ENEMY'S KISS

by Evelyn M. Winch

SYNOPSIS: Alison Rede has gone alone to a lonely Sussex house in response to a telegram from her father. But Mr. Rede does not show up; instead, Alison is almost murdered by a horrible, ghastlike man, is rescued by a young and handsome one, and now is driving back to London with the latter. His name is Guy Western, he says. But there is some question in Alison's mind as to his having been so conveniently near when she was running from her assailant.

Chapter 11

THE MOVERS

"PIG!" said Alison, "I shan't speak to you again till you take that back."

"Which?"

"Every bit of it."

"I take it back. You are at least thirty-two, a ruthless, hard-bitten female. You remind me of a nurse I knew once, who lost all her patients, because the mere sight of her made them expire. By the way, are you married?"

Alison met his twinkling eyes, that had two dancing blue imps in them and said haughtily, "Of course I am. To my fourth husband."

"Any family?"

"Ten."

"Not bad!"

They both laughed together.

"Are you married?" she asked.

"Me? A burglar's life is too unsettled."

"And an architect's?"

"Too badly paid!"

"Then you've only you and Gaffe?"

"That's all. And you?"

"Only father and myself. Until now," Alison added, with a little twinge of sadness.

"Oh, yes. You told me. Your father's getting remarried. Do you like her?"

"I haven't met her yet."

He said nothing, yet she could feel that he understood. When he spoke again it was to ask, "You said your father'd retired. What is he? In business?"

"No. He is a major in the Roans."

"Roans?" He repeated it with a slightly puzzled air.

"Yes. He didn't want to go on in it after my mother died. I suppose he wanted to break with everything, anyway, he retired. And as he'd enough money, he just traveled about with me, in the holidays, and alone when I was at school."

"I see." He turned to her suddenly. "You know, it is funny about his sending you that wire and then not turning up. It must have been the wrong house."

"I'M sure it must. You'd think it far more weird if you knew him," said Alison. "Father's a darling, an absolute pet, but he's awfully fussy over me. This is the first time he's ever let me come home alone. As a rule, he's come to fetch me. And when he couldn't, because he was ill, he got someone to meet me at Dover. He's got the most obsolete ideas on chaperones and things."

"You don't think," Guy began.

"No!" Alison answered the unspoken words. "I don't see what else we could do, do you? I mean, if we'd gone into Warley it'd have made it much worse, really turning up in the middle of the night together, wouldn't it?"

"I thought so, anyway."

"This way, no one need know."

"Except your father."

"Mm-m. Yes, of course. I suppose I ought to tell him."

"I must," he corrected quickly.

"Why? If one's going to, it's me."

"I'd rather do it myself, if you don't mind."

"Why?" Puzzled, she asked point blank.

"Because if he objects, he can start kicking me."

She said wonderingly, "Was that why you wanted to drive me back?"

"One of the reasons."

Alison did not ask for the others; she could guess at least one. She said instead, "Do you think we need tell him?"

"I do!"

"I know. But—well, he's frightfully funny and old-fashioned over some things. He won't even let me go about alone when we're abroad."

"You think he'd be angry?"

"No, it's not that," said Alison quickly. "It's the other way. I'm afraid he'd worry and be upset about me, quite unnecessarily. He wouldn't realize that I wasn't nervous and felt perfectly safe and happy with—" she stopped short.

"With?"

"With you."

"Thank you." He said that rather gravely and as though he meant it. And they were both silent, each very occupied with their own thoughts.

"Oh, look!" Alison pointed. A shiny yellow uniform had appeared over the brow of the next hill, an AA man on a bicycle. Guy braked and slid up beside the man.

"I say, where's the nearest telephone box?"

The man stared at them in surprise.

"Why, you must've just passed one, sir!"

"Far back?"

"Oh, no sir. About half a mile. And if that's not working, there's another two miles back at the cross roads.

"Thanks."

They swung the car and turned back. Guy did not look at Alison and they said nothing. Half a mile back along the way that they had come, placed prominently by the side of the road and very visible, was a bright blue telephone box. He drew up by it. Alison looked at him; he looked at Alison. They both began to laugh.

ABOUT an hour later a long grey furniture remover's van pulled up at the gate of the house on the downs which they had left.

"This'll be the place, Bob," said the driver, a long thin man with a mournful blue eye.

A fat man with an apron and a yellow walrus moustache climbed off the back of the van and cast a professional glance at the dusty windows.

"Looks like it," he agreed cautiously.

His assistant, a one-eyed ex-soldier, had followed the foreman and asked, "Shall we start getting the stuff out?"

"Lady ain't here. Can't do nothing till she comes," said the foreman resignedly.

He walked with the slow, stately gait of a fat man past the pantry window where Alison had entered, through the back gate and tried the locked back door. He sauntered ponderously through another red gate that led past an outhouse into the garden and stood on tiptoe to peer into the dining room, judging the size of the oak table and sideboard.

He glanced through the French windows into the drawing room, noting the size and shape of the desk with a sniff and came full circle to the front door where he gave a long, shrill peal on the bell to announce his arrival. A second convinced him that the house was empty.

He let an uninterested gaze roam over the four fine old trees, opened the high red front gate that had a tiny Judas in it and remarked, "Ain't no one 'ere yet" at the same time taking a half-smoked Gold Flake from behind his right ear. Fortified by this, he sat on the open end of the van, swinging two large flat feet.

"Past eleven," announced the driver sourly.

"Wimmen aren't never punctual," said the foreman. "My wife, now—I've known 'er say she'd be a minute in a shop and gone three quarters of an hour. An' then she'll come out wi'out having bought a thing!"

The driver grunted sympathetically. The ex-soldier kept cruising restlessly down the road and back. It was he who shouted, "There you are!" and pointed to a dark speck far off along the road.

The speck developed in a matter of five minutes into a red runabout car driven by a dark lady in blue. The three men got down respectfully and waited, while she parked alongside them.

"There you are!" she said. "You got my wire all right?"

"Seems to have been some muddle over it, madam," said the foreman with an injured air. "I can't be responsible for what they do in the shop. Anyway, we're here now."

"You'd better come in," said the lady briskly. She wore a faint smile as she went through the gate and unlocked the front door.

"You'd better start in here," she said, pointing to the small and shabby sitting room off the hall.

"If you don't mind, madam, I'd rather 'ave a look round and get the 'eavy stuff out first," the foreman replied firmly.

The lady shrugged her shoulders.

"Oh, all right. You've got to clear out everything," she agreed. And leaving the foreman and his assistant to discuss the "'eavy stuff," she sauntered into the drawing room. She looked round it for a moment complacently, then her eye caught the desk. Her thin, rather bitter mouth twitched faintly as she bent over to examine the broken lock; but she called out sharply, "Foreman!"

"Yes'm?" he appeared at the door panting and wiping a naturally crimson face. The lady pointed to the desk.

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The lady, tomorrow, does some work in the cellar.

OREGON WOOLMEN LOSE PRETTY SUM BY EARLY SALES

PORTLAND, May 26.—(AP)—Early sales of wool this spring at prices ranging from 12 to 16 cents are estimated to have cost Oregon growers a considerable sum of money, in view of the heavy speculation which now appears to be attending the wool market throughout the country.

Indications that this is the case were revealed today by the Pacific Co-operative Wool Growers' association, representing 3,000 members.

For the past two years, the farm credit administration has limited selling to commission merchants but with the bars let down this spring it is estimated that between 12,000,000 and 15,000,000 pounds of Oregon's probable 20,000,000 pound clip have been sold. Mortgaged wool previously had to be consigned.

The price range for Oregon wool, except in the Lakeview and Klamath regions, up to May 1 was 12 to 15 cents. From May 1 to May 15, prices ranged from 14 to 16 cents, and the present basis is from 16 to 17½ cents, with crossbred at 16 to 19 cents.

In the Lakeview area, it is estimated that 500,000 pounds have been sold at 20 cents, most of it unsheared. Offers in the Klamath Falls area have ranged from 19 to 20 cents but no major sales have been reported. Around Burns, early wool sold at 15 cents, and the present price is 20 cents.

The Pacific Co-operative Wool Growers' association estimated that growers could have received on the average of five cents more had they not dumped the early clip on the market.

It is estimated that around 2,500,000 pounds remain unsold in the south-central Oregon country, with at least that much more still held in the rest of the state.

NEW COMBINATION RUM, EXPLOSIVES

PORTLAND, Ore., May 25.—(AP)—After observing an automobile being driven in what he considered an erratic manner early today on a downtown street, Patrolman Emery waved the driver to the curb.

In the car he found 15 sticks of dynamite and a half-filled quart of whisky. He arrested the driver who said he was Howard E. Hargill of Molalla, on a drunk driving charge. When jailers searched Hargill they found a box of dynamite caps in his pocket. Hargill said he is in the wood pulp business.

Autoist Killed In Crossing Railroad

ALBANY, Ore., May 25.—(AP)—A car-train crash near Harrisburg last night was fatal to John Walker, 67-year-old farmer, who trainmen declare drove his auto directly in front of a northbound Southern Pacific train. The demolished car was carried more than 200 yards. Walker was killed instantly by the impact.

CORVALLIS SEEKS METHODIST MEET

CORVALLIS, Ore., May 25.—(AP)—The Corvallis First Methodist church will extend an invitation to the Oregon annual conference to meet here in June, 1936, according to action taken at the fourth quarterly conference held here this week by Dr. Louis Magin of Salem, district superintendent.

Excellent reports from practically every department of the church, including satisfactory financial conditions, were turned in, despite the handicaps resulting from the disastrous fire which partly destroyed the church building early in April.

Reconstruction work is already well under way, it was reported, and will be completed in time for the opening of college this fall.

Miss Mildred Bartholomew, for many years director of student activities in the Wesley foundation, was highly commended for the work of the past year and was re-engaged for the coming year. The Wesley Foundation work is now dependent entirely upon the Oregon conference, with no out-of-state financial support, it was show.

Wife Slayer Hanged

SACRAMENTO, May 25.—(AP)—Tullie McQuate, 33-year-old San Diego murderer, was hanged at Folsom state prison today. McQuate, who killed Ella Straw, his common-law wife, in October last year and threw her dismembered body into the waters of San Diego bay, betrayed no emotion as he walked from his death cell to the gallows.

SNAPSHOTS OF A MAN FIXING HIS WATCH

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

S-MATTER POP— By C. M. Payne

TAILSPIN TOMMY—El Condor Takes a Hand in the Battle! By Hal Forrest

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Locomotive! By Edwin Alger

THE NEBBS—Society? By Sol Hess

THE BUNGLE FAMILY—What, Going? By Harry J. Tuthill

PAROLED KLAMATH KILLER, PAL HELD

BURNS, Ore., May 25.—(AP)—Two men, one of them a paroled killer from Klamath county, were held in jail today to face a grand jury on charges of assault with intent to rob.

The pair, Pete Sullivan, paroled in 1933 from the state prison, and Royal Ward, were captured while they slept after Sheriff C. W. Frazier, state policeman Walter Foster and a rancher, Bert Meeks, had trailed them 18 miles by moonlight through sage brush uplands.

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

LOCAL EXTORTION TRIAL DATE SET

PORTLAND, May 25.—(AP)—Jack O. King and W. E. Finnegan, arrested in Medford for allegedly sending an extortion letter to a woman in California, pleaded not guilty before Federal Judge Fee today. Trial was set for June 3.

Nine men were sentenced to from eight months to a year in road camps for selling liquor to Indians and two others were sentenced to McNeil Island for transporting women from one state to another.

Finnegan and King lived here at the transient relief station.

For Hose that Wear buy NOLDE & HORST
Ethelwyn B. Hoffmann.