, pantry, even cupboards—they switched every bulb on and left them all blazing. The front door was locked and every window shut except the pantry, which they fastened, too.

The bedrooms seemed to be furnished without exception in the

## FOUR CHILDREN SAFE AFTER LOSING SCHOOL OUTING PARTY TRAIL

ALBANY, Ore., May 15.—(AP)—Four children, footsore and exhausted after having wandered aimlessly for seven hours over the mountain trail on Cleveland Rock, 4000-foot outpost of the Cascade range, were sleeping happily today after their rescue by a large searching party.

During the cold night they had plodged over a six-mile area. The youngest of the group of three girls and a boy was 8 years old.

Late yesterday the four became separated from a group of other children on a walking trip with their teachers. They took the wrong trail in descending the mountain. Darkness had overtaken them before they realized their danger.

As soon as the teachers discovered the four were missing a call was sent out to police and nearby ranches.

At 3 a. m. today a party headed by Sheriff Herbert Shelton and State Trooper T. H. Rodman found the children who had wandered into a farmyard.

The four were Dora Bellamy, Delma Middleton, and Viola and Keith Eidenberg.

The state capitol of Georgia in Atlanta, built about 50 years ago, has just been given its first exterior cleaning by PERA workers.

Home portraits of family groups and children at Special Prices. Shangle Studio Phone 1308.

## MT. SHASTA CITY WILL CELEBRATE

Extensive plans are being made for a five-day Fourth of July celebration in Mt. Shasta City, Calif., July 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7, offering a program filled with interesting events.

Located at the base of Mt. Shasta, 100 miles from Medford, the scene of the celebration is within easy driving distance, and will undoubtedly attract quite a large delegation of southern Oregon visitors.

In addition to celebration events, numerous scenic and other attractions are arranged in the picturesque mountain town, including the world's largest fish hatchery, which in turn has the oldest living two-headed trout, now six years old. Race horse stables here boast of horse-flesh valued at hundreds of thousands of dollars.

## MUSIC ENJOYED AT ROTARIANS' LUNCH

Members of Rotary club met for their regular noon luncheon at the Hotel Medford Tuesday, and were entertained by musical selections sponsored by Lee Bishop and invited by Mrs. Anne Furucker of the Baldwin Piano shop.

There were two presentations on the piano-accompaniment, one by Mr. Wheatley, and one by Mr. Thompson. Genevieve Brown rendered two vocal selections, and Mrs. Pirucker and Mr. Wheatley entertained with a piano duet.

Arrangements were made for the Rotary-Kiwanis bridge tournament to be held at the Hotel Jackson on May 27, and it was decided to hold a Rotary ladies-night the first two weeks of June.

Max Pierce and W. H. Fluhrer were guests.

## JUNIOR LEAGUE PITCHER

## S-MATTER POP—

## By C. M. Payne

## TAILSPIN TOMMY—Jose Still Eager to Meet Tommy!

## By Hal Forrest

## BRN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Off for the Canyon!

## By Edwin Allen

## THE NEBBS—The Mistake

## By Sol Weiss

## THE BUNGLE FAMILY—Ready For Ivan

## By Harry J. Tutthill

## BITE OF RATTLER FATAL FOR LAD

LODI, Calif., May 15.—(AP)—The venomous bite of a rattlesnake today claimed the life of seven-year-old Robert Howell, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Howell, Lodi.

The child was bitten while on a picnic with his parents near Lodi Sunday. He was unaware of the accident until a companion saw the reptile and warned the family. They tried to locate a physician in the vicinity, but were unsuccessful and meantime, physicians here said, the poison took deadly effect.

Doctors worked over the lad more than 30 hours before he succumbed.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

## MOONEY DENIED HABEAS CORPUS

SAN FRANCISCO, May 15.—(AP)—Thomas J. Mooney, 1916 Preparedness Day bombing prisoner, was denied a writ of habeas corpus Tuesday by the state district court of appeals.

Mooney can now take his fight for freedom again to the California supreme court on appeal in the habeas corpus proceedings. Following recommendation made in a recent sitting of the supreme court of the United States.

Judge D. A. Coan stated in the district court's opinion today, holding he believed Mooney "was entitled to release."

Use Mail Tribune want ads.