ENEMY'S KISS

by Evelyn M. Winch

Chapter 42

LIES

"GUY LUMLEY told me himself," there were two bright pink spots in Alison's cheeks, two flames of anger, "that you had whisked your husband off in an airplane because you were afraid."

"I know! That's his story. The story he told everyone." Daphne was tragically patient. "That I wanted to—to finish what I'd begun and so I carried my husband away! It never seemed to strike Lumley that apart from anything else I'd not much motive, considering that his death left me a beggar!"

"You didn't know about the annuity until your husband was dead!" Alison flung that at her. "You said so yourself, in a restaurant to that man Gompez!"

"Did Dr. Lumley say that?" Daphne seemed almost shocked. She turned back to Robert pitifully. "You know, I don't believe there's anything that he could say that he hasn't said against me! He's a very convincing liar! And he hates me like poison! Why he's even been down to Scotland Yard, prying about and trying to find out if he could get hold of any gossip against me! And then coming down to my house the other night!"

"You know perfectly well that you sent him there!" Alison could not hold herself in.

"I did? My dear, why on earth should I?" Daphne was almost bland. "Do be sensible, Alison! You may dislike me, but you can't imagine that I'd be such a fool as to send a man who hated me to pick up gossip to use against me!"

"You sent him down to Warley because you hoped I'd get killed."

"Alison!" Her father thundered that.

A reproachful little cry from Daphne. "Alison! You promised me you wouldn't tell any more lies if I told the truth!"

She turned hurriedly on Robert. "That's what I mean, Bob. He's absolutely poisoned the child's mind against me, so that she'd believe anything! I think if he told her that I meant to kill you or kill her, she'd believe that! He's taught her to look on me as a sort of monster."

"Alison doesn't believe anything of the sort," her father answered for her. "Nor do I. In any case, it doesn't matter what she thinks."

"But it does!" declared Daphne. "That's just it. If you knew the sort of time I'd had, just because of him! Everywhere I went, I'd settle down, hope for a little peace. And then the old story'd start over again. I got so desperate, Bob, that I'd have gladly gone to the Home Office, asked for an exhumation order myself! I'd have been glad to face even that sort of publicity rather than go on like this."

"Then why didn't you get an exhumation order?" Alison spoke harshly, bitterly.

Daphne said simply, "I couldn't, unfortunately. You see, my husband'd always been terrified of being buried alive. So he made me promise to cremate him."

"Very convenient." Alison's eyes were blazing.

"You see!" Daphne said that to Robert, piteously. "That's what it's been like, always. I'm judged without evidence, found guilty!"

"MY dear, forget it!" he pleaded.

"I can't." She gave a cry. "I've been so desperate that I've been driven to lie, even to you!" Her tone dropped to a whisper, a slow, rustling whisper more tragic than tears. "I'm not defending myself! I know I was wrong! But, oh my dear! when you came along—I could hardly dare to think that you were really true!"

"Trust me now, then." He was impetuous as he leaned over to her. "Trust me and forget all this, Daphne, put it behind you! I don't want to hear the rest! We won't think of it—and if anyone tries to —" his glance at Alison barbed that thrust "I'll see they don't touch you."

"You don't know what you're saying. Ask her what she said to me just before you came in!"

"What did you say?" He was terrifying when he looked so stern, almost as if he meant to hit her, but Alison answered him without wavering.

"I asked her if you knew her real name! I asked her if you knew that her real name was Poynter."

But Daphne now did not shrink or show fear. She sighed deeply.

"You see? He's even primed the child with that!"

"I don't see," he began, puzzled.

"Don't you?" said Daphne bitterly. "It's true, you see. That is my real name. I lied to you, Bob, I didn't dare to tell you. I was too afraid! You might've heard those stories. You might have realised that I was Mrs. Poynter who was supposed to be a murderess!"

"My poor darling!"

"So I went back to my maiden name—Sumers." With a gesture of resignation she slid Robert's diamond ring off her finger, held it out to him. "I'm almost glad, Bob, that she's found out!"

Alison caught her breath. Her father had gone white.

"Daphne!" He caught her to him, pleading. "Daphne, darling don't talk like that! Do you suppose I care what people say?"

"Oh, Bob . . ."

Daphne swayed suddenly towards him; his arms closed round her. Alison sprang forward.

"Father! Please! Don't believe her! She's lying! She sent those telegrams wrong on purpose! She tried to kill me!" The words came tumbling out. "Oh, please, listen to me! Don't you see I'm frightened, terrified—"

"Hold your tongue!" her father ordered roughly. "Haven't you done enough harm?"

But Alison would not yield. "Will you just wait," she pleaded. "Will you just wait till Guy Lumley comes, hear the other side?"

By way of answer he took both Daphne's hands, bent and kissed her mouth.

"Go and get into the car, Alison," he said without turning his head. And to Daphne, "Get your hat on. We're going to get married now."

ROBERT touched the bell. The slatternly maid answered so promptly that she must have been just outside the door. Her round face was flushed as though she had been stooping; her eyes goggled at Alison in a scared sort of fashion.

Robert looked at her limp, untidy hair and dirty apron with disgust as he said, "Go out and tell the chauffeur, please, to come in and fetch your mistress's luggage."

The girl obeyed.

Daphne had gone through into her bedroom and she could be heard in there, opening drawers, humming softly as she put her hat on and gathered up her bag and gloves. The small white Chinese sleeve dog with his pert nose and proud plume of tail came from the bedroom, sniffed at Alison's feet as she stood by the window, looking anxiously up the street.

What had happened to Guy? Why didn't he come? If he would only hurry—! It was more than half an hour since Alison had left him in the street—what could he be doing? He had only got to give his name and address to the police! Even now, if he would only come, they might persuade her father that Daphne was lying, that he was in danger!

Robert, whistling, had picked up the little white dog and was stroking it; he lit himself a cigaret. The chauffeur came in and Alison watched him with a sinking heart as he carried out the rawhide trunk.

The little maid followed from Daphne's bedroom, staggering under two heavy suitcases and a round hatbox, a rug over her arm. Their feet rang on the stone steps outside and from the window Alison could see them reach the car.

There was a woman sitting in the seat beside the driver's place and with a pang of fear Alison saw that she was wearing a maid's grey dress. A big, beetle-browed, coarse-faced woman of middle age, with sleek black hair.

Alison, watching the clock hands move forward in sharp, short jerks, almost prayed. "Oh, let him come! Please let him come!"

"Is there anything more, sir?" The man stood at attention by the door.

"One more trunk inside," called Daphne and he vanished.

As they disappeared, Robert said to Alison. "Go on and get into the car."

"I'm not going with you."

She put no defiance into that; said it flatly. Robert crossed the room and shut the door. He, too, spoke quietly.

"You are my daughter and you're under age. You're going to do exactly what I say."

There was a brisk finality about that statement. And it was true, that was the worst of it! She broke out passionately.

"Father, you don't understand! She means to kill me. Don't you see? Are you blind? You can't leave her any money till I'm dead and that's why she tried at Worley— oh!"

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Monday, Alison's case appears even more hopeless.

SHAKESPEAREAN FESTIVAL OPENS ASHLAND, JULY 2

The first annual Shakespearean festival being held in Ashland's newly constructed Elizabethan theater in Lithia park, on July 2, 3 and 4, is presenting this year two of Shakespeare's well known comedies, "The Merchant of Venice" and "Twelfth Night."

In staging these two comedies Angus L. Bowmer, director, has not only chosen two sharply contrasting plays, but by the interpretation of them he had made this contrast even more apparent, as the comedy of the Merchant is very subtle, the most emphasis has been placed on the characters themselves and the dignity of the play, so "Twelfth Night" has been allowed to run wild, and the comedy is the dominating factor. The rowdiness and boisterousness of the play itself has been accentuated, and the result is a succession of hilarious plots and situations, as a brilliant foil for the more sedate and beautiful love scenes.

An unusual feature of the two plays is the ability of the performers to leave the role played in one show and carry on one radically different in the other. Due to versatility of the actors, the unusual make-up and ingenious costuming, this change is entirely feasible and the spectator is not conscious of it.

The most radical change in character is that done by Mr. Bowmer, who, in the "Merchant" plays the role of the greedy, cringing, but crafty Shylock, and in "Twelfth Night" becomes the swaggering Sir Toby Belch, whose life consists of eating, drinking, devising and pursuing merriment.

Another clever change in characterizations is done by George F. Smith, who plays the part of Gratiano and also that of Malvolio. His roles are a sharp contrast as one is that of a clever fellow, depending entirely on his ready wit to see him through, and the other, the imaginative and foppish steward of "Twelfth Night."

Robert Stedman, who ably portrays the role of Bassanio, the impecunious friend of the merchant Antonio, and the lover of Portia, as he dons the suit of a jester, shakes off the role played in the "Merchant" and becomes a gay, witty fool who brightens the entire play by his antics.

In using the Shakespearean stage the play is allowed to run its full course without the monotonous waits for scenery changes. By utilizing the use of three stages into one unit, the action is never halted, thus allowing an uncut version of the play to be staged in less time than many other productions.

MARRIED COUPLES DANCE ON WEDNESDAY EVENING

A dance will be held Wednesday evening at 9:30 in the hall on North Oakdale and Fifth street, for married couples and their families. Reuben Hite's orchestra will furnish the music.

Blue Grass Fame at Stake

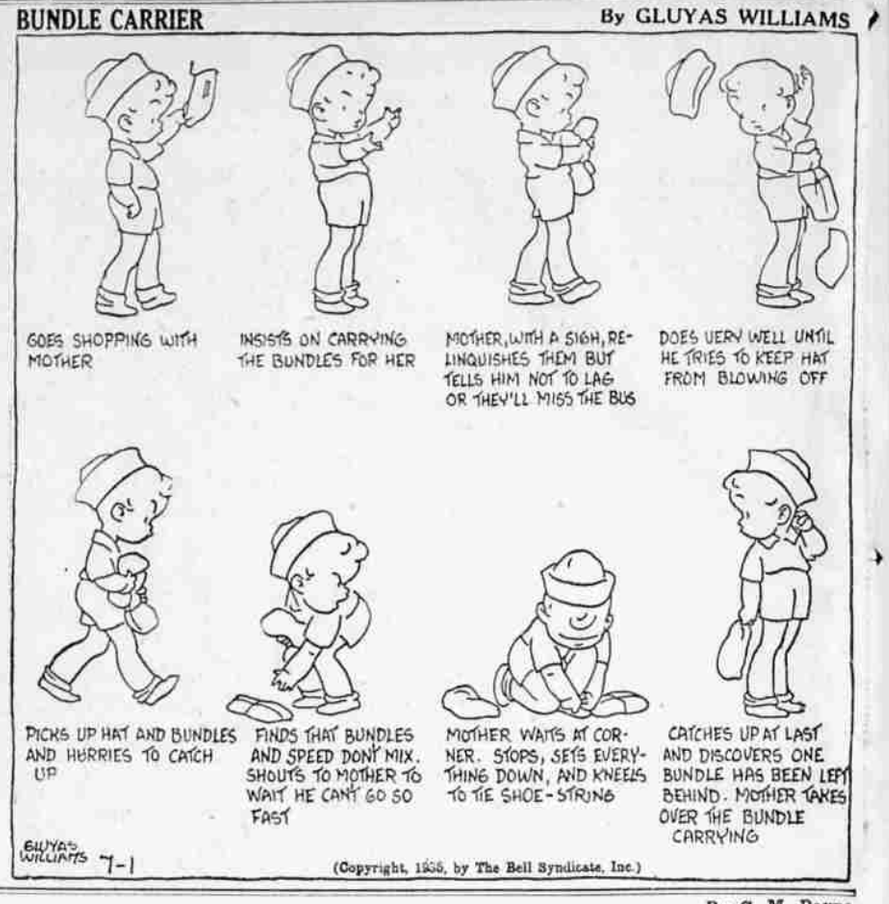
MACON, Mo. (UP)—Kentucky blue grass kings had better look to their grass. A northeast Missouri farmer found several blades of the famous meadow grass measuring 60½ inches in length, believed to be the longest on record.

Wolves More Ferocious

CRESTON, Iowa (UP)—Raids on sheep flocks by wolves and dogs recently have caused more wide-spread damage than in any normal year. Dog packs, usually slow to attack mature sheep, this season are attacking young lambs.

BUNDLE CARRIER

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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S-MATTER POP—

By C. M. Payne

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TAILSPIN TOMMY—Skeets Convinces El Zorro

By Hal Forrest

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Briar Is Injured

By Edwin Alger

THE NEBBS—Not So Fast

By Sol Hess

THE BUNGLE FAMILY—Hear, Hear!

By Harry J. Tuthill

RECURRING FIRES DRIVE FAMILY OUT

EVANS VALLEY, July 1.—(Spl.)—To have one's house catch fire two days in succession is enough to drive any family to cooking out of doors, and that is what happened to the Henry Baker home near the Winer store. Sunday noon flames were discovered on the upper floor near the flue, and called for prompt action from the entire family.

Monday noon, while Mrs. Baker was alone with only the small children and her aged mother-in-law, the house again caught fire. After seeing they would be unable to extinguish the flames, they began to move out the furniture. Timely arrival of Mail Carrier Geo. Martin again saved the house, as he was able to put up a ladder and get up to the fire with pails of water.

It is thought that sparks from the flue were held down by the nearby trees and ignited moss on the roof. Nevertheless, the Bakers now are doing their cooking in another spot.

EAGLE POINT GRANGE PICNIC ON JULY 4TH

There will be an all-day picnic for Grangers and their friends, July 4th, at the Grange hall in Eagle Point, it was made known today as plans were completed for a gala celebration.

On Tuesday night the Eagle Point Grange will hold a regular meeting and a paper sack luncheon. All men Grangers are asked to bring the lunches.