

ENEMY'S KISS

by Evelyn M. Winch

Chapter 45 EXPLANATION

"THANK God you're safe!" Alison looked around to see Guy in the doorway. She gave a sob and ran into his arms.

A little man with a stiff crop of bright red hair was behind Guy and now he moved forward looking at the dog.

"What's happened here?" he asked, and his eyes rested on Daphne.

She stood as if frozen in the spot where she had made her last effort, but now she forced her mouth into a smile.

"Nothing. The dog's had a fit or something."

"Dog's been poisoned!" It was the maid Preezy who gave that information. "I don't know what's going on. I was engaged to take charge of a mental case but it seems to me!" She ended with a most expressive sniff which included most of the people present.

Grice touched the dog with his foot.

"Dead all right," he confirmed. Then to Daphne, "Mrs. Poynter?"

"Yes!" She was cool again now. "I want a word with you."

"I'm sorry, I'm just leaving for abroad. Couldn't you write? I don't want to miss my boat."

"I'm afraid you'll have to miss it," said Alison. "I've some questions to ask you."

"Alison," Robert touched his daughter's shoulder gently. Her face was buried in Guy's chest. "Come on."

He did not look back as he went out.

Alison, holding Guy's hand followed.

Robert made room for them both in the car without a word. He told the chauffeur to get Mrs. Sumers' luggage off the car and then ordered him to take them home.

The man, wooden-faced, saluted, but Alison thought she caught a gleam of curiosity and satisfaction as he obeyed.

They sat silent, Guy holding Alison's hand, until the car stopped in Chester Square. Only by the fierce pressure of his hand against hers, did Guy show his feelings, for they were both conscious of Robert Rede's grey, haggard face and haunted eyes.

As they got out, he said gruffly, "You'd better come in."

They followed him into the library.

He crossed slowly to the fire, stood staring into it; said without turning, "Alison, my dear, I'm sorry—"

"Darling, don't! You couldn't help it." She clung to him. "Don't, please."

Holding her in his arms, he looked at Guy, who stood awkwardly just inside the door.

"Don't go. I want to hear your end of the story. I've been a damned old fool!" The words came out slowly and bitterly. He looked down at Alison's head and added with a wry smile, "Besides, I understand you want to talk to me about something quite different!"

Alison raised her head; Guy looked at her, questioning. She smiled through her tears and nodded.

"If I may, sir," said Guy eagerly. "Oh, you may!" said Robert. "Looks as if I wasn't fit to take care of Alison, anyway!"

Alison stopped his self-reproaches with a kiss.

BUT it was Detective Inspector Grice who had the last word on the subject. Guy brought him round at nine o'clock that night to hear Alison's own story, and receive her thanks.

A fatherly little man when off duty, he seemed quite moved and kept repeating, "You'd a narrow escape! I don't mind saying it, inside this room—a very narrow escape! She meant those chocolates for you, there's no doubt about that!"

"Can you get her on it?" asked Guy anxiously.

But Grice shook his head.

"I'm afraid not, sir. There's no evidence to prove it. You and I may know it, but that won't do for a jury. We may still get her on those letters, of course."

"Can you prove she wrote them?" cried Alison eagerly, and her hand went out to squeeze Guy's that lay by her side.

Again Grice shook his head.

"She's too clever for that. When we found that letter in the dead man's pocket—it was addressed to you, by the way, Miss Rede, for it

had to A. R. on it—and it was to warn you against Doctor Lumley, here, no doubt to make him out guilty! When I saw that letter, I thought I had the person who'd sent them all of course—until I saw the body." Grice paused artistically, gathering their eyes.

Alison, seeing that it was expected of her, asked dutifully, "Why until you saw it?"

"When I had seen the body, I knew he didn't do much writing," Grice smiled, relishing his grim joke. "I daresay he could use those hands of his all right for some things but not for holding a pen! You see, sir, he was a leper—a sort of living corpse as you might say!"

"A leper?" Alison shuddered.

"Good Lord!" Guy was less shocked than interested in the medical fact. "Rare to get a case so far gone as that in England."

"Ah, but he wasn't English," explained Grice.

"You've identified him then?" cried Guy.

"Yes, sir. This evening. He's a Colombian subject and over here without a passport, so he's probably a crook—name of Manuel Gomez."

"Gomez?" They both cried out together, staring at one another.

"Do you think—"

"Brother or something," agreed Guy. "That'd be how Mrs. Sumers got hold of him."

"You know him?" demanded Grice.

"I—we—both know one Gomez. The Spanish gigolo who was Mrs. Poynter's friend," explained Guy. "But go on. This is getting interesting."

"THERE'S not much more to tell you," said Grice. "He died that night you were there, all right, for the cleaning woman cleared out the recess under the stairs that afternoon, and whoever moved that linenoid did it between the time that you and Miss Rede left the house and the time the remover's men finished, for after that the house keys were at the agents. And it wasn't any light job, either, pulling it off the dead man. We're having it tried for finger prints, so perhaps we may learn something. If we can prove that Mrs. Sumers touched that roll it means she must've been into the cellar that day the removers were there and then." Grice ended grimly, "she'll have to explain why she made false statements to the police, and why she didn't notify us of the body in her cellar! I think she'll find that awkward."

"What'll happen to her?" asked Alison.

"Nothing, I'm afraid," said Grice with a sigh. "If we could prove the truth, if we could prove that she sent you down there with that false telegram and had this leper chap waiting to do you in, and that she sent Dr. Lumley here down with the pretty little notion that he'd be accused of your murder—well, there'd be something to talk about. If we could even prove that she meant to do you in with those chocolates, Miss Rede, so that the money left to you'd go to your father and through him to her—well, then we'd have her properly, but as things are—"

He sighed.

But Alison was not thinking of Daphne.

"Then—it means you won't get cleared?" she said to Guy. "I mean, about those letters?"

"I'm afraid not. Does it make any difference to you?" he asked.

She laughed softly, a laugh of pure happiness.

"You know it doesn't!"

"Now that your father's giving me a fresh start—well—I'm going to forget it, live it down."

Grice stood up.

"Don't you worry, sir," he promised. "Mrs. Sumers won't trouble you again. She's had a fright! She left for Spain by air this afternoon." But he added regretfully, "A pity! A little hanging would have done her a whole world of good!"

But when he had gone, when she and Guy were alone, Alison safe in his arms, whispered, "Do you know, I'm glad Daphne's got away. I could almost bless her! But for her—"

"But for her we'd never have met!"

"Yes!"

They smiled at one another with that complete trust in the strange ways of Providence which only happy lovers know.

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THE END

MEDFORD BOYS EAGER FOR CMTC VACATION; REST OF OREGON SHY

VANCOUVER, Wash., July 5.—(AP)—A month's "vacation" at the government's expense seems to have little attraction for youthful Americans of Oregon and Washington.

With the citizens' military training camp, scheduled to open a four-week course Friday, officers said today only 508 applications had been received. They estimated that the number of eligibles possible to choose from this year will be far short of this year's quota of 480. Last year's quota was only 288.

Multnomah county, it was declared, has produced but 191 applicants. Its quota is 292. Any youth from the age of 17 to 24 may apply. Expenses of traveling to and from the camp are paid by the government. Completion of a four-year course at the C. M. T. C. qualifies outstanding students for commissions in the organized reserve corps.

Captain Carl V. Tengvald of the National Guard here stated this afternoon that the quota for Jackson county was 10 men. Twelve applications were submitted, and one applicant was rejected for physical defects. That gives this district a percentage of over 100.

The captain said that if the quota from this district is raised, it will be an easy matter to get more applicants, but that the more would have to be made soon, since each man attending the camp must receive three vaccine shots before leaving.

CHANCE OF MARRIAGE DECREASES FOR GIRLS TEACHERS MEET TOLD

DENVER, July 5.—(AP)—Five thousand teachers were told today marriage opportunities for girls of this country are growing scarcer and that suicides and divorces are on the increase.

Dorothy C. Stratton, dean of women at Purdue University, speaking before the National Education association, made a plea that girls be given as many opportunities for economic help after their school years as boys.

"Every girl prepares for the dual role of a vocation and marriage," she told a general session of the N. E. A. convention. "If she can't find a job, she possibly turns to marriage as a solution of her problems."

FOUR FISHERMEN DROWN WHEN SHIP CATCHES FIRE

VANCOUVER, B. C., July 5.—(AP)—Four members of the crew of the Vancouver fishing boat Bantry Bay were drowned and three others suffered painful burns when the boat caught fire off Wood Bay relief camp near Half Moon bay, about 40 miles north of here, the British Columbia provincial police were advised today.

LANSING, Mich.—(UP)—The modern fisherman is insuring himself of future good luck by filing a record of the fish he takes from the Michigan streams and lakes with the conservation department. More than 8,000 cards have been received already this season from fishermen recording their catches.

DAWN OF THE FOURTH

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REALIZES SLEEPILY THAT JUNIOR HAS OPENED DOOR TO SEE IF HE'S AWAKE YET. KEEPS EYES SHUT TIGHT UNTIL JUNIOR GOES BACK TO BED

GNYS NO, AND TRIES TO GET TO SLEEP. JUNIOR THROWS THE MEETING OPEN FOR DISCUSSION BY ASKING WHY CAN'T HE?

EFFECT OF THIS ARGUMENT IS WEAKENED BY SUDDEN SALVO OF FIRECRACKERS POPPING OFF UP AND DOWN THE STREET

PRETENSE RUINED BY BANG OF CANNON-CRACKER GOING OFF UNDER WINDOW, CAUSING HIM TO JUMP TWO FEET

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

GLUYAS WILLIAMS 7-4

AFTER SHORT WHILE JUNIOR IS BACK, TUGGING AT BED CLOTHES AND ASKING CAN HE GET UP AND SET OFF FIRECRACKERS NOW?

TRIES TO EXPLAIN PATIENTLY THAT IT'S STILL TOO EARLY AND THE NOISE WOULD BOTHER THE NEIGHBORS

ENDS THE DISCUSSION BY FEIGNING TO GO SOUND ASLEEP, EVEN SIMULATING A SNORE

RELUCTANTLY GIVES CONSENT, TRIES TO MUFFLE EARS WITH BED CLOTHES, AND SEEKS FURTHER SLEEP IN VAIN

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT GUM
THE PERFECT LASTS
COOLING

S-MATTER POP—

AW-W
AW-W
AW-W

SMATTER?
AW-W, SHOOOSH!
GOSH! YOU ARE IN A FIX, ANICHA!
SCRATCH MY EAR, POP!

TAILSPIN TOMMY—A Deadly Aerial Duel!

TOMMY AND JOSE JOLLA, HIS OLD ENEMY, AND NOW CHIEF OF THE NAZILIAN AIR FORCE—ARE ENGAGED IN A DEADLY AERIAL DUEL—

TOMMY HAS NO DESIRE TO KILL THE MAN, WHOSE SOLE PURPOSE IS TO SHOOT HIM OUT OF THE SKY, BUT HE HAS TO DEFEND HIMSELF.

RAYOS Y TRUENOS! HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT, TAILSPIN TOMMY!

HO! SO YOU THOUGHT YOU WOULD CATCH ME HAPPING, MI ENEMIGO?

IF I CAN'T PULL OUT OF HIS RANGE SOON I'LL BE WASHED OUT—

HAL FORREST

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Reunion!

CLAMMY, TERRIFIED BY LUKE'S RAGE, BROKE AND BEGAN TO BLUBBER!

I SHOT AT THE KID, BUT I DIDN'T HIT HIM! DON'T HURT ME!

LISTEN, LUKE, WE'RE WASTING VALUABLE TIME—BUNDLE THAT SACK O' MEANNESS IN HERE, AND WE'LL GET ON TO THE RANCH!

MAYBE WE'LL BUMP INTO BEN ALONG THE WAY, LUKE—

OH, JIM, I'M AFTER PRAYIN' WE DO!

HEY, LUKE! IS THAT YOU?

THE NEBBS—Foxy Emma

MR NEBS, I GOT SOME SWEET NEWS FOR YOU—MR. BOOSEL OFFERED ME \$1000 FOR MY STOCK!

WELL, I'LL GIVE YOU A CHECK FOR \$1000 AND HALF OF THE PROFITS, BUT THIS BACK AND FORTH BUSINESS DOESN'T PLEASE ME—ANY MORE OFFERS AND YOU SELLERS TO HIM

NO, HE SAID THE SAME THING—THAT WAS HIS LAST OFFER SO I'M ABUNDANTLY SATISFIED

WELL, IF THAT GUY OFFERED A THOUSAND BUCKS FOR THIS STOCK, I'D HATE TO THINK WHAT IT'S WORTH—I ALMOST HAVE TO LAUGH WHEN I THINK HOW DUMB THE SMART ALECKS ARE

W. A. CARPENTER

THE BUNGLE FAMILY—Found

And the reason I asked you to run over here, more, Hartford, is on account of a button.

Only a button? I was afraid the matter was more.

Well it is very important, Mr. Oskidale because I can see it matches your suit and—

I wonder, my dear Mrs. Bungle, if I may see just where you found the button?

Certainly, Hartford. Right this way.

And this is the Count's room? Just where, my dear fellow, was your dispatch case before you lost it?

Right there, on the floor. Leaning against that chair.

Oh yes, right here, ah? Well, why by jove, what's this...in back of the chair?

What? What? You found it...my dispatch case! My papers!

\$31,617 FOR COUNTY FROM AUTO RECEIPTS

SALEM, July 5.—(AP)—Disbursements to counties of half of the statutory \$3,600,000 annually from the motor vehicle fund, was made by the state department today. The figure was set by the 1933 legislature based upon the disbursement made in 1931. Of the \$3,600,000 sent out Multnomah county will receive \$301,781. Other counties include Baker \$11,705; Benton \$14,730; Douglas \$17,757; Jackson \$31,815; Josephine \$10,099; Klamath \$28,580; Lane \$42,524; Marion \$1,897; Polk \$12,485; Umatilla \$23,019; and Union \$19,860.

WILL ROGERS LEADS PARADING COWHANDS

STAMFORD, Tex., July 5.—(AP)—Will Rogers, the Sage of Claremore, Okla., led the grand parade of cowboys, led to hoarse shouts of "Ride 'em, cowboy," at the cowboys' reunion here Thursday.

Right at home with the sun-scorched red cowboys of west Texas, Rogers was the center of attraction. Record-smashing crowds flooded the town. Thousands jammed the reunion grounds for the morning celebration. Last night they danced.

MANSHFIELD, Ore., July 5.—(AP)—Barges were being towed to the side of the freighter A. M. Baxter, grounded in the harbor here, so that part of a heavy cargo of lumber could be removed and the ship floated at high tide this afternoon.

The Baxter went aground in Coos bay at 2 a. m. yesterday. Attempts to pull the ship free yesterday afternoon were futile.

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