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SANDRA THE JEALOUS

By Jane Phelps

CHAPTER XCIV.

Everett came in with news written all over his face.

"What is it?" I asked the moment I saw him.

"They have caught the fellow who robbed us that night I was away."

"Then I'll get my sapphires and other things back!"

"I'm not so sure you will. But just before I left the office the insurance company telephoned; they had caught him. The only disagreeable thing about it is that you will have to appear in court."

"I shall be frightened to death."

"There's no need to feel that way, and I don't imagine you will have to do more than just identify him. You remember how he looked?"

"I never could forget. I was so frightened that his features were fairly printed on my mind."

I shuddered when I recalled his white face and staring eyes as he crouched back of the curtains.

"James and Mrs. Gray will probably be called also."

"I shall be glad to have Mrs. Gray with me."

"You didn't imagine I would allow you to go without her?"

When Everett used that tone—the one when he said 'allow you'—I always resented it.

"It took the insurance company a long time to find him," I remarked.

Yes—but they got him. Had I not been insured against theft, we not only would not have recovered either the things or their cost, but our original would have gone unpunished."

"I hate to think of that—his punishment. He was rather young. Will they send him to jail for a long time?"

"Probably—he may be an old hand at it. I rather imagine he is."

I did have to go to court, but only to identify the man whom I would have known anywhere. He stared at me with his hard, wild eyes while I said he was the man hidden back of the curtains. If looks could kill, I would have died right there. James also identified him as the man who shot him.

Everett was right. He was an old offender, and so received a long sentence. I felt sort of guilty when Everett told me, as if I were to blame. It did seem dreadful to be in any way responsible for locking even such a thief away from everyone.

We didn't get the sapphires. But Everett took the insurance money and bought me some others. I would rather have had emeralds or rubies; but when I said so, he declared the only jewels suitable for my coloring were pearls and sapphires. I thought of Leola—that he always bought her the same stone—and it took all pleasure from his gift.

Rose came the day after I had been to court. I had made out a list of things to do to entertain her, and she was delighted when I read it over to her. Of course I had included Barrett Edmonds in my plans,

so adding immensely to her pleasure. Everett had suggested a dinner for her, also that I give one or two afternoon affairs for her.

"It will help you pay up your obligations at the same time you are entertaining your guest," he had said.

Had I known Rose was going to be so troublesome, I never would have invited her. What possessed me to introduce her to Walter Kemp I don't know. I guess I thought she was so fascinated with Barrett Edmonds that Walter would not excite her interest.

We met him the day after she came. We were shopping and ran into him in front of the store. I presented him to Rose, and right then and there the sickle girl fell madly in love with him.

"You must have him too," she said speaking of the dinner I was to give for her.

"I can't invite him, Rose. Everett doesn't like him to come to the house. He hasn't a very good reputation—nothing dreadful just makes love to everyone he meets."

"I only hope he will make love to me! He is charming."

Someway I seemed much older than Rose although really there was only a few months difference in our ages. I suppose it was being married, having a home of my own, etc. So I tried to explain to her that it would be impossible for her to see anything of Walter Kemp because of Everett's restrictions.

"Those are other places than your house. We can lunch with him or go to a matinee, can't we? I am just dying to know him better."

"I thought Barrett Edmonds—Barrett is all right, he's a dear! But that Mr. Kemp is the most fascinating man I ever met. Probably that's the reason Mr. Graham objects to him. He is so much older, and so jealous."

I came very near saying I wished Everett was jealous of me. He had forbidden me to do things, but I never had imagined it because of love or jealousy. I had in some way offended his amour propre, that was all. But I didn't say anything of this to Rose.

I liked her to think that my handsome, distinguished husband was jealous of me. I was like most women, I was so jealous myself that I could not conceive of a great love where faith and trust were the component parts, and where jealousy had no place.

"What in the world are you thinking about, Sandra? You haven't spoken for five minutes." Rose interrupted my thoughts.

"Oh, that some people never are jealous!"

"Everybody is jealous when they care a lot for anyone," Rose retorted with all the erudition of twenty.

Yes, I guess they are—if they care."

Fate played into Rose's hands. The very next day we stopped for some soda, and who should follow us in but Walter Kemp. He insisted upon treating us, and sat beside us are we all three drank what we had ordered.

Rose acted disgracefully—yet before I was married I would not have thought so perhaps. She flirted abominably, and made what my brothers called 'goo-goo eyes' at him the whole time. I could see that he was attracted, and my jealous nature flared up again.

I knew I could not be with Walter Kemp, that I could not entertain him in my house, yet I felt twinges of jealousy as I saw him turn to Rose, laugh and joke with her, admiration on his face.

Rose was bright. She often used slangy expressions, but she used them in such a way they were not offensive. And no one could deny she was pretty. She had style, too, and dressed well. I was really proud of her as a guest, yet I did not want my men friends to show her more attention than they did me.

A lady I knew came into the store—a friend of Everett's, I turned to respond to her greeting, so leaving Rose and Mr. Kemp for a moment. When I turned back to them, I saw I had interrupted something Rose was saying which she did not want me to hear, for she blushed violently. I pretended not to notice, and we soon left.

As we reached the street, and Thomas drove the car up to the curb for us, I overheard Walter Kemp say:

"Don't forget," and Rose smiled her answer.

About 3 o'clock that same afternoon I saw Rose going downstairs dressed for the street, and looking lovely. We were going out that evening. Everett had telephoned that he had theater tickets, and I had proposed we lie down a little while as we had shopped all the morning and I was rather tired. Someway, since my accident I tired easily.

"Why Rose where are you going?" I asked, surprised.

"Ask me no questions, I'll tell you no lies," she responded blithely. "Do tell me! Do you want me to go with you? Shall I order the car for you?"

"No, to both! There's a taxi at the door for me, and I am going to tea with Walter Kemp. I didn't tell him to ask you too. I thought after what you had said—about Mr. Graham not liking him, it was better to go without you. I'll be back in time to dress for dinner."

I looked from the window, and as she tripped down the steps to the waiting taxi her tears filled my eyes. "I was always the one left." I thought as I brushed them away.

CHAPTER CV.

Rose came in about ten minutes before Everett got home. We were chatting in my room, and he called up and asked if he might join us. I was so astonished for a moment I couldn't answer, for although he had been very nice to Rose this time, I had thought it was simply to make up to her for his actions the time she visited me before.

He had brought us a box of candy, and each of us a lovely corsage bouquet for the evening.

"Now tell me what you have been doing all day, you two. You look as fresh as a rose, Miss Graddon." He gave her an admiring look.

"We shopped all the morning,

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then this afternoon I proposed we rest as we were going out tonight. "Rose had flashed me a warning glance. But even had she not, I would not have mentioned meeting Walter Kemp, or that she had met him again for tea. I felt hurt that Everett had said nothing complimentary to me after saying something nice to Rose. Rose was not a tactful girl. After

Everett left us to dress for dinner she said: "I notice you still decorate the walls with Number One." Everett thinks it would cause comment if I had taken it down. "I should be more apt to think he loved to see it, than to care what people said. He doesn't strike me like the kind of man to care much about what others think of

anything he might do." "He isn't usually," I admitted flushing. "Have you got used to being Number Two, Sandra?" she asked after a moment. "I don't believe I ever could. I would be thinking of her all the time. If my husband kissed me, it said nice things to me, (Continued on page fifteen)

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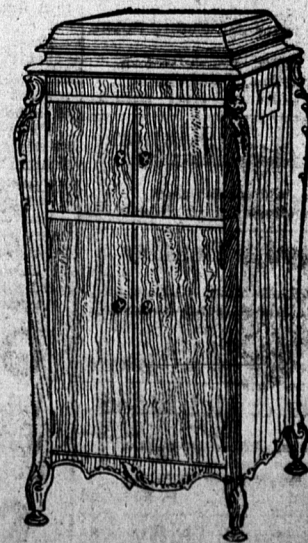
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