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**SANDRA THE JEALOUS**  
By Jane Phelps

SANDRA IS REBUKED AND DISAPPOINTED

CHAPTER XIII.

"Why there's Everett—Mr. Graham!" I exclaimed to Mr. Halliday. "Let us go over and join him."

"Do you think that is wise? I imagine he is talking business and we would interrupt him."

"Oh, do you think so?" We had finished our luncheon. The waiter had just placed our coffee on the table.

"Yes, we have nearly finished, they haven't commenced. I think it would be very unwise to disturb them."

I did not know what to do. It seemed terrible to have Everett, my husband, in the same room and not to speak to him; yet if Mr. Halliday were right and he was talking business with his companions, he might be cross with me for interrupting him. I would be guided by Mr. Halliday. He was a man, and probably knew more about such things than I did. So I drank my coffee and then called on my mother and the restaurant, looking back longingly at Everett—that I could see of him—as I did so.

Mr. Halliday walked to the hotel with me, and thanked me so nicely for lunching with him, said I had made his day brighter and other complimentary remarks. I really felt before he left me that I had done a favor to one of Everett's friends, and could scarcely wait until he came back to the hotel to tell him.

He came in about 3 o'clock. I was lying on the couch, reading. I jumped up immediately he came in and kissed him, not only affectionately but enthusiastically. Then, without waiting for him to say anything, I at once started to tell my story.

"You lunched at the Traymore with Halliday?" he interrupted.

"Yes, I was looking in a store window and he saw me and asked me to take pity on him and lunch with him. As I had to lunch alone, I went with him. He was lovely to me, and said I had made the time pass so quickly and lots of nice things. If all of your friends are as nice as he is, I shall like them I assure you. Then you came in and I am fully wanted to go over and sit with you and your friend, but we had lunch over and when you came in and Mr. Halliday said we might disturb you, I stopped for breath."

Everett had not attempted to interrupt me. Now he said:

"I should prefer that you would not lunch with men without my consent. I am glad that Halliday had sense enough to keep you from such escapades as are unbecoming in a married woman."

"Escapades—oh, Everett! I really didn't have nearly so good a time as I would have had with you. At first I could scarcely speak to him I was so embarrassed because you weren't along. I didn't want to lunch with him on a single bit."

"No one compelled you, did they?" Everett's tone was sarcastic.

"No—but—" his tone had confused me, "wasn't it all right—he is your friend? You seemed to be friendly with him."

"What's that got to do with it? Are you planning to eat in public with men just because I happen to know them?" Again his tone was disagreeable.

"Oh, you know I didn't plan it, Everett! I told you I met him when I was looking in a window. You know I—I wouldn't have done it for worlds if I had thought it would make you jealous. I had felt a little thrill at the thought that he cared enough to be suspicious, even at the same time that I was frightened that I had displeased him."

"Jealous! What makes you think I am jealous? I trust you will dismiss that idea at once. You are my wife and I expect you to conduct yourself in a proper manner. But as for being jealous—you need not flatter yourself. Only next time get my permission."

Someway I felt awfully disappointed. I wanted him to be so in love with me that he would care about every bit of attention I received. I did not know then how terribly unhappy jealousy could make a person; or how it could ruin one's life. But it seemed that if he were jealous it was a sure sign of love.

That faith and trust are more positive signs of affection I had to learn.

**EVERETT TAKES HIS BRIDE HOME**

CHAPTER XIV.

We went to Hendon the next day. Everett had told me he had a home ready for me. I gave it very little thought. He was old enough to have a home. He had mentioned a housekeeper. So I supposed, if I thought of it at all, that he had kept a bachelor establishment.

It was a big house with a good-sized lawn. The day was cool and blustery when we arrived, and I only noticed that all the houses on the streets were rather handsome, and bore some resemblance to each other.

"This is to be your home now," Everett said kindly as we walked up the steps. I couldn't help wishing he had waited until we had gone in, then taken me in his arms and said, "Welcome home, Darling, as the man had said in a story I had read. You see I was so totally without experience of men, men of Everett's age, that I had to compare him to story heroes. I couldn't picture him doing as the home boys would have done. Someway I never thought of comparing him to dear Father. Yet my father was the only man I had known really intimately who was near my husband's age."

I imagine I wanted to make myself feel that he was younger than Father. The housekeeper came to meet us when Everett opened the door with

his key. A nice looking young maid stood back in the hall, smiling a welcome. I was so glad to see her she was so young, you know—that I scarcely looked at the housekeeper's greeting; but rushed up to her and asked her name.

"I'm Hetty, the waitress and upstairs maid," she replied. She looked pleased too. I suppose she saw that I was young. But the housekeeper did afterwards. I did not know until told of her employer's marriage until we were in New York; nor that she feared that she would either lose her place or be bossed by a "chit of a girl" as Hetty said she called me. She needn't have worried. I couldn't have run that big house to have saved my life—not then.

"Hetty will show you your room," Mrs. Gray—that was the housekeeper's name—informed me in chilling tones. Glad to escape, I followed Hetty with alacrity, leaving Everett talking earnestly with Mrs. Gray.

"Oh, how lovely!" I exclaimed, when Hetty switched on the lights and drew the curtains, so shutting out the wind and the sight of the rain.

The room was lovely. It was done in soft gray and pale rose. Everything a woman could possibly use. A dainty dressing table covered with lace, and littered with costly toilet articles; mirrors with light and lights, a cute little desk with an ornate clock ticking softly on it; lounging chairs; a chaise-longue, hassock of soft pillows for the feet. And, to my delight, a fireplace with a gas log, which Hetty lighted.

"Shall I help you unpack, Ma'am?" Hetty asked. She had scarcely taken her eyes off me.

"Please. But why do you look at me so hard?"

"Why—you are—so young," she stammered, embarrassed.

"You are young too. How old are you?"

"I'll be nineteen come spring, Ma'am."

"So will I!" I exclaimed, pleased without stopping to analyze the reason. My eyes were glued to the picture of a wonderfully beautiful woman on the wall.

"That's why I said you were so young—to be married. You don't look as old as me. Mr. Graham is so much older too. We thought his new wife would be like—"

"Hetty! Hetty!" the housekeeper's shrill voice interrupted her and leaving her sentence unfinished, she hurried down stairs.

I smiled to myself at her calling me a "new wife." She had said "his new wife" and thought I would probably be like some old woman, I must remember to tell her whom she thought I was like, rather than she thought I was like. And who could be the original of the lovely picture?

I selected a white dress, one of my trousseau, to wear this first night in my new home. I knew Mother would be pleased to have me wear it instead of one of the more expensive and elaborate ones. Everett had bought me in New York. I thought of what Hetty said about my looking even younger than she did, and plied my hair on top of my head instead of in the knot on my neck or the braids as mother liked me to wear it. But I imagined it made me look older. It did make me look taller which was not at all necessary.

"What possessed you to comb your hair like that?" Everett asked. "It looks as if it might tumble down any minute. If dinner were not all ready and I hungry, I would send you directly upstairs to do it over."

**SANDRA GOES OVER THE HOUSE**

CHAPTER XV.

I was terribly uncomfortable all through dinner. Hetty served us and every little while she would cast a sympathizing glance in my direction. It comforted me, but I knew it would anger Everett if he caught her, so I tried to avoid looking at her as much as possible.

"Now go and take down that ridiculous tower effect," Everett said, as we rose from the table. "You have altogether too much hair to do it that way."

"I'll finish my unpacking, if you will excuse me," I returned. He had told me to take my hair down before the housekeeper. "One would think me a child instead of a married woman to hear him talk," I thought as I climbed the stairs to my room. But as soon as I opened the door I forgot my annoyance, everything but the exquisite room which was to be mine.

Won't Rose Grandon stare when she sees this! I said aloud. "I will ask her to come during vacation. That settled my satisfaction. I proceeded to unpack. It was a perfect delight to lay my clothes away in the padded bureau-drawers scented with lavender, and to hang my wraps and gowns in the big closets. I lingered over it so long that Everett called to know if I were coming down again.

"If you want me."

"I'd like some music if you are not too tired."

"No, indeed," I called back. "I'll be right down."

I had quite a talent for music, the only one I possessed. Mother was a good musician and I had been well

taught. I played an hour for him. Then he sent me to bed.

"Aren't you coming too?"

"Not for a while."

As I mounted the stairs, he spoke to the housekeeper. I heard the word "library," and then something about him doing as he always had done.

What had he done that he talked over with the housekeeper? I couldn't ask her, neither could I question Everett. But I could wait and see. Perhaps Hetty would know. I could ask her anything I wanted to. She would tell me I felt sure.

I was tired with the journey and the excitement, so went directly to bed—my last waking thought that Rose would be crazy over my lovely home.

The entire house was richly furnished. But of all the rooms, my own room in the soft gray and rose, suited me best. It didn't look as if it had been used very much, while the rest of the house showed some wear.

At breakfast the next morning, Everett said:

"Mrs. Gray will show you over the house today. You will want to know where things are kept."

Mrs. Gray didn't look a bit pleased, but said nothing.

After Everett had left for the office she came to my door and I knew by the jangling of a bunch of keys that she had come for me. And I knew by the expression on her face, that she did not relish her job—although I couldn't understand why she felt unkindly towards me.

I jumped up immediately.

"Perhaps we better commence with the linen, Mrs. Graham," she said coldly, preceding me down the stairs.

"Just as you say," I returned carelessly. I really thought it was going to be an awful bore to spend my morning going through closets, and neither could I see the necessity for it when we had a housekeeper. But it was Everett's wish—rather, his command—so I must do as he had told me.

I answered her politely when she showed me the piles of neatly stacked sheets and pillow cases, or the table linen and towels. I was more impatient when she insisted upon opening drawers, and closets. By the time we were half through I was bored to death, and yawning. I wanted to go back to my own room and write to Rose and to Mother.

"You don't seem interested," Mrs. Gray finally said.

"Forgive me, but really I am not! I don't see why you should be bothered to show me all these things. I am going to live here, there will be time enough to see them, I guess."

"Then you don't intend to take charge?"

"Me! In this big house? Why I couldn't save my life. Aren't you going to stay? Oh, please do!" My first dislike was forgotten in the fear that I was to be left to manage the house. "Mother never let me do but the simplest things to help. She said I was too young."

**WHO COULD SHE BE?**

CHAPTER XVI.

"Well, did you go through everything?" Everett asked at dinner that night, the second in my new home.

"Yes, and Everett, Mrs. Gray thought I was going to discharge her. I knew she didn't like me, but I didn't know why until she acted so pleased when I told her I couldn't run this big house, that—"

"You told her that she was to remain?"

"Most certainly. But before you make any contracts with servants or anyone else, please consult me," his voice was sharp and I knew he was displeased. But why? He had said he most certainly wanted Mrs. Gray to stay. I had told her the same. Why should he take that tone?

"Oh, Everett! I'm sorry, I didn't think."

"Please think hereafter." He dismissed the subject, and was delightfully entertaining through the remainder of the dinner. Almost as much so as before I married him. When he was like that I forgot everything but my pride in him.

We had been married not quite two weeks and already I felt a craving for companionship, the nearness of one who would understand me. I was infatuated with life, eager for the thrill of new experiences. I longed for sympathy—for love. I wanted to be caressed, to be told I was loved, over and over until I was sure of it. I was often even in those first days of my married love, chased by the fear that I was not loved because Everett so charily expressed his feeling for me. He wasn't as demonstrative as Father was with Mother, and they had been married more than twenty years.

Everett often talked over my head. He said things I did not quite grasp, but I never interrupted him to ask questions. I would often have liked to, but I feared to annoy him. That night Everett went out. I wanted to ask where he was going, but waited, thinking he would tell

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He did not, just gave me a careless kiss and said: "Go to bed in good season."

I returned his kiss, but before I could steady my voice to speak he was gone. I wandered around forlornly for a while. Then opened the piano and played a little. Both Mrs. Gray and Hetty had gone out too, or I should have asked them to talk to me. I didn't dare go into the kitchen and talk with the cook. Everett had warned me already that his servants weren't old retainers like ours at home, and that I not only could not make as free with them, but that I must not.

Finally I went to my room and undressed. I slipped on a kimono and sat by the window. It seemed strange that Everett should go out without telling me his wife, where he was going. Father never did that. He used to always call to Mother if she weren't in the room and say:

"I'm going to the club for a little while, I'll be back soon"—or something like that. More and more I began to see that my husband was like Father in only one thing, his age. I could sit still no longer and I wandered into Everett's room. It was separated from mine by a large dressing room.

At first I walked all around just looking at things, not touching them. Then I began to handle his toilet articles, so different from the dainty, lovely set he had given me. Just plain black brushes and other articles. His ties were hung on some sort of board on the inside of the dressing room door. I never had dreamed one man had so many ties, and such lovely ones. Soft lustrous silks that I loved to let slip through my fingers.

He had several photographs on the wall. But none of them interested me particularly. But, in his top drawer, under a pile of handkerchiefs, was one of a very lovely woman who looked about 30 years old. She was exquisitely beautiful. The picture was taken in evening dress showing the dimpled shoulders and the perfectly modeled arms. Who could she be? I looked at her a long time. I must ask Everett in the morning. She probably was some relative.

I presume I should have had more pride than to have looked through my husband's things had I been older. But I was lonely. I didn't feel like reading, and was not at all sleepy. So I got up and went into the drawer and another and looked at the contents. Such quantities of fine underwear and shirts. "Enough to stock a store!" I muttered to myself. Then, in turning up the corner of some shirts to see what was underneath, I came upon another picture. I took it out and saw it was another pose of the same woman whose picture had so interested me—also a replica of the one in my room.

**SANDRA ASSERTS HER RIGHTS**

CHAPTER XVII.

Who could the original of all these pictures be? I had decided on the name on the back of one of those I found in the bureau drawer: "Leola." What an odd name! Did Everett always know women with odd names? I can't explain the emotion that impelled me to say over and over: "Leola and Sandra, Sandra and Leola."

Then it came to me. This Leola must have been Everett's wife, the first Mrs. Graham. But why had he not taken her pictures down. I would not stand it. I would ask him who she was, and if I was right, every single picture of her should be banished. It was bad enough to be the second Mrs. Graham without having to be reminded of it all the time by pictures of my predecessor.

I was sitting in the library when Everett came in. I had tried to read, and also to practice a little but could do neither. All I could think of was that lovely pictured Hetty. But he had warned me not to question the servants, so I made up my mind to wait up and ask him when he came in.

"What are you sitting up for?" he asked. I was so absorbed in my thoughts, I had not heard him. "I thought I told you to go to bed." He spoke exactly as he might have done to some ten-year old child who had displeased him.

"I couldn't go to sleep when you were out."

"Why?"

"I guess because I am lonely. The house is so quiet, I never have been alone, you know."

"Afrail of the dark?" The sneer was unmistakable.

"No—not of the dark."

"Go to bed at once, and remember, Sandra, I won't have you sitting up when I am out. Do not let it occur again." He opened the door into the hall: "Good night."

Meekly I arose and went up-stairs. Not until I was in my room did I remember that I was going to ask who Leola was. I crept shivering into bed, wondering why Everett had wanted me for his wife, if he were going to treat me like a child.

But I was young and reacted quickly to pleasant influences. Some mail Everett received in the morning pleased him, and he was so nice all through breakfast that I felt quite happy and almost forgot my long lonely evening and the—pictures. That is,

I did until he left the house and I was alone again.

Then I remembered. Slowly I went upstairs and into his room. Once more I took out the pictures and studied the face. There was something now that I had not noticed the night before—a strength of will, as denoted by the firm chin, as well as beauty.

"She wouldn't be afraid of him," I said to myself as I gazed. "She'd ask all the questions she wanted to, even if she did make him angry."

I heard someone in the hall and quickly tried to put the pictures away. But not quite quickly enough. Hetty came in before I had them hidden.

"Who is this, Hetty?" I asked, acting on impulse.

"Don't you know?" Her surprise was evident.

"No or I shouldn't have asked you." Already I wished I had not spoken.

"Why, that's Mr. Graham's other wife."

"So I had been right in my surmise! But how terrible of Everett to forget to put all of her pictures away. Whatever would people think to see that big old portrait over the mantle in the drawing room and that one in the library? I would have them taken down immediately."

I called Richard and gave the order.

"Where shall I put them Mrs. Graham?" he asked.

"Isn't there an attic in the house?"

"Yes, Madam."

"Very well, put them in there."

I thought I heard Hetty gasp, but I paid no attention. And a little while afterward, when I went into the drawing room, the portrait was gone.

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